



SHAME AND FORTUNE

FROM SMALL-TOWN COUNTRY BOY
TO SIN CITY PORN STAR

ZANE MICHAELS

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Sometimes in life, we

are met with forks in the road where our next decision will change our lives forever. There are no redos, undos, or turning back.

Sometimes these decisions seem small, but sometimes they can be life-altering. In

recent years, I have made many questionable decisions that most people can't identify with or relate to because they weren't in my shoes at that exact moment in time. These decisions have led me to live a double life,

cost me many valuable relationships, and have undoubtedly, alienated me from the life I have always dreamt of. My name is Jett, and this is my story.

As a straight guy, my foray into gay-for-pay

porn initially started as a quick way to make extra cash but rapidly snow-balled into something I could never have imagined. After a series of unfortunate events in my life in Ohio, such as the death of a very close friend,

my father holding a
shotgun to his head, and
the love of my life
cheating on me, I ran
off to Vegas to start
fresh and get as far
away from all the hurt
and the pain.

What began with a short

solo porn audition for
500 bucks, I
unknowingly closed
many chapters of my
past life and started a
whole new path for
myself. A path that
would find me taking
down an evil porn
empire, building a

lucrative empire of my own, and discovering that while all along I was running from darkness and trying to find some sort of light, everywhere I turned only took me further and further from what I always wanted and

somehow I was unable to change course. I became obsessed with the success of my porn business and lost almost everything that was ever important to me. As we were continuously nominated for awards and being named to

many “Best-of” lists,
my porn stardom was
rising but slowly
everything else was
fading and fading fast. I
wondered if I would
ever find a girl that
would be able to accept
me for who I was and
not for what I did for a

living. Then I started to realize that what I did for a living had completely taken over my life. Since it was the only real thing I had left, it was the only thing that I really cared about.

I started writing about my experiences in the industry which became very therapeutic for me. For the first time in my life, I began to look at my past and try to figure out where things went wrong and I started to make connections from

an early age that helped shape me into this person that I had become. I knew that there weren't many straight guys that could consciously do what I had chosen so I started to investigate my own life and tried to

discover why I was different, what made me tick, and how I went from an extremely shy, momma's boy to a full-fledged porn star. This is my story of shame and fortune.

CHAPTER 1 - THE EARLY YEARS

Growing up as an identical twin, I was fortunate enough to have a partner in crime even before day one. Most kids

don't get a chance to really bond with other kids their age until kindergarten or maybe preschool if they're lucky. Obviously, it's a little difficult to remember those early years but from the photographs, it's easy to see that we were

inseparable. Some photos even showed our walkers literally being tethered together so we couldn't get separated from each other. Jake is my identical twin brother and my best friend in life. In fact, the first time we were ever forced to be on our own

was when we made it to kindergarten and mom requested that we be in different classrooms. In hindsight, that was probably a good decision that allowed us to develop our own personalities and become a little more independent from one

another. Being the only blond-headed twins in school, we were by default instantly well known. Everyone knew who the twins were and it seemed like everybody had a favorite twin. Probably the biggest downside to being a twin

is the constant
comparison in every
department. Looks,
athletics, personalities,
style- you name it and we
were compared by it. I
think this instilled an
early idea of
competitiveness that most
kids don't encounter until

later on in life. We were best buds but I think every aspect of our lives were analyzed and scrutinized by just about everyone that we encountered. If we met someone new, it was always “Wow you guys look so much alike except

he's a little chubbier or you have a rounder face.” It was little things like that that probably gave me an appearance complex early on.

While dealing with the typical challenges at school, our home life was anything but normal. Our

parents divorced when we were 2 years old but they didn't separate until we were 7. Somehow, after the divorce, my parents managed to conceive a fourth child, and in 1989, our baby sister was born. The next five years, we saw more domestic

violence than I could ever spell out in these pages. I remember my parent's fights getting violently out of control. One fight that has never escaped my memory was when I saw my dad pull out the entire silverware drawer and throw it at my mother.

Several times I would run down the street to the neighbor's house just to escape the fighting that went on. Later in life, I was told of a time when our Dad took us three boys and disappeared for 5 hours. He called my mom and told her that he

was going to kill all of us kids and kill himself as well. Fortunately, this happened before I was old enough to understand it and relive it. Dad was an alcoholic and worked the night shift at a battery factory and mom worked in retail until landing a

job at a car dealership. I never knew why they stuck it out for five years but I think in cases like these when people say they stay together for the children, they really should reconsider. Seeing what my father was capable of when they

fought made me terrified of him growing up but it also made me never want to lay a hand on a woman. I remember one time I rode with him to the local hardware store and I got sick and vomited. I was so afraid of my dad that I puked into my own hands

and tried to put all of the vomit in my coat pockets so he wouldn't know. It wasn't until I was in my late teens that I realized my father was working multiple jobs to support a family that he probably just wasn't really prepared for. Later in life, I was

told that my father always doubted that we were his children and that no matter how hard we would try, we would never live up to our older brother in my father's eyes. Eventually, you grow and try to forget about the bad times, but

one memory I had would seem to haunt me for the rest of my life.

I think it was the year before kindergarten but I can't be exactly sure since afterwards it was never again discussed. With both of our parents working, many days we

were under the care of a babysitter and I guess out of convenience, a teenager that lived across the street, Billy, was the easiest choice. From what I can remember, he was overweight, had darker, messy hair and glasses. The rest is pretty hazy.

I'm not sure how long he babysat us for but one day, my brother and I would accidentally inform our mother that Billy had been sexually molesting us. Since we were too young to really know what was going on, we had no idea that it was wrong or

inappropriate.

I can remember getting off of the school bus one day and seeing an unfamiliar vehicle in the driveway. Child Services Bureau was there to ask us what we had seen and what had happened to us. They gave us each blank

paper and a box of
crayons to draw out what
we had experienced. I
vaguely remember
drawing him lying naked
on top of our bodies and
him having us sit on his
lap naked in the
bathroom. At the time, I
don't think I knew that

anything was wrong, that somehow this was normal and all kids had these things happen to them, just part of life. I remember the lady being very nice and I just wanted to draw the sexual acts the best I could, not to get anyone in trouble,

but to show her how well I could draw. We were too young to grasp the scope of the situation, but I think this was the beginning of a misguided life.

I can remember being at our uncle's house and finding his collection of

X-rated magazines. We would get in trouble for looking at them but I think being told not to look at them made us sneak off even more. We were too young to know what was actually happening in the photographs but Jake and

I would occasionally recreate poses that we had seen. I think since we were told that those were for grown ups only, we wanted to prove how “grown up” we were. The combination of my parents always fighting, being molested by our

babysitter, and seeing sex spread across the pages of dirty magazines, I never really made a connection that sex was something that should have been a product of love. It was just sex, just an action. It was an action that was forced upon us and then

told that we shouldn't be looking at it. Sex was somewhat confusing to me.

To this day, as a family, we have never once spoken about those events. I have no idea how many times we were

molested or how long of a period it continued for, but one thing was for certain, our innocence was taken from us at a very early age and there was nothing that could be done to get it back.

During our teenage years, when we would spend a

weekend at our father's house, I remember driving the go-kart in the side yard and always looking over at Billy's house with this unbelievable sense of anger towards him. I don't think I totally understood why I was mad but I think

in my mind, I was convinced that he went to prison for what he had done even though I really had no idea. I had always wanted to ask my parents or my brother's about it, but I guess I never knew how to bring it up. By the time I was old enough to

start to understand it, our family wasn't really the close-knit type of family where a serious, heart-felt conversation could take place. Even now, I'm not entirely sure how to appropriately start that conversation.

CHAPTER 2 - THE NEW KID NEXT DOOR

High School started out pretty uneventful until sophomore year when a new kid moved in next door. His name was Drew

and he was into cars, motocross, and BMX biking. Since Jake also did BMX at the skate park, they hit it off pretty well. It didn't take long for Drew to seem like part of our family. At this time, I had no idea how much this one person

would end up affecting my life.

Drew was a tall kid and he was the new kid in school that quickly earned the nickname “Pretty Andy.” He got his hair permed and most people thought he looked a lot like Jason Timberlake. He

quickly gained popularity in our school but what a lot of people didn't know was just how funny he was. Drew was the ultimate prankster and if you ask anyone that met him, they probably were at the receiving end of one of his pranks. There

are plenty of home videos of Drew dressing up in a superhero costume and terrorizing our small town. I remember one time, I drove my convertible up to a local bar and while we were dressed like villains, he would chase us in his

super hero costumes in front of all the drunks. His go-to costume was a combination of a Super Man body suit and a Spider Man mask. Not many people would think of doing something so stupid but we thought it was hilarious. Before our

senior year, Drew's parents would again be moving out of district which meant Drew would have to change schools again. Instead, he started staying at our house and this is when he really became part of our family. He even went with our

family to Daytona Beach for Spring Break.

Everyone loved having Drew around and our little sister even had a crush on him. Life was just more fun when Drew was around. It seemed like we were always trying to find the next way

to prank someone or get a cheap laugh.

There were so many great memories with Drew. He unsuccessfully tried to teach me how to drive a stick-shift which resulted in me breaking the starter on his car. His car was already an embarrassment

on it's own but having a broken starter didn't help. I can remember afterwards, he had to either pound the starter with a hammer while starting the car or we would have to push start it. Most people would be overly embarrassed by

having a car that needed to be pushed to start but somehow it just fit the non-stop comedy that was around with Drew's presence. I suppose he got me back when he was going to help me put lowering springs on my Mustang and did a piss-

poor job at directing me into the garage. I snapped the passenger side mirror off and didn't even get to install the lowering springs. He had this aura about him that wouldn't allow you to get mad at him, when he did something wrong, it was

hilarious and was always worth repeating.

Even mom enjoyed having Drew around. One night, we were sitting around making prank phone calls. Jake and Drew would repeatedly call the same guy over and over to inquire about

his truck that was listed for sale in the paper. The man didn't really have a truck for sale but his frustration from the phone calls made him worthy of repeat phone calls. One night, the man was prepared for the prank call. When we asked

about his truck for sale, he said, “Hold on a sec.” He returned to the phone and blew an air horn into the phone. It seemed like he finally had enough of our hijinx. When mom was around, Drew would grab her Cosmo magazine and flip to a page with some

hot girls and he would tell her that he was going to destroy her magazine. My mom would always laugh before taking the magazine back but it seemed like Drew always knew just the right amount of inappropriate to be uncomfortable but

funny at the same time.

Drew didn't know it, but our whole family enjoyed having him around; he made home life enjoyable for the first time in a long, long time.

Drew was always on the giving end of a prank and to most, he was

unprankable. The one and only time I got him is one of the memories that I cherish most. We were all sitting around a bon fire at my dad's house drinking and listening to country music. I could tell that things were starting to wind down so I said that I

was going to leave.

Instead of leaving, I put the most disgusting, giant rubber rat in the passenger seat of his tiny Ford Escort. My truck was behind him so I sat back and waited for him to show up. I have never seen such a tall person

maneuver out of a tiny car so quickly! I remember him saying “what the fuck is that thing!” as he escaped from the terror. This rat was probably a foot and a half long and had bloody fangs to complete the look. Everyone knew it was in

his car but him so everyone made sure to be able to witness the one time that he got pranked. Senior year was probably my favorite time in school. I was voted class Vice President, elected Treasurer to DECA, and voted “Most Involved.” I

really came into my own
that year and was
comfortable with life and
confident in myself.
Being in the DECA
program allowed me to
only go to class for half
the day while the second
half I could work and
make real money. I

wanted an easy job that could give me enough hours to buy a nice car, so I was hired at the local Subway restaurant.

Subway was just supposed to be a part-time job that I never really planned on taking too seriously. The managers I

worked for really took a liking to me and always let me know how much they appreciated my hard work and dedication. I think it was that early appreciation that shaped my work ethic. All it took was someone finally verbally telling me that I

was doing a good job and I was hooked. I worked harder and harder to keep getting validation that I was a worthy individual. I would always work later and cover shifts whenever it was needed. I managed to find a way to make work more fun for

everyone. The walls in the back room were covered by posters that we would make of each other and some nights I would show up in a full rubber chicken costume and just sit behind the counter messing with the customers. My coworkers

were my new family and I quickly worked up the management chain without even realizing it.

I was promoted to a different location where they needed an Assistant Manager. It was different, but again I bonded with my coworkers and found a

way to get my coworkers to do what I asked because they respected me and not because I was the assistant manager. Eventually, a different store manager would quit and I was brought in at 19 years old to manage my own restaurant.

The new restaurant was across town in a bad part of the city so my employees weren't as easy to deal with. The initial obstacle I had was getting my employees to take me seriously. Most of them were older than me and I was this short

little 19 year-old that was probably taking a role that they all felt they were going to get. My goal was to turn the place around. When I was brought there, the place was dirty, unorganized, inefficient, and the employees had the work ethics of snails.

It took almost a year, but eventually my store would be featured on the evening news for having a flawless Health Department inspection. I took a lot of pride and ownership in my store and was shocked to see that the owner docked my

bonus for running out of cucumbers and spinach at the same time my store was featured on the news. So, I gave the owner an ultimatum. I wanted my full bonus or I was going to quit. At 19 years old, I thought I knew how the world operated and there

was no way they could afford to let me go. I was prideful and boy was I wrong. When I was denied my bonus, I quit. This was an eye-opening experience for me and it seemed like I got smacked in the face with the-world-doesn't-

revolve-around-you-card.
I felt like I had a child
taken away from me but
at the same time, I felt
that a giant weight had
been lifted off my
shoulders. While I had
turned into a perfectionist
slaving over my store for
the past year, I missed out

on a lot of fun things that Jake and Drew were doing.

At that time, Jake and Drew both worked at the mall at one of those annoying cell phone kiosks where they would try to stop mall-goers and convince them to buy a

new phone. I didn't really want to be one of those annoying guys, but I would get to work with Jake and Drew. I didn't enjoy the salesman type of position that we had but we managed to make the most out of our time at the mall. Whenever it

was Jake, Drew, and I, we were always messing with people trying to make light of the job.

Occasionally, Jake would hide behind the counter and Drew would flag down a customer. He would talk to them and then turn to me and ask

me to grab them a certain phone from under the counter. I would duck down and Jake, wearing a completely different colored shirt, would pop up and hand them the phone. It usually took a few minutes for people understand that we were

pulling a switch on them,
but they always loved that
we didn't take our jobs
too seriously. That job
didn't last too long and
soon enough I was
searching for a new job.
I was hired for a
warehouse position at a
company that processed

and shipped DVDs to libraries. My job was to take an order and walk down these aisles and pack boxes with the DVD's that were ordered. It was slow, tedious, and monotonous. The highlight of my day was getting to see this new

girl, Angela. She worked in the shipping area and she had the greatest smile I had ever seen. I wanted to pursue her but I was warned that she wasn't just the new girl, she was my boss's daughter. For all intensive purposes, she was off limits. It wasn't

long before Angela left to start college, but that was the first girl that I had been interested in since middle school and now I had an itch to have a steady girl in my life. I worked my way up in the company and would eventually land a position

in the VIP department.

In most instances, VIP stood for Very Important Person but here, it stood for Variable Integrated Processing. Being in the air-conditioned room that was called the VIP department made those in the warehouse have a

slight resentment against us. I loved everything about working in that department. Under my favorite boss that I've ever had, Chris, I was able to develop a knack for Photoshop and quickly excelled in designing cover artwork for DVD's

and CD's. There were only eight of us in the entire department and one of them was a gay guy named Paul. This was the first gay person I ever knew and my experience was horrible. He looked like an Ethiopian Michael Bolton with long hair and

the largest Adam's apple I had ever seen. Paul was an opinionated guy that always had to put his 2 cents into everyone's business. When it was announced that Paul was turning into Jackie and he would now be using the women's bathroom, he

constantly threw a fit that some ladies from the warehouse didn't want him using their facility. With the announcement that he was changing his sex, for most people, Jackie was instantly the most interesting person at work. This newfound

popularity gave Jackie the confidence to be more vulgar than ever and would even make comments to the warehouse workers that I was her pool boy. I was uncomfortable and humiliated to say the least so I went to Human

Resources and threatened to file a sexual harassment suit if it didn't stop which only created tension in our office. The sexual comments stopped but the nastiness got worse. My first experience with a gay person did not get off to a

great start.

CHAPTER 3 - MY OWN LIFE

As much as I enjoyed my job in the VIP room, I still wasn't making great money, so I got a second job working the night shift at the airport.

Working full-time first

shift and working third shift was not my idea of fun, but I needed to make more money if I wanted to get ahead. I was hired at the BAX Global sorting facility which was basically the hub for all heavy freight that shipped over night via airplanes.

When I was assigned to my crew, I met another new-hire, Eric which turned out to be my dad's neighbor. He was a year younger than me and about a hundred pounds heavier than me. We immediately hit it off and developed a Chris

Farley/David Spade type of relationship. We clowned around so much at work but it was the only way we could manage to stay awake while working the night shift. We had each other's back better than anybody else did and I remember

one night I was freaking out because I knew he fell asleep in the belly of one of the airplanes because I didn't see him get on the return bus and I thought he got stuck inside the aircraft. For the most part, our whole crew got along really well but it was clear

that Eric was my partner in crime for the night shift.

One night while I was house sitting, I had some friends over for a small party in the hot tub. We had a few girls over and Eric brought his friend KJ over. I never met KJ

before but he was a total gear head so we hit it off pretty well. For the first time in my life, I was building my own circle of friends that were all really great people. With the exception of always being tired from working day and night, I was earning

great money, had a great group of friends, and was finally able to buy a new convertible Mustang. I was really starting to enjoy life. Jake and Drew were now working together driving a box truck delivering appliances and building

materials for a home improvement store. The two of them got motorcycles so they were always off riding somewhere so I was very fortunate to finally have my own situation that I was proud of. Eric, KJ, and I went everywhere

together, we were the three musketeers. We often spent weekends up at the body shop working on our cars and by this time, I had started my very own car interior business, Inside Autoworks. A friend of Jim's had bought out a

local interior guy's inventory and he gave me all the equipment if I would learn how to do it. I took lessons from a friend of Jim's and slowly my life was becoming completely mine. I now had my own business to add to my resume. Little

did I know it, but things were about to get a thousand times more complicated.

KJ had started dating a new girl, Jacey. They dated for a few weeks and when he first told me who he was dating, I remembered the name

from school but I was picturing the wrong girl. Then one day, Eric, KJ, and I were at the mall and KJ invited us over to Jacey's house where they were having a small get-together. When we arrived, I got to meet the girl he was talking about

and I finally made the connection that it was a girl that worked nights with Eric and I at the airport. Jacey was a girl that I had always known of, but always thought she seemed stuck-up. She was thing little thing with shorter hair, the biggest

blue eyes I had ever seen,
and a laugh that was
infectious and contagious.
She was far from the girl I
remembered from high
school.

It seemed like Jacey's
entire extended family
were all outside just
enjoying each other's

company. Her parent's house was directly next door to her grandma's house and they even shared a mutual driveway. The feeling of a close-knit family was unavoidable. They had this amazing way of making you feel very comfortable at their

place and seemed to take a real interest in getting to know each of their guests. We all started playing sand volleyball in their backyard when Jacey wanted to play some country music. I had recently become obsessed with country music so I

went to my car and brought out a CD that I had burned. I'll never forget when a Kenny Chesney song came on that she liked and she asked what it was called. That was the first time I felt that Jacey and I had anything in common.

Later that night, we all went inside and for some reason, it felt like Jacey was more interested in me than she was in KJ but I kept my distance because Jacey was KJ's girl and I wasn't going to do anything to jeopardize that situation... but, that

didn't last long. A few days would pass and Jacey would start sending me innocent text messages that by no means made me think she was interested in me.

Eventually, she invited me to stop by her house. I'm not even sure what

she invited me over for or why I thought it was a good idea, but either way, I sent KJ a text telling him I was going over there so he would know that it wasn't a big deal and I wasn't doing anything behind his back. At this time, I still had no

real idea that Jacey was interested in me. After all, we had worked together for months and I had never even spoken to her. I headed over to Jacey's house and when I got there, I told her that I wanted to build a floating dock for up at our

family's lake house in Michigan. I asked her dad if he knew where I could find those giant blue 55 gallon drums that I needed to make the dock float. Little did I know that with that one simple question, I was about to begin an adventure that I

could never have anticipated. Her father suggested a spot down by the river that he thought sold the barrels that I was looking for. Jacey told me that she loved roadtrips, so I put the top down on the Mustang and we were off on a hunt to find 55

gallon barrels.

The place that her dad suggested didn't have the barrels anymore but since we were down by the river and it was a perfectly sunny day, I decided to show Jacey a secret spot that was near an abandoned bridge that

most people didn't know about. We hiked down through the brush to the river's edge and she was killing me in this little jean mini-skirt and perfectly sun-kissed legs. She started to lead the way and try to discover new spots and I

remember just thinking that a girl this beautiful, this sweet, and this adventurous doesn't come around that often. KJ was a lucky guy.

On the way back, Jacey started off by saying, "So, my mom thinks that I like you." Either this was the

worst attempt at being obvious or the best attempt at making a naïve guy realize the obvious. As much as I enjoyed hanging out with Jacey, there was the KJ situation that I didn't want to compromise. We kept driving and I showed her

a few more secret spots that I knew of and she started to tell me how everything could work out because she was going to break up with KJ. I was whole-heartedly against that idea and thought that the whole thing would seem too blunt.

The next day, I couldn't wait to get off work so I could start building the floating dock. KJ was going to come over and help me build it and as far as I knew, Jacey wasn't going to break up with him. During my lunch break, I got a text from KJ

saying that Jacey just broke up with him. I was caught off guard but I knew it was inevitable. That evening KJ came over and we built the top section of the dock. He seemed to be really down over the break up but I just tried to keep

everything light and airy
and upbeat. We had the
radio playing and every
time a break up song
would play, I had to
change the station
because I knew that in
time, he would find out
that I knew all along and
that I was the reason for

the break up. I felt horrible.

That weekend, KJ, Eric, and I used my brother's pickup truck to transport the newly finished dock up to the lake house which was an hour away. There was only one big front seat so I drove, KJ

sat in the middle, and Eric was in the passenger seat. We were packed like sardines in the front of the rusty truck but it was going to be a fun roadtrip taking back roads for a relaxing day of fishing and enjoying the new dock. On the drive, I

remember our legs were all touching each others and my phone kept vibrating as I was getting text messages. I knew it was Jacey and since her and KJ just broke up, it would seem really out of place if she was texting me. I just kept the phone

in my pocket and acted like I didn't want to use my phone on the trip.

However, secretly I was dying to read what Jacey was sending me. A song came on the radio and the main chorus was "You find out who your friends are," and at that point, I

started going through in my head how I was going to tell KJ that Jacey had a thing for me and that I was starting to develop feelings for her as well. I had confided in Eric everything that was going on and we both agreed that I should tell KJ while

we were fishing.

When we got to the lake,
everything went perfectly.

We unloaded the new
dock and anchored it in
the middle of the lake.

We appropriately named
the dock the S.S Asbestos
because we built it as-
best-as we could and we

broke in the dock by playing King of the Mountain where the goal was to be the only man left standing on the dock. It was basically like sumo wrestling on the water. The day was so perfect and drama-free that I didn't want to spoil it

with the bad news and I
chickened out. That night,
I could barely sleep and
kept tossing and turning
and I knew that if I
wanted some piece of
mind, I would have to
come clean with KJ. The
next afternoon, he came
over to my shop where I

was working on a new interior piece for his car. It was then that I finally told him how I felt about Jacey but I made it crystal clear that nothing had happened between us yet and that I really didn't want to ruin our friendship. His reaction

went better than I had expected and he basically told me that he was okay with it and that he wasn't going to lose a good friend over a girl. That was not the reaction I expected from him and I felt like I was the luckiest person in the world- he

was okay with me dating Jacey.

In the following weeks, I fell hard. For the first time in my life, I discovered what falling in love felt like. What I felt was what every love story and chick-flick tried to capture. The two of us fit

together so well and it seemed like every where we would go, people were telling us how perfect of a couple we were. I didn't need people to tell me though; I knew it and I felt it. I was still working the day shift in the VIP department and working

at night at the airport, but getting to see Jacey made it all worth it. It was suddenly easier to wake up for the night shift because I knew I got to stop at Jacey's house first and sometimes we would even drive together. It didn't take too long

before we took our relationship to the next level. Once things got intimate, I knew this was the girl that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. Her family made me feel like one of their own and as we spent more and more time together, I

found out that our parents all used to be really good friends when they were our age. Everything was perfect.

August was just around the corner and with Jacey celebrating her 21st birthday on the 4th, I wanted to take a vacation

from work and spend the week with her at a friend's lake house in Wisconsin. It had only been a few months but I just felt so complete with Jacey that I bought her this beautiful diamond and pink sapphire ring. It wasn't an engagement

ring but I wanted it to be something to show her that I was devoted to her. For her birthday, her parents planned a surprise party for her at their place and it was my job to get her away for a few hours while they set everything up and the guests showed

up. I wanted to go all out and I had my Aunt Tracy help me set up a picnic on the river where I took her the first day we hung out. Since pink was her favorite color, I had a large arrangement of fancy pink flowers and Stargazer lilies set out

next to a wicker picnic basket with all of her favorite foods. It was a hike to get to the little nook that I had everything set up in and needless to say, she was surprised as she turned the corner and saw the picnic in the middle of nowhere. The

real surprise came a little later when we walked into the water and to the middle of the river on some rocks that weren't completely submerged. We danced in the middle of the river and while I was holding her, I was able to reach around into

my pocket and I pulled out the ring. Nicholas Sparks, eat your heart out. It was the perfect birthday and perfect surprise. I could tell by the look on her face that I did well. Afterwards, they weren't finished getting everything ready, so I met

some of her family at a local Mexican restaurant so we could stall and buy them some more time.

When we finally got to her place and she saw all the cars, Jacey was so upset. She didn't want a surprise party and she ran inside to compose herself

enough to join the party. Besides the initial bad reaction, the party was going really well. My mom and Jim stopped by and played a few games of cornhole against Jacey and I. So many great friends stopped by to celebrate and my family

was getting along with Jacey's family just like they were all still in high school together. Jacey's grandma was even entertaining everybody by jumping on the tramPaigee. That day, in that moment, I had everything I had ever

wanted; A great girl, a great family, and a great time with friends. If I could put a goal on life, it would be to have everyday feel the way I felt at that very moment. Later that night, my dad stopped by and he seemed visibly upset so I pulled

him aside to see what was going on with him. He told me that he had found his wife's diary and discovered that she had been having an affair so I tried getting him to just enjoy himself at the party. He told me that he didn't feel okay and that he

wanted to put a shotgun in his mouth. I tried to not think too much about what he just said but as the party headed into the evening hours, my dad sped off on his motorcycle and I couldn't stop thinking about what he had just told me. Jacey

had had a pretty rocky relationship with her father and it always bothered me because a few years ago, I thought my dad was going to pass away in his sleep on Christmas Eve and we even had “the talk” where he told us kids how proud

he was of us and how he wished he could have done better for us. I never told Jacey that story because our first few months dating were so good that I never wanted to bring the mood down with a story like that. Later in the night, Jacey

would get really mad at her father for changing the radio station during her party so after getting her to calm down, I used the opportunity to leave the party to go check on my dad. Since it was her birthday, I didn't want to tell her what my dad told

me earlier but I promised I would tell her the next day.

Well the next day came and my arrangements for the cottage in Wisconsin fell through so we decided to just spend my vacation laying out my her grandma's pool and just

enjoying each other's company. I was able to dodge the conversation about why I left her party because I thought it might lead to an argument if the talk started to lead to her fixing her relationship with her father. The days were spent laying out and

at night, we would put the convertible down and go for roadtrips to the middle of nowhere. Everything was more than simple and simply enjoyable; I had not a worry in the world. Three nights after her birthday party, we were out driving in the country

at night and mom had called me and was being over-protective and warned me to watch out for wild deer and to be extra cautious when I came to a country intersection since there were no street lights. I laughed it off at the time

but hours later, I would realize just how ominous that phone call was and that when I laughed it off, it was the last time I would be able to laugh that way for many years to come.

CHAPTER 4 - JUST A BAD DREAM

A few hours later, Jacey and I had both dozed off on her parents couch while watching a movie. I was awakened by a late

night phone call from KJ which seemed really out of place. He informed me that my friend Drew had just died in a motorcycle accident. At first, I was sure it was a just a bad dream. Then he reassured me that it was real and he told me where it had

happened and that everyone was already at the scene. I woke Jacey up and we both got in the car and sped to the scene. The whole drive there was a blur as I just kept telling myself that Drew didn't die and that there has to be some kind of

mix up. As we got closer, I started seeing the lights from the emergency vehicles but I still had my doubts that he was gone-injured, maybe, but there was no way that Drew was gone.

When we got out of the car, the scene seemed so

surreal. Drew's body was lying there in his own blood, Jake was in shock, and my dad was crying in anger. They had the all the roads closed off and the wreckage from his bike and the car that pulled out in front of him were scattered down the

road. I was trying to make sense of how the accident actually happened and when I was told that a drunk driver had pulled out in front of him, I knew I was mad, but for some reason I couldn't feel anger. I couldn't feel anything. I couldn't take

my eyes off Drew's
lifeless body as the
coroner came to take him
away. It somehow seemed
fitting that a light rain
started to fall almost as if
the heavens were crying
for him. I don't know if it
was because Jacey was
there and I didn't want to

show weakness or if I was just in shock, but for some reason, I couldn't cry, I just stared. Nobody had Drew's mom's phone number and Jake kept telling the police crew's that Drew's step dad was the Fire Battalion Chief and they could contact

them that way.

I don't remember falling back asleep that morning, but waking up seemed so unfair. I woke up with the heaviest heart and the challenge of facing a brand new reality: Drew was gone and he was never coming back. I had

grieved before but
nothing was and still is as
painful as the loss of
Drew. I felt guilty for
being able to wake up
next to a beautiful girl
because that was
something he would
never be able to do again.
I felt guilty for every

remote feeling of happiness because he wouldn't be able to experience that. I kept thinking of his parents and his sisters and especially Jake. I couldn't let Jacey see me being this weak so I left for the day and just started

driving. I had no idea where I was going but I knew that I needed to talk to somebody.

I ended up at my Aunt Tracy's house and when I walked in, she could just tell that something was wrong. I still hadn't cried yet but something about

the way I carried myself must have clued her in that something wasn't right. She immediately asked me if Jacey and I had got into a fight. The second I started to respond, I completely lost my shit. I was crying like a little school girl. I don't

think Tracy could even make out what I was saying but when she finally understood what I was saying, she was in just as much disbelief as the rest of us. She pulled up the newspaper's website to confirm what I had told her. Eventually, I

ended up meeting Jake
and a few others at
Drew's mom's restaurant.
His mom had actually
boarded a plane earlier
that morning to attend her
step-daughters NAVY
graduation ceremony.
Jake, myself, and Brian
who was riding with

Drew when the accident happened, decided to head up to Drew's dad's house and try to comfort him. I will never forget the anger and confusion and the look on his face as he tried to make sense of it all. He appreciated us being there but nothing

could comfort him that morning.

Hours later, I returned to Jacey's house to find her visibly upset that I spent that day with everyone else besides her- at least that's how I interpreted it. I still didn't want to talk about it with her because

it was hard to just say Drew's name without crying. It seemed like the more time that passed, it was actually getting harder to deal with the loss and the last thing that I needed was any additional stress from my relationship. At that time,

I was only thinking about Drew and his family and I was emotionally and mentally drained. I didn't even think at the time that Jacey had also just seen Drew's body in the road and might have needed some attention as well; I just couldn't process my

thoughts.

Two days later, and just a couple days before we would have to bury Drew, I finally thought that now would be a good time to address why I had left her birthday party and I was hoping that I would get the chance to touch on her

relationship with her father. I wanted to explain to her how we thought we were going to lose our father a few years back on Christmas and basically have the whole “life is too short to be fighting all the time with your dad” talk. It was dark out and with

Drew passing away a few days ago, I figured I couldn't bring the mood down any further so we put the convertible top down and I planned on having a really deep conversation on a night drive.

We pulled out of Jacey's

driveway, and I wasn't a quarter mile down the road when my phone rang. It was a friend of my dad's calling me to tell me that I needed to get to his house because he was holding a shotgun to his head. I couldn't believe the irony that I was

literally about to tell Jacey about my dad at the exact moment he was about to end his life. I whipped the car around and blew every red light to get to his house as quickly as possible. When we arrived, we went to the back of the house and on

the side of the shed there were already a few people there trying to stop my dad from ending his life. When we walked up, I realized it was actually my stepdad Jim that had wrestled the gun from his hands. My father was beyond drunk and I could

barely make out any words that he was trying to say. I was so tired of crying the past few days that I couldn't cry at all. I remember just sitting against the shed looking at my dad and just feeling anger towards him that he would do something so

selfish when we had just lost a best friend two days earlier. To top of that night, Jacey and I had to break into his office to try to find other guns that his wife told us he had. I was emotionally drained and at the time I felt that it would be best if I didn't

tell any of my siblings
since we were all still
trying to cope with
Drew's death.

Two days later, we had to
prepare ourselves to
attend the first night of
Drew's showing. I spent
the morning running
errands with Jake and our

friend Tyler. We decided to swing by the mall and pick up jackets from the suit store for the paul-bearers. As I made a left turn into the mall, a car was racing towards us trying to beat the changing light and T-boned the left side Mustang. We had the

top down, none of us had our seatbelts on, and the whole entire car spun around. Tyler was in the back seat so he was thrown to the other side and when the car finally stopped, I looked at everyone and just apologized. With the

speed that we were hit,
we all should have been
ejected from the car but
not one of us was injured
at all. We all were very
lucky but we felt that
Drew was definitely
looking over us that day
as our guardian angel.
That evening was the first

night of Drew's memorial services. The place was packed and everywhere you walked there was a circle of people laughing and sharing stories of their memories of Drew. When we walked outside, there were even more people there to pay their

respects. I was blown away at how many friends showed up and I wondered if Drew knew how much he was loved and how much he meant to people. We were outside the funeral home and there was a circle of friends that I hadn't seen

in a long time and a few girls that Drew had dated that I didn't know very well. We were all reminiscing about our time with Drew when Jacey decided to leave because I was talking to other girls. I couldn't even devote any brain

power trying to comprehend how she thought that was a decent idea. Instead, I just stayed and showed my support for Drew's family and friends.

On the day of the funeral, an old friend of mine, Orianna, had asked if she

could follow us to the funeral home since she didn't know the way.

Orianna was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever met and although we were close friends, we were never romantically involved so I didn't think it would be a big deal if

she drove behind Jacey and I. At the funeral, the mood started off light-hearted and it was mostly a lot of the same type of walking down memory lane that we had been doing all week. When the service started, there wasn't a dry eye in the

room until Drew's step dad took the podium. He very confidently wanted to cheer up the room so he said, "Let's talk about the real Drew." He asked that everyone that had been a victim to one of Drew's pranks to stand up. Almost every single

person in the room stood up which garnered a lot of laughter from everyone.

When it was time to walk past the casket for the final time, I completely lost it. I remember crying so hard that it was hard to breathe. It was the last time that I was going to

see Drew and that's something that's still a tough pill to swallow.

A group of motorcycles led the procession to the cemetery and Jake told me that an eagle was flying with them on the drive. It was strange how all of the sudden,

everyone would start noticing small things like that and everyone assumed it was Drew's way of letting us know he was still with us. The actual burial service is something that I cannot recall but when it came time to leave and head

over to a hall that the family had rented to get together, Jacey simply said I should just ride with Orianna and she abruptly left. My relationship with Jacey was deteriorating right before my eyes but my focus at that time was

copied with Drew's loss
and I just wanted to make
myself available to his
family to help them out in
any way.

The following night, we
all decided to visit
Drew's parents and take
their pontoon boat out on
the river. Jake was there

along with Tyler, Drew's aunt, his cousin Erin, and her friend Sasha. Jacey and I joined them all on the boat where everyone was enjoying beers towards the back of the boat. We were in the front and Jacey kept making shitty comments that I

should just go sit in the back of the boat with them. I couldn't understand why she was there if she was just going to make it a miserable evening. She accused me of flirting with Sasha and that was the last straw for me. I couldn't handle the

opposition when all I was trying to do was enjoy life since we all had just been shown how quickly it can be taken from us. We broke up later in the week but got back together soon after.

A few weeks later, I was shopping at Best Buy

when I randomly bumped into an old friend, Jen. She was buying a new laptop and we spoke for a few minutes about Drew and we exchanged numbers and went our separate ways. Some time had went by when I decided to surprise Jacey

with some things from Victoria's Secret. Jacey called me from work and I told her that I couldn't tell her where I was going and since I couldn't tell her, she went off on me and told me that this is why she couldn't trust me. I decided to bypass

the mall and I kept driving to Jen's house.

We mostly just caught up with each other and talked about Drew and Jake and I told her about Jacey and she shared stories with me about her ex. She was positive, caring, driven, and nothing like what I

had with Jacey. I didn't have a crush on Jen at the time, but I remember wishing that I could instill some of her qualities into Jacey. She seemed to be more compassionate, understanding, and drama-free. A few weeks later, Halloween came and it

was a big annual event for Jacey's family.

Instead of taking part in her family's festivities, she decided that we should sleep in her bed while everything happened next door at her grandmas. I was tossing and turning when I

decided that I would rather go pass out candy at my aunt's house. On my way out, I stopped next door to say bye to her mom and grandmother but I got caught up laughing at them getting all dressed up. I ended up staying over there for a while

when Jacey stormed over and threw a pair of pants at me that I had left over there. This was essentially the end of our relationship. It seemed like anytime I was enjoying myself, she was going to make a scene. It was the final last straw for

me and it was time that we separated.

I had no idea that Jen was even remotely interested in dating me, but I starting texting her to test out the waters. Jen was cute, she was smaller than me, had fake boobs, and mostly had her shit together. She

drove a convertible Mercedes and I was overly impressed with her sense of ambition. We started hanging out and it didn't take long before things went to the next level. We dated through Thanksgiving and she was one of the most kind and

generous girls I had ever met. We had a lot more sex than I did with Jacey and we even made plans to sail to Aruba on her family's yacht. But, it just wasn't the same as Jacey. No matter how bad I wanted it, no real feelings were developing. One

night, Jacey stopped over and asked me to come outside to talk in her car. She was sobbing and begging me to come back. We were both crying and we kissed but ultimately, I wanted to give Jen a real chance. Something just wasn't there with Jen and

on Christmas Eve, I ended up staying at Jacey's house. This was the only time I ever cheated but at the time, it was with the only girl that I had ever experienced love with. The following morning, Jen came over to my family's gift

exchange and even though the gifts we got each other were meaningful, there just wasn't any chemistry with our relationship and we ended things on good terms just a few days later.

On New Years Eve, Jake and I and a couple of

friends got all dressed up and went to the club to celebrate the New Year and hopefully this year would be a better year for all of us. The next day, it seemed like a new chapter in Jake's life was about to begin as his first son, Gavin Michael

Drew, was born. This was the first child born from my siblings but the experience was nothing short of magical. I never thought that I would want kids of my own, but after seeing the innocence of Gavin, it made me understand just how

amazing children can be
and how they can add so
much more to your life.

Jacey and I never
officially got back
together, but we still
played the roles.

On Valentine's Day, I
wanted to surprise her and
fill her car up with

balloons, so I had a key to her car duplicated so I could pull it off. I decided to try the key out the night before Valentine's Day to make sure I could pull it off, and when I got in her car, something was telling me to look in her phone. Since we worked at the

airport, we weren't allowed to have our cell phones on us, so most of us would leave them in our cars. To my surprise, I wasn't the only guy that Jacey was talking to. We weren't official, so I had no right to be upset, but either way, it was enough

to cancel my plans to surprise her the following night. We were on and off for the next five months until her birthday came around again in August.

I started asking some of her close friends what she wanted for her birthday and I even asked her one

friend to try to find out how much her credit card debt was. I knew that was something that bothered her so I wanted to take care of that for her. It seemed like after that, things were better than they had been in a long time and it actually

seemed like we were going to work out after all. I drove her to this pier on Lake Erie where I gave her several gifts that she wanted; I even custom painted a DVD player to match her bedroom. I ended up not paying off her credit card

debt but I did get her everything else that I thought she wanted. My birthday was just a few weeks later and Jacey started to act a little shady towards me. Apparently, I was still a little naïve and thought that she was just planning a surprise for my

birthday. My curiosity got the best of me and I decided to again check her phone and see what she was planning.

It was the night before my birthday and when I opened her phone, I felt like a knife was being shoved into my back. She

had been texting some guy that she met a few weeks before and talking about flying down to Florida with him. I remember one of the texts read “MUAH!” after he asked for a kiss. I went into work and tried to act like I had no idea it was

going on. After work, I drove to her house and since it was my birthday, it wouldn't seem strange if I stayed with her. She let me in and I told her that she seemed to be acting funny and asked her if there was anything she wanted to tell me.

She said no and we went to bed- at least she did. I couldn't make sense how she could lie to my face on my birthday so I sat there thinking of how I was going to deal with it. When she woke up, I was sitting there with her phone in my hand and she

knew that I went through it and saw the conversation. All she said was “I don’t want any drama,” and went back under the covers. I left and didn’t speak to her at all after that on my birthday. At dinner, I couldn’t even eat, I was

so sick over everything.
The following day, I went
tanning at Jacey's work
which I usually got for
free. She was working, so
I paid for my session this
time and told her I didn't
want anything from her
anymore. When I got
done tanning, I walked

out as “Dirty Little Secret” was playing on the radio and I remember just saying “Great Song” to her. We didn’t speak for days and I really thought that this was the real end of our relationship.

About a week passed

when she apologized and wanted to make things better. To this day, I'm not sure what caused the change of heart, but Jacey had some kind of spell over me and I would take her back every single time, she was my kryptonite. We started

looking at houses and everything looked like it was going to finally get better. I forgave her as usual, but I wanted to get away and clear my mind and there was one person that I wanted to talk to about relationships that had the longest

relationship that I knew. My grandpa was with my grandma until the day that she died and after she passed, he would return to her mausoleum and leave her notes saying he couldn't wait to see her again. I knew that I wanted that type of

relationship for myself and with my grandpa's health failing, I knew that I needed to get to Las Vegas to spend some quality time with him.

I took a few weeks off of work and flew to Vegas to take care of grandpa while he was in the hospital. I

was able to ask grandpa about him and grandma and I asked him how he knew that she was “the one” and he simply replied that she was his best friend. I stayed at grandpa’s house while he was at the hospital and one morning, I decided to

climb the mountains at Red Rock Canyon. While climbing by myself, a couple had seen me hiking by myself and they offered me a bottle of water since they could tell I was obviously unprepared for the climb. When I finally got to the

top of the mountain, I sat down to take in the view. I looked down and next to my hand, someone had wrote with a marker, “Happiness is only real when shared.” What were the chances that out of an entire chain of mountains, I would sit

next to a 3 inch scribe like that? It seemed like everywhere I looked, there were signs telling me to get back to Jacey. I still had a few days left before I could fly back since grandpa's birthday was coming up and I didn't want him to spend

it alone in the hospital. I went to the mall to try to find him a gift and was approached by a modeling agency. I thought I was too short to do any real modeling but they convinced me to do a test shoot and since I had some time to kill, I went

along with it and the pictures came out amazing. I went back to their office where they coached me on runway walking which was the most embarrassing thing I had ever done. They said they wanted to work with me but the only problem

was that I lived in Ohio and they preferred working with local models that were available within short notice. I left without signing with them but they said if I ever moved out west, to look them up. I called Jacey and let her

know how it went and it seemed like she was again acting weird on the phone. She said that she wanted to drop my car off and that's when I knew something was wrong. I flew home without telling her and that's when I found out that a new guy

had been staying the night with her. Before I left for Vegas, I had a poster-size collage made of Jacey and I, but the printer couldn't get it done until after it I had left. I had it framed when I got back and dropped it off at her place along with a lot of gifts

that I got for her cousins from Vegas. That night, I drove to work and I knew that if I wanted the truth, I would again have to go through her phone. I opened it up and sure enough, she was texting him saying he better be worth it because I was the

one guy that had all the right intentions. There was some back and fourth but it was now official. While I was in Vegas taking care of my grandpa trying to figure out my future, Jacey was doing the same thing with a different guy. Things

were now over and I was devastated. Life in my small town was getting more and more miserable as time went on and it seemed like there was no light at the end of the tunnel. Pain was everywhere. No matter where I went, there was a

memory tied to Jacey or Drew, and Jake had started his family and now my little sister was pregnant as well. There was nothing going in my favor and I just kept thinking about the modeling offer in Vegas and trying to wrap my

head around the idea of leaving everything behind and starting over fresh. I talked to my cousin Chelsey who go-go danced in Toledo and she was also down to move to Vegas. As soon as I knew she was serious, we started planning a fresh

start in Vegas.

That month, I was invited by a coworker to go to Jacey's cousins 21st birthday at a bar. I didn't want to go because I thought I might see Jacey there but I was assured that they didn't get along and that it might actually

be fun for me to go. When I arrived, it was a little awkward at first but after the alcohol started flowing, so did the shit-talking about Jacey. Holly was Jacey's cousin but they had cut ties with each other before I ever came in the picture.

Hearing other people talk bad about Jacey actually made me feel better about moving on which I needed badly. I started talking to this cute blonde girl, Tessa. She had a style that screamed 1980's and with her ripped nylons and crooked

pony-tail, she was far from anything that I had ever known, but it was a refreshing change of pace to say the least. She was funny, confident, and could carry a conversation. This was the first night I felt okay in a long time and the first

girl I was attracted to since Jacey. As it would turn out, Tessa lived in Texas and also happened to be Jacey's cousin, just my luck.

CHAPTER 5 - SIN CITY

D-Day was fast approaching and Chelsey and I planned a going-away party so that all of our friends and family would have a chance to visit before we left. We

had a live band and many friends came out to send us off in style. It was bitter sweet but most people understood why we wanted to leave and wished us well. The night after our party, we packed what we could into the Mustang and headed

south. We switched off driving and we planned on stopping in San Antonio to see Tessa and to also break up the trip. We made it to Tessa's house where her mother welcomed us with open arms. Her brother was into cars like I was so we

had a lot to talk about and part of me never wanted to leave Texas. The next day we explored the tourist parts of San Antonio but I knew Chelsey was getting antsy to get to Vegas. We continued our journey out west and finally made it

to Sin City the next morning.

Grandpa agreed to let us stay with him until we both found jobs and could afford a place of our own. It didn't take too long for Chelsey to realize that she couldn't get a job go-go dancing in Vegas since

she was only 20 years old. Less than two weeks after getting to Vegas, she was on a plane headed back to Ohio and I was essentially on my own. It would be 6 months before I would get to see Tessa again, but even though we weren't dating, I felt a loyalty to

her. We talked almost daily and she was a positive force that helped me get through some of the new changes in my life.

My first job in Vegas was with a private company that hosted celebrity parties at different Vegas

nightclubs. I worked 3 nights a week and partied until 4am with some of the most famous people in the world. My very first week on the job I partied with Kanye West, Paris Hilton, Bow Wow, and the cast of Twilight. While on Facebook it

appeared to my friends and family that I was living the high-life partying with celebrities, the reality was that I wasn't exactly raking in the big bucks. My car payment was several months behind and I constantly would lose

sleep thinking that I heard
a tow truck outside
repossessing my car. I
still lived at grandpa's and
I could tell that he was
getting slightly agitated
with my clubbing lifestyle
and barely getting by and
I knew that if I didn't
make some changes soon

that I was probably going to have to move back to Ohio. I was terrified of the thought of moving back home and having to face the music of failure and I really did not want to go back there and have constant reminders of Drew and Jacey. The

agent that I originally dealt with at the modeling agency no longer worked there and they couldn't offer me any steady work. I got a part-time job working retail at the Puma store but my paychecks were smaller than they were back home in Ohio.

All across Vegas I had seen billboards seeking males to do paid auditions to appear in adult films. Many of them had a gorgeous blonde girl with suggestive sayings that made you think she was looking for male co-stars. Originally I just laughed

them off and thought
'Only in Vegas!' But as
the old saying goes,
desperate times call for
desperate measures.

Eventually, I saw one of
their billboards that stated
that they were looking for
a graphic designer and
would pay 52k a year. I

knew that I didn't have a degree but if I could somehow get in touch with them, I could convince them that I could do the job. I called the number from the billboards and got the recording of a seductive woman telling me about

the audition process. As I understood, I would be paid \$500 to jerk off alone for ten minutes. It was easy work and fast cash. I was still a little apprehensive as I had never been naked on camera and the whole idea sounded a little

sketch. I sent in my photos from the modeling gig and was called back for a paid audition.

The night before and day of my audition I remember sitting at grandpa's house just pacing. I was contemplating whether or

not I was going to go through with it. I kept going back and forth and then I reminded myself that I really wanted to fly home for a friend's wedding that I promised her I wouldn't miss. I couldn't just tell her I was broke when on Facebook

it appeared that I was living the good life. I made up my mind and I was off to audition to be a porn star with the goal of getting a steady graphic design job. A lot of questions went through my head. What were you supposed to wear to a

porn audition? Did clothes even matter? I really wanted the graphic design job so maybe the clothes did matter. I decided to dress casual but nice, not too much of either. I wore jeans with a dark blue dress shirt and left grandpa's house for

my audition.

When I arrived at the studio, I was met by a kid that was decked out in Hollister clothing but was skinny and scruffy- not exactly who I pictured would be on the other end of the phone. He introduced himself as

Mark and said that he was actually one of the company's models. I remember thinking to myself that if he was a model than I definitely could be one too. I then met the owner Jason who at that time introduced himself by his stage

name, Matthew. Jason was a large guy, about six feet tall, probably 250 pounds with a mullet, denim shorts and glasses. I didn't immediately make the connection that he was gay, but I did get a creepy vibe from him. I was then instructed that

the audition wouldn't be entirely alone and that he would be in and out to snap still photos and to see how I reacted with another person in the room. At that point I wanted to back out but I thought I've come this far so whatever I'll just man

up and do it. The audition itself went okay. Jason led me back to the audition room which was basically a small office area that was converted into a low-rate studio. There was a cheap couch with a brand new sheet thrown over it and that is where the

audition would take place. He gave me a few instructions such as get completely naked and don't move too much since the cameras were framed up and sitting on tripods. It took a few minutes for me to get hard but all I could think about

how much I was sweating from nerves. They had straight porn playing for me to watch behind the camera and it wasn't that awkward until Jason came in to take the still photos. They had me turn around and face different numbers on the walls as

he snapped away. It was probably only 15 minutes long but it felt like an eternity and I was relieved when it was finally over. I walked out to the lobby to get paid and just wanted to get the heck out of there. Instead of just writing you a

check, they handed me cold, hard cash. It was at this time that Mark and Jason had proposed the idea of doing gay-for-pay porn. Their proposal seemed a little forward and I initially rejected it but when I heard that Mark made almost

\$10,000 on a trip to Hawaii, the idea suddenly seemed like a possibility. With that kind of money I could pay off my car, get my own place, afford to fly Tessa out to see me, and travel the world- the possibilities seemed endless. I told them that I

needed some time to think about it but eventually I convinced myself that not everyone gets an opportunity to make real money like this and I signed on. I also thought that if I could get the graphic design position, the film portion

wouldn't last that long and nobody would ever find out. The next step was to get STD tested.

Mark and Jason arranged for me to come back to the office when I returned from my trip home for the wedding and Mark would drive me to get tested. It

was then that I learned ‘Mark’ was just his stage name and that his real name was Wes. We drove across town to the testing facility and on the way, I was able to pick his brain about how the shoots went. I had so many questions like “how bad is

it really?” “What if I can’t get hard?” “Does any of your family know about it?” There were so many thoughts running through my head. I was also able to get a feel of what kind of person Wes was and I learned that he was from Kentucky and that he

actually spent a lot of time in my home state of Ohio. He seemed like a genuine guy that liked fishing and I think we even talked about me showing him this spot on the Colorado River that was known for great trout fishing. I actually had a

great time talking to him
and it seemed like I just
met the only decent
person in Las Vegas.

When we got back to the
office, I didn't want to go
back to grandpa's house
and be bored; I just
wanted to hang out at the
office. I hung around long

enough that Jason invited me to join the office for lunch that day. He treated the entire office to lunch every single day and it seemed like working at the office was more like just hanging out than a real job and I remember thinking how lucky they

all were to have a job like that. At lunch, I got to meet the editors and I got to pick all of their brains as well. I wanted to know if it was weird for them being straight guys to edit gay porn all day. They seemed pretty normal about and just viewed it

as a job. Overall, the guys were all down to earth and funny as hell. I couldn't believe that my porn audition that I was terrified of, just led me to meet a group of really great people.

Over the next few weeks, I went out a few times

with Jason and Wes. We would go bowling or grab a bite to eat and after discussing many options, the idea was pitched that they could use a graphic designer at the office full-time, it seemed like my plan was working after all. Working full-time for

company meant that I could stay in Vegas, grandpa would be taken care of, and financially I would be better off than ever before, not to mention I wouldn't have to move back home and deal with the voids that were left from Drew and

Jacey. It seemed like the pros outweighed the cons and I checked out the site that my videos would be posted on. The site seemed bland and generic at best and I thought as long as they gave me a stage name, there is no way anyone would find

these videos and my secret would be safe- after all, I was hundreds of miles from everyone and grandpa didn't even own a computer. The only thing I was really worried about was somebody approaching my identical twin brother and telling

him that they recognized him from one of my scenes.

At the time, the graphic designer job was just a casual idea and I needed to focus on getting ready for my first big shoot with the company. While trying to plan out the

details of the shoot, I asked if it would be alright if I did the shoot with Wes since I already met him and he seemed like a pretty decent guy. At first Jason was hesitant and thought that the shoot just wouldn't make any sense, that we wouldn't

be a good pairing.

Ultimately, I ended up doing the shoot with Wes and the night before the shoot, I went over to his place to have a few beers and loosen up a bit before my big naked film debut. I don't remember how long I stayed over but I

remember that we talked about so much and the more we discussed life, the more we found we had in common with each other. He also had an ex-girlfriend named Jacey, we liked the same kind of music and I think that was the night that I introduced

him to his new favorite beer, Jimmy Buffet's Landshark Lager. At some point in the night I remember feeling elated that I finally met a decent soul in Sin City, it was like a huge load taken off my shoulders. For the first time since Drew died, I

felt that everything was going to be okay, that things were going to be great from that moment on and finally I had a really good friend in my new life.

The shoot was the following morning which started out mostly goofy.

We had a competition that involved popping balloons with needles attached to our dicks and I was given the stage name 'Tyler.' All of the filming took place in an office building that had been converted to cheap bedroom sets. The walls

were a light turquoise and there were mounted fish hanging from the walls. It wasn't exactly a glamorous place to be. When it came time for the bedroom scene, I remember before we started filming that I was sweating uncontrollably.

Jason even commented that I was shaking so bad that I was vibrating.

Nervous was an understatement, so we both did shots of vodka to ease some of the nerves. I had never even touched another guy's dick, let alone anything else. Wes,

whose stage name was Mark led the shoot which helped out a ton since I had no clue what to do to or with a guy. From what I remember, I just copied whatever he did. I figured out that performing oral wasn't as weird as kissing a guy. With kissing, it was

more personal and a dick was just an object and as long as everyone was showered and clean, you just closed your eyes and it wasn't nearly as terrifying as I thought it was going to be. There was a bunch of stopping and restarting as we

would watch porn to get hard and then start the scene again until you were soft again. It wasn't glamorous, it wasn't intimate, and under the hot lights and having a cameraman hovering over you, it was extremely uncomfortable. The shoot

paid \$2,500 which was the largest check I had ever received and it seemed like I had hit the lottery. That next week I spent most of the evenings hanging out with Wes, I remember we went shopping for gym clothes and he even took

me to his gym for a workout. Finally, I had a life like I used to have and it seemed like I was filling a void that Wes had in his life as well. Later in the week, I got to meet Wes's "BFF" Kyle. Kyle was the bosses 'partner/husband' and had

taken a sort of ownership of Wes which seemed kind of odd to me. We had dinner at a little outdoor pizza joint on Sahara and it was a very strange first impression that I got. He seemed very challenging, like I had to work to impress him.

Afterwards, Wes stated that he was just giving me a hard time and I just brushed it off as a weird sense of humor that he had.

That following weekend, I went on a boat trip on Lake Mead with Jason,

Wes and Kyle. It was one of the best days of my life. I loved being on the water. It was sunny, we had drinks, I was in great company, and we had country music. It couldn't get any better than that. Since I was still new to everything, I followed

Wes's lead and before long we were butt naked on the boat and cliff diving in the nude.

Apparently, this was normal behavior which I just said 'screw it' and went along with it. I remember feeling like a naked buffet for Jason and

Kyle as they posed with us for personal photos and continued to generously apply sunblock to our bodies. At one point on the lake, Kyle stopped the boat and started playing a song that Wes had introduced me to called 'Vegas Skies'. At that

moment, Jason very casually offered me a full-time job at the office doing some graphic design work. For some reason I couldn't outwardly show the excitement that I felt inside, I was blocking it and no matter what I told

myself, I couldn't force it out. Here I was in absolute paradise, getting offered the dream job that would change my life and for some reason, I couldn't react. This was the first time I really noticed that I had been psychologically messed

up by something in my past. Why couldn't I burst out with excitement like any other person would? I felt like such an asshole, I felt like it seemed like I was 'above it'. Why was I managing my emotions at times when all I wanted to show them how much I

appreciate it, why was I holding back? Maybe it was because I was just fondled by gay men but either way, I told them that it was so casual that I thought it was a big joke. I accepted the job but I had this weird feeling that I was going to have that

same ownership feeling that Wes had experienced with Jaime.

My first week at work was pretty typical as far as the newbie making dumbass mistakes.

Everyone at the office was great. Within a week

or so, I moved in with Wes into his one bedroom apartment and at this point in my life, I felt like I had it all. Great job, great friends, overly great life. I started out just answering phone calls from guys that wanted to take part in the \$500

audition. I would instruct them to email in recent photos of them for the bosses approval and if approved, I would give them a call right back. When I would call a guy back, we had a detailed questionnaire that I would have to fill out and the

main purpose was to find out their availability and to make sure they were 100% straight. If you were gay or even slightly bi-curious, you couldn't work for Jason's company. I received my first graphic design test from Jason and I couldn't

wait to get started on it and show him my version of a 1950's style alien invasion poster. I spent a lot of time working on it and when I turned it in, he said it wasn't as bad as he was expecting. I wasn't exactly sure how to take that comment. On one

hand, it seemed like a compliment and yet on the other it seemed like he lacked faith in me from the get-go. He showed me an example of what mine should have looked similar to and while mine had a few rookie mistakes, I thought his

looked awful and didn't evoke the kind of hysteria that an invasion poster should. This was the first time I realized that we had very different tastes and that if I did any design work for him, we would probably clash the whole time. Soon after I

was told that I was severely overpaid for the job that I was doing and I was told that I was expected to do more gay-for-pay shoots if I wanted to keep my full-time job at the office- it was a package deal. Partly blinded by the money and

partly fearful of losing my full-time job, I agreed. No one had found my first video so I thought they would never be found.

Maybe it was my nerves or the alcohol from my first scene that left me feeling mostly indifferent

about the experience but my second scene changed all of that. I was paired up with a more obnoxious model that was covered in tattoos and had a criminal background. There was no time to get to know the guy before we started filming so it was a pretty

awkward an uncomfortable experience for me. It was the same stupid scenario; we played some stupid game first before we got into the sexual part of the video. This time I was more sober and I hated everything about it. This

time, I hated the way a guy smelled, tasted, and moved and I couldn't understand how anyone could be attracted to that. I couldn't wait for the scene to be over. By the time it was time to get paid, I had gotten pretty good at convincing myself

that what I had just done was worth it and that it was okay. I told myself every excuse in the book. Again, I would tell myself that this was an opportunity and that not every gets to get paid for having sex and that millions of gay guys

around the world did this for free and I was getting paid really good money to do it. Sometimes, I would even get crude with my thoughts. I would tell myself that when I was younger, a gay man took so much from me so by doing this, I was able to

gain some sort of restitution. It made no sense at all but my mind was stuck trying to justify why what I was doing was okay. I thought that if I could save up a lot of money in a short period of time and get my life straightened out, I

wouldn't have to do it for very long and nobody would ever know. I was hoping that I could do some more graphic design work and then I could possibly get out of doing anymore shoots in the future.

CHAPTER 6 - CALIFORNICATION

Wes and I wanted to have a straight guy's weekend to enjoy our new income so we took a road trip to Laguna Beach. When we arrived at the hotel, there was a soft-spoken Asian

girl working the front desk, her name was Paige. She checked us in while Wes and I gave her a hard time over the pool being closed so early but mostly it was just casual flirting, nothing serious. The next day, Wes's sister Michelle had arranged to

fly to Laguna at the last minute since she was going through a divorce and needed to get away for a while. I remember Wes apologizing since our guy's weekend had just been crashed by his sister. I actually didn't mind, Michelle is a great

girl and she was fun to be around. We drove down to the Santa Monica Pier for some shopping and then had a beach bonfire at night. Wes had left to go pickup some alcohol and Michelle and I had some time to just talk about life and I had a

better understanding of where Wes came from. The next morning we checked out and Paige had left a little thank you note under our door addressed to Wes and Mr. Michaels. From that point on, Wes and Paige would talk daily on the phone

and it developed into a long distance relationship until she could fly out to Vegas to see him.

It didn't take long before Wes and I started looking at getting a two-bedroom apartment and I wanted to show him a place that was a lot nicer than I had

previously looked at with
Chelsea. Before long, we
were moving our things
across town to
Summerlin, one of the
ritzier parts of Las Vegas.
Life was just getting
better and better. We
started decking out the
place with newer

furnishings and even purchased a 60 gallon saltwater fish tank. This would be our new hobby which was really just a non-stop learning experience of what not-to-do with your fish tank. We dumped so much money into that thing but

I didn't mind since it was something that we were figuring out together- it was like fixing a car with my brother back at home.

Then, one night while shopping at the mall, my friendship with Wes was about to get a whole lot deeper. We went to the

food court and as we were eating, Wes had confided in me that when he was younger, he was molested. I was instantly covered in goose-bumps from head to toe before he even finished telling me the story. It was then and only then that I

confided in him that I too,
was molested by a
babysitter when I was
younger. I told him
because I wanted him to
know that I could relate to
him and I also told him
that I had never told a
single soul, not Jacey, not
Drew, I never even talked

about it with my twin brother who experienced it as well. It was during this conversation that I dropped a bigger bomb, one that I wasn't sure if I should have said. The guy who did that to me, who I remember only as 'Billy' in my memory looked

almost exactly like Jason and I had thought that from the moment I met him. I was essentially, in my memory, working for a guy that looked just like my molester. I will never forget this conversation with Wes as being the one moment where I felt that I

completely let my guard down and shared with him my deepest, darkest secret. As time went by, Kyle would make comments that I stole his BFF from him and that he regretted ‘pulling strings’ with Jason to give me a job at the office. I spoke

with him several times about this and I even wanted the two of them to hang out more, but Kyle insisted that he was just joking and didn't really feel that way. Throughout my employment, this would often be brought up and made obvious that I

was in debt to him for getting me a job.

Besides the occasional jabs, things were really going well. Paige finally made it out to see Wes in Vegas and I remember they hooked up almost immediately and it seemed like he was

having the time of his life.
They went out to dinner
and to the movies and
their long distance
relationship would last for
several months, she even
flew out for the 4th of
July.

Weeks went by and things
were still going great.

Wes and I would go out to the Vegas strip and drink and pickup girls, we were each other's wingmen. I remember Wes would say how well we worked together as a team when we talked to girls and how it was so much worse with his

other friends before I came around. On one occasion, we were talking to these two girls that were cousins and they weren't really into us at all. We figured we would still mess with them and told them what we did for a living. They didn't

believe us so we pulled up the internet on our phones and showed them one of our videos of us together. From then on, they were all about us and had a million questions for us. I started making out with the one girl and she wanted to come back

with us but her cousin wouldn't let her. Before we got in our cab, she said she was a vegetarian but could really use the protein that night. I wanted to bring her home so bad but her cousin wouldn't allow it. I never imagined that girls could

or would be turned on by two straight guys going at it, but it seemed that maybe this whole gay-for-pay thing could actually wasn't that bad after all.

CHAPTER 7 - HAWAII

It wasn't long before Wes and I were on a plane with Jason and Kyle heading for Hawaii's big island. The plan was to fly other models in and we would shoot on three of

the days but the entire trip would last 18 days. Fly to Hawaii, work for three days and have fifteen days to relax while being paid-how could this trip be anything but good? The first few days were spent exploring the island, mainly the volcano and

checking out the rental house we were using for filming. One of the nights we retired to our hotel rooms which was actually a large, upscale suite connected by a door. Wes and I were in one room, while Jason and Kyle were in the other. I'm not

exactly sure how we all ended up in the same bed but before I knew it a porno was ordered on the TV and I was following Wes's lead and jerking off for the boss and his partner. This led to oral sex from Jason and Kyle which I guess I thought

was considered normal when they take you to Hawaii since Wes had already been here once and he didn't seem to be bothered by it.

The following night, things got even weirder and after may drinks, I was alone with Jason in

their bed and Wes was with Kyle fooling around in our bed. Once again, I just went with the flow and proceeded to receive oral sex from my boss except this time I was alone and felt very powerless. I hated every second of it and just

wanted it to stop. The next morning I let Wes know how much I hated the night before and that I never wanted to be left alone in a room with Jason again. The next day, the other models started to arrive. Derek and Pete flew in for their shoots

and everything was going pretty well and our lead editor also flew down to help with setting up for the shoots.

We stopped at a local gift shop so that Derek could buy something for his wife. I was still really bothered with what had

happened with Jason and Kyle, so I decided to stay in the car with our editor. I confided with him what had happened and also told him that Jason reminded me of the guy that had molested me. I'm not sure why I took the opportunity to share so

much with him, but while they were all in the store and I was in the car, I finally felt like I had some breathing room and I felt safe. Our editor then shared some stories with me about things that he had to go through with Jason. Apparently, he had

had to masturbate in front of Jason in the past just to be able to fly to Hawaii. I was glad that he could identify with me but I was bummed that he wasn't going to be staying in Hawaii as long as we were.

After the shoots were

done and the other models had flown back home, Wes and I saw two girls in one of the resorts hot tubs. They looked to be about 16 or 17 years old but after all the gay sex that had been going on; it was almost like a mirage to us. Not that we

were planning on hooking up with these girls, but it would have been nice to get away from gay sex for a while. Before we even had the chance to introduce ourselves, Jason and Kyle had approached the edge of the hot tub and Jason told us they

were planning on going back to the hotel room. It was probably around 3pm so Wes and I just said ‘okay’ and told them that we would be up later- after all it was still early. Instead of heading to the room without us, Jason just stood there and kept

insisting that we head
back to the room now. It
was very weird but
because of the
awkwardness that we felt
from the girls, we left for
the room. On the long
walk back to the room,
not a word was said- just a
creepy whistling of a song

Jason was making.

When we got back to the room Jason said he needed to have a talk and explain something to us. He pulled us into the suites bathroom and began scolding us over the hot tub incident. He explained that since he

was paying for us to be there, that we were there on his time and it comes off as extremely rude when we choose to hang out with girls instead of them. We were to not engage in any sexual acts with girls because if they were to get pregnant, it

would come back on him since technically it was a work trip. He then explained that everything is transactional and that every nice thing he does for us isn't exactly free and that something was expected in return and because of our recent hot

tub antics, we weren't holding up our end of the deal. To say we were furious would be the understatement of the year. Our blood was boiling and it's like Wes and I could read each other's minds. Instead of arguing with Jason, we

just went along and agreed but it was almost as if we both knew that we would figure out a plan later.

After a very awkward dinner following our conversation, I suggested that we go running knowing that Jason and

Kyle wouldn't want to join us. We ran and kept on running like Forrest Gump. We ran the entire length of the resort just so we could get to a place where we didn't feel like we were being watched by them. When we finally got to the other end of the

resort we stopped and before we could catch our breaths, we were lighting up cigarettes- we didn't even smoke. We felt like we were imprisoned by our bosses. We tried discussing our options but we just came to the realization that we were

stuck on an island
hundreds of miles away
from anything. We ended
up finding a spot on the
rocks next to the ocean to
hide the pack of cigarettes
because we thought for
sure that Jason would go
through our bags. It was at
this moment that I really

felt that Wes and I were in this together and no matter what was thrown at me, as long as we stuck together we could get through just about anything. We talked about how we both felt trapped and how we could try to turn this into a positive

situation. We discussed making a website with a ‘Message in a Bottle’ theme where kids could reach out for anonymous help if they ever felt trapped into doing something they didn’t want to do. It was at this moment, on the cliffs in

Hawaii, that we knew we had to stop our boss from being able to do this to anyone else. We brainstormed ideas but we concluded that as long as he had money coming in, he would have power over anyone that was in a vulnerable situation. The

only way to prevent him from being able to continue his ways was to cut off the money flow, without money, he was powerless. This was the first time that an idea of starting our own website came up. We had no idea how to build a website,

but it was that night that the first tiny seed was planted in our minds. We talked for a bit longer before heading back to our room for the night. The rest of the trip was obviously tainted but we tried to put on a happy face since we felt that our

jobs were now in jeopardy.

The next day, we went snorkeling with Kyle and our editor. Since Jason hated the sun, lucky for us, he didn't join in. About an hour into snorkeling, Kyle got tired

and left the three of us guys to continue on. We snorkeled for a few hours longer and eventually found some cliffs to jump off of into the ocean.

When we finally returned to the room, Jason questioned us about snorkeling. He asked us

why we took so long and if any girls joined us. It was weird and creepy but it was just one more reason to start distancing ourselves from them.

There was one more scene that still needed to be filmed and that was the

shoot where I took Wes's
ass virginity. It was bad
enough that neither of us
had ever done it but when
the resident gay boss had
never done it either, we
were in for a few
surprises. After downing
almost an entire bottle of
Jaeger, Wes decided he

was ready to ‘bottom’ that day instead of waiting until the following day. I hated that scene. I didn’t like giving it to him as he was in obvious pain and I’m not exactly a big fan of guys asses. We kept stopping because the pain was too much and I felt so

bad for Wes. The shoot took hours and when we finally finished the shoot, we headed back to the resort. We discussed what we were getting paid for the Hawaii shoots and I was more than a little disappointed when I heard what I was worth.

Here I was the new guy and doing the most shoots and Jason told me that it was like contracted work and that if I do a bunch of shoots in a small amount of time, then I get paid less per shoot. Somehow he rationalized this in his mind. I was pissed but I

was more excited that tomorrow we were going home. On the flight back to Vegas, Kyle had upgraded our tickets to first-class which at that point was the highlight of the trip... going home. When the videos were released, sales spiked and

everyone was happy to see that the site had finally had a decent anal-sex shoot. Of course now the fans were begging for more and they couldn't wait for me to bottom next.

**CHAPTER 8 -
“WE’RE IN THE
SAME BOAT.
LET’S BUILD
OUR OWN
BOAT.”**

The next few days at the office were uncomfortable

and weird. Jason kept bringing up all the drama we had in Hawaii when all we wanted to do was forget about it. It was almost as if he wouldn't let us forget who was writing our checks and who was running the show. From that trip on, I

never again felt grateful for anything that Jason did for me because it always came with some hidden price. It wasn't a friendship- it was just a transaction. It was golden handcuffs. He tried explaining to me that Wes wasn't friends with me

just for the friendship but instead that Wes only liked having me around because I laughed at his jokes and gave him attention. He wrote off our entire friendship as a transaction. Jason wasn't exactly the friendship expert, he didn't have any

friends that weren't on payroll and had almost no relationship with his family with the exception of his mother. Feeling like puppets and pieces of meat, Wes and I started thinking about how we could someday get out of this situation and we

really started to discuss the possibility of doing porn on our own without Jason. We knew that we didn't want him to be able to continue using his power to take advantage of other guys. The only way to do that was to remove the money aspect

and the only way to do that was if he was out of the business.

We started doing research and reading blogs and came across many fans that couldn't get enough of Mark and Tyler. I contacted our customer service guy who we called

Canadian Kyle to differentiate him from Jason's boyfriend Kyle. Canadian Kyle was also an ex-boyfriend of Jason's who yielded all of our customer service calls and emails. Before long he was emailing me tons of customer feedback and it

seemed that everyone loved us and just wanted to see more Mark and Tyler. This was the reassurance I needed to hear. Some customers even wrote in suggesting that Jason should do a spin-off site from Mark and Tyler's apartment. He

rejected the idea as he usually did with great ideas that he didn't think of himself. If the paying members were suggesting it, then doing a site of our own was a very good idea. Wes was on board too and from then on, we would work in secrecy on our

little side project and it seemed like from this point on, we were the only people that we could trust. We had no idea how to build a website or how to take a video from a camera and place it on the internet, but the small flame had been started

and we began gathering as much information about running a website as we could.

By this time, those fancy company-paid lunches that we went to everyday started to become more of an annoyance. The whole office was basically

Jason's verbal punching bag to make him feel better about himself. He would pick on everyone's insecurities and we all just had to sit there and take it since he was writing our paychecks. He would constantly talk about the spacing between

my teeth and make comments that I would never need to floss. Then one day, he took the harassment to a whole new low. We were eating lunch at an Irish Pub and we started talking about the release of Wes's upcoming bottoming

scene. We were discussing how painful it was for him and Jason made a comment that Wes should have been fine because he had plenty of practice since he was a boy; Jason was referring to him being molested. The whole

table got silent and awkward so I started to laugh to try to end the silence. I didn't find the comment funny at all; I just didn't know what to say. At that point, none of us knew how to stand up to Jason so laughing was the only thing that came

to my mind to kill the awkwardness. I immediately knew that Wes was mad at me for laughing and I was hoping that he knew how I felt about that topic. When we got back to the office, he blurted out that I had also been molested when I

was younger and I felt that he completely betrayed my trust. I knew he was upset with me but I felt that it was totally uncalled for. For a few days, Jason laid low with the harassment but it didn't take long for him to fall back into his old

habits. Eventually, I ended up saving thousands of dollars to get porcelain veneers so I wouldn't have to listen to him anymore. Of course, after I got a new smile, he just found other things to make fun of. Over time, Kyle started to absorb a

lot of Jason's sourness.
The two of them became
the most degrading people
I had ever known and the
more they degraded us,
the more we wanted to
prove to them that we
were way better than
everything they were
making us out to be.

One night, I used my club connections to get us into one of the clubs I had worked at and we got free entry, free drinks, and the whole nine yards. It was a good time until I got kicked out for trying to break up a fight inside the

club. I texted Wes from outside telling him that I got kicked out and I waited for an hour with some girls I had met for him to text me back and say that he was going to stay. This was the first time that I felt that I was without my wingman and

at first I thought it was shitty but I ended up going back to the MGM hotel with one of the girls that I had met outside the club. After sunrise, I remember Wes came home with the girl from the club and I don't remember her being

particularly attractive at all but I do remember she was from Nebraska and big into soccer which is Wes's favorite sport. The following day I had spoke with him and I had let him know that I thought it was a little shitty for him to stay in the club when I

got kicked out but he explained that he misunderstood and he thought I was just hanging out with the girls I had met. I wrote it off as a case of miscommunication and that was the end of it.

My birthday was at the

end of August and for the first time, I would have my very own birthday celebration. I had always had to share my birthday with my twin brother and for once this day would be all about me. We had a shoot scheduled on my birthday at the office with

two newer models that weren't exactly Brad Pitts. The shoot involved pickles and whipped cream and all I knew was that I was glad I wasn't a part of it. When the shoot wasn't going as well as Jason had hoped, he half jokingly asked me to

jump in. Since today was my day, I jokingly refused. My birthday week also happened to be the same week that Wes had flew his father out to Vegas. Since it was my birthday, I got to pick where we would go for dinner and since

Landshark was my beer of choice, the whole gang went out to Margarita-town on the strip. It might sound selfish, but I was really looking forward to having a birthday celebration all for me. When we got to the restaurant, all the

conversations were directed at Wes and his father so I just kept on drinking. I noticed the Margarita-town dancer and I waved her over to our table. I told her it was my birthday and we had a pretty good conversation. Then when my attention

was turned away for a few seconds, Wes jumped in and decided he would give her his number because that's what you do on your best friend's birthday when he calls a girl over to his table. I had no idea that Jason was pissed at me for not

saving the shoot at the office earlier in the day and things really got awkward when he didn't offer to foot the bill. So much for my first birthday dinner that was supposed to be all about me. Later, Wes would end up dating Erica from Margarita-

town for a few weeks which always kind of bugged me because it reminded me of my horrible birthday dinner. It was months before I ever went back there again. Before Wes's dad left, I bought the three of us tickets to see Toby

Keith perform. His dad was a big fan as was I and Wes mentioned that he would appreciate it. We had a blast at the concert and we even brought home two girls that we met there. At our place, we drank more and Wes's dad really loosened up

and was sharing some of the funniest stories I had ever heard. Wes and I hooked up with those girls that night and his father had a great drunken night in Vegas. The next day, his dad would fly home and work would have us gearing up for our

next trip for shooting.

On September 1st, we drove to San Diego with two other models and Jason and Kyle. Wes and I drove in my car separately as we had learned how much it sucked being in a car with the bosses. No music, no

windows rolled down, and they expected you to carry a conversation with them the whole time. Not in my car. We had the top down, music up and we were enjoying the 5 hour roadtrip. When we arrived in Paradise Point, we knew that we were going

to have to do some ‘shoot coaching’ to get them to relax as the other models Mike and Robert had only done one previous shoot. As usual, we didn’t know the details of the shoot because Jason liked the element of surprise. This trip would definitely bring

more of that. The idea that Jason had for the shoot was that in the middle of the night, he would come in with the night vision on the camera and fondle our dicks. I didn't particularly like the idea so I made sure I slept on my stomach. One of

the semi-regular shooting themes that Jason had done in the past was called a 'Plus One.'

Basically, he being the camera guy, would reach in and jerk off the model so it kind of gave a point of view from the member's standpoint. I

had never done a Plus
One shoot but the other
guys were all about the
money so they were okay
with it- they were going to
be sleeping anyway. Jason
had a special crush on
Mike because of his
obsession with big butts.
So in the middle of the

night, as agreed, Jason came in and began his ‘on-camera-fondling.’ When he got to Mike however, things went off track when Jason started performing oral sex on Mike. He just played dumb like he was sleeping but the next day

expressed to me how upset he was with Jason. Later in the day, Jason confessed what he did and we all acted like we didn't know and he just thought he was a clever, sneaky individual. Mike made a comment about sexual harassment and

Jason just laughed it off and said “Good luck trying to prove a sexual harassment case while working for a porn company, it’ll never stand.” I couldn’t believe the words that just came out of my boss’s mouth. So apparently, according

to Jason, if you want to molest people legally, just own a porn company! He was digging himself into a deeper and deeper hole. Later that day, we filmed a second part of the video at a nude beach where we encountered some fans that Jason was insistent

on keeping us away from.
Summer was ending and
Labor Day was just
around the corner. I had
planned a trip home to
Ohio and was eager to get
home to see everyone.
Wes was going to drop
me off at the airport and
pick me up when I

returned, everything was all planned out. The day before my flight was supposed to leave, we were driving home from work and Wes received a phone call from a girl from back home. She really wanted him to come home for the

holiday weekend but Wes just didn't have the money and Paige was also planning a trip to Vegas for that weekend.

Somehow, Wes had convinced Kyle to give him flight vouchers so he could fly home and hook-up with the girl from back

home. Wes booked a flight that would leave hours before mine so now I had to arrange for a cab to pick me up in Summerlin. I thought the whole thing was kind of selfish that he had no problem interfering with my plans but I kept that to

myself. Labor Day weekend went okay but of course I had to keep certain details of my job a secret; they just wouldn't understand or approve. I really wanted to tell somebody something but I just didn't know how to bring it up. This trip home

was a little weird because it was the first time that I realized that life was going on at home without me. My twin brother's baby, Gavin, was growing so fast and everyone had there own inside jokes that I just wasn't a part of. I felt distant from them

but made the best of the trip with Holly instead. I couldn't wait to get back to Vegas and hear how Wes's trip went. As it turns out, his trip was pretty similar to mine and he also couldn't wait to get back to work on our side project. He didn't

end up hooking up with the girl from back home and had ended things with Paige over the phone when she got upset that he wasn't going to be in Vegas that weekend. I was a little upset to hear that they broke things off, Paige was a nice girl and

she and I were close friends.

Things with Erica were starting to take off and I actually really liked her, too. I thought it was a little strange because she had a 6 year old daughter and they would be over at our apartment where I'm

used to walking around
butt naked most
mornings. One night I got
home and they were
playing video games in
the living room so I went
directly into my room and
closed my door. For some
reason, I felt that I should
have been given some

sort of heads up that there was a child in my home so I left a few minutes later and got so stoned I could barely walk, let alone drive. The whole child thing just didn't sit well with me because I felt it was something that should have been

discussed between us
since it was my apartment
as well. The next day
Wes told me that Erica
thought I left because I
didn't feel comfortable
around her daughter. I
told Wes that I thought it
was best if he kept the
daycare down at her place

which he did not like at all. Looking back, this is one thing that I really regretted acting that way and would give anything to change those days, Erica was a great girl and I should have just sucked it up.

During this time, Wes and

Kyle's relationship had hit an all time low. Kyle had felt that since Erica was now in the picture that Wes had left him on the backburner. They didn't even speak and Kyle was hoping Jason would fire Wes because he wasn't a good model or

even a good employee.
He even said he wanted
Wes to move back to
Kentucky. I didn't like
that they weren't friends
anymore and I tried
playing the middle man
and did my best to
mediate the situation. It
seemed like neither side

would budge. Kyle felt used and Wes felt like too much was expected of him. It was hard talking to Kyle trying to get him to think higher of Wes when I at that time wasn't too happy with him either. In the end I told Kyle that in order to have a good

friend, he had to be one. The following week, we had a bowling night to recruit some new models to do gay porn. The evening was difficult and the tension between Kyle and Wes was thick. Kyle had made some smartass comments toward Wes

and Jason had joined in as well. When we left bowling, Wes was livid. He hated Jason and Kyle and just wanted to move back to Kentucky. I remember trying to calm him down and telling him that it wasn't worth losing his job over. Wes had told

me that Jason and Kyle played a big role in him breaking up with his ex girlfriend, Jacey which until then, he had never told me. When we got home we discussed the situation more and I reminded him how much Jason and Kyle had done

for him financially and we couldn't lose our jobs if we really wanted to make the site happen. He left for the gym to blow off some steam and to clear his mind. I was long asleep when Wes came in my bedroom and woke me at 1am. While he was

at the gym, someone had stolen his car, his wallet, and his cell phone. I tried to calm him down and told him we would deal with it in the morning but that in case they didn't find his car, he needed to make things better with Jason and Kyle. He

agreed and came up with a story relating to his grandma passing to explain why he had been acting so different.

The week was going by and still no leads had turned up on his car. I told him I was confident they would find it and that

Vegas had an entire task force dedicated to car thefts. On that Friday night, I had wanted to take him somewhere to take his mind off of his car situation. I bought us tickets to see Lifehouse perform at Mandalay Bay Beach which turned out to

be a wine festival. We drank wine, stood in the pool and listened to Lifehouse perform. Wes kept leaving to call Erica during the concert which I thought was rude but I was getting wine-buzzed so it didn't bother that much at the time. We met

an older couple and we planned on going skydiving with them the following morning. We also met some girls that were pretty cool and we went with them to the after party at Mandalay Bay. Wes continued to call Erica and kept asking

if we were leaving soon. I was having a good time talking to these girls and showing them some of our videos and we even met one of Lifehouse band members.

Eventually I budged and we headed for the car.

Wes asked me if I would

drive him all the way
down to Henderson to see
Erica but I refused. I
thought it was shitty that
he would pull me away
from these girls after I
brought him to the show
and that he would want
me to drive across town to
see Erica after we had

been drinking. When we got home, he couldn't understand why I was upset with him and said that I shouldn't be mad because he chose to come with me instead. I had to remind him that he didn't choose that, but that I refused to take him there.

We ended up wrestling that night which we had never done before but it was a pretty fair match.

We ended up with a bloody head from getting thrown into my night stand. It felt good to get out some of my aggression. A few days

later they found Wes's car and everything was getting back to some kind of normal. I called to schedule a glass place to fix his window and the lady on the phone thought I was a really good friend for taking care of that for Wes. It was nice to hear

someone else notice that.
The weekend of October 3rd, we spent with Jason, Kyle, Mike and Robert in California visiting all of the amusement parks. We got to the hotel pretty late and I went straight to bed to avoid any gay situations with Jason or Kyle. Wes

told me that he woke up in the middle of the night and Jason was just standing there butt-naked, just being a creep. The next morning, Mike and Wes had started rough housing which turned into an all-out wrestling match. It ended by Wes

tapping out and Mike being declared the winner. Wes was none-too-happy and of course Mike had done something illegal otherwise Wes would have won. If I wasn't so annoyed with Jason, I probably would have cared more. Later

that night at Universal Studios, there was a large group that had gathered near a DJ for a dance off. One person would jump in, do their thing, and if the crowd liked it, they cheered. Wes couldn't resist. He jumped right in, started his routine with

‘the worm’ and finished out his set. The crowd was silent. I felt so bad for him but at the same time it would have been a viral video if I would have recorded it. A few minutes later, Robert, who is a category 5 gymnast and who was

trained in hip-hop dancing, started busting out some pretty impressive moves; ten fold better than what Wes usually did. It's not that Wes's routine was the worst thing ever performed but it was very sloppy and had a ton of

technical errors. When you're battling in a dance off, it's all about being technical and if you want to be respected, you definitely do not bust out 'the worm.' Later that night, Wes would tell me that he was getting sick of 'the twink's', a name that

Jason had given to Mike and Robert. This was the first time that I saw Wes as being a sore loser. He was always used to being the best at everything but now that Mike had beaten him in wrestling and Robert was a better dancer, he didn't want to

hang out with them anymore. Wes was a really fun guy, fun to be around but if it involved a fun competition, he took the fun out of it. If you won, there was some excuse and you had to keep playing until he won. So you had to go

into a game knowing you might win but it won't end until you lose. In this light, he reminded me a lot of my older brother growing up, always had to win. It really took the light hearted fun out of a lot of things.

CHAPTER 9 - I CAN SEE RUSSIA FROM MY BACK YARD!

The following week,
Jason had decided to send
us on a mission to Alaska
to recruit some of Levi

Johnston's classmates to do solos for our company. Levi was a pseudo-celebrity since he knocked up Sarah Palin's daughter during her run for the Vice Presidency. While appearing on some TV show, Levi had joked that he would appear nude

for the right amount of money. As a publicity stunt, Jason had publicly offered \$25,000 to Levi if he would do a solo-jerk off scene with our company. He sent out press releases to every major news outlet and gay blog site. We didn't hear

anything back from Levi so he upped the offer to \$75,000. Still, there was no word from Levi or his lawyers. Shortly, thereafter, we found out that Levi had just signed on to do a spread with Playgirl Magazine. So Jason, feeling slighted

since we never got any response from Levi or his reps, decided he would try to get Levi's old high school friends instead. Jason figured that since Levi was only famous for dropping out of high school and knocking up the Governor's daughter,

we should reward those that actually graduated instead. To me, the idea sounded whack. Not that many people cared about Levi and even fewer would care about his old high school friends that had absolutely no ounce of fame. I didn't care

though; it was a free trip to Alaska without Jason or Kyle. Initially, Wes wasn't sure if he could go on such short notice because he had some family coming into town so I suggested that I would go with Pete instead. Wes would have

been my first choice but Pete would have been fun to go with as well. Wes told his family that something had come up and we were off to Alaska.

The plan was to hit up all the local hang outs in Wasilla, Alaska. This

included bowling alleys, pool halls, and bars—mostly bars. Jason gave us \$1,500 to spend on whatever it took to get a group of his friends to sign on to do nude solo jerk-off videos in Vegas. \$1,500 to hang out at bars with my best friend in

Alaska? No problem! At this point, I loved my job. Alaska was beautiful and the people were extremely helpful in guiding us to the right places to meet the locals we needed. In fact, we actually stayed 3 houses down from Sarah Palin on

Lake Lucile; it looked like a post card. We met our first good lead at the local pool hall who in turn called some of his buddies to meet up with us as well. The group was extremely doubtful of what we were offering them. A free trip to

Vegas, \$3,000 a piece,
and all they had to do was
jerk off alone on camera.
It sounded too good to be
true. Slowly we earned
their trust and before long
they were taking us to an
abandoned air-strip to
shoot AK-47s into the
ocean. One of the coolest

moments was standing on the cliff overlooking the ocean and a giant bald eagle had flown right over our heads. The guys said that was way rarer than seeing a moose. These six guys were a little rough around the edges but they were extremely down to

earth and all-around good guys. We had a few more days in Alaska and it was about this time that Wes started to seem agitated. He spent a lot of time on the phone with Erica and it appeared that he just couldn't wait to get home. To me, I wanted to make

the most of the trip. Our
‘work’ portion of the trip
was completed so I
thought we could use the
rest to explore Alaska and
maybe check out the
wilderness and hopefully
see a moose if we were
lucky enough. On the
drive to nowhere, Wes

was extra pissy and I remember at that point thinking to myself that I had wished Pete had come instead, he would have appreciated this trip so much more.

When we got back to home, Jason was busy planning the details of the

Alaskan's trip to Vegas.
The more he talked about
his plans for the guys, the
more I got sick to my
stomach. We had spent so
much time convincing
these guys that we were
honest and trustworthy
and that yes, the offer did
sound too good to be true

but it was indeed true with absolutely no strings attached. Jason however, unknown to us, had other plans.

In his mind, we would fly these guys in and give them all makeovers, give them an updated look. He then was going to hire a

professional photographer
to photograph them all
nude-and-hard together.
This was one of their
biggest quells. They
would not come down to
do anything gay or be
naked around another guy.
They had my word that
that wouldn't happen.

Jason also was going to hire a female pornstar to ‘motivate’ the guys into getting hard for the shoot. I was already against this but Jason was about to drop the biggest bomb yet. He printed out a script that each of the guys was going to read

that could be used as news soundbites. The script had them using their real names, saying where they were from and required them to trash-talk both Levi Johnston and Sarah Palin. He would then send these off to major news

organizations to use as
publicity for our website.
So instead of doing
individual solos, they
would be naked together
publicly trash talking their
hometowns biggest stars,
potentially ruining their
lives. I was sick. I
couldn't eat and I couldn't

even look at Jason. We had just earned their trust and had booked their plane tickets but we weren't going to tell them the real plan until they got here. Initially, I played somewhat coy and proposed the question, "Well, what if they say

no?” And Jason just said then they wouldn’t have a plane ticket back home. I felt like a liar and a con artist. I felt like we were purposely ill-informed so we could get them to Vegas when Jason knew the real plan all along. What kind of monster

would want to ruin these guys' lives for a couple thousand dollars? I was sick to my stomach and I demanded that Jason tell them the real plans before they boarded their flights or I would have nothing to do with it. If he didn't tell them the plan before

they flew down, I was going to quit working there all together. Finally, after my threats to leave the company, he agreed and he emailed the guys the scripts and the ‘change of plans’ and hoped they would all still comply. It didn’t take

long before one by one;
they started backing down
so Jason upped the offer
to \$5,000 a piece. Still
they all refused and the
entire shoot was
scratched. The plane
tickets were non-
refundable and our entire
trip was a waste. Needless

to say, Jason was not happy with me. When I was hired, he always said that this was the ‘honest and friendly porn company’ and I stood up for that. Sure we lost a lot of money on that deal but I didn’t lose was my honesty and integrity and

that to me is worth way more than 6 plane tickets and a trip to Alaska.

The next few weeks we dedicated most of our free time and money to working out and working on our secret site. We ordered camera equipment and started

designing logos and site layouts. We knew that because of our contracts that Jason continuously threatened us with that we couldn't actually have a site until a year after we signed them. One night while I was working out at the gym, Wes came in

and asked me if I would come with him and be his wingman and meet up with these girls at a local pool hall. One of the girls was his waitress at dinner earlier that night. I would have preferred to stay and work out but Wes was my best friend and I would

always be his wingman.
We went to the pool hall
and this is where I met
Nadine. She was a film
student so we had plenty
to talk about and even
told her that we were gay-
for-pay porn stars. She
didn't believe us at first
but by the end of the night

her and Wes seemed to hit it off pretty well. Her two friends that she brought were complete trainwrecks. One was a virgin-Mormon and the others teeth were so rotted they had a blue tint to them. We went home without them but it

wouldn't be long before Wes and Nadine were hanging out regularly. She was by far the coolest chick Wes had dated in Vegas. Whenever she came over, we would all have a good time and she even helped us work on our little side project. I

don't think Wes was really ever into Nadine but I think he enjoyed having her vagina around. One night after they had ended their relationship Nadine came over we all got pretty drunk at our apartment. It wasn't too long before Nadine

passed out in the bedroom and we continued to drink in the kitchen. Wes went to check on Nadine and in the short period we were away from her, she puked all over his bed, through the sheets, on the mattress, and on the wall. Wes undressed her and

put her in the bathtub to clean off. I kept checking on her to make sure her head didn't go under the water because she was mostly passed out the entire time. I went to bed around 5am and let Wes deal with her.

Thanksgiving was just

around the corner and the company had just spent \$100,000 on a new site that featured reality TV stars doing solo videos. We were strapped for cash but everyone thought for sure that with the countries obsession with reality TV, it would be a

great cash generator. Once again, Jason sent out press releases to all the major news outlets and even spoke to a representative at TMZ. On the press release, Jason had it read “For more information, contact Jett at...” I was furious and begged him to

not send it out with my real name on it since it also had the website where our gay videos were shown. No matter how much I begged, he didn't care and sent them out anyway. The economy was still in a recession and sales were slumping

so Wes and I offered to do a Thanksgiving video thanking our fans for their continued support. We took a camera to our apartment, set up a tripod and for the second time I had butt-sex with Wes. It was dimly lit and due to the lack of a camera man,

it was horribly shot. My leg was blocking most of the ‘insertion’ and one of our construction lights we used was in the shot.

Despite all the downfalls, we were both more comfortable since it was just the two of us and Jason wasn’t hovering

over us with a camera. The video went up the next day and sales spiked again. At the end of the video we asked the fans to write in and tell us what they thought. Again it was unanimous. Even though it was poorly shot, everyone loved 'Mark

‘and ‘Tyler ‘in action and thought it was the hottest video in the 8 year history of the site. We were never paid for that video which never really sat well with either of us since Jason had said that he would give us something when the

company had more revenue.

Christmas time came around and before everyone left for home on their holiday break, we had a little surprise birthday/Christmas party at our apartment for Jason. He had been in a

bad mood for a few weeks now because of all the money we had spent on the reality TV project and he wasn't used to feeling strapped for cash. We all wanted to make his birthday somewhat special so we all made personalized gifts that we

thought would cheer him up. Wes and I made a three-dimensional photo collage, Alan had made him a 6 foot tall water fall and Danny had an artist complete a rendition of what a future office would look like. We all threw in to order an \$800 custom

woodcarving of the company logo that he had always wanted and even ordered him a fancy Hawaiian waterfall birthday cake. Nothing we did seemed to change his demeanor and as we gave out gifts he stated that he didn't get anybody

anything. We thought it was odd but we understood that the company wasn't doing so well financially. We all went home for Christmas; I flew to Ohio, Wes flew to Kentucky, and the editors had gone home to California. Jason and Kyle

invited me to drive across country with them to his hometown in Kentucky and then join them for a Caribbean cruise. It sounded nice but there was no way I was going to go anywhere with them without Wes there too. Instead they took another

model Mike that worked for the company that had never been outside of Nevada.

We made arrangements that after Christmas I was going to drive down to Kentucky to visit Wes and his family and we would also meet up with

Jason and Kyle while they were in Kentucky. I was excited to see Wes's hometown and to be able to see him in his natural settings. I rented a car and made the 5 hour drive to Kentucky. During the drive I received a random phone call from Nadine

who was so mad at me for letting Wes have sex with her after she was passed out in the tub. Wes never told me any of this so I was a little taken back when I heard this. She told me that she kept telling him no but he made it seem like a

challenge. It was around 3pm when I arrived and I called Wes for more specific directions. There was no answer. I waited in a Texaco parking lot for 45 minutes until he finally returned my call. I asked him if he finally got some Kentucky vagina

and he surprising asked how I knew that. It was 3pm and your best friend just drove 5 hours to see you and it was like you couldn't be bothered to answer your phone, that's how I knew. He met me at a friend's house where he was staying and when

we got out of our cars we gave each other a big old-fashioned hug. We had never done that before but it just seemed normal. I remember telling him that he was sick and he looked at me and said ‘what?’ I told him that Nadine had called me and he knew

exactly what I was referring to. He stated that he didn't lie to me, but instead that he just didn't tell me. I didn't care that he didn't tell me, it's his business I just thought it was a sick thing to do. Regardless, it was actually really good to see Wes

and his family. He gave me a tour of his hometown and he took me to his favorite restaurant, O'Charlies. The next night we drove to Jason's parent's restaurant and had a Christmas dinner with them. They had just

returned from their Caribbean cruise and both Kyle and Jason's mom couldn't stand to be around Mike any longer. Apparently, somewhere between the cross-country road trip and the cruise things had soured between them and they

were contemplating sending him home on a flight so they could enjoy the rest of their trip. Wes and I were flying back home soon and had discussed going to the Vegas strip for New Year's Eve. We were both single and didn't

really have any other plans. We were working at the office during the day of New Year's Eve and Jason had called and said they were miserable and wanted me to get on a plane and fly to Lexington to make their trip more enjoyable. I hesitated but

because I was coming down with a cold, I knew that Jason wouldn't want to touch me and that I would get major brownie points for going. Wes was a little upset that I was leaving but he had a pretty nasty cold sore on his lip so he was thinking about

staying in anyways. The roadtrip was a nightmare. On our first hotel stay, Mike had confided in me that while on the cruise, Kyle had given him oral sex which he went along with since he felt he had no other choice. He also told me that he was

homophobic and didn't want to do anymore scenes with the company. By the time we got back to Vegas, things had soured between Mike and the bosses and he went his separate ways and we never really heard from him again.

CHAPTER 10 - OUR NEW SITE

January started off okay and we started planning out some video ideas that we could use for our own site. We knew that we had to create new stage names since Jason always

reminded us that he owned the names Mark and Tyler. Wes said that we always liked the name Aiden and so I had to come up with a name that had a good ring to it next to Aiden. We went through hundreds of names and then one day I

just said Zane. I never met anyone named Zane but it was unique enough that the name would be available and so we just went with it. As it turns out, the one book Wes had always owned and was sitting on the coffee table the whole time was

called 'Zane's Trace.' I guess the name just came to me subliminally. One night after midnight we were hanging out in the apartment and I expressed to him my frustration with the progress we were making with the site and that other than really

small videos, we actually still had no content. We were spending time designing a website but we had nothing to put on it. He suggested we do a video right then and there. I thought he was joking but he was serious. So, we set up the shop lights

and cameras and we filmed our first sex video for our future site. Our goal was to make it way more passionate than anything we had ever filmed for our old boss. It was. It started out with a pillow fight and then got right down to business.

That video was gold. We both got into it and the video went off without a hitch. There was no creepy camera man hovering over us and we were both trying to “out-passion” each other during the scene. When it was done, I remember

feeling overly relieved. We had just completed our first full video and we knew without looking at the footage that it was hotter than anything we had filmed for Jason's company. Our site finally had it's first scene and it was a good one. We were

finally making real progress on the site and we made plans to go to Red Rock the following weekend to shoot another scene. It finally seemed like the site was finally going to become a reality after all. When that Friday came around, I was

looking forward to
shooting our next video
but that video never
happened and things were
about to spiral out of
control.

Friday night came along
and our lead editor Alan
invited us over to a little
beer-pong get together he

was having at his place. The whole purpose of the night was for Wes to meet a friend of Alan's stripper girlfriend, Cindy. I was told that the other girl that was going to be there wasn't cute at all. I was a little tired at this point of being the guy to talk to

the ugly chick while everyone else is trying to hook Wes up with other girls. But since I was always his wingman, I went along and tried to help Wes get laid that night. When we got there, things started off kind of slow and I remember that

I started having a conversation with Cindy at first. I wasn't really interested, I just thought that Wes was slacking so I could start it and he could jump in. They talked for a bit before we went into the kitchen to take some shots. The next

thing I notice is Wes is facing the stove and his arm was covered in vomit that had also spilled onto the stove and the floor. I tried to keep him facing the stove so Cindy wouldn't see but it was too late. I ran to the car and got Wes a different

shirt and helped him clean up. Apparently, vomit doesn't turn girls away and they ended up hooking up later that night. I decided instead of staying that I would meet this girl Joyce over at a rental house we used for filming. She met me

there, we hooked up, and then she left. The following morning I headed back over to Alan's to pick up Wes. He was there with Cindy and it was then that I asked her how old she was. Wes jumped in and said 'she's young.' But

that was it. Later I found out that before we even went to Alan's, Wes had knew she was underage and didn't bother to tell me this little piece of information. I brushed it off as no big deal but warned him not to tell Jason or Kyle because

they would not approve
and would do anything to
stop it. At the time I
didn't really think too
much about it and I
definitely didn't know
just how bad things were
going to get. Wes really
liked Cindy so I was
supportive of him

officially making Cindy his girlfriend, I even bought her a toothbrush and her favorite toaster strudels for when she stayed over. Valentine's Day was around the corner and I helped him plan a special dinner at a fancy restaurant that I had

been to when I first moved to Vegas.

However, from then on, all work on the site had stopped and everything was all about Cindy. I felt like a third-wheel in my own apartment so one night, I decided to call Joyce and see if she

wanted to spend the weekend in Laguna. I figured that if I could get away from Wes and Cindy for a little bit that maybe I wouldn't feel so closed-out by them.

In Laguna, Joyce and I stayed at Paige's hotel and she met with us for

dinner. Paige and I were still good friends and we still talked once in a while over the phone or on Facebook. At dinner it was nice to catch up with her and her friend Anna and they both seemed to like Joyce as well. As expected, we got on the

topic of Wes and Paige started telling me that she felt bad the way things ended between them. She continued and said that Wes told her that he was going home on Labor Day weekend because his grandmother had died and he got really angry at her

that she was upset with him for not being in Vegas. I instantly lost my appetite. I didn't want to say anything but at that point, I felt that Paige was a better friend to me than Wes was so I told her the truth about his Labor Day trip home to get laid. She

was devastated because she felt so guilty for months and I felt like that was the ultimate disHopeful thing to lie about. I told her in confidence and told her that she needed to know but not to say anything as nothing good would come

of it. My opinions of Wes being a good person were quickly fading.

The weekends came and went and Cindy was over all the time and the apartment felt less like mine and Wes's and more like me living at Wes and Cindy's. I often would

ask myself what my definition of home was. To me it was a place that felt inviting that you enjoyed coming to, a place you could relax and that always felt comfortable. It didn't feel like any of that anymore and every plan we had

made dealing with the site was now falling through.

By the time March came around, I found myself searching for answers and I was being less subtle with showing my disinterest in the way things were going. Not only were we no longer

working on the site, but because Cindy was underage, Wes didn't go out anymore. It was like every part of my life that I enjoyed had come to an end. I felt that I just needed to get away from it all. I tried talking to Kyle about it since he was

Wes's "BFF" and he had a master's degree so I thought he would be a good voice of reason like how I had tried to be when he and Wes weren't getting along. Instead of giving me any sort of encouraging advice, he egged me on into thinking

more negatively of Wes and his situation and ultimately persuaded me into moving out of the apartment. Before I made my final decision, I made one last phone call to a girl back home that I often looked to for strength in times of pain.

Natalie was spiritual but more than that she was strong and honest. I talked to her for several hours on the phone and I tried to explain to her the situation I was in. I couldn't tell her all of the details that pertained to my job but I told her as

much as I could. In the end she told me that if I wanted to find happiness for myself that I needed to get rid of all the toxic people in my life. I still thought deep down that Wes had a good soul but maybe she was right, maybe he was just toxic

to me.

Moving out wasn't something that I wanted to do. Financially, it would be devastating to the site and it would be the end of an era of a great friendship. Since we weren't getting along at home, Jason felt it was

interfering with work and that we should take the morning off and go to breakfast and discuss our situation.

Just before we left for breakfast, I received an email from Canadian Kyle that was full of customer feedback. Customers said

things like ‘They are the hottest couple on the web; they called us the ‘dynamic duo’. Again, they suggest that we should make a spin-off site doing videos from our apartment. I thought this was perfect. If I showed Wes this, maybe it would

re-spark his interest in
working on the site again.
We went the same IHOP
that we went to the first
night I hung out with
Wes. I was excited
because I thought that this
is what we needed to do,
just talk out our
differences, put it all out

in the air and we could try to come up with some solutions. Jason had spoke with me the night before and said that Wes was a simple-minded person and maybe I just needed to put it in simple terms and suggest maybe making a certain day of

the week a guy's day. I put my heart on my sleeve that morning and told him my honest feelings. I told him that I felt alienated and that I wanted to work things out. I offered up Jason's idea and said Wednesday can be our night to work on the site

and Saturday could be our day to go out for beers. He said couldn't do that. He couldn't do 2 days a week, which was too much to ask. He reminded me that Cindy didn't have school on the weekends so it wasn't going to fly. He also reminded me that

she wasn't in school during the summer so she was going to be over more often. Wes didn't offer up any alternate solutions and at one point said he just didn't care anymore. I was stunned. I really thought that breakfast going to go over a lot

better than it did. I reminded him that once I moved out, I was done. Done with the friendship, done with the site. Not because I wanted to be, but because he showed me that he didn't value the friendship enough to offer up any solutions to

make it work.

That weekend I started packing up my things and I moved to Alan's house. Wes told me that if I took too many things that he felt I shouldn't have, that he was going to turn off my cell phone. He had family coming out at the

end of the month and wanted me to leave my stuff there so the apartment looked complete. I told him that it felt like he was using me for my things and that I was really starting to see his true colors. I had done so much for him and I felt

that I was just being shut out. That same weekend, Jason had us shoot a commercial together for a Roku box that allowed you to watch our videos on your TV instead of your computer. The shoot took 8 hours to film and it was like pulling teeth

having to stand next to Wes the whole time. In the end, all of the footage was scrapped because Jason said it looked like a married couple that had just had a huge fight but were trying to ignore it—that's exactly what it seemed like.

CHAPTER 11 - A NEW BEGINNING

The transition into Alan's went pretty smooth and we started renovating his home and turning it into a bachelor pad. I moved the

aquarium to Alan's and even bought a bright red pool table for the front room. I had a new group of friends and new hobbies to keep me busy. My sex life was better than ever and for a while it seemed like being friends with Wes just held

me back. Like I was always trying to make his life better that I didn't really live mine. One of the nights, Nadine came over with some of her girlfriends for a party we were having. Pete had also showed up. During the party, Wes had called

both Nadine and Pete to see what they were doing, I guess because Cindy wasn't around. During the party everyone concluded that he got Cindy in the 'divorce' and I got the friends. As funny as it was the night before, I felt terrible in the morning

like I had somehow caused him to be unhappy and friendless. One of his ex's Shannon was talking to my roommate Louie and she was shocked to hear that Wes and I were no longer friends. We talked for a few hours that night and she just told me

that Wes only has room in his life for one person at a time. Before I came along it was her and before Cindy came along it was me. To me that was just an excuse and not a worthy explanation. I just couldn't fathom being able to let someone go

over a girl you knew for just 7 weeks. The more I thought about it, the more I didn't like Wes. Months went by at the office and the only time we spoke to each other was when it was work related. We would pass one another in the hallway and not even

acknowledge the other person. There was a lot of tension at the office and it was always a hassle for lunch because we refused to ride in the same car together. We definitely didn't do any shoots together. My relationship with Wes was over and it

seemed that Kyle couldn't be happier. I remember one day Kyle saying to me 'how's it feel to be replaced?' He was referring to how he felt that I replaced him, but either way, it didn't help the situation. Those couple months were

rough, but I was stubborn and he had something to prove.

The first time we would ever talk about our situation was when work had us go downtown together to paint over some graffiti on a building the company had owned.

Since we were dealing with tall ladders, we were forced to work together for the first time in months. Afterwards, we went to lunch at P.F. Changs and for the first time, we discussed how things were going for each other.

Wes asked me how I liked living at Alan's and he told me he'd learned to be tighter with his money since I wasn't paying half the rent anymore. I told him that it was never my intention to make him hurt financially. It was awkward but we

discussed a few things
and we came to a
conclusion that Kyle had
been playing both sides
and trying to pin us
against each other. We
didn't solely blame Kyle
but I think we felt he had
a big role in me moving
out. That night we

decided to put our theory to the test. Jason and Kyle had invited us to Benihana for a hibachi dinner. I picked up Wes and we drove together to dinner. We arrived before Jason and Kyle and were sitting in a bar lounge drinking margaritas. As

soon as Kyle found out that we drove together, he didn't say one word the rest of the evening. He couldn't fathom how it was possible that we were acting like friends again, almost as if his grand-plan was no longer working. The night went pretty

well, the only thing that didn't sit well with me was that Wes suggested that we could work on the site again. To me I thought we should work on our friendship first and then business later. It just seemed like maybe a small part of him saw me

as potential income. I didn't want to come across as bi-polar but I wasn't exactly ready to dive head first into being friends with Wes again.

The next time we hung out was when Keith Urban was coming to town and Wes really

wanted to go. I guess it was an 18 and up event otherwise I'm sure Cindy would have went. He would make comments at the office and kept saying he wasn't going to go by himself so I agreed and went along. The concert was actually great. Keith

Urban was killing it, we were close to the stage, and we were mingling with others in the crowd. Wes kept spilling his drinks but other than that it was a great concert. Afterwards, we walked from the Hard Rock to the strip for some more

drinks. We got recognized by some fans and even took a few photos with them. We continued on down to Carnival Court which is a little outdoor bar area where we stripped for a bachelorette party and danced with a bunch of girls. For a

second, I thought that things were going to be getting better. We took a cab back to our cars at the Hard Rock and since Wes had more to drink, I decided to follow him home- it was 3am. On the way we started going way out of the way so I called

him and asked if he knew where he was going. He said he didn't need me to follow him and that he was meeting Cindy at IHOP. To me it kind of just showed me that not much had changed and he couldn't even go one whole night with the guys

and not see Cindy. As much as I wanted that night to be like the old times, it just wasn't reality.

Soon after, Kyle's folks were in town to visit. He asked that Wes and I come to dinner to be the entertainment. I didn't

really want to go but it was a free meal. At dinner, Kyle's obese cousin Marilyn was obsessed with me. We gave her naked photos that we had taken at the office earlier in the day and she just couldn't stop blushing. Jason kept

making comments that Wes was jealous that I was getting the attention when usually it was Wes that tries to steal the show. I didn't think much of it other than that it was a pretty fun dinner. After dinner, Kyle had called to thank me for coming and

he told that Wes had told him he couldn't believe Marilyn liked me over him. That night, I couldn't sleep thinking about how selfish that was. I wrote him this letter that I intended on sending him through Facebook:

Wes,

*Honestly, I just
don't know anymore.
I just don't like who
you are, I want to
and I'm trying to,
but me pretending
that I like you is
almost as bad as
lying. You see Wes, I*

*want to like you, I
want to enjoy your
company, I really,
really do. I don't
wanna waste your
time and make you
think that all is well
between us because
it's not. I forgive
you, I forgive you a*

*million times, but
unfortunately that
doesn't change how
you are. We went to
Rainforest Café with
Kyle's family. It was
a hilarious dinner
flirting with the
chub-club and I was
having a great time*

*entertaining
Marilyn. You
actually called Kyle
after to comment
that you couldn't
believe that she
thought I was cuter
than you?? Are you
that conceited? You
are that self-centered*

*that you can't even
be happy for
someone else getting
the attention for
once? For god-sakes
Wes, they were
300lb, 50 year old
women, can you let
your ego go for
once? Put yourself in*

*my shoes. Would you
want a friend that
couldn't believe
anyone would find
you attractive? Not
even 50 year old
women? Please tell
me what I am getting
out of this
'friendship'? You*

are being a self-centered dick. One of these days your Vanity will catch up with you. You are only 21, you are balding and your teeth are falling out as we speak. How would you like it if

*while at dinner I
pointed those out?
Or said I can't
believe Cindy would
like him, have you
seen his teeth? It's
called respect Wes.
Let's go back to an
old topic: the first
time on the boat.*

That was a great day, your Myspace album is even titled What A Day. We took hundreds of photos that day, yet not one of them show Kyle or I. It's all about you Wes, welcome to the Wes

*Show. You see, this is
nothing new, this
isn't a result of
'Vegas changing
you.' This is who you
are and this is how
you are. I truly feel
sorry for you Wes. It
makes me sad to
think that you go*

*through life with no
friends other than
Kyle, if that's what
you call a friend.
I've said it before
and I'll say it again,
I hate not liking you.
I hate it more than
anything else right
now but you make it*

*almost impossible to
see anything good in
this situation. When
you didn't stop me
from moving out,
you turned my world
upside-down, but I
kind of like my new
situation now. It's
not the same as how*

*things used to be but
I've adjusted well.
I'm getting used to
not having you
around. It was tough
when I lived at the
apartment but now
my whole situation is
better, without you.
Man I hated saying*

*that. I really didn't
want to go to the
Keith Urban concert
with you. I felt bad
because you were
gonna go by
yourself, so I went. I
really thought that
when you kept
asking me to go that*

*you were gonna pay
for the tickets, and in
my head I thought,
okay he's making
some effort to
change things so I'll
go. I have plenty of
money but its just the
idea that I thought
you were realizing*

*how much stuff I did
for you and maybe
you were gonna give
it a shot. Nope.*

*That's okay I'm used
to it, I've got tough
skin. I think we are
just too different. The
only thing that's
really important to*

*you is a girl that will
sleep with you
whenever you want
and the only thing
that I really want is a
good, true friend. I
can't be a girl and
you can't be a friend
so I think we are just
pumping a dry-well.*

I wish it wasn't this way, but this is the reality of the situation. You have to put others before yourself once in a while. For example, because you can't miss Cindy's b-day or graduation or

*your trip home with
Cindy, we have to
schedule the Hawaii
trip on the only days
that my older brother
is coming to Vegas
to see me. You see
her all the time, I
never get to see my
brother, did I say*

anything, nope. Hey everyone, let's adjust our lives and schedules because Wes has a girlfriend. You asked me the other day if I could get you HGH. I told you yes at the time but the truth is, I

*can't help you
anymore Wes. I can't
keep doing things for
you and
continuously get
treated like shit by
you. It doesn't feel
good Wes, not at all.
I mean seriously, 50
year old fat women*

*Wes. Learn to be
happy for someone
else and maybe
you'll start to find
some friends that
want to have you
around. I was happy
for you when you
met Cindy. I even
bought her a*

*toothbrush for when
she stayed over. I
didn't tell you that I
thought she was
boring as hell or
couldn't hold a
conversation, nope I
told you I was happy
for you. I didn't tell
you that everyone*

*thinks it's pathetic to
date a High school
chick, I said go for it.
I would like to want
to have you around,
I really would, but
when I cant even get
hit on by some old
ladies without you
making some shitty*

*comment- tell me
how I can enjoy
having you around
anyone else? What
good is going to
come out of me being
friends with Wes?
Tell me, show me.
-Jett*

I never got a chance to

send this to Wes but the rollercoaster continued. One day we were good, the next we were bad. A big part of my heart wanted my best friend back but an even bigger part of my brain was telling me it wasn't smart. After all, I had been

experiencing so much more of life since I moved out. One day I was thinking about Drew and how different life had been since he died. This was one of those random days that for some reason were more difficult than the rest. I started thinking

about all the good times we used to have and how all I wanted was for life to feel the way it used to feel, complete. I posted a song on Facebook about losing a close friend and it wasn't too long before I was talking on the phone with Paige. I told her that

I did miss having Wes around and that I just wished he was a better friend. She told me that she had talked to him and he had apologized for lying to her about Labor Day weekend and that he seemed genuinely lonely. She also said that he told

her that the reason I moved out was because I didn't like his new girlfriend. This really upset me that he was telling people this when that was not the truth at all. So this time I went to Facebook and actually sent him a letter telling

him how I felt:

April 11, 2010

Wes-

*So i have to ask
you why you are
telling people that
I moved out
because I didn't
like your
girlfriend? You*

know this is not the truth Wes. I really, really liked Cindy for you, if you remember I was the one pushing you to make it official with her in the first place. I moved out because

*you said you didn't
care anymore at
breakfast. I moved
out because 2 days
a week was too
much to ask from
you. The idea of
going to breakfast
was so we could
work on things but*

you had nothing to say. In the past I would always give you the benefit-of-the-doubt and just say 'oh Wes isn't doing any of this intentionally, he doesn't realize what he's doing'

*but this time was
different. I told you
that if we couldn't
work on things
then I was done
and I was moving
out. So this time
you knew exactly
what was going
on, so the next time*

*someone asks why
I moved out, tell
them the truth Wes,
the truth. Moving
out wasn't my
choice, I left that
up to you. The only
part where Cindy
plays a role in this
is that you chose a*

girl you knew for 7 weeks over your best friend and a future business together. So it wasn't even specifically Cindy-it was the premise of the situation.

*I asked Jason
about that day
when he was
saying stuff about
you lying and I
guess you assumed
I was saying stuff
to him. Just to be
clear, I have never
fabricated a story*

*about you to Jason
or Kyle, ever. All I
have ever done
Wes is to be there
for you. Be the
type of friend that I
would like to have
in return. I have
always had your
back and have*

*always helped you
out when you
needed it most. All
I ever wanted in
return was a good
friend- I never
asked you for
money or
anything. In fact, I
remember you*

*asking me for my
last \$20 so you
could take Cindy
to a movie- I
didn't hesitate, I
never hesitated, I
knew Cindy made
you happy so it
was a no-brainer
to me.*

*I was supposed to
take the boat out
yesterday but it
just felt weird
because you
weren't there. I
could have had a
threesome the
other night but one*

*of the chicks was
someone you slept
with, for some
reason I can't
cross that line and
be a shitty person
which drives me
nuts because 2
days was too much
to ask and yet I*

*find myself still
worrying about
being disrespectful
towards you when
I should just say
screw it cause you
couldn't do 2 days
a week. So even
though you've
done a bunch of*

*shitty things, I'm
still bound by my
morals of bros
before hoes which
everyone tells me
is insane
considering the
choice you made.*

Wes I hate not-

*liking you. I hate
knowing that you
were a shitty
friend. I hate that
you lie so much to
everyone. I hate
the entire
situation, but I
refuse to hate you
Wes. You told*

*someone that
Vegas changed
you. That's b/s and
you know it. A city
only changes you
if you let it. The
night I started
packing up some
of my things, you
told me that if I*

*took too much stuff
that you were
shutting my phone
off. Sounded a lot
like Jason holding
money over our
heads.*

*Think back to the
night your car got*

*stolen. You hated
Jason and Kyle
with a passion.
You wouldn't
budge in the
kitchen before you
went to workout. I
tried pleading with
you to try to make
amends with Kyle*

*but you were too
stubborn to see
what was at risk.
Then your car got
stolen and
everything
changed. I talked
to Kyle the other
night when you
were sick and I*

*asked if he heard
from you and if
you were okay. His
response, 'not to
sound like a jerk
but I don't think
Wes ever thinks
about you.'*

*Whether or not
that's the truth, the*

*sad thing is, it
doesn't sound too
far-fetched. Jason
and Kyle have
done so much for
you and during
that time, you
wanted nothing to
do with them- until
you needed them*

*financially again.
Doesn't that seem
a little messed up
to you at all? I'm
only saying that
because in a way,
that's exactly how
it seems right now.
I was always there
when you needed*

someone but as soon as the girl came around, I was no longer needed or valued. Do you see this? You acknowledged this the one day and you said you knew how much it

*sucked because
Aaron did the
same thing to you.
So you knew that
you were making
your best friend
miserable but that
was okay I guess,
it didn't matter.
You have done*

*some really shitty
things Wes. You
told Nadine you
hated me, you told
Jason about me
being molested,
you left me
hanging at a
Texaco station in
your hometown*

*after I drove 5
hours to see you. I
sat back and
watched you lie to
everyone you knew
just about anything
and everything. All
along I was trying
to get to a point
where I could trust*

you Wes. To a point where I could know that you were a great friend and a best friend. You are the only person I had been able to get close to since Drew died.

*He wasn't rich, he
wasn't selfish. He
was genuine. He
would do anything
for anyone and not
think twice about
it. He wouldn't
hold things over
my head and he*

was honest about everything. When I first met you, I saw so many of those qualities in you. I moved to Vegas to get away from some bad people and because it was hard going to the

*same places that
we used to go to
and Drew wasn't
there. It just wasn't
the same. When I
got to Vegas,
everyone was
shitty. Then I met
you and for a
while it seemed*

*like the light at the
end of the tunnel.
Life was starting to
get enjoyable
again. But slowly
as time went by I
would see other
sides of you but
mostly because of
lying. I used to get*

*on your case about
smoking, not only
because I was
lying for you but
because I didn't
wanna see you get
cancer. I know you
haven't lost
anyone close to
you so you don't*

*really know what
its like. I don't
wish that on
anyone but all I
can say is it is the
absolute hardest
thing I have ever
dealt with. But
now it's like you
are dead to me, the*

*Wes I met seems
long gone and
unfortunately I
don't see him
coming back
anytime soon. I
miss the old Wes
like I miss having
Drew around. But
that started long*

*before Cindy came
around. The day
you told Jason
about me being
molested was the
day when things
started going
south. That was
the day when I
realized I couldn't*

*trust you. That is
my deepest,
darkest secret. I
had never told
anyone but you
and you betrayed
my trust. But I still
wanted to make
things workout
and try to forget it*

*but then I got to
hear my best friend
tell Nadine that he
hated me. That
was like strike 2.
To this day, no
matter how angry I
got, I never hated
you. When I took
Joyce to Laguna*

*so that you and Sid
could have the
place to yourself,
we went and had
dinner with Paige.
Joyce asked Paige
about why her and
you ended things
and when I heard
what you told her,*

*I was shocked.
Paige is such a
great girl and you
had her thinking
that you flew home
on Labor Day
because your
grandma died and
then you made her
feel guilty about*

*wanting to see you
then. That's just
sad Wes, you flew
home to sleep with
Kayla and used
your grandmother
as an excuse. Do
you see anything
wrong with
that??? I lost my*

*appetite over that
because I was
sitting there
knowing the truth
the whole time.
Poor Paige felt
awful for months
over that. That was
strike 2 1/2 for me.
This whole deal*

*was strike 3 for
me. I never give up
on people Wes, but
this time you did
so I had no choice.
I was excited to go
to breakfast so we
could talk and
work things out
like we had in the*

*past but when we
got there, you said
nothing. The only
thing you said was
that you didn't
care.*

*You know the truth
Wes, please start
today. Start telling*

*the truth. Not just
about this, but
always. At the
office, it's hard to
look at you and
think anything
positive because I
have this constant
thought that you
chose to give it all*

*away. Not over
Cindy, but over a
girl you knew for
only six weeks.*

*What I am saying
is that no matter
how shitty of a
friend you were, I
always thought it
was worth working*

*on. So to hear you
say you didn't care
anymore and to
hear Kyle say that
you don't really
think about me
when I asked him
if you were okay, it
makes it extremely
hard to look at you*

*and see the good
person deep down
because i still care
about your well-
being. I felt so bad
the morning after
the party we had
when you called
Pete and texted
Nadine and they*

*were all over here.
It made me sad for
you, it's like Kyle is
your only friend
now and that's not
fair at all but for
the most part
everyone thinks
what you chose
was messed up. I'll*

*admit I throw an
occasional jab in
your direction but
I make it clear to
them that I still
don't hate you, I
feel really, really
bad for you and
for that I am sorry.
But every time I go*

*out and do
something fun -like
the wine thing- I
always think
afterwards that
you would have
really liked it but
then I have to
remind myself that
just 2 days a week*

*was too much and
that you wouldn't
have wanted to go
anyway. So I know
this letter seems
like it's everything
that you did wrong
just being shoved
in your face but i
just think you need*

*to see how it got to
the breaking point
for me.*

-Jett

I thought for sure that I
could get through to him
with this letter. I thought
for sure that he would
write me back or at least

call or text or someway
acknowledge that he had
read it. He did not.

Months later I would find
out that he called Kyle to
ask him if he should
respond and Kyle told
him it was a bad idea

A few weeks later, a
recent audition would

come back and do more work with the company. Colton seemed like a real stand-up guy and he seemed like a fun person to be around. That weekend, I took Colton out on the boat and we just relaxed and talked about life. It actually felt

like the first night I hung out at Wes's apartment. I told Jason how much faith I had in Colton and thought he would be good for the Hawaii trip that we had been trying to plan since Wes had issues with Cindy's schedule. The next day, April 30th,

Colton and I were flying back to Hawaii with Jason and Kyle.

Kyle was a little hesitant since he never met Colton but I reassured him that Colton was a musician and they would have that in common. In Hawaii, they were attached at the

hip. Colton knew what he was doing. He was working it hardcore so he could land himself a fulltime job at the office. This meant blowjobs and ass-play from Kyle but in the end, he was offered a job. When we got back to Vegas it seemed like

Colton had genuinely appreciated everything that Kyle had done for him but I always had a sneaky suspicion that Kyle was up to no good. He would take Colton shopping like he used to take Wes shopping and even bought him an

iPhone like he had done for Wes. It almost seemed like he was doing all of this to make Wes jealous. My suspicions were confirmed when Kyle had offered to buy me the new iPhone4 because Wes wanted to get one. I wasn't even on AT&T

and he wanted to pay for my bill and buy me a phone just to make Wes jealous. I let Colton in on what was going on and from then on, he too was playing the game. He would kiss Kyle's ass to milk it for whatever he could get, after all, he was

just being used to make Wes jealous- it wasn't a real friendship. Even though I felt that Wes wasn't the greatest friend, I never thought he had evil intentions towards me.

With Colton at the office full-time, it removed a lot

of the built up tension between Wes and I and it was almost as if he was a breath of fresh air. While I still wasn't ready to make up with Wes 100%, the fact that the three of us had now caught onto Kyle's little games unexpectedly united us as

we all felt like we were in the same boat. Wes and I agreed that we would secretly work on things but as far as everyone else knew, we were still sworn enemies. We would use this new system to play Kyle the same way he had played us this entire time.

I remember I went to a drive-in movie with Kyle and we were discussing the Wes situation and he told me that I was just trying to replace Drew and that I would probably never be friends with Wes again. I talked with Wes about it and he said Kyle

told him that I said that I hated him. Despite everything, I never hated Wes, I was extremely disappointed and hurt by him, but I never hated him.

Kyle's birthday was just around the corner and once again we went to

Benihana. I sat next to Wes and together we just drunk sharing a Scorpion Bowl. Once again, Kyle was silent. Besides the fact that I was wasted, I had so much fun playing Kyle that night. Happy Birthday! By this time Wes's birthday was

approaching. I felt like I should have done something for him but I wasn't sure what to do and I was almost positive he had plans with Cindy, so I did nothing. I felt bad but I guess I felt that I shouldn't have been the one to reach out first. I

still feel guilty that I missed his birthday but I didn't really know where we stood. It was like we were only cordial when it came time to mess with Kyle's head.

CHAPTER 12 - TELLING THE NEW GIRL

Around this time, I started dating a new girl, Crystal. We had met while shooting guns in the desert and she seemed

like a cute little country girl that was down for anything. I took her on a date to see The Lion King musical which I figured she would like since she was a trained dancer. She was a little shy at first but eventually she became more comfortable and

eventually I wanted to make it official with her. Before I made it official, I needed to know that she was okay with my job. I couldn't expect everyone to be okay with gay porn but I really hoped that she would be as I really liked her. One night while lying

in bed, she asked me if I had ever made a sex tape. This was my chance to spill the beans. I asked her on a scale of 1-10, how understanding she was. She said 8.5. I laughed and said “I’m gonna need ya to be at least a 9.” So I told her

what my job was and it was almost as if I could see her trying to absorb it. She said she was okay with it but she didn't fully understand. The next day she asked me if I was ever going to show her one of my videos. I told her I would but only if

she met the guys I filmed with first. I then explained to her my entire situation with Wes and that we were cordial at best. Shortly after we made it official, I told her I had a few priorities that have to come before her. Number 1 in my life was

my grandpa, number 2
was my job, number 3
was the gym, and she
could be number 4.

Without number 2, I
couldn't take care of
number 1 and with out
number 3, number 2
would suffer which would
affect number 1. She

understood and things started to really fall into place for me.

I was looking forward to spending the 4th of July with Crystal but of course Jason would try to plan a shoot out of town so I couldn't be with her. I told him that I didn't want

to be there for the 4th so
he booked my flight so I
could be back with her.
Colton and I flew to
Portland a few days
before the other models
and we did two shoots
before they arrived. The
other two models were
Wes and Pete and then

Payne would arrive the following day. During one of the first shoots with Colton, we got to fly glider planes over Oregon. The other shoot we posed nude on a scenic roadside waterfall. I was having a good time in Portland and I figured

if I didn't fly back home for the 4th that I could avoid the wrath of Jason back at the office and I could always use the extra money. All the guys were sitting in the hot tub back at this shack in the woods that was our new shooting location. Everyone was

asking Jason what the plans for shooting were. Jason said that since the trip was ‘so expensive’ that we had to make it more hardcore and give the fans what they wanted. This meant I was doing a scene with Wes again.

I instantly got stomach cramps because I was barely talking to Wes and the last thing I wanted to do was have sex with him. Kyle had left with Colton and Pete to pick up Payne from the airport and Jason ran into town grab a few things. It was

just Wes and I at the
campsite discussing our
shoot that was coming up.
We both needed the
money but I could have
done without if I could
have skipped that shoot. I
was nervous like it was
the first time all over
again. Wes tried giving

me a little pep talk and he asked me if we were ever going to be friends again. All I could think about was it was just too late. I already tried to make it work and he didn't want to. I felt like there was no possible way for me to forget the things he had

done and even more importantly, the things he didn't do. When Kyle returned from the airport, he drove Wes and me 40 minutes into town so we could buy liquor before our shoot. We didn't speak on the way there because Wes was texting

and we barely spoke on the ride back. I think I was mostly trying to wrap my mind around the fact that this shoot was actually going to happen. We didn't purposely not talk, we just didn't. He dropped us off at the campsite and left with the

other models so we could start our shoot. Jason came up to us and said we didn't have to do the shoot if we didn't want to and that Kyle just left crying because he was upset that things had got so bad between Wes and I. We agreed to do the

shoot and we would try to make it look good.

The shoot was difficult, I couldn't stay hard for anything and Wes couldn't either. It took hours, but we took advantage of the location and were able to use different angles so almost

the entire scene was faked and I'm not even sure if Jason knew it. We made it through and later that night, Wes and I decided to play a 4th of July prank on the whole group and dump 2 cups of firecrackers into the bonfire. Everyone ran

when they started shooting off and it seemed like a friendship between Wes and I just might be possible after all.

When we got back to Vegas, I randomly texted Wes one day asked if he would meet me on the

strip to discuss our friendship. Secretly, I was taking him to the restaurant that Crystal worked at but she wasn't going to acknowledge that she knew me and she was going to treat us as unknown customers. Wes and I walked up to her

hostess stand and Wes made a comment saying ‘she’s cute.’ I hid my grin and she seated us. We ordered some margaritas and started discussing where we felt that we messed up and talked about things that we could work on. Crystal came

over to our table and I started to pretend flirt with her and started to read her palm. I guessed everything about her past and Wes had the funniest look on his face. I then introduced them and he still wasn't entirely sure what was going on. I

finally just said, “Wes, this is my girlfriend, Crystal!” He laughed and then it all started making sense to him. Before we left, we decided that we still both wanted to get out from under the control of Jason and Kyle and it would probably be a good

idea to revive plans to make our own site.

The new problems we faced were logistical. He lived in Summerlin and I lived at Alan's house.

Since Alan was the lead editor for our boss, it would be too risky to try to design the site while

living at his house. We started discussing our options and I really wanted us to rent a house instead of an apartment so that we wouldn't be cramped in a small apartment like before. I wasn't totally spent on the idea of living with Wes

again, but I knew if I wanted to make the site work, it was the only way. This time, I was approaching it more from a business angle. I spent most of my free time looking at rental properties that would be suitable for shooting but

the ones I really liked were too far from where Cindy was going to school which was one of Wes's prerequisites and nothing ever really fit.

Jason's company still had not fully recovered from spending six figures on the reality TV stars that

did nothing for sales. We didn't really have any new faces coming in the door so we convinced Jason to let me build a new fancy bathroom set at the office. There was never a shower at the office and I told him that if the models could shower right before

a scene, the guys wouldn't smell like guys and the scenes could go a lot better. I cleared out half of our storage room and started framing up a new bathroom. Almost immediately, I faced opposition from Jason about the design. He went

out and bought a bunch of beige tiles and I wanted to build something that looked more modern and expensive looking. I won the argument and spent the next few weeks building a tricked out bathroom set. I installed a brand new hot water

heater and built a secret hinged wall so we could access it. I installed a new ceiling and hand made wooden beams to support some new lighting for filming. Everything from the artwork to the shelving was made by hand and it was the one

thing that I was proud of during my time with the company. In true Jason style, he liked the bathroom but commented that I had to be gay because it turned out “too nice.” No good deed for Jason was ever just complimented.

The first week of August brought back the return of one of the website's biggest stars. Rhett had been off the radar for two years but had developed a huge fan base. He looked like he was still in high school but was hung like a horse and the members

just couldn't get enough of Rhett. He was coming back to do three shoots for \$10,000. Rhett had a child on the way and the money would really help him get things together before the baby arrived. I had never met him before but Jason was always

talking about how big his package was and he was always trying to make him offers to come back and do more work.

We picked Rhett up from the airport and he wasn't exactly happy to be here. This was a last resort way of making money and he

just wanted to get it over with. His first night in town Wes and I took him out for a night on the town. On the drive to the strip, Rhett suggested that we make our own website and do things the right way. We filled him in on our little plan and

immediately, he was in. Crystal met us on the strip and we started the night off with beer-pong at O'sheas. We continued down to Rockhouse where a friend of Rhett's had hooked us up with a table and bottle service, let the drunk begin! I was

having a blast! I had my girlfriend, my old best friend, and a new friend out having a good time on the strip. At one point in the night, Rhett had scored a small bag of cocaine. Wes and I had never done it, but we were having so much fun

we decided to try a little. I don't remember feeling crazy, just amplified and maybe a little invisible.

At some point in the night, I made some really shitty comments to Wes about Cindy which I didn't even know I said until the following

morning when Crystal told me how much of an ass I had been. I don't remember the cab ride back to Wes's from the strip but I remember sitting in my old bedroom with Crystal, Rhett, and Wes being a total mess. I opened my old closet

door and saw a bunch of Cindy's clothes hanging there. It was like instantly all of the progress I had made with Wes was gone in an instant. All the old feelings of being alienated seemed to rush back at that very moment. I don't remember falling asleep

that night but I remember the awkward drive back to my car. I wasn't yet aware of all the shitty things I said on the strip but I couldn't forget opening the closet door the night before. Back at the office, Wes had apologized for hitting on Crystal most of

the night, I knew he was doing it but I wasn't sober enough to register that he was doing that in spite of the comments I had made- I thought he was just drunk and trying to be sneaky. We had a shoot later that day and then that night just Rhett and I

went out on the strip. We started drinking and gambling at 9pm at Hooters and didn't stop until 5 in the morning on Fremont Street. I didn't try to become good friends with Rhett but it felt like the old times when Wes and I would go

out to the strip and we just had a really good night. We had our last shoot in the morning where I filmed with Rhett and then I took him to the airport. I got a little choked up driving him there because it seemed like every time I had a

good friend come in my life, something would take them away. It always seemed to work out that way.

The following weekend I talked to Wes on the phone and he was just leaving a new apartment complex in Henderson. I

told him that I thought we were going to get a house for shooting and he said he was coming over to talk to me about everything. When he got to Alan's, we had a long talk about some of the things I had said on the strip. He felt that I wasn't

ready to move back in with him and Cindy and for the most part, I agreed. But I also stressed to him that if we didn't live together, there was no way we could possibly do the website. So we decided to give it three months to work on our

friendship but then we were going to look at getting a house.

Somewhere in the mix, Colton was informed of our plans and he too signed on to work on our site. The following week I had plans to fly home to Ohio for a wedding and

also to be with Drew's family on the anniversary of his death. My family could finally meet Crystal and Colton was going to come along as well. I had the trip planned for over 6 months and I was just waiting for Jason to pay me for the Portland shoots

or the Rhett shoots. For whatever reason, he was unable to pay me and I had to cancel my trip home. I was upset at first but since the company was strapped for cash, I understood. That weekend while driving down to pick up Colton

for an outdoor shoot, Wes had told me that Kyle bought him and Cindy plane tickets to fly to Kentucky. Almost instantly my blood was boiling. I felt like a knife had just been shoved in my back and a small part of me was upset with Wes

for accepting the tickets knowing that I just had to miss my trip home.

Furious didn't even begin to describe the way I felt.

I immediately began a texting war with Jason and told him how shitty it was. I hadn't been paid for 7 shoots and gave up

my trip but Wes was gifted plane tickets for free. Somehow I managed to get through the shoot with Colton but I just wanted to vomit the whole time.

CHAPTER 12 - A SLOW DEATH

By this time, Jason had put the porn company on the backburner and was focusing all of his time on another one of his genius ideas. Twitter had started to become really popular

but unlike Facebook, Twitter didn't support hosting of its users photos. Instead, a third party company would host them and the Twitter user would get a link to their photo to tweet. These early companies were ad-supported meaning that

they made money by placing an advertisement next to each photo it displayed; the more views, the more income was generated.

Jason wanted to hop onto the picture-hosting train and created a Hawaiian-themed website that

would do just that. We tried telling him that we thought Twitter would eventually support their own image hosting service but he disagreed. He felt that if he could send flowers and cookies to some big name celebrities, he could get

them to tweet their photos using his new service and if they had thousands of followers, he could make a ton of money of the advertisements. The idea of sending famous celebrities gifts seemed a little creepy but his bad ideas for that company

only got worse.

He approached me with the idea of launching his new Hawaiian themed Twitter service. He didn't want to launch it at a computer convention or even at a Twitter related convention; he wanted to rent a space at a Tiki

convention. He paid something like \$5,000 for a booth at a convention where people gathered to sell bulk amount of tiki themed décor. The idea was beyond foolish but he had an idea that was even more insane. He asked me to build two Hawaiian

cutouts where the spectators would place their head through a hole and take their photos on a surfer's body. I rationalized the idea in my head by thinking that if we took their photos and gave them a small card of where to find their

photo on the website, then it could be a good way to get people to discover their site. When I asked Jason if that was the plan, he told me that we wouldn't be taking their photos because it was an added liability. So I built two life-size

cutouts and these random people were going to take their own photos on their cell phones and would never have any reason to go to the website he was launching. The idea was beyond stupid and a huge waste of money but I just built what I had to and let

him find out the hard way.
To no surprise, Twitter
would eventually support
image hosting and his
Hawaiian themed
company failed.

A week before my
birthday, I helped Wes
move his things to
Henderson and we started

planning out more shoots for the site that were outdoors. We decided to film on my birthday and we would work that into the theme of the shoot. We tried taking a boat out but a storm the night before had destroyed the marina. Plan B had us

climbing Mount
Charleston for a little
mountainside action. The
shoot went well and we
decided to celebrate at
Margarita-town. Colton,
Wes and I got pretty
drunk at dinner and some
how I ended up buying
everyone new shoes at the

fashion show mall. While driving home we blared Tessa Swift and tried to make absolute fools of ourselves and sing along at the top of our lungs.

We dropped Colton off before heading out to the bar to continue my birthday celebration. On

the way, Cindy had called Wes and she was upset that she came home to the apartment and all of our film equipment was still set up. She said she was okay with what we did; she just didn't want to see it. I had a minor freak-out in my head because I

could see this posing a huge potential problem for our future business. I didn't say anything until Wes asked why I was being so quiet. Cindy was the reason why we stopped working on the website the last time and it seemed like it might be

happening all over again. We went to a couple bars in Henderson that were all pretty lame. We ended up at E-String where our talk about the site and our friendship had got pretty emotional. I remember telling him exactly what everyone really thought of

Cindy and telling him what I thought of Cindy and I told him that none of that mattered. I told him that no matter what anyone thought of his situation, he should do what made him happy and I would support him either way. I'm not sure

exactly what it was that I said, but something struck a chord with him and he told me that now he had a better understanding about everything. I didn't get to see Crystal on my birthday but I figured since her best friend shared the same birthday

that I would let her spend the day with her so she wouldn't feel alienated by me, I knew the feeling all too well.

September came around and while it wasn't quite the three months we had planned, I found a house that would work well for

shooting and for living. It was close to Cindy's school, closer to work, and had two separate living rooms so we could coexist under the same roof without being intrusive to one another. I had enough money to cover the rent and deposit

so we filled out the necessary paperwork and applied for the house. They approved us but I could tell that Wes wasn't exactly sold on the idea of moving into a house. For whatever his real reason was, we passed on the house and decided to use

the money to pay off
some bills. We did a few
shoots out of his
apartment but I was still
wishing we had got the
house instead. As it turns
out, not getting the house
was one of the best
decisions we made as
October was full of more

surprises.

Over the past few months, I had started helping Jason reduce some of the company's overhead expenses. He was way in over his head and I thought if I could help him save money, then I would better our chances of

getting money from some of our scenes that we were never paid for. I hired a company to come in and destroy over 70,000 gay porn DVDs because Jason was paying five thousand dollars a month on a warehouse to store them but he had no

plan on selling them. I offered to take on the roll of a seller and create package deals to sell them at a discounted price but Jason thought it wasn't worth the effort. I contracted the shredding company to come in and shred an entire warehouse

full of DVDs and saved the company five-grand in overhead.

We had already gotten rid of several rental properties and the last of the cuts that I wanted to make was the billboards that he had spread all over town. It was a huge

expense having 18 of them all over town at one point. He was really hesitant on removing them and I think he felt that it would be a big sign of failure if he took them down.

Apparently all of the wreckless spending and

bad business decisions had finally caught up with Jason. We were spending more than we were making and at this time, Jason was paying \$3000 a month just on interest on his credit cards. We were overpaying for our rent in Vegas and the only logical

plan he could come up with was to move the company to Kentucky. Yep, move the porn company to Kentucky-one of the most conservative states in the country.

The plan wasn't just to move everyone to

Kentucky, he wanted to fire everyone except for Wes and me and have the 3 of us move and setup shop in Lexington.

Eventually he wanted to have a webcam house and we would recruit new models locally. Again, I wasn't totally sold that the

idea would work but since Wes and I didn't really have any money saved up; we would have to move for a few months at least just to save up enough cash to make it on our own. Wes didn't love the idea but it seemed like he knew that it was

something we had to do if we wanted to make the site work. The next day at the office, Jason secretly sent us to the airport and was planning on telling the rest of the staff at lunch. So we were flying to Kentucky to find new apartments while Alan,

Danny, and Colton were learning that they were all losing their jobs. It felt a little shady to me, but we were doing what we had to do.

I wasn't totally thrilled about moving to Kentucky especially in the fall and winter but as

long as Wes came along, we could make it fun. I was trying to think of all the positive things about our new situation and wanted to make the best of it. His family was only an hour away and my family was only 5 hours away. Jake was excited

that he could drive down on the weekends and go out with us like old times. It could be a fresh start for Wes and I and we could dedicate all of our free time to building the site, distraction-free. For the first time in a long time, I felt that Wes was

completely dedicated to making the site happen. He would actually put the needs of the site above Cindy; I was surprised to say the least. Of course, I would also be leaving Grandpa and Crystal behind, but the plan was to live there for 3 months

to make money and then come back, just 90 days. We could fly the girls out for the holidays and the three months would fly by.

We looked at several apartments before deciding on a luxury apartment in the southeast

part of Lexington. On the way back to where we were staying, we surprised Wes's mother at their local pool hall where she was having dinner.

His mother was so happy to see him you could just see the joy on her face.

Wes looked more sad

than anything as he told her that he was moving back home. That night, we went out to a bar on the Ohio River with an old friend of Wes'. It was supposed to be a pretty good party that a radio station was hosting and I thought it would be a

good idea for us to try networking before we moved there. For the most part, the bar was empty and the crowd was lame. This definitely was not Las Vegas. I remember heading outside to make a phone call and to escape the

lame crowd. I was shivering looking out over the river. The girls were ogres and the guys were ultra conservative, not exactly the scene I was used to. Crystal was in Korea dancing and all I wanted to do was call her but I didn't want to break

the news to her over the phone. Eventually, Wes joined me outside where we discussed our options. He could tell I didn't really like Kentucky and I could tell he had serious doubts as well. We discussed the possibility of not moving to

Kentucky. At that point I was wishing that Wes had made some better financial decisions so we wouldn't be in this situation. I wasn't the best with my money, but all of my debt was paid off but Wes owed the IRS almost \$7,000. I was trying to be

sensible and it didn't seem possible for us to stay in Vegas and be unemployed and try to build the site which was going to cost quite a bit of money. I didn't sleep at all that night as I contemplated what was important to me and what

tomorrow would bring. I thought for a moment that I would just move back home to Ohio and scratch the plans for doing the site.

When the morning came, I started making phone calls. Wes was still asleep but I needed to get some

concrete answers on a few things before we turned in our applications for the apartments we found the day before. I first called one of our former editors who had been collecting unemployment for over a year. I wanted to see how much it paid, how long it

lasted, and if we could make ends meet relying solely on that. He told me that we would each get \$400 a week and that we would bring in roughly \$3,200 a month. This was a huge relief as we would be able to pay our bills and even have a little

extra to put into the site. So it was financially possible, but not financially the wisest decision. I also called Rhett to see if he was still on board and to fill him in on the new changes. We decided that if we didn't move to Kentucky,

Jason's site would probably fail faster without us and we wouldn't need to worry about contract restrictions. I then called Jake and told him that I wasn't moving to Kentucky after all and he seemed a little crushed.

When Wes woke up he asked what time I wanted to head to Lexington to turn in our applications for the apartment. I told him we weren't going and that we weren't moving to Kentucky. I told him I wasn't thrilled about this decision but if moving to

Kentucky with him meant that he would be unhappy, then it wasn't worth it to me. I told him that he could forget everything I had ever done for him but if he ever forgot the time we didn't move to Kentucky so he could be with Cindy, I joked that I

would kill him. I then told him that while I was showering, he had to call Jason and tell him what we had decided. He told Jason and it seemed that he took the news better than we both expected. That night, we had dinner plans with Wes's family

and we broke the news to them that we weren't going to be moving to Kentucky. Afterwards, since it was our last night in town, we went to a local bar with Wes's family for some drinks. Things were going great but by the end of the

night, things would almost completely fall apart again.

Towards the end of the night, Wes was getting pretty chummy with a blonde chick at the bar. At one point, we were out on the patio and Wes introduced me to her as

his best friend. The night was going great but it was almost closing time and the crowd was starting to thin out. Wes's mother and boyfriend left and then Wes said he had to take a piss. A few minutes passed and Wes's sister and her boyfriend had left

as well so I was waiting there by myself waiting for Wes to return. A few more minutes passed and I decided to go check on Wes in the bathroom but he wasn't there. I then checked out front to see if he was smoking and I didn't see him there

either. I walked out to where we had parked the truck and the truck was gone. I started to panic and called Wes's phone repeatedly as I was alone, the truck was missing, and it was freezing cold out. He never answered my calls and I began to get

irate that he left me at the bar. I started walking to a hotel that was across the parking lot when I looked back and noticed the trucks after-market taillights. The truck wasn't gone, but it wasn't where we had parked. Wes had moved the truck

so it would be more hidden. As I approached the truck, I opened the passenger side of the truck and pulled the blonde out of the truck and threw her belongings on the ground. I was furious that he had left me for some blonde at the bar

when we had just decided that we weren't moving because of Cindy. I then asked him why he didn't answer my calls and he first said his phone was on silent and then I told him that I hoped the blowjob was worth it. He said he didn't plan for that

but then I asked him
where his luggage was
and he had put it in the
bed of the truck but
‘nothing’ happened. He
then said that my phone
call was his ‘wake-up
call.’ So my silent phone
call was his only
conscience and he didn’t

plan on anything happening but he moved his bags into the bed under the tonneau cover and moved the truck so people couldn't see them. I was furious and he was getting caught up in his own lies. He was pissed at me for overreacting and

told me I should just move to Kentucky with Jason and that he was sick of me acting like his mother. I tried opening my door while the truck was moving and I was getting a hotel. Things were escalating quickly and he even grabbed my

shirt by my collar and for a split second I seriously contemplated fighting him. If I didn't spend so much money on my teeth, I think I would have. The ride home was mostly silent with Wes sucking down cigarettes faster than I had ever seen him

smoke before. I was trying to decide what I was going to do when Wes asked if I wanted to talk about it. I told him there was nothing to talk about. He left me at a bar for a girl, again. He kept stating he never left, but I just kept telling him the

truck was gone and he wasn't answering the phone. I think we just agreed to disagree and we talked for a little longer but I don't remember what all was said other than that he was probably going to tell Cindy about what had happened. That

night , we stayed at another one of Wes's friends apartments. Wes was on the sofa and I was in the same room on a pull out bed. I didn't sleep at all that night as I kept running what had happened that night through my head. I was

trying to see how Wes
couldn't see how what he
had done was wrong.
Throughout the night,
Wes and Cindy talked
several times but I never
heard him tell her
anything about the fight.
When we woke up, we
both acted like nothing

had happened and we never really brought it up again. We flew home in the morning and made plans for me to move my things to Wes's apartment the following week.

The next day was the first time I had a chance to talk to Alan about the office

closing down. I thought he would be pissed because Wes and I had a chance to keep our jobs when everyone else got canned. He was surprisingly good-spirited and said that he felt like a weight had been lifted off of his shoulders. He'd put

up with Jason's bullshit for over 5 years and was looking forward to editing real videos with real quality. He was even more surprised when I told him that we weren't moving to Kentucky and that I was moving down to Henderson to live with

Wes. He knew that I wasn't happy about living with Wes and Cindy again but he also didn't know anything about our plan to build a website. I joked along with him and he said that I could come hangout if I ever needed to get away from High

School Musical 4. I played along because he still couldn't know anything about our site as he could still potentially tell Jason if he felt there was some monetary reward involved. Alan did earn the title as the 'office jew' and he wasn't even

Jewish. I scheduled the U-haul and before I knew it, I was moving my things to Hender-tucky.

Monday was the first day we had seen Jason since we left for Kentucky.

When we got to the office we realized that he must have had a change of heart

and he was no longer understanding of us not wanting to move to Kentucky. He seemed bitter and angry and the more we talked about it, the more frustrated I became. He kept insisting that he had done so much for us but once again, he

was the last one picked.
That we were betraying
him and he would throw
in jabs to suggest that
Wes was never really a
good friend to me. He was
okay with the fact that
Wes wanted to stay
because of Cindy but me
wanting to stay because of

grandpa, Crystal and Wes didn't matter. He would throw in an occasional gay joke when I stated that I didn't want to lose a best friend again. When he figured out that with Wes's support, I wasn't budging, he decided to take me for a short drive

around the city. While driving, he kept pressuring me to change my mind and couldn't figure out why I would rather choose to be unemployed and do so without having a plan B. He said that Wes had always been more of a

‘backer’ for him but that he needed me to go, that he couldn’t do it without me. Somehow, his obsession with me morphed into him and I being ‘kindred spirits.’ Little did he know that every time he felt that I did something similar to

him that it was just me being smarter than him and doing what I had to do to keep my job. I would like to think that someone that is a kindred spirit of mine would be the exact opposite of everything that Jason was and what he stood for.

The more we drove, the more I just wanted to quit. He became insulting but I stood my ground. When we got back, we discussed it a little longer and the talk became a little more heated with Wes when Jason insisted that Kyle was 'done' with

him and had been for quite some time. At this time, I told Jason that Wes and I had secretly been working on rebuilding our friendship since the day we painted the graffiti downtown. I told him that we kept in from him and Kyle

because every time Wes and I started to become friends again, Kyle would intervene and ruin it again. Jason said I was just trying to villanize the other side as a defense mechanism because that's what humans do when they are unhappy with the

options presented to them. This was yet another one of Jason's mis-understandings of how people communicate and interact. Soon enough, Jason realized he wasn't going to win and sent us home for the day. Aside from the long drive,

the move to Wes's went really well. Of course he slept in so I moved everything on my own but since I never really held onto junk, I mainly had just a few big bedroom items, the fish tanks and some clothes. Most of our energy that week was

devoted to moving the contents from the office into storage containers that were going to be shipped to Kentucky. Only the necessities were going like computers, pictures, and of course boxes of kiddie-pools. We spent a few mornings

loading items that Jason had boxed up and we had to clear out a storage unit that was filled with thousands of gay-porn DVDs. Jason was going to finish off the last of what needed to be packed and he was going to call us the following week to

arrange for a dumpster to throw the rest of the office items away. He was going to Kentucky without us and we never again heard anything from Kyle. Success!

I received a text the next week from Jason asking me to email him a list of

local dumpster companies. I emailed him a list of prices and while I was at the gym, he called and told me the dumpster would be there that afternoon. I assumed he was calling from Kentucky but then he said he was wearing a

Waikaloa bracelet, the resort we stayed at in Hawaii. I laughed it off and told him that after the gym, I would hang out at the office and wait for the dumpster to arrive.

Halfway through my workout, I noticed my phone was ringing and

that I had missed a few calls and texts. I answered Wes's call and he was freaking out asking me if I told Jason about the site. Apparently, Jason had sent him a text asking if Aiden Zane was his new porn name. Insert heart attack here. My brain was

instantly in panic mode
and I couldn't figure out
how anything got leaked.
I then thought that maybe
he hacked my g-mail
account after I emailed
him the dumpster
information but why
would he only be asking
Wes and not me? The

only emails I had pertaining to the site were from me registering the site in my name so why would he be asking Wes, more specifically, why did he think Aiden was his first name and Zane was his last name? Nothing added up but I knew we

had to think of something quick. We decided that Wes would call Jason back and tell him that Aiden Zane was his new porn name and that he had to keep his options open, after all, Jason did say we could do porn for another company- just not

together. So for now, we had dodged a bullet. We still didn't know how he knew anything. The only thing we could think of was that maybe Wes drew an idea for a logo on a post-it note and maybe Jason found it while moving stuff out of the

office. I met Wes at the office where we went over everything Jason said on the phone so we could corroborate our stories so we didn't throw up any red flags. I even complained how much I didn't like living at Wes's apartment so he wouldn't

think we were working together on anything. We spent the next three days emptying the office which included everything from desks, lamps, office chairs, suitcases, couches, and miles of extension cords. Those that were lucky enough to stop by

really made out. In just a few days, the office that for the past year and a half had completely changed and taken over my life was now just an empty space. We were one step closer to finally becoming completely free from Jason and Kyle.

CHAPTER 14 - PAIN AND PROGRESS

A few weeks back, in the middle of all the madness, Wes, Alan and I had managed to find free time to film a commercial for a

video contest hosted by Klondike. It was a national contest and our video was selected as the winner. We won over ten-thousand dollars in cash and prizes and I even got a pretty insane 50 inch 3D television for my bedroom. With our last

paychecks from the porn company just around the corner, we decided we could use our video equipment that we purchased for the site to enter more contests as a way to pay for more equipment for the site. Our first major contest we

entered was for AT&T. I wrote the script for the commercial which took way longer than I anticipated but when the script was finally completed; I felt like we were actually making some great progress and we could start filming

soon after. That week, Cindy stayed over every night so as history began to repeat itself, all real work had ceased- again. I couldn't help but feel anything but frustration that Wes was letting this happen all over yet again. Things were slowly

getting worse and all of the progress I had made toward tolerating Cindy was instantly gone when I brought up plans for Thanksgiving. I asked Wes what our plans were and Cindy rudely interjected that Wes wasn't making any other

plans that he was going to be spending the day with her family and then she said they could bring me a plate of leftovers if I wanted. After all, Thanksgiving isn't about being with friends and family, it's about eating leftovers by yourself,

right? On these days I really needed to vent about my frustrations that Cindy was holding our company back like she had done before. Our new neighbor Christina was just the ear that I needed. She was a young single mother who had been

through more than enough that she could help me try to make sense of my situation. Secretly, I was hoping she would just tell me I was crazy or wrong for feeling this way but instead she agreed with most of what I was saying and also added a few

things about Wes and Cindy that I didn't previously know. I told her that I had a lot of love for Wes and that after living with him, it was hard for me to see the 'happiness' that dating Cindy brought him. I would estimate that 85%

of the time Cindy is over, they get into an argument or a fight. She couldn't even answer her phone without Wes asking who it was, Wes couldn't go out to the bar with me without a huge fight erupting between them. Christina told me that

when Wes and Cindy were taking them to the airport a few weeks earlier, Cindy saw Wes glance over at some blonde chick in the complex. Cindy started a huge argument over it which Christina thought was extremely rude to do

in front of her and her son. The bottom line is there was no trust and together they are both extremely inconsiderate of others that were around. We certainly don't want to see them at each other's throat but the fact that she would start

an argument in front of them really showed her level of immaturity. The next night, I drove with Christina across town to pick up a special seasoned meat that Wes had enjoyed before. She told him she was going to cook for all of us so she

bought a little extra.

When we returned, Wes and Cindy were eating fast food on the couch with complete lack of consideration that Christina had drove all the way across town to get this specific kind of chicken from a specialty

store. It was like they were so caught up in there own little world that they just block everyone else out. By this time, I was so disappointed with him that he wasn't just doing it to me, but he would literally drop anyone or anything for Cindy. At

this moment, I decided that I once again needed to get away in a bad, bad way. Unfortunately, the next few days were scheduled filming days for the AT&T commercial so I had to put up with it a little bit longer.

The next morning, I was looking up plane tickets to fly home for Thanksgiving. There was no way I was going to sit here in an empty apartment and wait for Cindy and Wes to ‘bring me back a plate’ on Thanksgiving. That

statement kept reverberating through my head to the point where sleep was my only escape from it. The idea that Wes seemed to be okay with what she said just wasn't sitting well with me either. I guess a small part of me thought that I

meant a lot more to him
that he would have at
least considered throwing
out some suggestion that
included me. Cindy is the
only thing that really
matters to him and I knew
at this point, home was
where I needed to be.
Wes had seen me looking

up plane tickets and I know it bugged him because we really didn't have the extra money to spend on plane tickets but there comes a point when you have to put your foot down and put your happiness first. After all, I gave up a job so he could

be with Cindy. If I moved out at this point, he couldn't afford the apartment on unemployment alone so to me, my plane ticket home was a minor financial inconvenience that needed to happen to keep my sanity in place. I

couldn't believe that after only a month of living with them, I was already thinking that I would be happier moving out. In a way, I was so disappointed in myself. I tried so hard to tolerate Cindy and even tried to imagine a day where I

might actually like to be around her. I think now it was clearer than ever, that trying to start a business with Wes while he was dating Cindy would be more of an uphill battle that I thought. After all the talks we had, I thought he was really

going to be devoted to making it happen but the only thing that earned devotion or attention from Wes was Cindy. Many mornings I would be up at 9am working on the site and if Cindy stayed over, they wouldn't get out of bed until after 2 in the

afternoon. I couldn't help but think if I had that mentality, just how long it would take for the site to be complete. It would be years. I booked my flight and hoped that I could survive the next 6 days until my plane left for Ohio.

While I was in Ohio, I was having a great time seeing everyone despite having a minor cold. I was reminded early on Black Friday some of the hardships of Ohio winters when the doors to my brothers Explorer were frozen shut at 6am. Jake

wanted to try and score a ridiculous deal on a TV and I mostly wanted to find some great gifts for Crystal and Wes. We spent the majority of the day store-hopping and I ended up finding some things that I thought Wes would love. He was a

huge Bengals fan and ironically one of the sports stores was having a special deal specifically on Bengals apparel. I found a jersey hoodie that he would like and I also managed to score him some nice Ohio State sweat pants which I also

got a pair for Crystal as well. I didn't really find anything else for Crystal that I could afford but I remembered this watch that she wanted back in Vegas. Overall, I was satisfied with the gifts that I got on Black Friday. The next day, Ohio State

was playing our rivals, the Michigan Wolverines.

This was always the biggest game of the year and I was glad I was in the Buckeye State to take part in the festivities. I met up with some old friends from High School and ordered one Long

Island after another. I had a sore throat but the L.I's really went down smoothly. Ohio State was crushing Michigan and we just kept on celebrating with more Long Islands. This was just a great day to be a Buckeye Fan in Ohio. I ran into Jacey's

dad at the bar and we had a surprisingly nice conversation. He didn't trash talk anybody, and even though Jacey was married, he told me that he would always consider me as part of the family. After the game, our neighbor Josh called me

from Vegas to see how my trip home was going. It was nice to hear that he was thinking about me and then he told me how Wes and Cindy had put up the Christmas tree in our apartment without me. It probably didn't help that I was trashed,

but it almost felt that I
wasn't important enough
to be included in that. I
remembered that Wes
even said that
Thanksgiving was never
really a big deal in his
family and that Christmas
was what everyone
celebrated. I wasn't sure

what to think but in my drunken-stuber, I decided it was a good idea to text Wes and let him know how I felt. Apparently, even though I picked out the bulbs and the star for the tree, he thought I wanted nothing to do with it. We exchanged texts

back and fourth before he eventually told me to FUCK OFF. That didn't go the way I planned. He then changed the subject to the AT&T video contest which he was trying to submit and needed some input. I called him and we didn't

even acknowledge the Christmas tree ordeal but we did figure out the video issues. I was due to fly home the next day but the last thing I wanted to do was to walk into our apartment and see a Christmas tree that I wasn't a part of. I flew

hope and spent the next day at Crystal's so I wouldn't have to deal with it. Wes called and asked if I was coming back and he actually thought that I was just going to not come back at all- to his credit, the thought had definitely

crossed my mind. I was trying to sort out my thoughts and figure out what was important to me and to try to look into the future and see if we could actually work together to get this site finished. I couldn't help but think that if this site didn't

happen, then I was just wasting my time here in Hender-tucky.

The only way I could really get through to Wes was to have another one of our famous sit-downs. I hated having these talks but I just needed to figure out how he could always

seem to miss the point of having a great friendship. I decided this talk would be different. Most of the talk was just me spilling my guts out about how disappointed I was with him as a friend and as a business partner. I let him know that I felt like I was

doing so much more
towards the site and that
we should be filming a lot
more than we were. I
knew that he was working
on the AT&T videos
while I was in Ohio but
those videos weren't
guaranteed to make us any
money like the site

would. I let him know that Cindy being around all the time was only throwing us another speedbump that we couldn't afford to have. I told him that if I didn't feel that Cindy was getting in the way of the site, then all the other

little annoying things she
did probably wouldn't
bother me as much. I
could tell that he
understood where I was
coming from but I still
didn't feel that he
understood the gravity of
the situation. I told him
that the previous week I

had spoke with Rhett about the lack of progress on the site and that he suggested that maybe we should just do the site without Wes. I wasn't on board with that idea, but it was an option if things went bad. Wes seemed annoyed by that thought

and the talk then turned to our friendship. This would then lead to Wes telling me something I wish I had heard him say a long time before that. I told him that I couldn't understand how he could repeatedly have little or no regard for me as much

as he did. He knew how important his friendship was to me but it just didn't feel like he valued me as much as I valued him. At this point in the conversation he revealed to me that he didn't need friends. He said that the six months that I moved

out, he was fine. He said that he always lets down his friends and that life was easier if he didn't have people to let down. He didn't need any friends. Hearing that put everything into perspective for me. I was shocked and I was

stunned but all I could say to him was, “That really sucks to hear, but thank you for your honesty.” I remember I kind of just sat there for a few minutes and he might have been talking but all I could hear in my head was what he just said. He

didn't need friends. I thought to myself at that point that I should have just left and moved out, again. There was no way he could afford the apartment without me and this way I would show him that he did indeed need me. Then I thought

some more and thought that that wasn't what someone should need a friend for. That was never what I needed Wes for and I couldn't imagine our friendship being based on the financial needs of each other- that just wasn't what it was

about for me. At this point, I was already writing this book and made him aware that after documenting everything, I couldn't believe I was still friends with him after reading all the shitty things he had done to me. I then told him that of all

his friends in the past that had brushed him off, and after everything we had been through, I was still here wanting and valuing his friendship. I decided during that conversation that when it came to our friendship, I would have no expectations of him at

all. I would view everything as strictly business only and that I was tired of always feeling like he was a bad friend to me. With this mindset, I wouldn't let all the shitty things get to me as long as it didn't affect my business- which he

then corrected me and said ‘our business,’ which was actually nice to hear him say.

The next couple of weeks were busy and we started actually making some real progress again. We were scheduling shoots and starting to figure out some

marketing plans. I had dinner with Colton and his girlfriend and talked to them about how successful the site could be and that I was glad they were back on board. A few days earlier, I heard that he was going to Kentucky with Jason to

start the web-cam house so I was relieved to hear that that was not the case at all. I started hitting up blogs to gain support for our AT&T video but also as a way to get in touch with some of our fans and let them know that we would be back in a few

months. Colton agreed to do a shoot with me the following week and it seemed like everything was getting back on the right track. When that day came, Colton couldn't make it so Wes and I had to improvise and do a point-of-view shoot. This

was probably the least passionate scenes we'd ever done because we were focusing most of our energy on the camera instead of the acting but overall we thought we got some neat shots. When we went to view the footage, we discovered

that the microphone wasn't turned on and we had absolutely no audio for the video. Wes came up with a genius idea and we did a voice-over commentary like a director's cut for the footage. It was a whole new idea for the site that

we could implement in future videos as a bonus to the members. It was a unique solution to a bad problem but I was thrilled that we could make it work.

The following week I finally grew the balls to let Wes “top” me for the

first time. I practiced daily in the shower so that everything would go as smooth as possible.

Colton came over to film and mentally I was just glad that I was doing this for the first time on our site instead of on Jason's. I wanted our site to be

way more hardcore than anything Jason had ever filmed and I was pumped in a way. The shoot went great. In the beginning, it hurt like a bitch but after he was 'in', it wasn't that bad. I couldn't believe how much better our footage was than Jason's

and knew that our fans would agree. By this time, the blogs had really started heating up.

Apparently, Jason had posted this long letter to the members on the site trying to explain why there hadn't been a new video in over a month and

basically tried to gain pity from the members. He even tried to throw me, Wes, and Colton under the bus and blame us for his site's demise. No one was buying it and one fan even pointed out that despite all of his excuses, he never once thanked the

members for their continued loyalty- just tried to blame everyone but himself. Our fans were on there saying we should start our own site and as bad as I wanted to tell them that we were, I couldn't let the cat out of the bag just yet. The blog

was turning more and more anti-Jason and everyone was backing us. I knew it was only a matter of time before Jason would find the blog and try to contact us. Everything that I posted on the blog was pretty neutral. I was playing it

safe because I wasn't exactly sure what I could get in trouble for saying. One night, Colton apparently was having a bad day and started to let the world know exactly what he thought of Jason. He shared how he thought Jason was a racist and

how he used his power to have his way sexually with us. His rant really got the bloggers excited but he never once revealed his identity. I found myself playing catch up and I tried to play damage control because I knew he just said way too much.

A few days later, Rhett drove up to Vegas so we could do two shoots and a photoshoot. One shoot would be with me and the photoshoot and second shoot would be a group shoot with the four of us. For some reason though, Colton wasn't returning

any of our calls and we figured that we would just have to do the shoot without him again. Wes joked that I was going to top Rhett instead but surprisingly, Rhett said, “Okay.” At this time in his life, his mother had passed away, he had a

child he wasn't allowed to see, and he was working a dead-end job at Costco. He needed the site to be successful more than we did so if he needed to get bottom, he would do it. I guess since I just had bottomed for the first time, Wes thought it

would be better for the site if we could pull off a train. It had been months since Rhett bottomed on Jason's site but he didn't care, he was confident that it would make more money in the long run. I did the first shoot with Rhett which went pretty

well but the next night was when we would attempt to pull off our first gay-sex-train. I woke up the next morning to my cell phone vibrating and to my surprise, it was Jason calling. I ignored the call and then I heard Wes's phone ringing so I

knew that Jason had finally read the blogs. Wes called him back and had to deal with Jason trying to use more scare tactics to prevent us from making our site. He kept referring to karma like that would some how deter us. I then texted

Jason back and told him to never call my phone again. I told him that he was the reason for the site's demise and that he needed to take the high road and stop blaming everyone else. He was mostly offended that in one post I compared him

to John Wayne Gacy.
Eventually the texts ended and he informed me that he already emailed the contract lawyer. We knew that we needed a cameraman for this shoot but Colton was MIA so we called one of our former editors to help

out. We showed Jay everything that we had done for the site and immediately he was on board, not only to film, but he saw serious potential in the site and wanted to be a part of it. Jay was someone that Wes and I both felt was a

good person despite having some alcoholic tendencies. He agreed to be at our place at 11am but didn't show up until 4:30pm. First on the agenda was a photo shoot with me, Wes, and Rhett. Jay got some nice shots but at the same time,

managed to down an entire fifth of Jack Daniels. Needless to say, by the time we started filming the train, our camera guy was wasted. I wasn't sure how the shoot turned up on camera but for the most part we were doing alright. I had some

trouble staying hard enough to stick it in Rhett whose new stage name was Bryan, but eventually I was able to. After I was 'in', Wes got inside me and we were successfully pulling off our first train. I wasn't sure how long we were going for but it

seemed like forever.
Finally, Wes pulled out
and got off and I was
relieved. Now I could
pull out and get off as
well. This was for some
reason incredibly difficult
for me to get off and we
had to stop filming
because I gave myself a

terrible migraine.

Eventually, we did finish and I was looking forward to seeing how good it looked on film. Since Jay was highly intoxicated, I was a little disappointed to see that the footage wasn't that great but then again, we weren't paying

him for his services.

CHAPTER 15 - CHRISTMAS BLUES AND BABIES

Christmas was just around the corner, and Crystal really wanted me to go with her to Wyoming to

meet her family. As much as I wanted to meet them, we were still living on unemployment and devoting every penny to the new site. I didn't want to meet her parents over Christmas and not even have the means to bring them gifts, so I was 100%

against the idea. When our neighbor Christina talked to me about it, she informed me that Court was super excited for me to go and had so much fun stuff planned for us. I figured since I didn't have a lot money to buy her a gift, then I would just go

along since it would mean a lot more to her. She didn't tell her parents what I did for a living, so I was really nervous to meet them and have to lie to their faces since she thought they would freak out. I boarded the plane and the next 8 days in

Wyoming were beyond miserable. It was freezing cold, there was nothing to do, and there was no internet service for me to do work on the site. Her parents got me really nice gifts and I had nothing to give in return. I was having a small anxiety

attack as I tried to hold it together but it was becoming really difficult to continue to lie to her family, and pretend that I was enjoying myself when all I wanted to do was to get back to Vegas to work on the site. I hated living on

unemployment and it was even worse over the holidays. Her parents were so conservative; they had us sleeping in separate rooms so there was literally no way to release my frustrations in Wyoming. Crystal and I flew back on the morning

of New Year's Eve and we barely spoke. I couldn't wait for the plane to land and I think she could tell that something wasn't right.

She still came over for New Year's and I really tried to just have a good night. It was the two of us

with Wes and Cindy and we mostly just sat around the coffee table playing drinking games. This was the first time in a long time that Wes had allowed the four of us to get together and it actually started off as a really great night. At that moment, I

thought that everything we had fought about in the past was so petty so I made a toast to the New Year being a new start for all of us and to let bygones be bygones. The four of us walked outside to watch the fireworks on the strip and when we

headed inside, things seemed to change almost instantly. We got back in the living room and started to play some more drinking games but Cindy wasn't taking part in it. For some reason, she had gone into the bedroom and no longer wanted it to

be a group situation. Wes went in and within seconds, an argument had flared up. There was a lot of yelling and wall-punching but at some point, Wes came back out and slammed the door. We tried to continue on with our night, but you

couldn't help but notice Cindy crying from the bath tub and getting louder with each passing second that Wes wasn't in there. Eventually, the cries got so loud that it was embarrassing. It sounded like somebody was getting raped. Wes

would keep going in and yelling at her, but I think he knew that everything I had said about her immaturity was true and that maybe I wasn't wrong after all. While that fight was going on, I broke things off with Crystal but any sadness

she felt would get taken over by us trying not to laugh at the shit-show that was going on in Wes's bathroom. Crystal understood that I couldn't have a relationship at that time since all of my energy was being devoted to the website. It was a

peaceful breakup and for that, I will always be thankful for.

The next week, we made a lot of progress on the site. We flew in our first new audition, Sammy and we both worked until 5:30am the whole week. The porn convention was

in town so we thought it would be a good opportunity to promote our new site. Since we had no money for tickets, we fabricated fake business cards with the old website's details on it so that we could get in without paying. It was a

little scandalous but when I told Jake about this later, he told me Drew would be proud!

After the NYE meltdown, I told Wes that I was done trying to accept Cindy and that I was just going to focus on the site and surprisingly, he said he

didn't blame me. It was like he was finally seeing what I was seeing all along. That she just couldn't handle him having fun with other people. Even our friend who was friends with Cindy's mom commented that they should take a

break and give her a year to grow up. Wes had a new girl over and they hooked up and things were looking great. For a few days, it felt like I had my old best friend back.

On January 12, 2011, I went to the Post Office to look into getting a PO

Box set up for the company. Wes called and said that he needed to talk to me and he sounded like he was mad at me. The drive home I kept thinking of what I could have possibly done to piss him off this time but nothing was registering.

When I got back, we got in the car and started to drive to the grocery store when he told me that he messed up. He then told me that he was going to be a dad, but Cindy wasn't the mother and that Erica, the girl from Margarita-town, was. I

just sat there for a minute because I had to think of how I would want my best friend to respond if I delivered them with the same news. The business part of me thought it was horrible news since financially we were barely getting by as is, and if we

had to pay medical bills
and pay for a child, it
would be next to
impossible to get the site
launched. Instead, I took
the friend route and told
him congratulations and
told him we needed to
celebrate. Back at the
apartment, we opened a

case of beer and had a heart to heart talk like we've never had before. We took shots of tequila and I toasted to a happy and healthy baby, one that I would love like my own and I told him that he was going to be a great dad. He made a comment that

he thought I would be more upset with him and I told him the only thing that bothered me was that he never told me he hooked up with Erica especially since we were just talking about her the night before. He said that he didn't tell me because

he thought I would tell
Cindy. That bothered me
a little bit but we were
having a good
conversation so I just let
it go. Later that night,
Erica came over and I
congratulated her as well
and told her how excited I
was. I asked Wes before

she came over if he could let me talk to her alone for a few minutes which he did. I told her that he was really nervous but excited and that he planned on breaking up with Cindy very soon. I was surprised when she responded, “Wes has a

girlfriend?” So I quickly said, “no, not really.” I was under the assumption that she knew all along because I remember at one point Wes said Cindy had met Erica before.

After Erica left that night, I asked Wes to give me a few hours heads up when

he was going to tell Cindy because I didn't want to be there when it all went down. Originally, he wasn't going to tell her, he was just going to break up with her and hope that she wouldn't add up the dates, but I told him that it would come back and

bite him in the ass if he wasn't upfront with this one.

I went back to work in my bedroom and Wes came into my bedroom about 1:30am and told me he just told Cindy everything over the phone and she was on her way to get her

stuff. I didn't really have anywhere to go since it was almost 2am when she got there so I just stayed in my room. She didn't actually leave until noon the following day, but she took all of her belongings and gave Wes her key. That day, I didn't exactly

know what to say to Wes and he seemed almost zombie-like. I guess I thought that the day Cindy was finally out of the picture would be a lot more celebratory and productive but it was anything but that. We worked in my room for

about an hour when I turned around and Wes had went back into his bedroom to sleep. I had no idea what to say or do to make him feel better so for the most part, I just let him be.

The next day, I remember telling him that I was his

best friend and he could talk to me about anything. I told him that's what I was there for and it really bothered me that it seemed that he couldn't talk to me which made me unsure how to help. He basically said two things, he was having a

baby and he missed
Cindy. I kind of thought
the Cindy thing was
irreparable so I just told
him that everything was
going to be just fine and
that it was normal to feel
that way. That night, a girl
that Wes always referred
to as 'gym-girl' came and

hung out for a little bit. She seemed totally insane but it was some of the things she said that really kind of shocked me. As she was babbling on about everything in the world, she let it slip that her and Wes were going to go to Disneyland for a weekend

a few months back and even though they never had sex, she still got Wes off a few times. After she left I told Wes that I was a little bothered by the fact that he was worried about me trying to ruin things with him and Cindy when all along he

had been cheating and doing things that could have ruined things between them.

The next few days went by and the whole zombie-state had morphed into full-blown depression. Wes wasn't eating, he wasn't sleeping and he

was smoking non-stop. Then one day he met with Cindy to switch her phone back into her own account. The same day, grandpa had a stroke so I spent the afternoon in the hospital but I couldn't stop thinking about how awful Wes had to have

been feeling. When I got back from the hospital, Wes returned and I asked him how it went and he didn't really say much other than "fine." It was killing me to see my best friend like that so I started thinking of things I could do to help.

The next morning, I got Cindy's number out of Wes's phone before I headed back up to the hospital to see grandpa who was doing much, much better. I couldn't stay long because that evening at 6pm, we were hosting our first live shoot

to promote the site on a live cam site. I texted Cindy from the hospital and told her that I wanted to meet up to talk with her. She was a little skeptical, but I assured her that it was for the better and she agreed. I headed back to the

apartment and we started to prepare for the webcam show. We weren't exactly sure what to expect from the cam show but we were told it was going to be crazy. And it was. Thousands of people tuned in to watch and threw money at us to do

certain things. At one point Wes was even sucking on my toes. It was a pretty crazy few hours but we had a side plan of our own which we thought the fans would love. The plan was to film a scene for our site live but not just any shoot, a

full sex scene. For most of the scenes on our site, with some hard-on-pills, we never had a problem getting hard or getting off, so we were pretty confident we could pull it off. I was wrong. Wes had such a difficult time staying hard and even

harder time getting off. I could tell that his mind was all over the place with his current situation and now I felt that it was affecting the business. The fans absolutely loved our show; I just knew it could have been so much better.

The next day, I met up with Cindy to talk about everything. My main purpose was to get Cindy to come back. This was such a hard thing for me to do since for so long, all I wanted was for them to take a break so Wes could focus more on launching

the site. I felt like I was contradicting the last few months but it was more important to me and to the site to have Wes be in a happier, healthier mindset and get him out of the depressed state he was living in. I thought that there was no way she

would come back since Wes was having a child with another woman so I had to play with the psychology of the situation. When we first sat down, we both agreed that we felt weird meeting behind his back but I told her that it was going to be

for the better. I made the situation seem like I was confiding in her some things so that she could trust me and believe that I had good intentions. I told her that yes, Wes did indeed do some things and lie about a lot of things, but I told her that

he had lied to me tons of times but I always took him back because of the good times. Now, I thought that when Wes said he told her ‘everything’ that he did tell her everything about Erica. However, it was apparent by the look in

her eyes that Wes had lied to her some more and told her that they hooked up after Christmas when they got into a huge fight. She had said that she thought it seemed way too soon to know that she was pregnant but I said we figured out that it had

happened a little sooner. I wasn't aware of that lie, so I totally blew it for Wes when I told her that we figured out that the night it happened was actually December 19th. If Wes would have told me the whole story, Cindy wouldn't have found out.

Needless to say, she was very hurt to find out that he lied again and slowly my plan was backfiring. We talked some more and I brought up the power of forgiveness and that it was possible to learn to trust someone again. To me, I personally felt like I

was bullshitting but my goal was to get her back with Wes. She seemed in better spirits but still wanted to confront Wes and have him confess to everything. I thought that was fair but I didn't want her to tell him she talked to me. We finished eating

and she headed to the apartment and I headed to Crystal's. It didn't take long for Wes to put two and two together and figure out that we talked and he called my phone with Cindy's and was absolutely furious that we talked. In his mind, he

thought that I knew they were ‘talking’ and was doing anything in my power to break them up. He called me every name in the book and told me to move out of the apartment. I couldn’t believe how catastrophically my plan

was backfiring. I flew over to the apartment to address the situation.

When I got there, Wes wouldn't even look at me and for the first time ever, Cindy and I were on the same team. She kept telling him that I was the only person in her world

trying to get her to come back to him. All of her friends and family told her to move on but it didn't matter, he was heated and had his mind made up. He kept declaring that I always hated Cindy and he wasn't buying it. I ended

up staying at Crystal's that night to let him cool off but I didn't sleep very well at all. The next night, I returned to the apartment to try to talk things over with him. He had cooled down a bit but was still pissed at me. At this time, I was feeling

pretty hurt because I had never done anything to him with a negative intention, ever. I said that I had always been the person that cleans up his messes and I was just trying to help. He told me to stop. I told him that if I really wanted to break

him and Cindy up, I could have told her he cheated months ago. Apparently he didn't know that I knew, but for some reason that made him feel a little better. He then told me that the next day, he was planning on driving from Vegas to Kentucky. I

thought that the timing was horrible and financially it was a bad idea but I thought he needed to go back home and try to find the good person I used to know him as. That night, I was on the computer trying to sign him up for a AAA

roadside assistance
package but then I
literally stopped myself
because trying to help
Wes was what got me into
this mess to begin with.
The next morning when
he was leaving, it was an
awkward good-bye
because I could feel that

he was still mad at me but I thought I would just let him go. Before he drove off, I tried to give him a hundred dollars for gas or for an emergency but he stubbornly stated that he didn't need it, like he didn't need my help. I pretty much forced him to

take it and he drove off. I was frustrated that he left with us being on bad terms but I felt happy that he was going to get well, but I hated that he was driving across country by himself.

CHAPTER 16 - HOMEWARD BOUND

About an hour and a half later, I got a phone call from Wes. He got a flat tire in the middle of the desert and didn't have a

jack to put his spare on.
Part of me wanted to
make an example out of
him and tell him to call
someone else but a small
part of me was hoping
that if I went to help,
maybe he would finally
realize that I've always
been the one person he

could count on. When I got there, I told him that even if he told me he didn't need me a thousand times, I would be there for him two-thousand times. We put his spare on and then realized that his spare tire was also deflated. Luckily, I

carried a can of fix-a-flat
so we put that in the spare
but it only filled it up
about half of the way. The
nearest town was about 45
miles away so I told him I
could follow him there to
get a new tire. I gave him
another \$140 and we
drove 35 miles-per-hour

down the freeway to Kingman, Arizona. When I was following him, he called me and asked if I just wanted to go along with him to Kentucky. I told him I didn't want him to drive by himself but that would defeat the purpose of him going to

get away from everything.
Two new tires, 4 hours
and \$330 later, we
decided that later in the
week, I could fly to
Kentucky and do a shoot
in his home town and
drive back with him.
Seemed like a good plan
to me.

That night, Crystal and I decided to go downtown to a bar that our friend did some promotional work for. When we got there, she was almost tackled by a girl that I thought she knew from school. As it turned out, it was Cindy. That night, they both got

into lingerie and modeled
for some photographers
and at some point in the
night, we all were riding
the mechanical bull
together, the girls were
still in there underwear.
When we left, Crystal and
I couldn't believe how
much fun we just had

with Cindy. We had the same kind of fun when it was just Wes but for whatever reason, when they were together, it's like they were holding each other back. This was the first time I ever got to see Cindy really letting loose and having a good

time and while it was good to see, it was also frustrating that it could have been like this the entire time. When Wes called me later, he seemed a little surprised to hear that we were at the same bar as Cindy but I think he knew better than

to question it- I hoped
anyways.

The first week of Wes's
time away went by pretty
uneventful but he soon
realized that he had no
money to get back. I
already knew that was
going to be the case so I
wasn't really all that

surprised that he had to stay another week. While he was gone, I was busy doing live webcam shows to drum up some more support for the site and trying to get more money together. One of our great fans offered to loan us money and deposited

\$2000 into my Paypal account so we could move forward with the site. I started researching office space, lawyers, and filling out forms to create our LLC. While checking the site's email submissions, I was surprised to see an email from the owner of

one of our competitor's sites. His name was John and he was a pretty big deal in the industry. He basically said that he had been following our story on the blogs and saw our demo video on the site and was very impressed and wanted to offer his

help anyway he could. He gave me his cell phone number and wanted to open a line of communication with us. It seemed interesting at the least and I was curious to see how he could help, so I gave him a call.

Despite being a little hard

to understand, John seemed like a really nice guy that really wanted to see us succeed. He added that he saw our preview video and thought it was the best amateur site he had seen in a long, long time. He was doubly impressed when I told

him that we do all of the production and post-production work ourselves. I thought that maybe he wanted to cross-promote sites or something of that nature but he had something different in mind. He wanted to offer us

technical help and set us up with a server feed to host our own live webcam shows in exchange for being open with him about our success. He said that they had thought about doing spin-off personality sites with a few of their guys before

but wasn't sure how it would work. He said that the best part about our site was that it was 'authentic'. It was great to hear such a successful industry veteran praising us and to have him offer his support seemed like a god-send. I kept trying to

play devils advocate and try to see if there could be any devious intentions from them but I couldn't see how they would feel threatened by our upcoming site- after all, they were a huge successful company that was on the brink of

having one of their stars be on the RealWorld on MTV. I called Wes and told him about the phone call and I had set up a meeting with them that weekend in Phoenix to discuss our new business relationship.

At the same time, Bryan

kept calling me and wanted to move to Vegas and live with us.

Obviously, things were already stressful enough with just the two of us in the tiny apartment and with everything that Wes was going through, it wasn't the greatest idea.

We were both still barely getting by on our unemployment checks and there was no way we could support another person especially one that didn't even have a car. Wes was completely against the idea as was I, but if the site was going to

be launching soon, we would need him to appear in more videos. It was a catch22 that we weren't ready for but at the same time I thought it was great that Bryan wanted to be a bigger part of the company. Colton on the other hand, was dodging

our phone calls and not returning our text messages because his girlfriend didn't want him to work in the industry. I finally got Colton to stop by the apartment and I surprised him with a webcam chat with the fans. They totally buttered

up his ego and it seemed for a brief moment that Colton was 'in' again. It didn't take long though for him to return to his old ways of not returning our phone calls but at this point, nothing could bring me down, everything else was quickly coming

together and in just a few weeks, the site would be ready for its official debut. Since Wes was still in Kentucky, I bought a plane ticket and we planned to drive across country together so we could make to the meeting in Phoenix on

time. The drive was also going to be a good opportunity for us to talk out all of our differences and hopefully get things back on the right track.

When I arrived in Kentucky, I wanted everything to be upbeat and positive, so I held off

on asking him how he was doing with his situation and instead just did the whole family thing. Wes's family is an amazing group of people and they always make you feel like you are a part of them.

The first night, we drove into town and met up with

one of Wes's oldest friends, Aaron who I had met when he visited Wes in Vegas the year before. Aaron is one of the greatest guys I have ever met and I doubt that he has a single bad bone in his body. We spent the evening at dinner catching

up and then went bowling with Wes's sister. It was nice to have a chance to meet up with him and when I noticed that the Paypal funds hadn't gone through yet, Aaron offered to loan us \$500 so we could get to Phoenix on time for our meeting.

The next day, we hung out with Wes's mother and siblings and just talked and attempted to create chess pieces out of clay. Despite his mother's small kitchen being crammed with 6 people and 4 dogs, it never felt uncomfortable and it just

felt like home. She made us no-bake cookies and kept trying to stall so we wouldn't leave so soon. She was so happy that Wes was there for a while but wasn't ready to see him go. I felt bad, like I came to steal him back to Vegas, but duty called and

at that moment, my main goal was to get to our meeting in Phoenix. We started the drive a few hours late but I was looking forward to a chance to talk to Wes and try to hash out our differences. We headed south and we were

making pretty decent time until we crossed into Arkansas.

The trip had been fine so far, so I was trying to figure out a way to start talking about our issues without bringing down the mood. I asked Wes how he was and if being home

had been beneficial to him. He said he was glad that he went home but that he was ready to get back to work. We kept talking about all of our issues and then he said one thing that kind of caught me off guard. He said out of all the issues

that we'd had, it always bothered him the most that I didn't find Cindy attractive. Instead of going down that road (because nothing good would come out of that topic) I kind of made it seem that I was never serious when I said those

things. I was so thrilled to finally be working out our differences when Wes saw red and blue lights flashing behind us. I guess we got lost in our talk and he was speeding through a construction zone at night. The cop was generous enough to

let us off with a warning,
but I didn't want to keep
bringing up our problems
so I just let it go at that.

It was probably a good
thing we wrapped up the
conversation because
before long, we had run
into one of the worst ice
storms I had ever seen.

The conditions got exponentially worse and since it was about 5am, we decided since we weren't able to drive normal speed anymore that we would pull off at a creepy gas station and get a few hours of sleep. We both tried to get some

sleep in the car when Wes said he had to use the bathroom. I knew Wes better than that and I knew that he was really going to make a phone call to Cindy. He stood outside the gas station for more than an hour talking to her in freezing

conditions and to me I thought if we're not going to be getting some sleep then we might as well be driving. He hung up with her and I took over driving the next part of the trip. Almost immediately, I was regretting getting back on

the highway. Conditions had worsened so much that we were literally the only vehicle on the road. We were only going about 20 miles per hour and every stranded car and overturned semi-truck we saw was like a billboard telling us to get off the

road. We had a meeting in Phoenix to get to though so we kept going and for the next 5 hours, the weather didn't let up.

Wes had managed to get some sleep and I wasn't going to wake him up until we got to Amarillo, Texas because I wanted

to film something for the site at Cadillac Ranch since I'm a huge car-buff. Instead, he ended up waking up on his own when the roads improved around Oklahoma City. I told him that I wanted to film something there and since it was literally right

next to the freeway, it would only take about 5 minutes. He offered to drive and let me get some sleep so I didn't look so worn out on film from driving all night. I dozed off and asked him to wake me up when we got to Amarillo.

I dozed off and it only felt like a few minutes had passed when I woke up. I asked Wes how much longer till we got to Amarillo and he said we had already passed it. I couldn't believe that he just blew me off like it was nothing. I knew that

he really wanted to get back to Cindy, but either way we still had our scheduled meeting in Phoenix the next day so an extra 5 minutes added on to the trip wouldn't have made a big difference at all. I was just sitting there thinking

how much of a selfish
inconsiderate asshole
move that was. I couldn't
believe he had the nerve
to do that when he knew
how much I wanted to
film there. Since we had
our meeting coming up, I
didn't bring it up because
I wanted to avoid an

argument. We made it into Phoenix around midnight and as much as I wanted to film a video for the site, our tight budget only allowed us to stay in the nastiest motel in town. We slept with our clothes on- it was that bad.

Morning came and it was time to get ready for our big mysterious meeting in Phoenix. Of course, there was no hot water at the motel so the morning didn't start off the greatest. We had a few hours to kill, so we took the dog to the park and

when it was finally time to be at our meeting, we were at a the wrong restaurant on the other side of town that happened to have the same name. We finally got it sorted out an agreed to meet them at a different location in the

middle of town. When they pulled up, they were driving Wes's dream car, a black Audi r8, basically the \$120,000 German version of a Lamborghini. We knew we were meeting with and playing in the big leagues now. We were meeting with

the owner and the manager of one of the most successful sites in our genre and we were very interested to hear what they wanted to discuss with us. We shot-the-shit with them for a while before we finally got down to business.

Basically, they were quick to point out that we needed them. They loved what we had done so far, but in order to be successful, we needed them. They had two completely different ideas of how they wanted to approach this business

relationship. The owner presented his offer first. He wanted their role to be more of a mentor role. They would offer us a feed to one of their HD livecam servers and have us set up to produce high quality webcam shows for our site. We would also

do an affiliate program with them where they directed traffic to our site and got 60% of the sale. I wasn't totally against that idea since I knew that they dealt with really high traffic volumes that we could benefit from. Then it was time for his

manager to present his version of ‘how to make us real money.’

His idea was a straight up acquisition. They would acquire our new site, pay us each \$1000 a week to work for them and we would get 5% of the profits. I was almost

insulted and I cut him off without letting him finish and told him we weren't letting anyone acquire our site. One of the greatest qualities about having our own site is having freedom and complete creative control. Obviously if they wanted

to acquire us, we were
onto something good.

They never came out and
said it, but since we were
getting into their territory
with the live shows and
making them 100 times
more hardcore, we felt
they were threatened by
us and wanted to have

some sort of control over what we were doing. We didn't give them a straight answer and told them we had to think about it for a few days. We left and felt so pumped up from that meeting that we couldn't wait to get back to work... or something like

that.

On that last leg of our trip, we were still trying to make sense of the meeting we just had but we agreed that if we buckled down and focused for 3 weeks, we could get the site up and going and finally be

financially stable again.
When we got home,
Cindy came over but that
was expected and I
figured we would get back
to work the next day. We
worked pretty consistently
the next two days, but it
didn't take long for things
to start turning sour again.

We had a great dinner with a fan on the strip but the next day we had our last free live-cam show planned and that's when things started to go south.

CHAPTER 17 - PORN VS PROSTITUTES

A few hours before the show started, we were driving to our friend's house and I asked Wes if he could think of

something unique to do
for the show to keep it
different from the last
show we did- nothing
sexual, just entertaining.
He snapped back and said
he didn't want to do
something stupid and
didn't think we needed to.
I just said never mind and

that I would figure it out. While gay porn wasn't totally enjoyable for either of us, it seemed at that moment that it was such an inconvenience to him. It was almost like he wasn't even interested in making a good product anymore. Later that night,

just before the show, I asked him if he washed his ass good. Again, he snapped back and said we didn't have to do that for every show. The whole idea of a cam show is that we did what the fans asked, and it usually some ass related things got

requested. Since the show was going to start soon, I just ignored it. The show had a few speed bumps, like getting banned for promoting the site, but we moved it to a different provider. These chats were a great promotional tool for the site and

helped us build relationships with our fans but Wes kept hinting to me that he wanted to get it over with. Needless to say, I was annoyed by that but it really got to me when he went off camera to make a phone call to Cindy. To me, it was

incredibly rude and disrespectful to the fans. The next few nights, Cindy stayed over every single night which meant Wes didn't get out of bed until around 2pm. In that time, I was busy setting up meetings, getting our office situation squared

away and working on HTML for the site. As each day passed, I got more and more agitated that once again, the site no longer seemed like a priority and it seemed more like a big fat inconvenience to Wes. We weren't even talking

anymore when I decided
to write Wes a letter
letting him know that he's
lost focus again and needs
to get back on the horse.
On the bottom of the
note, I told him that it
wasn't sitting well with
me that he never
apologized to me for

saying those horrible things before he drove to Kentucky. I would have rather talked to him in person but he always got so upset that I just thought it would be easier this way. I kept the letter positive and constructive and really thought that

when I came back, we would talk it over.

When I returned home later that night after meeting with a potential lawyer, I was shocked to see that Wes moved his computer and desk out of my room and into his. He also wrote me a note back

but it was a little more hostile than the one I wrote him. I took the note into his room and tried to address everything he said. It was a rough conversation but the breaking point was when I asked him to apologize for what he had said

before. He told me he would never apologize and that's when I walked out. I told him that if he worked on the website anymore that he would just be wasting his time. I told him everything was done and that if he couldn't apologize to me

and tell me that he knew I wasn't trying to break him and Cindy up, then I might as well just do it and tell her every single time he cheated on her.

After all, by not apologizing he was basically accusing me of doing that. He told me to

think about what I was doing, but I already packed a small bag, grabbed my computer and I was out the door. I got in my car and drove off and that's when the text messages started pouring in.

Now he wanted to talk

again and now he was ready to apologize. I told him it was too late and that he just lost everything. I was trying to convince him that I was going to tell Cindy everything and that seemed to really bother him a lot. Now that the

ball was in my court, he was terrified that I was going to blow more of his lies. To me, I would never do that to a friend, but I figured everything was done and I had nothing to lose. And where I come from, having nothing to lose

makes you a very dangerous person. That night, Bryan kept calling both of us, trying to get me to come around and not throw the site away. He was trying to play mediator and get us to get along but I wasn't budging. In my mind,

since Wes always had to learn the hard way, this was the only way. He needed the site more than I did. He had back taxes and a child on the way, so to me if the site was put on hold for 6 more months, it would be no sweat off my back. The

next day which happened to be Valentine's Day, I took boxes over to the apartment and started packing up my things.

It didn't take too long for Wes to come in and try to talk me out of leaving. He asked me if there was anything he could do or

say to get me to change my mind but I just told him that I wasn't the one that needed to change. I told him this was destined to happen sooner or later. He said that he would sign his part of the company over to me and just work as a model and

that he was just really worried about losing me as a friend. He kept trying to talk but I just wasn't buying it. I told him that he lied too much for me to believe him and that it was probably too late for those words. Later on, Bryan called me and told

me that Wes was just really concerned that I was going to tell Cindy everything. I knew that it wasn't because of the friendship. I pulled him back in my room and confronted him. He tried to downplay it and we argued a little more but

ultimately after he and
Cindy went to his room, I
packed a little more and
drove 5 hours to
Scottsdale to stay with my
friend, Sarah.

The next day while eating
sushi with Sarah, Wes
called my phone because
he saw my Facebook

status about moving to Arizona. I didn't talk to him but I just texted him and told him I didn't know what was going to happen anymore. I was having a great time with Sarah in Scottsdale and I liked the idea of living there permanently. That

night, we went out to Saddleranch and I started receiving text messages from Wes's mother. She had seen that I moved on Facebook and tried to help. She said a lot of great things but the only thing helping at that point was the vodka that I was

drinking. The next few days went by and I thought that time would start to heal but nothing was changing my opinion of Wes. I thought he wasn't a man, wasn't a friend, but instead that he was a liar, a coward, and a fraud. I just couldn't

shake it off. If there was any ounce of my brain that wanted to go back to Vegas to make porn, it was about to be shattered that evening when I met up with an old friend from Ohio.

I had seen that an old coworker of mine, Julie,

had lived in the Phoenix area, so I sent her a message to see if she was available to catch up over dinner. I told her that I worked for a porn company so when she got to the restaurant, so had so many questions for me. She actually thought it

was pretty cool but eventually after a few glasses of wine, she confessed that she didn't really work at a medical spa and that in fact, she was an escort. I had never met a real escort before so now it was my turn to ask all of the questions. She

told me on an average day, she would sleep with anywhere from 5-8 guys and they were usually pretty disgusting guys. She didn't always make them wear protection and as the conversation got deeper and deeper, I was thinking less and less of

her. I just remember her being such a cute, funny girl back home and I just thought that she didn't need to be doing that to make money, I almost felt sorry for her because she was living this complete double life. And that's when it hit me. I was

doing almost the exact same thing and I started to wonder if everyone I met or reconnected with thought the same thing of me.

The next couple of days I spent relaxing with Sarah by the pool and just trying to figure out what my next

step was going to be. On one hand, I thought that I really needed to find a new career and make an honest living but on the other hand, that meant moving back to Ohio and giving up everything we had worked for. Needless to say, I was torn. When

Saturday night came, we decided to go pick up Bryan and go club-hopping in Oldtowne Scottsdale. Over drinks throughout the night, Bryan kept telling me how much he just wanted to be able to see his son but in order for that to

happen, he had almost \$10,000 in court fines to pay off. So now I had more important reasons to go back to Vegas and make things work out. I just couldn't allow myself to be that selfish that I would be the reason why Bryan wouldn't be able to

see his son. I agreed to bring him back to Vegas with me and a small part of me thought that maybe he could be a good buffer to have between Wes and me. He even said that Wes was okay with him moving into our apartment which he was

initially against. So then next night, we hit the road and headed back to Vegas with one thing in mind; getting the site launched so Bryan could see his son.

When I picked up Bryan from couch surfing at a friend's house, all he had

in his possession were enough clothes that fit into a small bag and a tooth brush so I really felt that this opportunity could really change his life for the better and allow him to see his son. When we arrived in Vegas, you could tell Wes was

surprised to see us but I was under the impression that having me come back was my way of showing that I was willing to work things out. I'm not sure if it was the shock of the reality that Bryan would be living with us now or just the fact that we didn't

tell him we were coming
but something made Wes
act extra standoffish.

Since we just drove 5
hours, we invited Wes to
join us and head over to
the apartment's hot tub
but he declined the offer.
Bryan and I both thought
it was strange and a little

rude but I was content with that fact that I extended the olive branch and now it would be up to him to meet me half way. That night, it was just nice to have Bryan there to kick it with and especially someone to vent to.

Bryan's first week in Vegas was probably as unusual as it possibly could have been. With our friend "Ducky" wanting to be our promotions manager, he was doing everything he could to impress us which meant treating us to all

the VIP services Vegas could offer. We gave Bryan free reign over our closets so he could look extra nice at the clubs. When we arrived, we got to walk in front of the whole line at Marquee which at the time was Vegas' newest, most

popular nightclub. We rode in a separate elevator up to an ultra private VIP room where we were served free champagne with strawberries by some of the hottest girls in school-girl outfits. The free drinks kept flowing and Ducky was telling us

all the great things he could do for us as a manager. Things were finally looking up again.

The next day, I took Bryan over to our friend's house so we could get our video camera back that we loaned him. What was supposed to be a simple

task, turned out to be an all night affair. When we arrived, he wasn't finished using it and still needed to film a girlfriend inside a plastic bubble. Since I wanted Bryan to feel like part of the site, I let him write a blog update summarizing his

crazy first week in Vegas:

“First week in Vegas- went crazy at the clubs, got VIP at four of them throughout the week. Feels like just yesterday was when I arrived here. Went to my first gay night

*club to promote the
site and was dry-
raped on the dance
floor by multiple
amounts of drag
queens and guys,
took more shots, got
hyfy again on the
dance floor some
how ended up half*

naked in the club just dancing with Zane and Aiden. Took more shots, had a dance off with Aiden seeing who in fact can shake their ass more. Watched Zane throw up every where from partying

*too hard couldn't
even lift himself out
of his vomit lol.*

*Almost got metro
called on us before
we could stuff Zane
in the car and bail.*

*Woke up butt naked
on the living room
hard-wood floor next*

*morning. Went and
filmed a girl in a
bubble for what she
says was “America’s
gotTalent” but we all
really know what it
was for.... haha then
the very next day we
got hired to film for
a band’s rehearsal..*

*sure enough we
show up and see the
living dead, Michael
Jackson
impersonator
standing there
waiting for us.. no
heads up or
anything. lol.. Went
out again that night*

*cant really go into
details on the
adventures of me
and Aiden's night
that night.. woke up
the next day once
again butt naked on
the couch this time
when MJ and his
family walks in to see*

*the footage we got...
awkward awakening
let me tell you. Only
in Vegas can you
experience so much
in a matter of 7
days... hahaha
wonder what next
week is going to
bring!!”*

With Bryan living in the apartment, the pressure was now on to get the site launched as none of us were happy being cramped in our tiny space. We were finally starting to get more active with filming and even climbed

the top of a mountain to film some outdoor scenes. On March 16, we teased the first sneak peek of the website with a blurred screenshot of the site. We were getting really close and that week, we were just waiting for our unemployment checks to

pay for our credit card processing company. That was the very last step before we could launch. However, when Friday rolled along, Wes and I had different plans. He took Bryan with him to the casino and gambled all of his money away. I was so

frustrated that we were so close to launching and he acted so irresponsibly.

Luckily, we hadn't spent all of the money that our friend from Australia had loaned us so we were still able to pay for the credit card processor. Then on March 22nd while

promoting the site on a forum; I came across a comment from someone saying that there was now a join button but that it wasn't working. I knew we had already submitted our site to our credit card processing company, but I had no idea they were

going to make our “Join” page go live. By the time I had looked at it, the button was functioning and we had no idea that we were unofficially open for business. We couldn’t accept VISA cards for another week, but we couldn’t believe that after

all of our ups and downs,
we were finally up and
running. Our initial goal
was to launch on April
25th so we were almost a
full month ahead of
schedule and on April 1st,
VISA cards were finally
accepted and we were
100% open to the entire

public. Ready or not, our brand new website was introduced to the world. The initial reviews that came in were amazing! People were praising us left and right with how different our site was and how there was finally a site that was fun,

passionate, engaging, and personal. Right out of the gate, the feedback validated all of our hard work. They loved having the option to comment on the videos, the never-before-seen Director's Cut editions, and the model interviews which

let the members really get to know the performers when they weren't performing. Of course, we had many rookie mistakes and issues with being able to download our videos and have them play on Apple devices, but as the revenue started to grow,

we were able to fix each
problem one by one.

CHAPTER 18 - PROMOTING OUR PRODUCT

A week later was our official launch party in Las Vegas. The night club had promoted our party for weeks and when we

finally got inside, the place was packed from wall to wall. Crystal even came out and showed her support and things were off to such a great start. For the next few weeks, the site started to gain some nice features on different blogs and we

were just riding the wave of momentum. We attended the Long Beach Pride to promote the site and ran into a handful of fans from the previous website. They loved our new site and offered to do anything they could to help out. One fan, Pete

Pecker, even bought us plane tickets to fly to Chicago to attend The Porn Awards.

Wes initially was against going to Chicago to promote the site, but when he heard that a fan had bought his plane ticket, he really didn't

have a choice but to go.
The trip to the Porn
Awards would turn out to
be the best thing that we
ever did for the site. We
went there with very few
people knowing who we
were but by the time we
left, almost every major
blog and porn site had

heard about the new website. We made these black wife-beaters with our logo ironed on them and we wore them to each event. On our very first night, we met the famed porn producer, Chi Chi Larue. She walked into the bar standing tall and in

full drag attire. She was intimidating, but she came right over to us and asked us who we were and was more than happy to introduce herself. She was a huge player in the industry and having her on our side was definitely better than having her *not*

be on our side! Later that night, we met a well known porn publicist who I had come across on Google and knew that he did a lot of promotional work for other porn sites. We started talking and I showed him our website on my phone and he

instantly offered to be our publicist. I couldn't believe that our first night in Chicago had already been that successful and we still had two more days to promote. As the night went on and alcohol kept flowing, Bryan and Wes got into a petty

argument and Bryan ended up ripping his own necklace off and throw is across the bar during his hissy-fit. I couldn't believe that we were having such a great, productive trip and I already had to deal with some petty drama. Pete

Pecker was also putting us up in his house during our stay so we had planned on filming a scene at his place with the theme being a fan-directed scene.

The next night, we had two more clubs to promote at but on the ride

into town, it was obvious that Bryan was still pissed off at somebody for some reason. While walking to the club, he stated that he wasn't going to shoot the scene we had planned and it was almost as if he was saying it so that we would beg him to do it, like it

was all about power or something. As it turned out, he didn't like that the names on our shirts were Aiden and Zane and we were getting all of the attention. I didn't even want to address it, so I just moved on and cancelled the scene all

together and focused the rest of the trip on networking with other people in the industry. At the first club that night, a man walked up to me and introduced himself as Randy Blue. Randy was a huge success in the industry and he told me

that he had been following our story and was very impressed with us and that there was enough room in the industry for everyone. I couldn't believe how nice he was so I approached him later on to pick his brain for some advice. We

would exchange numbers
and eventually we would
forge a great friendship
and I started to see that
the industry wasn't full of
scumbags after all. At the
second club, we would
again run into Chi Chi
Larue but this time, she
was out of her drag

clothing. She was wasted by the time we got there but we spent some quality time getting to know her at the bar. Even though she was drunk, she kept telling us that we were stars and that we were going to be the next big thing. Chicago just kept

getting better and better for us.

The following night was the Porn Award show and we once again wore our logo-branded tank tops and we walked the red carpet where we were interviewed by Scotty B. We were able to talk

about the new site and all of the photographers that were there were snapping away. Scotty asked me to moon the photogs so I turned around and dropped my pants to their delight. We were going to make an impression whether they liked it or not!

CHAPTER 19 - THE PAST RETURNS

Around the beginning of June, I started to have contact once again with Jacey, the first and only true love I'd ever

experienced. I remember she sent me a message on Facebook asking me if I was proud of her for getting her old last name back. For whatever reason, her marriage to the guy she cheated on me with didn't work out. Part of me felt vindicated and

the other part just felt relieved that I didn't marry her only to have it end a little more than a year later. We started talking pretty frequently and it was clear that there were still some mutual feelings there. For me, it was more of the idea of

unfinished business and since I hadn't been able to really fall in love with any other women since her, I sort of thought that she was still the only one for me. Some nights, we would talk for hours about how things ended so badly and we would

actually laugh at how we acted during those times. One little argument that we would have was figuring out what was worse; her cheating on me and marrying the guy, or me sleeping with her cousin afterwards. I still always thought that

marriage was so much bigger than a drunken hookup, but Jacey was pretty sure that I had done the greater of the two evils. Either way, we would spend hours catching up and I told her that I had done some things that I really wanted

to tell her about and I was actually pretty nervous at how she would react to knowing that I did gay porn. I danced around the subject which always drove her nuts but she couldn't wait for my next trip to Ohio so we could go on a road trip like old

times and I could finally share with her my big, deep, dark secret. We entertained the idea of getting back together in the future and I started to feel complete again but I also knew that telling her could be the end-all to those chances. I told her I

was thinking about driving my Mustang across the country and she couldn't wait to put the top down and go for our road trip like we used to do.

One night, Bryan and I went over to the hot tub at our apartment complex as

we often would do.
Another couple had
joined us and it didn't
take long for my loud
mouth to strike up a
conversation. Nicole was
from my home state of
Ohio and eventually we
started sharing with them
that we ran a porn

company. After a while, she started telling us about her friend that also lived there in the complex, Julie. Nicole had told us how they would spend the previous summer days drinking pretty heavily in the pool and that she also worked

with Julie at this local Italian restaurant. We came up with a plan that Bryan and I would go into their work and pretend that we knew Julie from the pool but we would act like she was too drunk to remember us. I didn't know it at that time, but

Julie was about to play a huge roll in my life.

That next day, as promised, Bryan and I went into Nicole's work and spotted Julie behind the bar. Nicole described her to us as a 32 year old blonde with a big nose. We acted like we were

surprised to see her and she was clearly confused at how we knew her. We started naming of details that Nicole had shared with us and she seemed pretty confused at how she had no recollection of meeting us the previous summer. Eventually, we

would end up at the apartment's pool laying out and getting to know each other. We also spent several nights on her balcony staying up way to late sharing stories of our lives and especially our previous love lives. I told her that I did gay porn and

she was actually pretty cool about it. I showed her some of the pictures from our press releases that included some x-rated pictures of Wes and I and she thought it was pretty cool. For me it was nice to finally have someone that I could talk

to about my job and vent to her about things that weren't going so smoothly, many times she was the person I went to to vent about Wes.

Having her around was nice to let off some steam that might otherwise boil over and cause an

argument.

When the 4th of July came around, Julie had invited me to a friend's barbeque and to watch the fireworks. I really enjoyed having something that was totally separate from the business and Julie introduced me to a whole

new group of friends. At the party, Julie had gathered a group of friends around and told them that I was planning on heading back to Ohio to possibly meet up with my ex and I shared with them a quick version of our background and they

all gave me different reactions as to whether I was making a huge mistake or not. I valued Julie's effort at trying to help my situation and she even called me her little brother. Later that night, she was my teammate for beerpong and we got our

asses handed to us but it was still a great night. Hours later, I drove Julie home since she had more to drink than I did. On that drive, we talked about how Jacey would react to hearing about my career and Julie commented that she could

never date somebody that did what I did because she was pretty cautious about her personal health and didn't want to catch anything. I reassured her that the industry was probably the only industry that has mandatory testing but that was a pretty

common concern so I wasn't really offended but I had hoped that Jacey wouldn't react the same way. It was really nice to finally start establishing some great friends in Sin City.

A few weeks later, Wes would drop me off at the

airport and I was headed back to Ohio to see Jacey for the first time since I moved. When I landed in Ohio and turned my phone on, my stomach dropped when I saw a picture text message from Julie that showed Wes wearing her bathing suit. I

was confused since he didn't even have her phone number and a few hours later I called Julie to find out what happened. I asked her straight-up if she had slept with Wes and she defiantly said no. As the day went on, our old

programmer needed the camera for a paid gig he had and couldn't get a hold of Wes and I couldn't either. He called me non-stop and finally went over to the apartment and banged on the door but there was no answer. I called Julie

again and she said she didn't know where he was even though I would find out later that he was laying right next to her the entire time. I was pretty annoyed that my vacation started out with me dealing with the programmer because Wes

wouldn't answer his phone but I had my own personal business to deal with.

After visiting with some friends, I finally decided that it was time to see Jacey. I had seen on Facebook that she liked Muscato wine so I

stopped at the liquor store and picked up my favorite white wine and drove over to her house. She was a little surprised to see me but I was pretty excited at the chance to reconnect with her. Most of her family was there and I apologized to her

grandma for the way things ended and then I was pretty much forced to head next door to her sister's and apologize to her as well. It was a little awkward but I gave her a big hug and apologized and I knew that was the first step to rebuild

anything. We made plans to go for our road trip that following Saturday and I couldn't have been happier.

The hours of Saturday flew by without hearing from Jacey. I finally shot her a text message in the evening asking what was

going on and she told me that she had driven to Cleveland with her sister. I thought it was really shady of her to not even give me a heads up and I was instantly reminded of all the bad parts of Jacey. I didn't sleep too well that night but I wasn't

giving up hope on meeting up during my trip. During this time I would have a little conversation with Wes since he was busy running the site while I was gone and he was also dealing with moving into our new shooting house. Wes

would tell me how busy he was and since I knew that he was sleeping with these 2 different girls at the time, I was encouraging him to go out with those girls and relieve some stress. He would reply that we was way too busy with work to

do any of that stuff and I actually felt bad that I wasn't there to help him deal with those things since normally those would fall under my responsibilities.

The next day was Sunday, Jake and I headed out to a bar that Drew's mom had

built in his memory.

When we walked through the door, she burst into tears and was so happy to see “her boys.” It was an emotional night but it was so nice to see her and it was really sad to see how much Drew’s death had deteriorated her mental

health. I never let her know how much my life had changed since his death but I couldn't help but feeling like I wanted to do anything I could to help her out. She might have seemed a little crazy but it was very clear that not a single day goes by

that she doesn't think about Drew and she gave us a tour of "Donkey Drews", the outdoor bar that they build in his memory. It was a little ironic that they built a bar in his memory since he was killed by a drunk driver, but it was done

tastefully and if anything, it was a reminder to all patrons to drink responsibly. Drew's mom also told us that the following night, they were going to have these two girls singing live country music and that we should stop back up if we were

free.

The next night, my dad and Jake joined me and we went out to her bar to have dinner and listen to the girls sing. We walked in and sat right up front and the two girls that appeared to be sisters were singing all of my

favorite country songs. At one point, I took a picture of them and uploaded it to Facebook with the caption, “I think I’m in love.” I wasn’t really serious but these girls had some amazing talents and for some reason I was drawn to want to help

them with their singing career. We listened to them sing for about another hour before they finished their set for the night. After wards, I approached them and told them that I was from Vegas and we were going to be filming a music

video and I could possibly help them out if they were interested. I also donated a hundred dollars to them and I gave one of the sisters, Brianna, my number if she was interested. These girls were two of the sweetest girls I had ever met and

they seemed to have a real passion for music.

The following morning, I was surprised to receive a text from her because I thought the whole donating \$100 was a little douchey of me. We texted throughout the day and Brianna invited me to

come to another bar where they had a weekly singing gig. I drove out to the small town bar and walked in to an empty bar with these two girls that were still singing their hearts out. I stayed the entire night and even had them sing me some of

their original songs and gave them some feedback. Overall I was really impressed with their writing and singing abilities. I helped them pack up all of their gear and the girls invited me back to their house.

When we walked in their

home, you couldn't help but feel a real sense of family. It was late but both their parents were up and wanted to hear how their gig went. It was clear that Brianna's parents really believed in and supported their daughter's dreams of

becoming famous country singers some day. We talked for a few minutes and it didn't take long for her parents to ask me how I knew Drew's mother, Michelle. I shared with them the story of Drew and I was fighting back getting choked up and

they told me that a friend of theirs had also went through the same thing. Their father Bryant asked me what Drew's last name was and when I told him, he was immediately shocked because we were talking about the same person. Apparently, he

had worked with Drew's dad years back and even attended Drew's funeral. They never made the connection because Drew's mother had a different last name but it seemed like at that moment, some kind of circle was completed. I

remember getting
goosebumps as we shared
stories and I had told
them that I was writing a
book and wanted to be
able to help Michelle
financially since they had
lost a lot of things since
Drew's death. I didn't
plan on being vulnerable

that night but it felt like we were all destined to meet and I didn't realize it then, but sitting right in front of my face was the first truly great thing to happen to me since Drew passed away.

Later that night, I stayed up pretty late with

Brianna and her sister and at some point we decided to exchange clothes and head to the grocery store around midnight to see if we could get any strange reactions from shoppers. The girls painted on fake beards and tried their best to act like men. It was

strange but it was a weird sense of innocence, like something bored high school students would do late at night. It was fun to just let loose and act stupid for the once.

The following night, I hung out with Brianna at her parent's house. We

sat outside next to her pool under the stars and just talked. We talked about past relationships, our life goals and everything just felt so natural. We were watching airplanes fly over and it started to rain but we just stayed up and

kept talking. As cheesy as it sounds, it felt like something out of a chick flick. I was starting to develop really strong feelings for Brianna and it was obvious that she felt the same way.

The next day, the family had a garage sale so Jake

and I headed over to help out. Brianna didn't stay long because she had to work but many of her aunts and cousins were over and we all sat in the garage sharing stories, mostly laughing our asses off. Brianna's dad would share stories about

Drew's dad and before we knew it, hours had passed and I think Brianna was a little surprised that we were still there but everything just felt so comfortable. At one point, Brianna's dad asked Jake if we had any current pictures of Drew. Jake

paused and then we all burst out in laughter as he realized what he had just said. Since Drew had been gone for a few years, any current photos wouldn't be available. He was so embarrassed and apologized but we just couldn't stop laughing. I

went for a drive with Jake and we were talking about how awesome her family was and how we wished our family could have been more like theirs. That night was the first kiss that Brianna and I shared in her pool. I was starting to fall completely

in love with this girl and was totally consumed by the sense of family that I got from being around hers. At the time I was so caught up, that I didn't even notice the irony that I went to Ohio to rekindle an old flame with Jacey and it seemed like fate

was interjecting and refusing to let me make that mistake again. I respected Brianna's father so much that I refused to ever stay over night and I definitely wasn't going to have sex under his roof. Brianna and I would fool around a little bit but it

was never going to lead to sex. I knew that she was the one that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with but I knew I would eventually have to share with her my gay porn past. One night, while cuddling on the couch watching MTV, I decided to test

the waters to see how she would handle my past. I brought up the previous season of 'The Real World' where one of the cast members dealt with the same secret past. She felt that many of the cast members overreacted and that it wasn't that big of a

deal that he did gay porn.
I was relieved to hear that
that was her reaction
instead of something
more judgmental. It
seemed like I had really
found someone that
would be able to accept
me for me and my past
maybe wasn't going to be

as inconvenient as I had previously thought. Later that night, we got in Brianna's car and she was going to drive me home. I'm not sure exactly how it happened but we ended up taking our relationship to the next level in her car. It wasn't planned and

I definitely didn't think that the first time would be in a car but everything just felt so right. Our relationship was taking off so fast but it didn't feel wrong at all. We talked about how sometimes you just know. And that night is a night

that I will never forget. When she dropped me off, I didn't want her to go, I just wanted her to stay. I didn't care if we never had sex again; she was the one person that was meant for me.

That weekend, I joined her family at an indoor

waterpark and it seemed like the more extended family I met, the more I grew attached to the idea of moving home and starting a life with Brianna. Nothing felt awkward, everything just felt so positive, a feeling that I hadn't felt in a long,

long time. It was during this time that I was trying to walk Wes through some steps of my job responsibilities over the phone since he wasn't exactly sure how to do them. He finally admitted to me that he had been sleeping with Julie the

entire time. My stomach just dropped. I felt so betrayed by both of them for lying to me about it and the more I thought about how shitty it was, it made my current situation with Brianna seem better and better. I couldn't believe that my best guy

friend and business partner thought it was a good idea to pursue my best girl friend and that she went through with it. I really just wanted to enjoy my time in Ohio so I tried my best to not think about it too much.

I had known Brianna for

almost a week now, but it seemed like we had so many missed opportunities to meet that in some odd way, we had known each other for years. That following Monday was the anniversary of Drew's death and they were going

to be singing at Drew's mother's bar again. We planned the whole night in dedication to his memory and many of our friends and family came. I remember seeing my mom pull up and was surprised to see my stepdad get out of the same

car. Inside, we were finally able to make the connection with Drew's mom that Brianna's parents were actually at her son's funeral. It wasn't too emotional of an evening as everyone just wanted to celebrate Drew's life. My step-dad

was sharing stories with Brianna's dad and both of our mothers were chatting as well as Brianna and her sister were on stage singing to the crowd. It was awkward because my mom kept insisting that we all take photos together and it was odd to

me because it just felt insincere, maybe because we had never been that way as a family.

Later on in the evening, I went on stage with Jake and our friend Bryan who was riding next to Drew when he was killed. I borrowed the microphone

from Brianna and I explained to the crowd a little story about Drew and that the bar was built in his memory. We all toasted to his memory and I remember Drew's mom yelling "Quit trying to make me cry!" These gatherings weren't

something that happened
very often but something
was in the air that night
and everything felt
perfect, it felt like Drew
was with us.

I was talking to Brianna's
parents as the girls
returned to the stage.
They both told me how

they had always hoped that Brianna would find what they had found in each other. They told me how they hadn't seen Brianna this happy in a long, long time. I didn't want to kill the mood that evening but I thought it was important that I share

with them that I had done some things in my past that I wanted to share with them that is probably going to seem out of character for me, I wanted to tell them about the gay porn. Her mom chimed in and said that her and her husband were very open

mindful and were very accepting people and I remember thinking that it was impossible for this family to be any more amazing. Her father talked to me about flying Brianna out Vegas to see me and that possible in October the whole family

could fly out. That night, August 8, 2011, I felt like I was on cloud 9, I had found what I was always looking for. There were no words to describe the complete happiness that took over my body. I really wanted to extend my trip longer because the

girls were going to be opening for Clay Walker that following weekend but I really needed to get back to Vegas and finalize paperwork for our new house.

CHAPTER 20 - BACK TO VEGAS

When I flew back to Vegas, I was excited about getting to settle into the new shooting house but I wasn't excited to deal with the Wes and Julie situation. He picked

me up from the airport and we went to the new house and I shared with him many of my Brianna stories from my trip. He talked a little bit about the Julie thing and all I could say was that at least it wasn't his ex, Cindy. I wanted to accept the fact

that they were hooking up
but it really just didn't sit
well in my stomach. The
feeling of betrayal from
both of them just
wouldn't leave my mind.
When she would come
over and I wouldn't know
about it, it felt so wrong,
like my friend was

coming there to see Wes,
not me. I tried to tough it
out and not show how
much it bothered me but I
think from my body
language it was pretty
obvious. I was really short
with Julie and I was biting
my tongue and really
fighting just saying what

was on my mind.

Finally a few days later, I met Julie up at the Italian restaurant and I didn't even want to look at her but I felt that I needed to let her know how hurt I was by the situation. She even told me that it was just meaningless sex and

for me it made it harder to understand why it couldn't just end if it didn't mean anything. For months, I had vented to her about Wes and how he cheated on his past girlfriends and I didn't want to let him hurt my best girl friend as well. At

some point in the conversation she pointed out that even if it did stop, it would probably still happen behind my back. I couldn't believe some of the things that I was hearing like in an instant, I got on a plane and Wes pursued the only person I

could comfortably talk to about my life, it just felt like all kinds of wrong.

I know that Wes felt like I was just trying to control his life but the most hurtful part was that neither of them considered me or my feelings at all. I tried

sucking it up for a few weeks because I knew that Wes's baby was due the following month and we had this brand new house and needed to get some new models for the site. As much as I ignored it, every time Julie would come over, I felt like a

charity case. She would come and talk to me for a little bit just to put in her time with me but ultimately she wasn't there for me. It was tough because I knew that her life was pretty desperate having been unemployed for months and she

couldn't even come up with \$3000 to finish her schooling. I knew that any affection she was receiving from Wes was probably good for her mind since she was in a pretty rough patch in her life but I just had a bad feeling about it especially

considering Wes's past relationships. He was always somewhat controlling and territorial when it came to girls but I had to do my best to stay positive and just get work done.

Two weeks later, Brianna flew out to Vegas to

spend the long weekend with me for my birthday. I had so many things planned for the short period that she was here for but the biggest surprise that I had planned was that Wes would help me secretly film a lot of her trip and

later we would edit it together and set it to our song, “God gave Me You” by Byron Shelton. The trip started our magical. I picked her up from the airport and put the convertible top down and showed her the famous Las Vegas Strip.

Afterwards, I drove her up this mountain and told her to clothes her eyes. I parked the car and guided her out of her seat and took her to the front of the car where I had her open her eyes to the most spectacular view of Las Vegas. The entire city

sparkled as a special country CD was playing from inside the car. We slow danced with the view of the city behind us and she had no idea that I was recording that special moment. We headed back to the house and I was so happy to finally be able to

hold her in my arms. I had had plenty of sex in my lifetime but never had I had sex that was as fun as it was with Brianna.

There was a level of comfort there that I'd never experienced before. I'd never talked, laughed, and just enjoyed sex the

way I did with her, I finally knew the true difference between sex and making love.

The next day I drove her out to the sleepy town of Nelson, Nevada where the population is 8 people and 16 horses. Several country music stars had

shot their music videos there and I told her that we could film their first music video there. This place looks like it was deserted in the 1940's and had just enough patina to make anyone feel nostalgic for the day. We must have taken over a

hundred photos there; it was the perfect back drop for any country music video. On the drive back, we talked a little bit about my “secret” and she kept saying that it was probably something so stupid and I’m probably making a big deal over

nothing. I wanted to tell her while she was there, but since her trip was only for a few days, I wanted to be able to be there in case she had any questions and I definitely didn't want to put her on an airplane and have it eating at her brain for 4

hours. Later that night, we had dinner with Grandpa and headed off to Mandalay Bay beach for a Phil Vasser concert. We had a few drinks and we danced in the water in front of everyone, we didn't care who saw us. We were caught up in the

moment and although we didn't know every song, Phil sang a lot of cover songs that we both knew. It was a great night and afterwards I took her to the famous Vegas sign and then to a secret spot to watch airplanes land with the Strip twinkling in

the background. We went back home and fell asleep holding each other in the hammock. It seemed like each day that passed, it would outdo my previous favorite day.

The next morning was my birthday. I woke up to find a single mylar

balloon on the table with a card from Wes and Julie. They still weren't awake yet but we had planned to take the boat out for my birthday. The two of them had bought a cake and sub sandwiches for the trip. We packed the cooler full of drinks,

grabbed our dog Apollo,
and headed to Lake
Mead.

Since we got a late start,
when we arrived, they
were all out of the
pontoons that we usually
take but they said for a
little more money, we
could take a speed boat

out instead. However, when they found out we brought a dog with us, they told us we couldn't take the speed boat. After searching for a bit, somehow they managed to find us a pontoon and we headed to the boat as we usually would. The

dock hand gave us the usual tour and explained all the safety gear but this time he said something that we had never been told before. He warned us about being close to the propeller because they had a few people lose limbs this season. We

cracked a few jokes about it and we were on our way.

We headed straight for the Hoover Dam as we usually would and shut the motor off and we all jumped in for a dip. Wes had been recording a lot of the trip for our secret

video and for a while, it was another greatest day of all time. The dog was afraid to jump in the water so he would kind of get down really low and just drop into the water but at some point we were all swimming, including the dog. As the boat

drifted closer to the dam,
we decided to drive the
boat and we could dock
up in a rocky cove
somewhere and have
lunch.

We were cruising as fast
as the boat would go and
Brianna and I were laying
on the front of the boat

when all of the sudden,
Apollo leaped off the
front of the boat and
disappeared. Wes tried to
react as fast as he could to
turn the boat, but as the
propeller struck the dog, it
made a noise similar to a
lawn mower going over a
tree branch. I will never

forget the look on Wes's face as he realized that he might have just killed his own dog. Instantly, the greatest day had just turned into a nightmare. A few moments passed and Apollo surfaced and let out one single yelp. I was glad to here him cry

because I thought possibly, just maybe the propeller didn't hit him. I quickly jumped to the steering wheel and tried to turn the boat around to get closer to the dog. As we got closer, Wes dove in started to swim towards Apollo and the water was

filled with blood and I wasn't sure what we were about to find. At some point the dog bit Wes and I reached over and had to pull the dog out of the water. I remember just seeing all kinds of organs and blood and we all just snapped into rescue mode

and started quickly wrapping the dog in all of our towels to stop some of the bleeding. Apollo was completely silent and I was worried that he was going to go into shock. Brianna and Julie both handled the situation amazingly well.

It seemed like an eternity as we tried to race back to the marina and we had used our cell phones to contact them to let them know that we had an emergency. When we arrived, they were very accommodating and even called the vets office for

us. The Vet closed down his office to any incoming patients and had his entire staff on hand to deal with Apollo. At the Vet's office, the X-rays came back and Wes was faced with making a pretty tough decision. He was faced with deciding on

whether or not to amputate his leg or try to save it but if the body rejected it, he would have to amputate it later. There was also an option to put the dog down. Financially things were pretty tight and with Wes's baby due just around the corner, it

was a tough decision to make. Ultimately, the decision was to try to save the leg and we would go from there. We left the Vets office and Wes was very apologetic for “ruining” my birthday and still wanted to go to the strip for drinks later that

night.

We all took naps before heading to the strip later that night. We walked the strip and hit up all the good spots. We watched the fountains at the Bellagio and then headed inside for some drinks. We eventually headed to

a place where Julie had a connection that could get us some free drinks.

While we were there, Julie was talking to the guys that she knew since we were basically using them for free drinks. Wes, Brianna, and I were having a good old time

taking pictures and
drinking way too much.
Overall, I thought the
night went pretty well.
We took a cab back to the
house and that's where
things started to get a
little weird. Wes seemed
almost paranoid as the
girls were inside talking.

He and I were out back just talking and the girls went inside to cook some food. He was getting more and more agitated and kept wondering why they were in there for so long. This struck me as odd but it was my birthday so I didn't even want to deal

with it. I had lit all of the tiki torches around the pool and turned on the radio to a country station and Brianna and I slow danced for a few songs. We were going to head inside and go to bed but I wanted to bring Wes his phone. They were

nowhere inside the house
so I wondered if they
drove somewhere as we
all had way too much
alcohol to drive. I stepped
out front and I could hear
them fighting on the side
of the house. It turned out
that Wes was extremely
jealous that Julie was

talking to those guys that she knew at the bar and that's what they were arguing over. Later I would find out that they argued outside until 9am when Wes kicked a cup out of Julie's hand. We made plans earlier that night that we would all go

to brunch since Brianna's flight left later that day.

Wes and Julie never woke up because they both took sleeping pills at 9 am and I thought it was a little rude to not even say goodbye to Brianna but at the same time I was okay with spending her last

hours alone with just her. When I dropped her off at the airport, even though she told me many times before, it was the first time that I told her I loved her. I drove away finally knowing that I found the one person for me that I could be

completely vulnerable
with and now I just had to
figure out a way that I
could be with her and also
find a good time to share
with her my porn past,
which to be honest, was
still a huge part of my life.
Little did I know, the
opportunity to tell her

would be taken away from me just a few days later.

The very next day, I had called her father to personally thank him for letting Brianna fly out to see me and that it really meant a lot to me. He told me that he was so happy to see his daughter this

happy and he thanked me for taking good care of her. He joked and called me his future son-in-law and we even discussed plans to restore a classic car together. I really felt that it was fate that I met this amazing family and that they were able to get

to know the type of
person I was without the
porn-stigma that always
seems to cloud people's
judgment.

CHAPTER 21 - TRUTH BE TOLD

Just two days had passed since Brianna left and I received a text message from her simply saying “Jett.” I don’t know how or why, but for some reason, I knew that she

had found out about my
porn life. She confirmed
that the inevitable had
happened but she didn't
immediately tell me how
she found out, or who told
her. I was a little
surprised to find out that
the person that actually
said something was

Drew's stepdad. From what I was told, he didn't tell her anything specific, but just that he wanted to make sure that they knew what they were getting in to and that when "it happened" everything was a huge mess. To this day, I don't exactly know what

he knew or what he was referring to, but either way it was enough to get Brianna's mother to Google my name. Since Jason thought it was a good idea to put my real name in the press release, it was easily one of the first things that the search

engine returned. I really wanted to be there in person to answer any questions they had, but with Wes's baby due any day, I didn't want to bail on him.

I let a few days pass so her parents had some time for the initial shock to

wear off before I wrote them a letter trying to explain some of my story. I mostly wanted to reassure them that everything we did was done safely and that I still wanted the opportunity to talk with them in person. The email response I got

from her parents was painful to read but it was also brutally honest, which I actually appreciated. This was the letter I received:

Dear Jett,

*Thank you for
sharing your story
with us. It is
obviously not a story
that is easy to tell.
Let me say that we
are compassionate
people and feel very
bad for all that you
have had to go*

*through in your life.
It seems to me that
your life, and the
decisions that you
made through your
young life,
snowballed into
something that you
really didn't think
through as you were*

*living it. That being
said, we do not
dislike you we
are just upset that
you misrepresented
yourself and in
doing so totally
blindsided us.
Brianna is our
daughter and she*

*has had her share of
insecurities. She is
just now, this
summer as a matter
of fact, finding
herself and as strong
as she seems to be
she is a very soft soul
with alot of
emotional issues that*

she needs to work through herself! You should NEVER have gone as far in this relationship as you both did without telling her up front what you do or have done for a living. By doing so you put her

(and especially her family) in the position of extreme defense. I understand why you thought it was the right thing to do to not tell us at first, but, when you decided to take the

*relationship to the
next level it was your
duty to inform
everyone and accept
the fact that people
might not be able to
deal with it. In a
nutshell, sometimes
when you make your
bed you will have to*

lie in it.

*Jett, truthfully I am
speechless at the
things that you
allowed and
accepted through
your business in the
"industry". I hope
that if there is only*

*one thing you
learned from all of
this it would be that
no one can do
anything to you if
you don't let them.
Walk away - plain
and simple. Looking
back I am sure you
know now that there*

*was something else
you could have done
instead of letting that
monster dictate to
you and "make" you
do something that
you didn't want to
do. I am sure that
money had alot to do
with it and also there*

*could have been
other issues, I don't
know but I am trying
to understand how
someone as bright as
you could have felt
so overwhelmingly
trapped. If anyone
ever does that to you
in the future there is*

*always someone who
will make sure that
you are taken care of
and not abused. I
met your parents and
brother and
although I know they
are not perfect I can
see that they love
you!! Am I wrong?*

*Take from this
whole situation what
you can and know
that Bryan and I
have cried over all of
this. Brianna has
cried and her sister
has held her and it
just broke my heart*

*in a thousand ways
because this is not
an easy fix. The Jett
we met is a
wonderful
person...no doubt.
The thing is you are
not just the carefree
easy person that we
met. Your life is*

*complex and has
been lived in a
manner that we
cannot relate to no
matter how open
minded we thought
that we were. We
have worked very
hard to protect our
daughters from*

*"things" and the
hardest part of all of
this is that Bryan
and I feel that we
didn't protect
Brianna. You told us
that you had
something in your
past.....at first I
didn't think it was*

*anything
major....and then
when I kept asking
her if you told her
she would act funny
and make excuses as
to why you wouldn't.
Jett I am a lot of
things but I am NOT
stupid and I trust my*

instincts. When you kept avoiding the question, and after thinking about a few things that you said, I knew what it was without any research at all. I sat Brianna down and told her what I was thinking

*and she listened and
didn't get too upset
because she was
obviously thinking
the same thing. Of
course we didn't
imagine the entire
truth and I think that
because you have
lived it for so long*

*you don't know how
shocking it is..or
maybe you do I am
not sure! I am sorry
to say that to you but
I am also a truthful
person and I don't
want to hurt your
feelings but I was
morally upset by the*

whole thing! We researched online and - never saw picture because we cannot and do not want to do that - ever - but we did read some very disturbing dialogue that had your name

attached to it. When you make choices in your life from now on, make those choices based on the fact that you will one day have children and somehow have to explain it all to them.

*Jett, I know you feel
that all of these
horrible things that
happened to you
were brought on by
others but maturity
and growth will only
happen when you
take ownership of*

*the fact that you did
have choices and
that from this point
forward you have
only yourself to
blame if you make
bad decisions. As
for the business you
are in now. I know
you wanted to teach*

*your old boss a
lesson but all you
really did was make
more trouble for
yourself and I am
sure the real reason
for doing what you
are doing now is
because it pays the
bills and very nicely*

too. Just being honest from the beginning about all of this would have been the best thing to do. So what if we didn't approve...I am sure we would not have been the first ones to react this

*way. It should have
been our choice.*

*Last but not
least....we wish you
well and hope for
only good things for
you in the future.
Seriously. You are
not a bad person you*

*are just someone
who got caught up in
a very bad business.
Now is the hard
part...changing what
has been normal for
you for a very long
time. I will give you
one small bit of
advice. Counseling*

will help! You have had a lot of abuse in your life and you could use someone to professionally help you sort some of this out. Do something for your self now...not Wes or anyone else just

*YOU!!! You deserve
a good life and that
will only come if you
concentrate on
yourself.*

*Good luck with
everything and know
that we are sending
good wishes that you*

*can get things in
your life back to
where you want them
to be.*

*Take care and thank
you again for
sharing with us all
that you did.*

Shannon and Brent

After reading her letter over and over, I couldn't believe that I ever imagined anyone in their position could or would act any differently. I did porn for a living. She was

pretty much right about everything she said. I realized that I had indeed grown numb to this industry and it wasn't exactly normal to expect anyone to fully accept what I did. I guess I was just so caught up in the moment of finally falling

in love again and being part of a family that I genuinely enjoyed being around all of the time. To me, it was almost like these people were finally the real light at the end of a very long and dark tunnel. They were all such positive people and

they really opened my eyes to a life that I knew I wanted, but for some reason it always felt unobtainable. I hated that they felt that I misrepresented myself as an easy-going individual but the truth was that when I was with them

around their family, my life felt complete, like all of the emptiness that I'd felt for many, many years was gone. I look back now and I understand how my decisions to not tell them were selfish, but I sincerely hoped that they knew that I never meant

to deceive them like that. I just thought that there would be a better time and place to get into that deep conversation. The most painful part for me was reading that the family had been hurt by me and that they felt that they couldn't protect their

daughter against me. I had never been the abusive or violent type, so to read those words directed towards me was a pretty tough pill to swallow.

Over the phone, Brianna reassured me that it didn't matter what her parents thought, that she loved

me, and that in the end, they would be happy as long as their daughter was happy. While hearing that meant a lot to me that she was devoted to making it work, I still felt terrible that her parents lost sleep over my decisions. This wasn't how I wanted it to

go down at all. I was torn with hopping on the next plane or stay since Wes's baby was due any day. Ultimately, I chose to stay.

One night, I was supposed to film with Bryan and Corbin but before they all

came over, I had been on the phone with Brianna when things got pretty emotional. For the first time, she asked me point blank, if it was even possible for me to leave Wes at all. I was finally faced with just how big of a decision I had to make.

Do I be the best friend that I promised Wes I would be and help him through this new chapter of his life or do I throw away all the history we had, including our business, for a girl that I've known for a little more than a month. I

realized this night that there was no way I could have it both ways, I had to choose my best friend and business partner or the girl that completely swept me off my feet. Normally, this would be an easy decision to stay in Vegas but I was so torn because

with the whole Julie situation, I felt like these people weren't true friends that cared about my happiness at all. I was literally staring at a fork in the road and it seemed like each route had it's own risks. I completely broke down on the phone

because it seemed like if I chose to move back to Ohio, there was a chance that the business would fail without me, and Wes would be financially screwed. If that were to happen, I couldn't live with the fact that it was because I chose a girl I

knew for such a small amount of time over my best friend. I ended up not partaking in that evenings shoot and I know Wes thought it was because I was thinking about moving home when the reality was that I was having a hard time dealing

with my decision to stay.
More and more time
would pass between
phone calls to and from
Brianna and as the
business was growing, my
relationship with her was
for the most part,
nonexistent. I was having
a really hard time dealing

with hurting her and her parents and I wasn't sure if I could ever repair those relationships that I enjoyed so much.

That next week, Wes spent most nights over at Julie's and I was a little bothered that he wasn't really around as I was

trying to organize a new model's trip to Vegas. One night I had this weird feeling that Wes's child would be born in a few days so I pre-packed a hospital bag with a change of clothes and the digital camera. Ironically, that following morning, I

woke up to his phone call saying that Erica's water had broke. Since I knew he was at Julie's which was 15-20 minutes away, I jumped up, grabbed the video camera and flew up to the hospital. I wanted to get there and be able to film the birth if there was

any chance that he would miss it. Later I would find out that he was pissed off at me for doing that, til this day I will never really understand that. I also brought some celebratory cigars to smoke afterwards and I was happy to be there to see

Wes start this new chapter in his life.

After the birth, I was outside the nursery and could see Wes through the window alone with his son. The look on his face was something I will never forget. It seemed to me that he finally

understood the miracle
and the responsibility of a
new life and he looked so
concerned for his son. I
don't think words can
describe the wave of
happiness I felt for him
and at that moment, all I
wanted to do was help
him in any way that he

needed. We smoked the cigars and I remember the odd feeling of being the only person in his life that was there to support him on that day. That day it hit me- we were each other's family out here in Vegas. Later that week, Erica brought the newborn over

to the house along with her 8 year old daughter. We filmed a little goofy TV show with her daughter where we were all interviewed wearing goofy costumes and Wes showed Erica a video he put together of the birth of their son. Erica cried

happy tears and for those few hours that they were over, it felt like a real family. That family feeling was something that I thought wasn't really possible in Las Vegas but I wanted to support them in any way possible.

A few days later, our new model, Byron Savage, flew into Las Vegas.

Byron had never done porn before, but little did he know, he was about to get more involved in the company than he bargained for. We couldn't test Byron for

STDs in his hometown because he lived in the middle of nowhere, so we had to test him when he arrived in Vegas. As it would turn out, he tested positive for Chlamydia which meant he would be out here for a lot longer as we would have to get him

treated and retested. A few days passed and Wes was at Julie's a lot and I was left to keep Byron entertained. One night before he was going to leave, he made the comment, "Well, I think I'm gonna go pork Julie." Now Julie wasn't exactly

the skinniest person but I thought it was an extremely derogatory comment to make but since Byron was there, I just bit my tongue. The very next night, things were about to hit rock bottom.

We took Byron out for a

night on the Strip. We ended up at O'Shea's playing beer pong for hours and hours. It was a great night- nothing indicated that tonight would end badly. I was playing the best game of beer pong of my life and we were making friends

with complete strangers. Eventually, Byron and I were eliminated so we went and sat at one of the nearby tables at the food court. At this time the room started to spin and I didn't want to get sick but I headed to the bathroom just in case. When I got to

the restroom, some guy had offered me a bump of cocaine and since I'd only done it one other time, I thought it would help me not get sick so I did the bump. I never got sick but when I came back out, Byron wanted to grab some Subway. I thought

that that too would help
me not feel drunk
anymore so we headed
over to Subway. When we
got in line, the first thing I
noticed was the sign
advertising the new
pulled-pork sandwich and
I was immediately having
a flashback to the

previous night when Wes said he was going to pork Julie. I don't know if it was the alcohol, or the bump of cocaine, or a combination of both but for some reason, I instantly had the rage of a thousand bulls in me. We left soon after and the rest

of the night was mostly a blur.

Apparently on the whole ride home, I was talking shit about Julie and Wes and when we finally got home things escalated.

Byron had to tell me the rest of what happened as I recall very little of it. I

was told that I had the most evil, possessed look in my eyes. I threw a pack of cigarettes at Wes and I guess he tried to put me to bed. I wasn't having it and apparently we started an all-out brawl. At some point, our bodies broke through a painting that

was leaning up against the pool table and some how the fight carried across the house and into my bedroom. I'm not sure how but at some point I was on top of Wes swinging like crazy at his face, there was blood all over both of us and at

some point I took out my phone and snapped a photo of Wes's face and sent it to Julie. I've never deleted that photo because sometimes I look at it as a reminder of one of my darkest days and how I never want to get to that point again. Later I

guess Wes was out back talking to Byron and decided he was going to come into my room and try to work things out but because I locked the door, it agitated him enough to where he broke in and jumped me while I was sleeping. I thought I had

reached it before, but this was indeed rock bottom.

I woke up hours later to an empty house. Wes had moved all of his belongings out including all of the cameras and computer equipment. When Byron told me everything that went

down, I just kept thinking that this had to be a bad dream. I had no idea what I was supposed to do now. I had a model here trying to earn money, no cameras, my business partner wouldn't return my calls or texts and I literally wanted my life to

end right then and there.

A few days passed before Wes would respond to one of my text messages and he made it very clear that he was going to come over and film a solo scene with Byron but he wasn't ready to speak to me yet. I told him I understood but

there was no way I was going to miss the opportunity to try to explain and apologize for my actions. When he walked in, this was the first time I had the chance to see the damage I did to his face. He had a black eye and a swollen lip that

was a little scabbed over. I felt horrible and I really wanted to chance to speak to him. After the scene was over, we went out back and I explained to him about the cocaine and how I think there has been a lot of pent-up anger and frustration over

the past few months and that something was probably bound to happen sooner or later. He explained to me that he's not someone to hold a grudge but this was more serious and it would take some time. As long as he let me know there was a

chance at reconciliation, I was content. About a week went by before he moved his stuff back in. We put enough of our differences behind us so we could get through the scenes we had planned to film with Byron, we even toasted to let by-gones be

by-gones.

CHAPTER 22 - DISTANCE AND DEPRESSION

The end of September meant the end of our \$5,000/month lease for the gigantic shooting house. We started looking

at cheaper houses but ultimately we decided that since Wes would be having his newborn over, that we would get two separate apartments instead of one big house. For the first time in my life, I would have my own place all to my self. For

the first couple of weeks,
I stayed pretty busy
painting the new place
and buying all kinds of
new furniture since my
apartment was going to be
the one used for filming.
Brianna and I tried to
maintain a long distance
relationship, but there

were too many unanswered questions and complications that it was slowly deteriorating to nothing. I remember one argument we had over the phone when I told her that I drove Byron down the Strip and went to dinner at Margarita-town. She

felt that since I did that
with her and also our
models that it made it less
special for her. I could see
what she meant but I
pretty much always drove
our visitors down the strip
and Margarita-town was
my favorite place to eat so
I didn't understand why

she was taking it so personally.

We scheduled our first openly gay model to fly out to film with us in the beginning of November.

We had always stuck to what we knew from the previous site and had only hired other straight guys

to do scenes with. This was going to be something new for us but we were ready to test the waters to see if our members cared about our models sexuality or not. This model's sexuality wasn't the only thing that set him apart from our

typical model; he was a successful health insurance agent. Most of our models were strapped for cash and did video work as a means to get caught up or get out of a bind. In hindsight, this should have been the first red flag.

I talked to this model a lot before he flew out to make sure he was completely comfortable with filming as I would usually do for a new model. This was usually my role so the models always seemed to know more about me than they

did about Wes. When he arrived in Vegas, I agreed that we would spend the first day hanging out so he could get more comfortable with the idea of filming. I didn't want to waste any time but if it made the difference between him filming or

not, it was worth it to me. I took him to the mall and then out to RedRock for a little hiking. We had great conversations and I could tell that he was ready to start filming. As usual, a solo video is how we would introduce a new model to our members.

They were quick, easy, and really helped the new guys get comfortable in front of a camera. This model however, had different plans.

He suggested to me that he didn't want to do a solo because he didn't know if he could handle

the spotlight being all on him. I thought it was a little strange but when he suggested that we do a side-by-side jerk off instead, I knew the members would prefer that video over a solo so I agreed to the side-by-side. Essentially, a side-by-side

was really just two solos next to each other but the additional person made it a little more appealing.

What should have been a twenty minute scene, took over four hours to film.

The model kept stopping for all sorts of reasons and was trying to control

every aspect of the scene. He wouldn't finish the scene until Wes left the room and he would even stop because he found a hair on his dick that he wanted to shave off. It was a miserable 4 hours of jerking off. When the scene finally ended, it was

almost 1am. I was tired and I knew we had to film our first real scene the following day. He showed Wes and I a few YouTube videos and then we discussed the plan for the three of us to do the scene the next night. He knew the plan and I went

to bed.

In the morning, I woke up and walked to the living room where the model wouldn't even look at me before he went and locked himself in his bedroom. I gave him some time before asking him if everything was alright. He

told me he was hungry but he didn't want any of the food I had at my place, he wanted a hair cut, and he wanted to go tanning. So we left the house to go do those few things. On the drive, he told me that because I went to bed the night before shortly after

our side-by-side scene, he felt that I had taken him to prom, raped him, and left him in the hotel. I couldn't believe the craziness I was hearing. Since I knew we had another scene later that evening, I tried to stay positive and tried to act

understanding.

Apparently, he wanted us to cuddle or something after our scene.

I then brought up our scene that we had planned to do later that evening.

The model asked me if Wes was going to be there filming again or if we

were going to use tripods instead. I was really confused because the night before, he had agreed and understood that tonight's scene was a threesome with me and Wes. As soon as I clarified that Wes was in fact, in the scene, he

started back pedaling and making every excuse why he thought Wes shouldn't be in the scene. He was saying things like, "It doesn't seem like Wes likes me" And, "It seems like he doesn't want to get to know me like you did." I had to let him

know that that was my role in the company and that Wes was busy editing our videos so he couldn't go to the mall or go rock climbing like I did. Either way, it became very obvious that he only wanted to film with me but we had a different

scene scheduled later in the week in Hollywood that was going to be just the two of us. I started to realize that this model had developed really strong feelings for me and only wanted to film with me. Of all the business concerns I had about

filming our first gay model, this one never crossed my mind. He was going to have to film a scene with Wes if he wanted to continue working with us.

We started the scene later than I wanted but it started flawlessly. He got

over his anti-Wes thoughts. When we finally cut to coordinate where we were all going to get off, he asked if he could go outside and take a smoke break. Wes and I thought it was a little inconvenient but the shoot had gone smoothly

so we both thought it would be okay. He disappeared onto the back patio for about 15 minutes as Wes and I just sat there waiting. When he finally came back in, we were ready to finish the scene when he told us that he was going to have to pull

the plug on the whole thing. We asked him if he could just finish the scene and he said that he couldn't. From what he told me later, he had an ex-boyfriend at home that was really upset that he was doing porn and he just couldn't go through

with it. Wes and I finished the scene on our own but we were so pissed off that we had just wasted so much time. I told the new model to pack his things and I took him to the airport. We had other shoots scheduled for him that were now

cancelled but we had to
just keep moving forward
and we drove to
Hollywood in the
morning.

We had a few shoots
scheduled in the
Hollywood hills, but the
real reason we were there
was to celebrate Chi Chi

Larue's birthday party.
During the past 5 months,
I had developed a really
great friendship with Chi
Chi and she invited us,
along with former
PussyCat Doll, Kaya
Jones, to appear for her
party in West Hollywood.
Since I had no idea what

to buy Chi Chi for her birthday, we decided to make her a unique gift and we painted a portrait of her face without using our hands. We filmed the process and tweeted it out to her and she couldn't believe that we painted her face using our

penises. We paraded the painting all over West Hollywood and took pictures with her face in different locations. When we got to her party, we had no idea that the theme of the night was Stripper Circus. At midnight, all of the lights in the club go

dark and we were on stage and were supposed to strip for the live audience. This was something we had never done before but with enough drinks, I loosened up and stripped to one song with Wes and Bryan. It was a little awkward but I just

thought of it as a competition and I was competing with the guys to see who could earn the most money from the crowd. I won!

When we got back to Vegas, I spent a lot of time decking out the new place but the excitement

of the new place would eventually wear off. No matter how much furniture I bought for the new place, I couldn't fill the void of having my best friend there to shoot the shit with every day. I tried staying busy, but as the place got quieter and

quieter, it really started to hit me and I realized just how much I had lost.

Every time I would drive home, I would see Julie's car over at Wes's and I tried to ignore it as much as I could. In a matter of two months, I lost Wes, Julie, and Brianna. Things

were getting darker and darker when one day I would receive some sad news from back at home about my friend Jackie that would set me into a tailspin of heavy depression. I was having suicidal thoughts and I wrote Wes this letter

asking for his help and I
sent Julie a copy as well:

*This is getting
impossibly difficult
for me to continue
going on like this.
Every single person
that I have talked to
and cried to has the
same response*

*whether it's Garrett
or Liam or whoever.
They all say that I
need to talk to you
about it but that
never works. The last
time we talked you
admitted that you
purposely and
intentionally waited*

for me to get on the plane before you did what you did. Before that, things were golden, things were looking up and now they are so evil. And then you blamed me for feeling betrayed- and yet you admit to

it. That's sickening.

*I've tried ignoring it,
I've tried to stay
busy, I've tried
everything I could
but I just can't deal
with it anymore. It's
easy for you to say
that you don't need*

*any friends in your
life, but I do. If
someone told you
that your friendship
meant the world to
them, it wouldn't
mean anything to
you at all. I don't
eat, I don't sleep
well, I don't have*

*motivation to
continue on like this.
I asked you to be a
good friend and you
tell me I need to see
a doctor. I say I want
things to be the way
they were before and
you tell me I need to
get pills. After I tell*

*you how upset I am,
you tell me that you
have nobody out
here and who are
you supposed to
hang out with? You
have a family out
here and I couldn't
believe that was your
response. Yesterday*

*my good friend
Jackie was found
dead and I'm at a
loss for who to talk
to about it. The one
person that I talked
to about personal
things, Julie, you
sabotaged the
relationship. I tried*

*to fight for it but
somehow I got made
out to be the one
with the problem.
Lately I've been
having thoughts that
literally scare the
shit out of me. This
isn't me Wes, I didn't
cause this.*

*When we were
sitting on the cliffs in
Hawaii and we
decided to do this
business, we both felt
trapped by an evil,
evil man. I saw some
good in you and I
latched on. We had
our ups and downs*

*but even when we
didn't speak for
months, I still cared
about your well
being. I even brought
you protein shakes
when you couldn't
eat after the dentist
because I knew you
were in pain.*

*Somewhere along
the line, you lost all
respect for me as a
friend and you are
okay with the idea
that what you are
doing is causing me
pain. I have always
been there for you
through thick and*

*through thin but I'm
really weak right
now and I cannot
continue living this
way. I cannot get
over it, I cannot suck
it up. I eats at my
mind and tears at my
heart that you
consciously did and*

continue to do this.

*I am so sorry for any
pain that I cause, all
I wanted was your
friendship,
Jett*

A few days passed, and I
didn't get a response from

either of them. I was having the hardest time figuring out what to do. I was angry that I chose Wes over Brianna because I didn't want to screw him over and yet at the same time, that was what he was choosing to do to me. I finally

reached out to our friend Liam in LA and let him know just how bad my depression was getting and that I was having some pretty severe suicidal thoughts. He drove from Los Angeles to Vegas that weekend to help talk me off a ledge.

We spent two whole days at a spa as I poured my heart out to him- I finally had someone I could talk to. We talked about all the things I was feeling, all the things I was thinking about doing, and what I thought would help get me out of this

mindset. Out of nowhere, Liam invited me to go with them the following week to the LA Autoshow. I got all choked up and broke down because that was the first time in a long, long time that somebody did something totally

random for me, something that I would enjoy. Liam talked to Wes a little bit about what I was going through and I agreed to take a few days off and head to LA to try to clear my mind.

The Auto Show was just what I needed to take my

mind off of things that were eating away at my soul. As much as I like the cars, I think just physically being away from Wes, Las Vegas, and the website was almost therapeutic. This is when we started to seriously consider moving back to

Ohio and leaving all of that behind. A few weeks before Christmas, I sat Wes down and told him that I really thought that moving home would be the best thing for my health and my well-being. I told him that I would sign over my part of the

company to him and I would do as many shoots as he thought I would need to do so that he wouldn't be screwed over. I told him I was going to go home over the holidays to try to figure out some logistics and we figured out a shooting

schedule for when I returned.

The next week, Wes's friends from home, Aaron and Katie, flew to Vegas for a quick vacation. I was excited to see Aaron since he had known Wes most of his life and he reminded me of the

person Wes was when I first met him. We all went bowling and for a brief moment, it felt like things could almost get back to normal. Julie wasn't feeling well, so I was on a mission to find her some Tums so she could drink with the rest of us. We all

did shots and toasts to Aaron and Katie being in town and overall, things went really well. I thought that things went so well that the next day I felt compelled to buy Wes and Julie really nice Christmas gifts. A part of me thought it could

almost be a fresh start.

Later that day, I received an email from the dating site Plenty of Fish and it was from a girl that seemed to be Wes's dream girl. For some reason, I thought that it was a fake profile that Wes created to test me to

see if I was really planning on moving home. The girl was totally Wes's type; she was a super cute brunette and she loved soccer which was Wes's favorite sport. I look back now and think of how ridiculous that would have been, but at

the time it made perfect sense. So, I thought I would catch Wes in his own game and sent her back a message saying I was moving out of town soon but that my friend Wes would be interested and I sent her Wes's Plenty of Fish

information.

In the evening, Wes went to go pick up Julie from work and Aaron and Katie were still at his apartment so I figured they could let me in and help me wrap their Christmas gifts that I had bought. So, I went over to Wes's and the two

of them helped me wrap all the gifts in record timing before Wes and Julie got back. I got them each wine-related gifts since that was what they both enjoyed and I even found an antique looking record player that Wes wanted on Craigslist.

While wrapping the gifts, Aaron started to ask me questions about why I was planning on moving home. Without giving any specific details, I just told him that Wes and I are on two completely different planets on many things and we will probably

never see eye to eye on many things. He would never be able to understand why I valued having his friendship and I would never be able to understand why friends weren't important to him. He understood what I was saying and said that at

least I was at a point where I could stand back and make that kind of call. Since Julie was still at work, our talk lasted a while but when they finally returned, Wes was really short with me and told me that they wanted to do a double date and

that I could meet up with them after dinner on the strip. I obliged and went back to my place while the four of them went to dinner.

After dinner, I met up with them at The Palazzo and I had some catching up to do on the drinking

as they all drank wine at dinner. Julie was slightly standoffish but nothing that I wasn't used to. As we walked past a large Christmas tree, I offered to take their pictures since it would make a great back drop. I took pictures of the four of them

throughout the night,
never asking to be a part
of them. I was trying
really hard to show them
that I was being
supportive instead of
being against their
relationship. Later in the
night, Wes and Julie
would get into an

argument and disappear for a while leaving me with Aaron and Katie. The two of them were getting anxious to get home since they had an early flight out the next morning. I tried to keep them occupied and kept apologizing until Wes and

Julie finally came back but when they finally did, they were ready to go. I tried to keep everyone in good spirits even though the two of them were agitated but again, I really wanted to make a better effort to be a good friend. The following morning,

Aaron and Katie flew home to Kentucky and I was also flying back to Ohio to make plans for my big move back east. When I arrived in Ohio, I was immediately reminded of one of the things I hated most about the Midwest, the frigid

winters. Traditionally speaking, it wasn't even a cold winter but living in the Vegas desert had turned me into a wimp. Everywhere I went, I was miserable. At this time, Jake was working for the railroad and was working all throughout the

southern states and wasn't sure if he was going to get to come home for Christmas. Since my dad had got another DUI, I couldn't drive his truck because he had a breathalyzer attached to the dash that required him to blow into it before it

would start. My trip home started out pretty boring and when I was looking at job options, it was clear that the economy in Ohio was worse off than when I left the state. My old job at BAX had went out of business leaving hundreds competing for the same

jobs and it was looking less and less like Ohio would be a viable option for me.

Towards the end of my trip, Brianna had started texting me and suggesting that we meet up so we could get some closure. I still thought the world of

Brianna and would have loved to give things another try but she wanted to meet up to get closure, not to try dating again. As much as I was hoping to get to see her on my trip, I simply told her that if she wanted closure, that seeing me would be the

worst thing for her. I knew that us meeting up would only make it more difficult for the both of us and that the only thing that truly brings closure, was time. She understood what I was trying to say and agreed that it would only bring up old feelings.

We texted a little more throughout the rest of my trip and it literally killed me being so close to her but not being able to see her but I knew it was for the best. It seemed like my life was at a dead end everywhere that I looked. My relationship with

Brianna was over, my friendship with Wes was on the rocks, the prospect of being able to move home was getting slimmer each day and I felt an overwhelming feeling of being stuck. I couldn't handle what my life had become in Vegas and a

life in Ohio now seemed almost as painful. I drove up to the cemetery to visit Drew and to try to get some clarity so I could figure out what my next step was going to be. I sat at Drew's headstone and tried to make sense of how my life had come to

this point. In the past eight months, our business had brought in almost a quarter-million dollars in sales and yet I was sitting alone at a cemetery trying to figure out why my life felt so unfulfilling. Every time I went to the cemetery was

an emotional experience
but this time was
different. I stared at his
stone and for the first
time in my life, I realized
that loss was a recurring
theme for me. For
whatever reason, every
person I got close to I
would eventually lose or

something would ruin the relationship. I was the living example that money couldn't buy happiness and I knew that if I wanted to be happy, I would need to work really hard on repairing my friendship with Wes and that meant being 100%

accepting of everything he was. I decided that when I got back to Vegas, I was going to try extra hard to show him that I was on board with everything, even him being with Julie.

CHAPTER 23 - FRESH START

I got back to Vegas just after Christmas and although it bothered me that I never even got a thank you from Julie for the gifts I got them, I was forcing myself to ignore it

and just focus on my goal of fixing things with Wes. My second night back, I got a call from Wes at four in the morning. I was asleep but I woke up and took his call. He asked what I was doing and I told him that I was just working on the computer.

He could tell I was actually sleeping but he asked if I wanted to go bowling. I was so tired but I thought it would be a good opportunity to start working on things. I drove over to his place a few minutes later and picked him up to head to the

bowling alley. He was all dressed up so I sensed that he and Julie were probably out together and got into a fight, otherwise I would have never heard from him. Before we got to the bowling alley, he asked me to turn around and take him to Julie's

apartment but asked me not to ask him any questions about it. At that point, it was obvious that there was a fight but I just went along and drove him to Julie's place. Her car wasn't there but he still went up to her apartment. As I was sitting in the car

waiting, she pulled up and had mascara running all down her face. It pained me to see her that way but since Wes asked me not to ask any questions, I just sat in my car and waited. A few minutes later, Wes came back down and told me that he

would come back over to my place in an hour and we could go bowling then. Again, I didn't ask any questions and just drove back to my place.

Right on queue, about an hour later, Wes showed up at my place but said he wasn't in the mood to go

bowling. I was pretty tired since it was 5am, so I was okay with just hanging out and drinking some beers.

We got to talking about everything and for the first time in a long time, we had a really deep heart to heart about everything. He had told me that he

showed Julie the message
I sent him with the Plenty
of Fish girl and that she
was beyond mad at me
and that's why she didn't
say anything to me on
Christmas. I explained to
him where my thinking
was that and then he
asked me if I let the air

out of Julie's tires. I was kind of shocked that he would think I would do such a thing but that was just the tip of the iceberg when it came to how little Wes had thought of me. The only malicious thing I had ever done was the fight that we had in

September but now it seemed like every little thing was fair game that I was capable of doing. I told him that I would never have done that and for the most part, I think he believed me. Even though the subject of the conversation was so

negative, he actually seemed optimistic and we were both very honest with each other about the many topics that were covered.

At some point in the conversation, I asked how his son Conner, who was now 3 months old, was

doing. He told me that things between him and Erica were getting worse and then he told me that she recently said something that was so upsetting to him. I asked him to tell me what she said and just as he started to talk, he got so upset

that he needed to walk outside to get some fresh air. I let him have a few minutes alone before I joined him and asked him to share with me what was so upsetting. He told me that he didn't want to say but I wasn't going to let my best friend be this

upset and not at least give my best effort to help him out. We walked back inside and he started to tell me what she said. He brought up the whole gay porn thing and being molested said that she was trying to use it against him.

He said, “She thinks that I would do-“ and right then I stopped him as he broke down into tears for the first time. I knew that he was trying to say that she thought he was capable of molesting his own son and I just walked over to him and hugged him.

Through the sobbing, he said that she thought that I was capable of doing the same thing. Instantly, as my best friend was crying, my blood was boiling and I was so pissed off that something that had happened to us when we were children was being

used against us in our twenties. I talked to for about another hour and got him to regain his composure and I was fighting off tears of my own because I was trying to be strong for him. My goal was just to reassure him that even though he

barely got to see his son,
I knew he would make a
good dad and that he
would never do those
things as she said he
could. I then asked him if
he thought I would ever
do those things and he
reassured me that he
would never think that of

me. We talked for 5 hours total and it was probably the best talk we had ever had. I felt like he had a better understanding of where I was coming from and that we both just wanted things to be better like the old days. He told me that I should send

Julie a message explaining the whole Plenty of Fish ordeal and that we could try to start the new year off on a good note. So, later that day, I sent Julie this message:

Julie,

*So this morning
when Wes asked me
to go bowling I was
excited to go and
had no idea that you
guys were having a
tiff until we got down
the road and he had
me turn around and
stop at your place.*

*He asked me not to
ask any questions so
that's why I didn't
say much when you
pulled up- I didn't
wanna get in the
middle any more
than I have already
in the past.*

*But anyways, he
came over and we
talked for about 5
hours about
anything and
everything that's
been going on with
me and with him. I
apologized to him
and I need to do the*

*same to you for the
past few months, I've
been an emotional
wreck and a lot of it
had to do with being
torn over the whole
Brianna situation
and then it seemed
like everything else
was just piling on*

*top and things were
just not looking too
good for me. I made
the 2 of you this
really cool Xmas
card but I forgot to
drop it off with the
gifts but it basically
said "Best Wishes to
both of you, sorry for*

*everything- past,
present, and future."*

*The future part
really bothered Wes
but I just wanted to
say that sometimes I
fall off the horse and
lose all control over
my emotions but
that's something that*

I'm really working on. I had a blast the week Aaron was in town going bowling and walking the Strip with you guys and I don't want that to be the end of it.

Now here's the part that I really feel the

*need to explain to
you. The whole
"Plenty of Fish"
email. When I got
the message on POF,
I looked at her
profile and
everything about
her, especially the
part about soccer,*

*seemed liked it was
Wes's dream girl.
Then I saw the pics
but there was only 2
of them and I
thought that a girl
that is that cute
would most likely
have waaaaaaay
more pics. So I*

wasn't sure what the motive would be, but I thought it was Wes making up a fake profile and messing with me. I guess I thought he was trying to get info out of me with the whole Brianna thing- who

knows. But either way, I was convinced it was him so I emailed him that really talking highly of him to kinda ruin whatever his motives were.... in hindsight, now I wish I would have just messaged

*her back saying I
was interested lol.
But, like I said, I've
been a complete
mess the past few
months and my mind
hasn't really been
thinking clearly
about a lot of things,
but then again, after*

*talking to Wes, we've
got a lot to work on.
A LOT...*

*He told me about the
whole record-player
thing. I told him I
got it on Craigslist
and I really did but
since you saw the*

same one at the store, he immediately thought I was lying to him. It's not a big deal, but I just wish that he would have sent me a text the minute you told him you saw it so we could have cleared it

*up right then and
there instead of
having that on his
mind for a long
period. I'm guilty of
the same thing like
the whole POF
thing- I thought he
was up to something
and I was sure of it-*

yet I was wrong as well. And it;s so stupid that we act that way towards each other. We both think each other is out to get each other- it's silly and it's never true. I guess we just both

*have trust issues that
make us paranoid
for some reason.*

*I have been working
really, really hard to
keep my distance as
well as keep my
emotions in check.
That morning at*

*Wes's apartment
when you were upset
and were gonna
leave, instead of
making a scene or
calling you out for
over-reacting, I took
the high road and
just left and never
mentioned it again*

to you or Wes even though I thought it was ridiculous. I'm not interested in fighting or arguing or having tension anymore and I was really upset that we just had a really good night and you

*would honestly think
that I was talking
shit about you to
Wes, it made me sad.*

*I had a lot of time to
reflect when I visited
Drew at home and
really just sat back
and asked myself,*

*What do I want in
my life? I already
lost the girl
(Brianna), my best
girlfriend (you) and
my best friend (Wes)
and I was about to
lose my business as
well all because I
couldn't keep my*

*emotions in check.
So for 2012, after
hanging out at the
cemetery for a while,
I decided that I
really want to work
on keeping the
relationships that I
have and working on
making them really*

*strong, healthy ones.
No more petty stuff,
life is way too short.*

*Julie, I love ya like a
sister and I'm sorry I
was a crazy shit-
show this past year
but now that I know
things with Brianna*

*are completely
dunzo, I don't feel so
torn and I'm ready to
move forward past
all of that. I still
don't know (nor do I
need to) what your
guys' disagreement
was about last night
but I'm sure it will all*

*work itself out and
you guys will be fine.
If you wanna talk,
you know where to
find me, I miss
having you guys in
my life!*

Later in the afternoon, I
received a text from Julie

saying that she read my note and appreciated it. She then said that she wasn't even sure if her and Wes were together or broken up, but I told her that I had no idea what the previous night's argument between them was about, but also that it

was none of my business. I walked over to her place to give her the Christmas card that I made for them and she let me in but it was clear that she was emotionally upset. She started venting to me about their fight the night before and how the whole

thing was over Wes not trusting her and wanting to constantly go through her phone. I just kept saying that that is just Wes being Wes and not to take it personal and that he has trust issues with a lot of people. I tried to calm her down without

getting in their business and she just kept saying that if he wasn't at her work at midnight to ring in the New Year, that they would be officially broken up. I kept telling her that I knew Wes well enough to know that Wes would positively be there

and for her to not think about it too much at work. I even asked her if I should offer to drive him there so he wouldn't have to drink and drive or leave his car at her work. She thanked me as I walked out and I gave her a big hug and reassured her that

he would make it there by midnight. It seemed as if things were on the right track to getting repaired and I knew what role I had to take from now on.

That night, Chi Chi Larue was in town DJing at one of the gay bars for New Year's Eve and since she

recently found sobriety, I was really looking forward to hanging out with her and not drinking so I could show her some support for this new chapter in her life. Before she went on to start her DJ set, we were hanging out in the green room and

I told her that I wanted to ask her some advice. I shared with her what Erica had said about Wes and I being capable of molesting her child and that it had been eating at my mind all day. I was having thoughts that maybe things would be

better if Wes and I didn't do porn at all but still, nothing could keep those words from repeating in my mind. Normally, I stayed out of Wes's family situation, but since this time it included me, I knew that I had to confront her about it. My

goal was to tell her that it was very unfair to think that of Wes or myself and that he was the first good person I met in Vegas. Facebook was the only way I could reach her, so I sent her a very heart felt piece of my mind:

Erica,

*The truth is, I have
wanted to email you
a long, long time
ago because I
thought I could help
make things work
out but out of respect
for Wes, I never did
and I still didn't*

*think I would but
yesterday he told me
something that
involved me and
makes me sick to my
stomach and if I
don't say anything,
it's just going to get
bottled up and
change from hurt to*

*anger. For 2012, my
big goal is to learn
how to keep my
emotions in check
which is why I want
to address this right
now before my
emotions have a
chance to boil over.*

*Just so you know,
since day 1 when I
found out about the
pregnancy, as much
as I wanted to be
mad or upset, I gave
Wes a big hug and
said congratulations
and really tried to
help him get past the*

*initial shock of
receiving life-
changing news like
that. I told him that I
would love that kid
as if it were my own
and I would help him
out in anyway
possible- he had my
full undying support.*

*And that goes for
you as well- I was
more than glad to
help fix your car that
morning or do
anything I could to
help in anyway, I
was totally on board.*

When Wes told me

*your water broke, I
went in the closet
grabbed the hospital
bag that I packed
that had the camera
and since I knew I
could get to the
hospital before him,
I thought I could film
the birth if it looked*

like there was any chance that he was going to miss it. I was so excited to be there to be a great friend and help Wes begin this new chapter in his life, I always regretted moving away from

*home after my twin
brother had my
nephew because I
feel like I'm missing
so much of that
child's life and I
really just wanted to
be a huge support
system for both of
you. I was ecstatic*

when I woke up one day and saw that you approved my FB friend request so I could see all your pics of baby Conner but then when I got to the computer, you had already deleted me.

One of my favorite days ever since I lived in Las Vegas was the day when you brought Conner and Hope over and we filmed "Summer Time." That was the first time in a long,

long time that I felt like I had a real family. Wes showed you the video he made from the hospital and you were crying and it just felt like there was so much happy energy in the air.

*A few weeks later,
Wes and I got into a
huge fist fight over
the whole Julie
thing, it was so bad
that I actually drove
all the way up to
your mom's house,
parked out front
because I needed*

*someone to talk to
but the phone
number I had for you
was incorrect. I was
so upset with Wes
and so upset with the
way I reacted and I
thought that I had to
move home but I
didn't want to leave*

*with out saying bye
to all you guys,
especially baby
Conner.*

*The visiting
agreement that you
and Wes currently
have is completely
your business, it just*

*sucks for me because
as much as I want to
see baby Conner, I
don't ask to come
along since Wes's
time with him is so
limited, I don't
wanna be invasive at
all. I spent hours
photoshopping the*

*watermarks out of
the photos of you
and Conner and I've
always had this
small ray of hope
that someday, things
could possibly work
out with you guys,
for the better, I've
been on "Team*

*Erica" for a while
now... until
yesterday.*

*I finally got a chance
to talk to Wes for a
few hours yesterday
about a lot of things
and as close as we
are, I have NEVER*

*seen Wes cry so hard
that he couldn't talk,
so hard that he
almost couldn't
breathe. He tried
telling me what you
had said the other
day but had to walk
outside because he
couldn't udder those*

*words. I had no idea
what he was trying
to say and I made
him come back
inside, tried to get
him to relax and
have him tell me
what was said. I
thought it was going
to be something*

*along the lines of
you saying he was a
bad father or
something like that.
He finally got it
together enough to
say "she thinks I'm
gonna do the same
thing that-" and
immediately I*

*stopped him and
knew what he was
talking about. He
broke down and kept
apologizing to me
for crying so hard
and then he said
"she thinks you're
capable of doing it
to" and that you*

*asked if he would
trust me babysitting.
I lost it. Never in my
26 years have I ever
felt so hurt and
violated other than
the times that I was
molested. As much
as you stand for
peace on earth and*

*I've tried to be so
supportive, that
crushed me way
more than anything
anybody has ever
said to me and I
never want to see
Wes like that again.
Wes and I were
friends for a while*

*but we were never
really close friends
until one day he
confided in me that
he was molested as a
child. I immediately
got goosebumps
from head to toe
because I finally had
someone to talk to*

about when I was molested, I had kept it bottled up for over 20 years. That is the reason why Wes and I grew so close. You have no idea the amount of pain and emotional scarring that Wes and I have

*separately carried
for 2 decades. For
him it was his own
family and for me it
was my
babysitter/neighbor
and for years I had
to look at that house
across the street
where my innocence*

*was taken from me,
DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW HARD
THAT IS??? I
remember having
child services come
and having to draw
the acts that were
done to me with
crayons to the social*

*workers. Do you
know EVERYTIME I
SEE A BOX OF
CRAYONS I'm taken
back to that 5 year
old boy that was
robbed of his
childhood?!? You
think after 20 years,
the pain would fade*

but it doesn't. The only comfort I've ever had with the situation is meeting Wes and FINALLY having someone to talk to about it. I always told myself that when I have children, I'm going

*to be a waaaaay
better parent than
mine were and I
would protect my
children so that they
would NEVER EVER
have to go through
what I had and I
know Wes feels the
exact same way.*

*Tears are pouring
down my face and
I'm shaking as I
write this because I
am so angry that you
would ever say that
about either of us,
you have no idea
that hurt you have
caused.*

*You know I cried to
Wes the night he told
me you guys were
having a child. I was
so happy for him but
I was so sad for
myself because I
guess I always
pictured that we
would have children*

*around the same
time so our kids
could grow up
around each other
and be surrounded
by good natured
people. But now this,
you think we are
some kind of
monsters because we*

*were raped as
children??? How the
HELL do you think
that makes us
feel??? I'm sorry for
cursing but I am
sobbing as I'm
writing this because
it's all so unfair. I
look at my nephew*

*and Conner and I
see such and
innocence and with
Gavin there's such
an amazing sense of
wonder and I look at
how precious they
are and i think how
can anyone be so
evil to take so much*

*from innocent
children? And I get
angry, so so angry
that I didn't have
parents that were
able to protect me
because they were
too busy working
and I've never been
close to my parents*

*because for the
longest time, they
didn't believe me and
it continued to
happen until I went
to kindergarten and
I told a teacher
about it. Do you
know that pain???*
Can you imagine

*that pain??? When
your own parents
don't believe you???
GOD Erica!! All I've
ever wanted was a
family of my own so I
could be the kind of
parent that mine
weren't. And I was so
happy the day we*

*filmed SummerTime
and now this... YOU
WONDER WHY
ABUSED KIDS
KEEP THESE
HORRIBLE
EXPERIENCES TO
THEMSELVES FOR
YEARS AND NEVER
COME FORWARD-*

Well this is one reason, that people like you have the ability to think that we would ever wish that kind of pain on anyone else.

You might as well make a billboard to all the children out

there letting them know that if they ever tell a soul about their abuse, that they will be looked at as a pedophile when they grow up because that's exactly what you are doing. That's sickening.

*How am I supposed
to ever see Conner
again knowing that
you think that of
me?!?! And I can
only imagine what's
going through Wes's
head thinking that
the mother of his*

*own child would
think that about
him!! This is
unbelievable Erica
and I almost wanna
say that it's
unforgivable. You
know you walk
around promoting
Peace on Earth and*

*people always ask
me what the mother
of Wes's child is like
and I always tell
them that she doesn't
have a single mean
bone in her body.
And now I sit here
and wonder, how to
move past this. How*

*do I look at you with
the same amount of
respect when I know
what you think of
me, and what you
think of Wes? You
know, I've always
heard things on TV
that child abuse
doesn't end when the*

*abuse stops, and I
always thought they
were talking about
the scarring and
memories that you
can never fully block
out. But maybe this
is what they meant
instead. That since
we were molested as*

*children, people like
you will think that
we are monsters- I
don't think I can
fully express to you
the amount of hurt
that your words have
caused. I really need
to stop typing
because I am getting*

*more and more
angry and that
wasn't my intention
of this letter.*

*Just know this. Wes
and I have this deep-
seated bond that no
one else that didn't
go through what we
did would*

understand. When my best friend was killed by a drunk driver, I was in a really dark place for a year until I met Wes and life started to be bearable again. He filled a void in my life that was left

*when Drew died and
I can tell you that the
one thing I've
regretted is ever
coming between the
two of you. At the
time, I just felt like
all of the sudden I
was losing the one
person that I needed*

*in my life to you and
I didn't want to lose
a good friend again.
And I've always
regretted the way I
reacted to that
situation and for that
I apologize. So no,
We're not bisexual,
we're not in love*

*with each other and
we definitely would
never molest a child.
His friendship is very
important to me and
although sometimes
we have
disagreements, I will
always stand by his
side because deep*

*down, under all the
bullshit that we've
been through, I know
that Wes is one of the
greatest people I've
ever met and I know
he has a heart of
gold. I know that you
feel the same way
about Wes so it's*

*hard for me to
comprehend how
you could say those
things and expect
anything positive to
come out of it. I
never want to see
him crying the way
he did last night,
choking on his own*

*breath because he
can't get the words
out. I don't know
what else to say or
how to move forward
but somethings gotta
happen or
somethings gotta
change, you can't
say things like that,*

*being raped as a
child is bad enough
but having it thrown
in your face 20 years
later, it's almost
more that any heart
should have to take.*

*Thanks for reading,
-Jett*

It was hard for me to not get emotional while writing that letter to her but her words just seemed so unfair and cut so deep. I had never seen Wes cry like that I couldn't just sit back and let someone say those types of things.

Erica always seemed like such a compassionate person that it seemed really out of character for her to go on full-out character assault mode. I was anxiously waiting to see if she would respond and surprisingly, her response wasn't as

negative as I was
expecting it to be. She
wrote:

Dear Jett,

*I am a very, very
caring mom. I very
gently talked to Wes
about those things*

*because I was and
am concerned
always about
Conner's safety. My
concerns are valid
because studies show
that sometimes,
many times, people
repeat what has been
done to them in*

situations like that. I was very affected by a movie called "The Changeling" in which this happened to an extreme degree. I have also had a handful of friends who've been abused by their own

family members. My intention was not to hurt Wes; my intention was to express my natural concern.

I don't know what you mean about the fight regarding

Julie...

*I really don't
understand your and
Wes's relationship.
It's very confusing.
He has told me
negative things
about you, and
you've said negative*

*things about him, yet
you guys always
hang out and seem
to be best friends. He
has also told me that
you used to not like
Hope. Wes has lied
many, many times to
me so I don't know
what to believe*

*sometimes, and I'm
sorry, but I have a
hard time trusting
either of you. I truly
appreciate what you
did for Hope during
"Summertime"; Wes,
too. That was a very
special time for me,
as well. I had hopes*

*of things working
out; I really wanted
my family to be
whole. I wish it could
have been.*

*Jett, I can
understand your hurt
about your past, and
I am very, truly*

*sorry. I am always
sad to hear of any
person/creature in
pain. If you choose
to think of me for
being heartless for
wanting to protect
my son, I cannot
help that...but it is
not the case.*

-Erica

After reading her response, I couldn't help but identify with her on some level but I also wanted to let her know that I didn't think she was a bad person but that I tried and would continue

to try really hard to
support them as a family:

Erica-

*I don't think of you
as a heartless
person, the person
that did that to me is
a heartless person
and I will never be
one of those people.*

*I know you are a
great mother but I
am begging you to
please try and
understand that if I
didn't care about
Conner's safety as
well, I wouldn't have
spent hours going
around town looking*

*for the safest
strollers with Wes
and been so hesitant
to hold Conner at
the hospital because
newborns are so
fragile.*

*I guess what I am
saying is this, you
have every right to*

*be concerned based
on whatever
research you read,
but I've tried so hard
to show that I
support and care
about all of you that
it's just really hard to
hear that- like a big
slap in the face. Wes*

*is my family out here
and you guys are
now an extension of
that, please open
your heart and try to
learn that you can
trust me, it really
does mean a lot to
me.*

-Jett

After I sent the last message, I got a reply from her saying that her and Wes were probably going to go to court over all of this. At the same time, I received an angry phone call from

Wes for sending the original message to Erica. He was so angry at me and told me that this was the exact reason he can never share things with me. I tried explaining to him that he needed to read

what I sent her so he could see that it was a very positive letter that defended him as a really decent person. He refused to read it so I told him I was going to come over and read it to him. He didn't want

to hear any of it and I had to convince him to let me in. I told him that all I wanted to do was read it and then I would leave, just so he could see that the letter came from a good place. And so, he finally

complied and let me in. I sat him down and read him the letter word for word as I fought back tears when it got to the tough parts. When I finished, I didn't let him respond. Instead, as promised, I left. I

went back home and hoped that he understood that I still only had the best intentions towards him. When I got back home however, I received a message from Erica that really took my breath away-

this was something
that I was not
prepared to read:

Jett-

*Wes told me that you
were gay and wanted
Conner to be your
baby. That's why I've
been afraid to friend
u. That's also why I*

*was so confused that
he talked to u about
this.*

*The truth needs to
come out now. This
is getting out of
hand. I'm sorry, Jett.*

-Erica

I read it and reread it-

over and over again.
Finally, some things
started to add up and now
I knew why Erica thought
those horrible things
about me. I just couldn't
believe that the reason
she thought those things
was because of something
Wes had said. In one way

it made perfect sense and yet at the same time, it was so hard to understand how he could say those things about me. By this time, Wes had started texting me saying he was sorry for yelling at me and knew that I was only trying to help. The only

thing I could text back was to say that Erica said that he told her I was gay and wanted her baby. All he could say back was, “See, I told you she was crazy.” Amazingly, he didn’t deny it or confirm it, he just left it open-ended. In one of the

messages, she gave me her number so I knew if I wanted the truth, I would have to hear everything. I gave Erica a call and I had many questions for her that I was not looking forward to hearing the answers to. I first apologized to her for the

way I acted when her and Wes were together the previous year. I told her that I just didn't know how to handle being thrown into this family situation when I was used to having things the way we were; going out, having a good time with

no limitations. I told her that that was the one thing that I regretted. Then I started to ask her about the things that Wes had said to her about me. She told me that on multiple occasions, both before and after the birth of their baby, that Wes had told

her that I was gay, wanted
Conner to be my baby,
and that if anything bad
ever happened to Wes, to
come look for me because
I probably had something
to do with it. I was
shocked and appalled but
I was glad that I had Erica
there to try to understand

some of those things. I knew that I wasn't gay, I definitely didn't want their baby, and the only time I had ever harmed Wes was when we got into the big fight and I knew that it would never happen again. As we talked, it became really

clear that Wes didn't know how to handle people that genuinely cared and wanted the best for him. Maybe in his eyes, I was a little over supportive of him being a dad and he took that all the wrong way. I explained to Erica our

entire journey and why I valued having his friendship in my life and I think she was really happy to hear that it all comes from a good place and not a place with bad intentions. I thought I knew so much about Wes but then I started to think

that maybe there is something else going on with him, something that causes him to push away people that cared.

Throughout our talk, I got to hear a lot of things that Wes had lied about but this was a new year and I wanted a fresh start. I

didn't want the conversation to be a "bash-Wes" conversation, I just wanted to know the truth and I tried my best to convince Erica that all was not lost with Wes and that things could get better for everyone. Unfortunately, after I had

left Wes's earlier in the night, I knew it was going to be rough sleeping, so I took two sleeping pills to help out so I can't remember much of what was said towards the end of the conversation but I really wanted to try to make everyone get along.

It must have worked
because the next day, I
received this message
from Erica:

Hi Jett,

*Thank u so much,
again, for talking
things through with
me last night. I feel*

so much better, at ease, and positive about things. I tried to call Wes after we hung up and expectantly, he didn't answer, but then I sent him a text. I wanted you to know what I said

*because I spoke of
you and I just want
things to be in the
open. Here it is:*

*I want u to know that
I don't really think
that you are evil. I
said that because I
think that lying and*

*cheating come from
evil, but I don't think
that you, Wes the
person, is evil. I just
want u to know
that...*

*I also want u to
know that I come
from a place of*

*concern for Conner.
I think that deep-
down u know that,
but I need u to know
that through and
through.*

*I don't want to court
with u over Conner
for many reasons,*

*and I don't think it
would be a good
turn-out for either of
us, but if u choose to
take me, I will defend
my stance: my
concern for my son. I
would much rather
us talk it through,
however, again for*

many reasons...

*Finally, I talked w/
Jett tonight for a
long, long time and I
do not think he is
gay and I do not
think that he wants
Conner to be his
baby, which is huge*

*for me because I was
terrified of that. I
also think that u are
lucky to have him as
your friend. I truly
believe that he cares
a great deal about u,
as do I, but it is only
as a true friend does.
You can choose to*

*believe this or not. I
hope that you will
think about
everything that's
been happening,
including your
choices and our
reactions, and see
the truth. We both
have a lot of love for*

*u, Wes. I hope u will
reconsider,
understand, and talk
this through with
me... Please
-Erica*

I was really happy to
read that things
seemed to be sitting
better with her in her

mind and that maybe things could start getting better with Wes as well. I like to think that I helped her think more positively about the entire situation but I also wanted her to know that my loyalty was to

Wes and that
knowing that her and
I were
communicating
probably wasn't
sitting well with him:

Erica,

*Yea sorry I was a
little loopy towards
the end, the sleeping*

pills started to kick in. I'm really glad that I was able to talk with you and I'm hoping that this storm passes really soon.

I guess for me, I try to focus on the positives and that he

*is trying to grow as a
person and figure
out life, just like
everyone else and
that yes sometimes
he does slip up and
make a decision that
I don't agree with
but that's just part of
life and I have to*

*remember that he is
3 years younger than
me and growth will
happen with age.*

*I would rather
accept him for who
he is than not accept
him because he isn't
exactly the way I
want him to be.*

*This will probably be
my last
communication with
you until the storm
blows over because I
do want him to be
able to trust me and
even tho I mean well
by talking with you,
right now i should*

*just respect his
wishes.*

*Thanks for giving me
the opportunity to
show you that I
would never repeat
what was done to
me, it means a lot to
me that you gave me
a chance to explain*

everything.

Thanks again,

Jett

The last time I would
here from Erica would be
these final words:

Jett,

Okay sure, I totally

*understand about
wanting to respect
Wes. You are a loyal
friend, Jett; I really
think Wes is blessed
to have you. I hope
he will start seeing
that and
appreciating you
more.*

*Yes, our talk was
very healing for both
of us, I believe. I
hope that Wes and I
can have a heart to
heart like that soon.
I also truly hope Wes
will come to a place
where he will be*

more honest with everyone, including himself, and finally be able to open up to everyone he needs to whenever there is a problem...asap. That will make life so much more peaceful and trustful. Anyway,

*don't want to go on
and on again...*

*Take care of
yourself. Hopefully
the next time we talk
it will be on a much
happier note.*

Love is

understanding,
Erica

Next came the fun part, addressing Wes. A big part of me was still angry that he was able to say those things about me and then look me in the eye the previous morning knowing that he was the

reason Erica thought those things about me. It took a lot of will power for me to walk over to his place and not erupt on him over his words.

Instead, I went there with the same goal that the new year should be a fresh start for all of us. I

told him that I will never understand why he thought it was okay to say those things but that they were in the past and I really wanted to work past all of that. Sure, he may have gotten off easy, but to me, there is so much more to life than worrying

about what was said
months before. I really
just wanted my best
friend back and
forgiveness would have to
be a huge part of that.

CHAPTER 24 - SHIFTING FOCUS

The New Year brought new things for the site as well. We had new scouts, new models, new equipment, and it seemed

like everything had a new lease on life. 2012 was starting out great. Wes and I agreed that if we could start doing more non-porn related film jobs, then we could both utilize our creativity more and not feel so burnt out doing porn videos. Our

first film gig in a long time was filming some UFC fighters over SuperBowl weekend. Our job was to film the individual UFC fighters as they were interviewed by the staff from Xyience energy drinks. They had us in a conference room

with a very bland background so I only had about 15 minutes to try to come up with something that was a little more tasteful for them to sit in front of. Utilizing and easle, some cardboard cutouts, and carefully positioned cans of the

energy drink, I was able to transform the area into a space that fit the look of the UFC. The staff was pretty impressed with what we had thrown together and they asked us to come back and film over the next few days and even invited us to

their SuperBowl viewing party with the fighters. It seemed like things were finally getting back to our normal plans of having the porn company fund a completely separate video production company.

With ours heads back in the game, February

started off even better than January. We decided to do a special scene for Valentine's Day that would stray from our typical tongue-and-cheek opening that we usually did and instead went for all out romance. We converted the living room

in my apartment into this romantic bedroom scene with hundreds of candles and rose pedals. Instead of talking or introducing the scene, we started with Wes playing a record on the antique record player that I bought him for Christmas. As the scene

continued, he slowly made the bed and lit all of the candles. We used the glidetrack to make the scenes flow and even did some trick transition shots. This was going to be the most time consuming and best scene we had filmed to date.

We arranged the rose pedals to take the shape of our circular logo and originally had planned to just film the sex scene on top of them. But, since we hadn't really had a chance to use the slow-motion feature on our new camera, we wanted to

film ourselves jumping into our rose pedal logo. We adjusted the camera, set it to slow motion, and hit record. For whatever reason, it completely escaped our minds that we had a bunch of candles burning on the headboard which was setting up

against curtains on the wall. As we jumped onto the bed, the entire setup shifted into the headboard, knocking all of the lit candles and ceramic vases into the curtains on the wall. As we bounced back up, the looks on our faces turned

from ecstatic to terrified as we rushed to blow out the candles before they caught on fire. It was half scary and half hilarious but luckily, we were able to get them all blown out before the flames spread. It took an hour to reset and change the curtains since

they were now covered in candle wax, but we were able to start the scene over and no one could tell the difference from the first cut to the next. It also gave us a pretty awesome slow-motion blooper video for our blog! The scene turned out great and

it also gained us a lot of publicity. Many blogs called it “The Most Romantic Scene of All Time,” and we were okay with that.

Our Valentine’s Scene wasn’t the only good publicity we got during the month of February.

The annual gay porn awards announced their co-hosts for the upcoming ceremony and there was one more spot they needed to fill. This spot went to the person that would the fan-favorite vote for co-host and we were informed that we

made the Top 10. Upon hearing the news, I called our publicist to see if it was real. I mostly didn't believe it because the co-hosts were usually big DVD stars and we were still just a small internet website compared to the big guys. I asked him to

call around and see who rigged the vote in our favor. He called everyone including the heads of the award show and they all confirmed that the fans did indeed vote us into the Top 10 and that we were actual pretty high on the list. The only problem

was that there was only room for one of us so it had to be Aiden or Zane, not both. After talking it over with our publicist, we decided that we would choose Aiden to do it since I felt that if he wasn't going to co-host, he might not think it was

a big enough deal to go like he did the previous year. So it was set, we started promoting Aiden to win the position of Co-host for the Porn Awards in Chicago.

The day after Valentine's Day, we were the featured guests in West Hollywood

for a weekly event called “Cocktails with the Stars.” Each Wednesday, different adult performers would Hope the stage and answer questions from the audience. We had avoided making the appearance for almost a year when they finally asked us to do a

special Valentine's appearance. We drove in from Vegas and had no idea what we were in for. We were all dressed up for the occasion but it didn't take long for the host had us stripping down to our underwear to the crowd's delight. As

the night went on, things got more X-rated as the host asked us to show the crowd how a typical scene started. We had two minutes to show the crowd how we performed and I just followed as Wes led the way. I thought we were just

going to make out and I'm not even sure if nudity is allowed in Hollywood, but it didn't take long before Wes pulled my underwear down and was going down on me in front of the audience! Aside from the fact that neither of us was hard, the

crowd was totally surprised at just how far we were going. I'm not sure what their typical guests did, but we were out to show we had something to prove! As the night continued, we would play certain games with audience members

included having them throw candy hearts into our underwear from across the room. It was safe to say that we weren't prepared for that night but we handled it like champs!

The very next morning, we received an email

about another non-porn related film gig. There was a new photography gallery opening up at The Palazzo featuring three master photographers and they wanted someone to film their grand opening. We hauled all of the equipment over and

happily signed on to the project. We were both still exhausted from the drive back to Vegas, but this was a job that I was more than excited to do. We filmed for several hours and headed back home so we could start producing a video for

them. Wes picked out the perfect background music and quickly started cutting down the footage. We sat at his desk for hours just going over the footage and making certain tweaks to get it just right. There were a few spots that we wanted to reshoot

due to some reflections,
but overall, they loved the
video that we submitted.
They liked it so much that
they invited us to come
on location with the
photographers and film
some behind-the-scenes
footage of them taking
these magnificent photos.

I was more than thrilled for that opportunity and things were really starting to look up for our other film business. We returned to the gallery a few nights later to hand them so new footage and the gallery manager, Tommy, invited us to the

back room for some beers. He was very pleased with what we filmed and produced and wanted to congratulate us and let us know that there was definitely more work coming our way for them. We talked for a while and he asked us many

questions about how we got into filming and we danced around the topic so that the porn business would never come up. Then he asked us whose company it was and I answered that it was both of ours, because that's what it had always been.

On the drive home, I asked Wes if he was happy with how the meeting went.

Apparently, he was mad that I answered the question that the company was both of ours and instead he wanted to answer it. I didn't really

understand why he was upset but I apologized and kept the thought that he was acting childish to myself.

With our side film business finally starting to take off, we decided that we would try to alternate months for filming. We

would devote one month entirely to filming scenes and the following month we could do more fun side projects. We agreed to make March our most aggressive filming month to date. We were flying in 5 new models and had 18 new scenes scheduled to

be filmed. I sat Wes down and told him that I really needed him to pull through this month because we were spending more money than ever and there was a lot on the line.

Our first new model was John Jacobs. He was a

light skinned black guy
with blue eyes and a great
attitude. I had a feeling
that he would be really
popular with our
members, so we were
hoping that he could
perform as well as he
looked. We had three
scenes planned for John;

his solo, a scene with Bryan, and a scene with Wes and I. During a phone conversation, John had stated that he actually preferred filming outside, so I knew that we would end up hiking somewhere for our scene together.

After John's solo, I was

pretty much on my own for the rest of his stay. His next scene with Bryan was scheduled for Sunday and since that was the day that Wes got to see Conner, I had to do everything on my own. No matter what happened, that was the one thing that

I could never get mad about; if it dealt with Conner, then it was okay in my book. The scene went okay, John had problems staying hard and getting off, but that was something that we had dealt with for years. I knew that it would be a

little extra difficult for Wes to edit but it was far from the worst video we had filmed.

The following day was John's final scene with us. It was supposed to be shot at Cowboy Canyon and it was going to be a threesome between John,

Wes, and I. Bryan was coming along to film and since it was being shot in a canyon, we scheduled the shoot to begin at noon. Later Sunday night, I received a text from Wes asking if we could push it back to 1pm instead. I knew that

would mean less time to shoot but if it meant he would be in better spirits, I was okay with it. The next day, one o'clock came and passed without a peep from Wes. I called his phone, knocked on his door, and even called Julie's phone... no luck.

Julie's car was there so I thought if I could get a hold of her, she could wake Wes up. Two o'clock passed, and still nothing. Both John and Bryan were sitting at my place just waiting. For Bryan, this was nothing new, but for John, I'm

sure we looked like the most unorganized company he had ever dealt with. Eventually, I drove to the gas station to get some Redbulls and I noticed that Julie's car was now gone. So she woke up and left but didn't have the decency to

return any of my calls or texts. I was started to get livid. I walked back over to Wes's and somehow the door was left unlocked. His bedroom door was closed so I just knocked and took the dogs out. I came back in and still nothing. So I

opened his bedroom door and to my surprise, he wasn't in there. Finally, I discovered that he was sleeping in the spare bedroom and was able to wake him up. He was mostly concerned with how I got in but I was more concerned with

getting him awake and getting the cameras from his place. He said that he would need at least 15 minutes to get showered and get ready and I just told him to hurry up and that we had been waiting all day for him. Another hour passed and still no

Wes. I returned to his place where he said he was going to back out of the shoot and I told him that that was fine, but I needed him to help me carry the equipment into the canyon. Apparently, this pissed him off to no end and the whole walk to

my place, he was bitching how I was inconveniencing him. It didn't matter that 3 other people had been waiting all day for him; it was all about him at this point. Once again, I avoided an argument since I had to be on camera later that day.

It was 5pm before we finally left for the canyon and I knew we would be lucky if there was even enough light to film outside at that point. On the way, Wes apologized for snapping at me and even agreed to be in the shoot again.

When we arrived at the canyon, there was no light shining down at all so we had to regroup and come up with a new plan. We started hiking toward the edge of Lake Mead and found this spot that was pretty out in the open to film. At that point, I knew

John was leaving the next morning, so I just wanted to get the scene finished and out of the way. We set up some tripods next to the water and started filming the scene. As the sun was setting, we started to hear voices of other hikers nearby so we

would stop several times and grab out pants just in case. Bryan was probably the most paranoid but I really just wanted to finish the scene. We decided to keep the cameras rolling each time we stopped since getting caught was a big fetish to

some people. Finally, just as Wes was getting off, this boat was headed in our direction and you could tell that it was coming for us. I learned that day, that the fear of getting caught was a huge turn on for me and I got off just as the boat almost

got to our location. After that, it was too dark and we decided to finish the scene back at the house but lucky for Wes, his tardiness turned into a great scene for those that are into the thought of almost getting caught in the act.

The following week, it was announced that Wes was selected by the fans of the industry to be the fan-favorite Co-host for the Porn Awards.

Initially, he wasn't thrilled about the idea, but eventually he did warm up to it and thought it

would be great publicity for the site. I never told him that the fans actually voted for us, but the less he knew about it, the better off it would be for the site. With all of the good publicity going for the site, our sales continued to increase and

I knew that we had to keep rolling with the momentum. With our one-year birthday just around the corner, I wanted to do a scene that was a little more fun to celebrate our milestone. We originally planned to have our birthday video

start out with a flashback from our very first scene together at the last company, so I recreated the living room to look exactly like the old company. The idea was that we would wear almost the exact same clothes and do the exact

same things with the thought of us showing how far we had come from the old site. But, when we finally got to it, we decided that we didn't want our site to have any trace of the old site on it, so the idea was scrapped for something a little

more innocent. We gathered up all of the props and artwork for every scene we had filmed over the first year and filled the room with hundreds of balloons for our birthday. We once again used the slow motion camera and

recorded ourselves
clowning around with the
balloons and eventually
with each other. In
editing, Wes added some
perfectly innocent music
to set the mood just right.
Whereas the Valentine's
scene was all about the
romance, our birthday

scene was all about fun sex.

A few days later, we launched our first major redesign of the website. Everything that was black was now bright white and we evolved our logo into something that was fresher and even made it

easier for the members to find videos with their favorite models in them. With all of the new publicity we were receiving, I was worried that the site looked outdated and overcrowded. We also changed the layout of the

videos, the layout of the blog, made the navigation buttons larger for mobile devices, changed the model bio pages, and added a page for site reviews. It was a monumental task but I was able to pull it off in just a few days! I was

exhausted but it was definitely worth all the time, the site was clean, crisp, fresh, and most of all, more user-friendly.

Design changes weren't the only thing that was different about the website, April would also bring an interesting

opportunity that we had always talked about but never followed through with- filming ourselves with a girl. This was something that was frequently brought up by a handful of members that loved the thought of seeing us in our “natural

setting” as they called it. We always knew that there were some members that would immediately cancel if they ever came across a vagina on our site, so we never seriously entertained the offer. Then one day, a friend of ours sent me a message

with pictures of a girl saying that she wanted to get into the industry and wanted to get double penetrated for a demo video she wanted to do. As much as I wanted to do it, I knew that Wes was dating Julie and didn't want to be accused

of trying to break them up
if I had proposed the idea
to him. Then one night,
Wes and I went bowling
and after several pitchers
of beers, I told him that I
was thinking about doing
it without him. Before I
showed him pictures, I
made him tell me that he

understood that I purposely didn't tell him about the opportunity because of Julie. He said he understood and when I showed him her photos, he thought she was really hot and wanted to take part in the scene. He then told me that if he did it,

that I would have to
promise not to say a word
to Julie but I had to
remind him that I hadn't
spoken to Julie in months
and that it would actually
mean more to me if he
trusted me with not
telling her. After a few
more beers, he then asked

me if, considering his situation, if he should do it. I replied that there was no way I was going to answer that question if there was any chance it could be used against me and I told him that I had no idea what he and Julie's relationship was

like. As we continued to talk about it, he shared with me that he was almost over Julie and as much as that caught me off guard, I still refused to make any suggestions to him. They had a weekend trip planned for the next week and I wanted

nothing to do with interfering at all. Their trip to wine country was only 2 days but something magical must have happened. When Wes got back, he wanted nothing to do with filming the scene with the girl and it seemed like anything site-

related was extra
agitating. He told me that
he brought up the idea of
filming a girl scene to
Julie and she wasn't
having it. As much as I
really wanted to film the
scene, I actually felt
proud of him for making
that decision and being up

front about it with her.
Either way, by this point,
my friendship with Wes
was pretty non-existent.
Aside from those rare
times that we went
bowling, the New Year
hadn't actually brought us
closer as friends, but
instead it just made me

stay the hell out their way. I thought I was doing a favor by giving them their space, but I could tell that in Julie's eyes, I was still the bad guy. I didn't know how to change it but I was growing frustrated at the distance between me and my business partner.

Communication was minimal at best and trying to schedule any shoots with fly-in models was becoming more and more difficult to complete.

Mid-April brought with it a chance meeting of some new friends from within the porn industry. Dustin

and Tony were two of the bigger names in the industry and they were in Vegas celebrating Tony's 21st birthday so we arranged to meet up during their visit. When I got to their hotel, they started asking about the difficulties of building

and running your own membership website.

When their contracts were up with their studio, they wanted to do what we did and have their own porn company but just weren't sure how viable it would be. I could tell that this was something that they

were excited about and it was actually refreshing for me to see two guys that wanted to produce their own content. With Wes, it was like pulling teeth to get anything done. In one way, I was feeding off of their energy and on the other hand, it reminded

me of how Wes and I were before we launched. We were so excited about doing business on our own and the possibilities seemed endless. I offered to give the guys any help they needed at no cost and even though they would technically be

competition, something about their entrepreneurial spirit really drew me in. We talked about cameras, lighting, and more importantly, how much money our site had brought in. The guys were hooked but they couldn't

legally do anything with their ideas until their big-studio contracts had expired. I spent the next few days with them in Vegas and for once in a long time, I didn't notice that Wes wasn't around. The next time I would see Dustin and Tony would

be the following month at the Porn Awards where Wes was set to Co-host.

With the awards just a few weeks away, my close friends in the industry started to question if Wes would actually show up and Co-host the show. Even

though Wes was becoming increasingly distant, I reassured them that there was no way Wes was going to bail. I told them that Wes would show up and that he would do an amazing job. Secretly I had no idea if he would back out, but at

this point, I still had some remaining faith in him. A small part of me actually thought that he would use the show to announce his retirement from the industry.

As we flew to Chicago,
We voiced some concerns over the Co-host

position. He wasn't really sure what his role was going to be or what he would be required to do. He was mostly concerned about mispronouncing someone's name but I just kept reminding him that they were just fake names anyway and that the

audience would be drunk so it wouldn't really matter. Wes usually dreaded the thought of attending any of the porn events but once we would get to them, he would love all of the attention. In fact, many of the events that we went to

often made him more interested in the site- at least for the first week following an event. I was hoping that the Porn Awards would reignite his spark and make him want to take the site more seriously as a business. I was growing tired that the

site was paying every single expense in his life but yet he treated it like some big inconvenience in his life. Maybe, just maybe, this could revive his interest in our business.

In Chicago, we announced our new

partnership with Swiss Navy Lube and part of the deal was that we would host a party at one of the Chicago clubs and hand out free Swiss Navy samples. They sent us a bunch of their products and also our outfits for that evening. When I

opened the bag, I was surprised to find two tiny little briefs with the Swiss Navy logo and matching sailor hats. I was told it was going to be boxer-briefs and when I tried them on, there wasn't much left for the imagination. I was

nervous to show Wes what we had to wear but when he saw them, he wasn't phased at all and was ready for the gig. When we arrived at the club, the place was packed. We passed out our products, took pictures with the fans, and

even signed autographs for a few that brought pictures of us. Wes was all about it and it seemed to me like he was turning a new leaf. I could not have been happier. We made our way to a back room of the bar where they were having porn

stars demonstrate some sex toys to raise money for charity. If the crowd donated a certain amount of money, the other porn stars would do a little more to raise as much money as they could. Then, just as I was walking back to the front

to put my jeans back on, I hear them calling our names to the stage. I thought since we were hosting the party that we would be spared having to do any performances but that wasn't the case.

Wes and I hopped up on the stage in our tiny

underwear and sailor hats
as the host announced
who we were and
promoted our website.
Then, just as we did in
West Hollywood, we
were instructed to
perform the first two
minutes of a sex scene.
The crowd went wild and

the money started pouring in for charity. Neither of us got fully naked but we still managed to put on a good show and raise money for a good cause. Afterwards, I took the first chance I had to put my jeans on and keep them on for the rest of the

night!

The following night was the big award show. The Porn Awards were finally here. Wes was set to Co-host and we were nominated for our first award, Best Original Content Site. All of our hard work for the

previous year and a half lead up to this one night. Needless to say, I was excited. We were very fortunate to have many of our fans fly in from all across the country to come out and support us on this very important night. Wes, Bryan, and I

got all dressed up and we arranged for a limo to come pick us up along with a bunch of our fans. The limo was overfilled but it was something that none of us will ever forget. Wes was obviously nervous. Halfway to the show, he

realized that he forgot his bag with all of his costume changes so we had to turn back. Then, once we got to the awards and walked the red carpet, he realized he forgot his wallet in the limo. He was a mess but I was happy that he was taking the

hosting position seriously
and I called the limo
driver to locate his wallet.

Once inside, our fans all
gathered at our table right
in front of the stage to
cheer on Wes as he took
the stage. Chi Chi Larue
opened the show and
introduced Wes as the

fan-favorite Co-host and the whole room cheered him on. I was surprised to get a couple text messages from Julie asking me to take send her a few pictures of Wes on stage. Julie hadn't talked to me in months except for now when she

wanted me to do something for her. Instead of making a big deal about it, I just snapped some pictures and sent them her way.

The second award of the night was the category that we were nominated for, Best Original Content

Site. As they read the nominees, I started to think that we were up against some really stiff competition and I had a moment where I thought there was no way we were going to win. It seemed like an eternity as Bryan and I sat there waiting for

them to announce the winner. Then, at last, they announced the winner, we won! Our whole table went nuts as we took the stage to accept our very first award. Wes, Bryan, and I all approached the podium and rambled off our acceptance speech.

I'm not even sure what we said but this small piece of glass hardware represented so much more to us than just a simple porn award. From our old boss that said we were nothing without him, to all the naysayers that said straight guys couldn't

make a quality product, to every single anonymous hater on a blog, this award meant more than all of them combined. For all of our hard work, our ups and downs, our fights, our tears, our relationships that were ruined, and our members that supported

us from day one, this award represented all of that and so much more. Even though it was just a small piece of glass, we finally had proper recognition within the porn industry- and that was something that our former boss never had

after 8 years of trying. We did it in one! As Wes knocked the hosting job out of the ball park, we continued to celebrate with drinks at the table until the show wrapped up and the limo drove us all to the after party where it didn't take long for me

to lose most of my
clothing while celebrating
our win!

The following day, Wes
had to fly home early
because he had friends
coming out to Vegas. I
spent that day sight-seeing
with Dustin and Tony
where we talked a little

bit more about what they wanted for their future website. The idea had previously been brought up that instead of me just giving them advice for their site, that we could actually invest money and have a more supportive role in the development

of their company. They both liked the idea of having us invest instead of some outsider so we verbally agreed that when their contracts were up in November and December that we could make that happen. Little did we know that luck would be

in our favor just a few
weeks after the Porn
Awards.

CHAPTER 25 - LOSING INTEREST

While driving to LA to do a promotional appearance at a nightclub during LA Pride, I received a phone call from Austin

informing me that both he and Tony had been terminated from their contracts for refusing to take part in a gang-bang scene. This was 5 months earlier than we all expected, but I knew we had to pounce on the opportunity. The rest of

my drive was spent on the phone trying to coordinate their trip, ordering hard on pills, and booking their flights to Vegas for two days later. Wes had previously asked me to not schedule anything for the next week since he had another UFC film gig

in California. I called him to break the news that I didn't have a choice but that the guys were bringing their own cameras so it wouldn't conflict with his previously scheduled plans. The only thing I asked of him was to film a

foursome scene with me and the guys to help announce our new partnership which he agreed to do.

My appearance gig was that night which was a Friday but I knew I couldn't stay long because we promoted a free live

sex show the following night. I drove back to Vegas early Saturday morning to set up for our show which we would broadcast to everyone including non-members through our website. We promoted it pretty heavily on Facebook and Twitter,

so we were expecting a pretty decent turn-out. Our weekly LIVEchats that we hosted on our site usually brought out between 20-50 people but since this was open to the public, we had no idea what to expect. I moved our shooting bed into the

living room and set up three additional cameras so that we could film our show and use it as an update for the site.

Aside from a few technical issues, the show started off as planned. The idea of opening the show up to the public was

that it would give us a chance for non-members to get to know our personalities and hopefully get a good idea of what our typical scene was all about. As we chatted with the viewers, the numbers quickly rose and we passed the 350

mark. I couldn't believe that that many people were watching us live but now it was time to get down to business. Just as we started getting into the sex part of the show, the supports from the bed gave out and the whole bed collapsed to the floor!

We couldn't help but pause the scene as we burst out in laughter. The Twitter universe lit up as everyone was tweeting about what had just happened during our live sex show. I wish I could take credit for all the additional publicity the

bed accident brought us but the stars must have just aligned in our favor that night. Instead of fixing the bed, we just continued the sex scene to the viewers delight. The show completely captured the fun side of our site and yielded us tons of

new members. It seemed like things were just falling back into place for us.

The following day, Dustin and Tony arrived in Vegas just as word was spreading across the internet that they were both let go from their big-

studio contracts. Many speculated which major studio the duo would sign with, but nobody predicted they would film their first scene with us. We kept everything on the extreme down low and planned our first scene with them the next

day.

It was very obvious that we all wanted to have fun with this scene, so we brainstormed ways that we could throw in a jab at their former bosses. Since the studio they left was called NextDoor, we knew the scene would

involve having sex with our neighbors- our next door neighbors. Since their old company was known for using cheesy story lines, we played up that idea and started off with a knock on the door. We acted like Wes didn't know who was knocking

and I told him that I invited the neighbors over from next door. When they walked in, they said they were just hanging out next door and got bored so they thought they would come over and hang out. We eventually stopped playing up the

cheesy porn scenario and focused on what we all did best on camera, produce hot, unstaged sex. The scene went really, really well and only lasted about an hour total but Wes was in a hurry to get back home so he could quickly edit the

scene down before he left for California the following morning. I couldn't wait to send out the preview video to all of the blogs that were still chattering about which studio the guys were going to be working with. The preview videos were

embeddable and it was the best way for affiliates to drive traffic to our site. In short, preview videos were almost like commercials for our website. This scene was the biggest thing to happen for us since our win and getting the

preview video just right was key.

The next morning, I woke up to see that Wes had uploaded the full video but completely left us hanging without a preview. This was what would bring us in all of the publicity so I had no

choice but to reach out to our friend Liam in LA to help us out. Wes still had not shown me the process of editing our videos, so I was completely depending on Liam at this point. Liam had also never used Final Cut so he had to teach himself

how to edit as I was still in Vegas working on some stuff with the guys. Wes left us in a pretty bad spot but I held back from getting mad since he did at least stay up all night and get the full video for the members done. When Liam finally uploaded the

preview video, I couldn't believe how good it was. Having never worked with that program, Liam's video was better than 90% of the preview videos that Wes usually threw together and it was then that I really started to question Wes's devotion

to the site. The previews should all look like mini trailers teasing the actual scene which is exactly what Liam did. I kept my thoughts to myself and just continued working with the guys until Wes returned from California. That Friday, we all agreed

that we would film a promotional music video toting our new partnership. I made all the arrangements with a local nightclub and they allowed us to bring all of our equipment in to film during operating hours. The plan was to be there

at 8 o'clock so that we could get some shots before the crowd came in. Wes agreed to meet us there and bring all of the equipment. I wasn't really surprised that we got there before Wes but I didn't think he would be more than an hour late.

Everyone was sitting inside of the empty club growing more and more impatient as each minute passed. By the time he finally arrived, everyone was pretty sick of his tardiness and nobody was really in the mood to anything fun for the

video. We tried our best to get through it, but there was no hiding everyone's frustration with Wes. We filmed several different shots for the video but I knew that it was all going to be junk. Once again, Wes was ruining things because he couldn't

consider anyone else's time. Again, I tried to keep my head up and just keep spirits high. In Wes's defense, he had a sore throat and was coming down with something but I still thought it was rude to waste everyone's time.

Our foursome scene with the guys went up earlier that day and our sales skyrocketed. It seemed that our members loved the idea of our partnership and the numbers reflected that it was a great idea. Some blogs gave the guys a hard time for teaming up

with a gay-for-pay studio but for the most part, everyone welcomed them with open arms.

I wanted to ride out all the new publicity we were getting so we decided to release a scene that we had filmed before the Porn Awards. It was our

most expensive scene to date and it was the only time we filmed a 5-some scene. It was also the most intense scene with the most penetration and I knew that there was a ton of new eyes on us so we had to follow up our last scene with something

even better. I knew that since the scene was more involved than a typical duo scene, Wes was not looking forward to editing it. There would have to be more cuts, transitions, and thoughtfulness to make the scene comprehensible. He had a

few days until the video had to go up and I knew the kind of skills he had from our non-porn related jobs, so I had complete faith in him that he could pull it together. In the meantime, I had another model flying out to film some more scenes.

We had worked with Derek in the past and since he was also a car guy, was one of my favorite models to work with. He had never bottomed in a scene before but he needed the money so he agreed to bottom for us for the very

first time. I originally had another new model scheduled to fly in to film with Derek, but a syphilis scare prevented us from being able to work with him. Luckily, I was able to get Bryan and Jordan on board to film with Derek and his third scene

would be his big
bottoming debut with me.
Wes was getting sicker
and eventual was covered
in a full-body rash so I
was going to have to
handle this round of
shooting all by myself
again. This was nothing I
couldn't handle as I had

done it several times before.

When I picked up Derek from the airport, I mentioned some ideas for his bottoming scene. He quickly replied in all seriousness that he wasn't bottoming and that he would never bottom on

camera. I was a little taken back but I also knew that I would never force someone to do something that they didn't want to do but at the same time, that was the main reason I flew him in. I had already bottomed for him months prior, and

with Wes being sick, I had no other local models available to bottom for his third scene. Derek had no idea, but he just royally screwed up my plans for that week of shooting. I was beyond annoyed with him at this point, but I had to paint on a happy

face since he had just a few hours until he had to film a scene with Jordan and the last thing you want is to have your models stressed out or thinking about something other than their scene. It ruins erections, kills chemistry, and is just a

bad idea.

When their scene finally started, it seemed like things were off to a great start. They both had minimal problems staying hard and were completely into making it appear that they were into each other. Then, Jordan's phone

rang. The models weren't supposed to have their phones in the shooting room but Jordan thought it would be okay to have his on vibrate under the bed. We stopped the scene and as it turned out, it was Jordan's boss calling telling him he was

supposed to be at work.
This was just what I
needed. As if there
weren't enough things
going wrong, now
Jordan's mind would be
focused on rushing the
scene so he could get to
work and not be fired. We
started the scene back up

and sure enough, just a few minutes later while bottoming, Jordan got off. Luckily, Derek had made his rounds through the industry so he knew that it was now up to him to make the scene complete. Thankfully, he did and Jordan was able to get to

work and save his job. All was not lost, but nothing seemed to be going to plan.

The next day, Derek was scheduled to film with Bryan. Bryan was usually our go-to guy when we needed someone to bottom, but he was still

recovering from an infection so having him bottom was out of the question. With Derek refusing to bottom, I really had no idea how this scene was going to go and was open to any suggestions from the guys. I personally didn't

even want to film a scene without any penetration but they both needed money and I was out of options. If I wasn't already over the scene before it started, Wes was about to cause me to pull the plug.

Just before filming

started, the 5-some scene was finally ready to go up on the website. I was a little curious to see what he had come up with, so I started to watch the scene to see how well he did. This scene was a dream sequence that was similar to a video we put out

weeks prior where we made the whole set look like heaven. Everything was covered in flowing, white drapes and we even tried using dry ice for a foggy dream effect. We added some soft dreamy music to complete the illusion and it was

actually one of my favorite scenes we had ever put out. However, when I watched the 5-some scene, I couldn't believe what I saw.

There was no music, no dreamy transitions, and the cuts that were thrown together made it

impossible to figure out who was who. There were even a few spots with holes that contained no footage whatsoever. It was very obvious that Wes just threw the scene quickly together without putting any thought into it. I was so embarrassed

that a video that bad had my name attached to it and the preview that he threw together was even worse. I decided to let the guys finish the scene on their own because at this point, I was too pissed to even care. I sent Wes text messages letting him

know that what he put up was unacceptable and needed to be redone that day. His only response was, “good luck.” He tried blaming the videos quality on the fact that he knew a 5-some was a bad idea, but it wasn't the content that was bad- it

was the editing. I told him a few things that I knew off hand that needed changed and told him that I was coming over to fix it after I dropped Derek off. Simply put, it was the worst thing we had ever put up.

He then sent me a text

saying that I didn't need to come over and that he wasn't in the mood to deal with me face to face. Obviously, I did need to be there to watch over his shoulder to make sure that he did his job right, so I wasn't going to take no for an answer. We pulled

down the member's video and the preview video and started reediting both of them. I sat there and pointed out each mistake that I saw and with a little attention to detail and some music added to the scene, we were able to take it from one of our

worst scenes, to one of our best. It was a quick fix, but it was now clear that Wes could no longer be depended on to edit our videos to our standards. In a matter of a month, we went from having our highest moment in the history of

the site, to now having to question Wes's role in the company. He didn't want to take part in the scenes and he couldn't edit our videos properly. It was becoming more and more of an inconvenience and yet the company was still paying all of his bills and

giving him a steady payroll check. I could feel him slipping away from the site, but I wasn't sure if the site could continue on without Aiden- our scenes together were the main reason many of the members stuck around.

As much as I wanted to approach the issue, I was invited to appear in Dallas, Texas for Tommy's birthday and needed to get in shape for the appearance. I was set to return to Vegas on the 5th of July and I asked Wes what time the UFC

fan festival was. Months earlier, we had made plans to film some of the fighters at their annual fan festival. He sort of danced around the topic and said that we would only need one camera but I started to get the feeling that he didn't want me to take

part in it. I hadn't done a non-porn related job with him in a while because I was busy running the site, but this time, it was obvious that he had no plans of continuing the other video production company with me.

After discussing it with

Dustin and Tony, they also decided to fly down to appear for the birthday party. Since we were all going to be together, we decided to bring the cameras along so we could get some test footage for their new website and Tommy

would film a scene for our site. When we got to Dallas, we were all in party mode. The club was littered with flyers about our appearance and when Tommy's birthday finally started, the club was more packed than it had ever been before. We took

pictures with fans, raffled off our underwear, and I drank way more than I was planning on. The night was a huge success and I planned on filming our scenes the next day after our hangovers went away. As it turned out, Tommy was actually

leaving town the next morning to spend his birthday with his mother, so my plans for filming were ruined. I was a stressed out but it seemed that that was just the way things had been going lately and this day wasn't unlike the rest so I wasn't

really surprised. It was a great trip for partying, but as far as work went, it was a complete waste.

CHAPTER 26 - IT TOOK A TORNADO

The next day, the three of us headed to airport.

Dustin and Tony were flying back to St. Louis and I was headed back to

Vegas. Unfortunately, their flight was scheduled to leave seven hours before mine and the airport wouldn't let me check my bags in so that I could hang out with them until they left. I was stuck in the ticketing area so we said our good-byes over

the phone.

Just as I sat down in the lobby of the ticketing area, my brother called me to inform me that a tornado had just hit our hometown and it tore off the roof of our brother's house and that nobody could get a hold of my

sister. In an instant, all of the drama with Wes and with filming was suddenly not so important. I quickly pulled up the flights on my phone and booked the next available flight home. While boarding my new flight, I was surprised to receive a

text message from me ex girlfriend, Jacey, asking me if my aunt's house was okay since it was right in the middle of where the storm hit. I hadn't spoke to her in almost a year so it was completely random to see her name on my phone

but I told her that I didn't know anything yet and that I was actually flying there at that exact moment.

It was dark by the time Jake picked me up from the airport but he drove me through town to give me an idea of the

devastation. There was no electricity, so all street lights and traffic signals were out. The town was pitch-black and we were the only vehicle driving around. It didn't take long for us to get pulled over and the sheriff told us that the town was off limits

and we had to go home.
Needless to say, it was
eerie seeing my
hometown this way.

When daylight came, I
was finally able to see the
damage that was done.
The largest trees were
ripped from the ground
like toothpicks and

thrown across roads and rooftops. Power lines laid across some of the roads. One person died when a tree crushed his SUV and as the sun set, the town was buzzing from the sound of generators and chain saws. It was sad to see the damage but I was

thankful that everyone in my family was found safe and sound.

The next day, Linsi said she wanted to go out for drinks and invited me to join her and Jacey. At first, it seemed strange that they were hanging out since much of my family

wasn't big fans of Jacey' since we broke up years ago. What made the thought even weirder is that when we were together, we didn't drink, so going out with Jacey for drinks was something that I had never done before. Linsi assured me

that Jacey had changed for the better and that she really wanted me to come out for drinks with them. I started to text Jacey and we ended up meeting for smoothies later in the day to break the ice.

We got to talking about a lot of things and then it

was brought up that I never did tell her about my big secret- that I did gay porn. We talked a little more and I kept avoiding telling her because it was too long of a story to tell over smoothies, so I suggested that we go for a drive out

in the country like we used to do. I was overly nervous to tell her because for years, she was the one person that I had hoped would never find out about it. Many people in our small town already knew so it was hard to believe that she was still

in the dark. As we drove, I started to share with her my journey into the adult industry. Her first question was the most obvious question which was, “Are you still straight?” I reassured her that yes, I was still straight and to my

surprise, she was actually okay with everything. I guess she figured since she had already been married and divorced, that she was in no place to pass judgment on anyone else's decisions. We kept driving and sharing stories and laughing at some of

the mistakes we had both made in our lives and it actually started to feel like the old days. Maybe the old me wasn't lost forever like I had thought!

Later that night, we all met up for dinner and drinks at a local Mexican restaurant. Jacey brought

her sisters and I brought
Linsi and my stepdad,
Jim. The last time I had
spoke to her sisters, we
didn't really leave off on a
good note, so I was
relieved that everyone
was having a good time.
We all took shots,
laughed about the past,

and overall enjoyed each other's company. We then went to another bar to finish out the night. After we dropped Linsi off at her place, we drove back to Jacey's house where I ended up staying the night.

For the first time in years,

I was lying in the same bed as Jacey holding her, kissing her, and making small talk until we both fell asleep. After all the things we had been through, it felt like nothing had changed. We still fit each other so well and with her, everything

just seemed right. I wasn't trying to prove anything, I didn't have to be anybody I wasn't, and it was simply simple. All these years I had been trying to recreate or find what Jacey and I had, and finally had it again. Over the next few days, we

hung out with her family and I stayed over every single night. I would make the occasional joke that I bet none of them thought that I would ever be around again but her mom would disagree. For whatever reason, she always felt that Jacey still

had feelings for me and I could not have been happier to hear that. Her mom was the next person that I would need to share my secret with and I really didn't know how that would go over. I waited until Jacey was at work and I approached

her when she was by herself to have a sit-down conversation with her about my life. A few days earlier, while in the pool, she had asked me what I did in Las Vegas and I gave her a really short answer because there were kids around and it

wasn't an appropriate time to bring up the porn industry. Now I had to face the music and come clean about my job.

We talked for more than an hour and before I was finished, Jacey's sister entered the room to catch the tail end of the

conversation. Her mom had some typical questions for me, but overall, it went really well. She really didn't mind that I did gay porn and shared the same thought about passing judgment as Jacey did. She mainly pointed out

that if I could make a good living in this economy, than go for it. For years, I was worried how Jacey and her family would react to my choices and as it turned out, they were some of the most accepting about it. I was beyond relieved that it

went so well and instantly I felt like a huge load was lifted off of my shoulders. It didn't take long before Jacey's mom would ask her if the two of us were going to get back together and later that night, the question would come up while we were laying in

bed.

Jacey asked me if I thought our book was finished or if there could possibly be more to come. I told her that I would never say never and that for years, all I wanted to find was what I had at that very moment. Since I

lived across the country, I told her that if we tried dating again, I wouldn't do a long distance relationship because if we gave it another try, I wanted to do it right this time. I learned my lesson in the past, long distance relationships aren't really

what anyone is looking for, so we started talking about plans for the future. She was going to start a 7 month school and eventually wanted to move to Nashville and I would need some time to figure out things with the website. Without even

trying, I was back to planning a future with Jacey.

While I was at home enjoying my time with my family and Jacey, it wouldn't be a normal trip home unless Wes somehow did something to rain on my parade. I

noticed that the new video hadn't gone up and it was already a whole day late and that he also withdrew \$500 from the company's bank account from an ATM at the Mirage Casino. It was finally time to ask Wes about his current and

future involvement with the company and explain to him that this isn't the way a business should be run. We couldn't keep missing our scheduled updates and he couldn't keep treating the company's money like his own personal piggy bank.

Something had to change.
I received an email back
from Wes basically saying
what I had been telling
him all along, he wrote:

*Jett I've done a lot of
fucked up shit to
jeopardize are
friendship. You were
always there trying*

*to fix it and make it
work. I was a fool
and to fucking
stubborn. You were
never out to get me
all you wanted was
my friendship. I wish
none of this had to
happen, you were a
great friend man and*

*I hope you have
tremendous success
in everything you do.
I'll always remember
the good time and
how we used to be.
I'll do better in life
from here on out
man. I'll stop being
inconsiderate and*

*thinking of just
myself. I give you my
word Jett, I know my
word doesn't mean
much now but its all
I have. You've have
done so much for
me, I want to say
thank you from the
bottom of my heart.*

I'm so sorry Jett for everything.

Usually, I would have got a little choked up reading words like that- especially from him. But this time, I felt nothing. As much as I wanted to believe they were sincere, it just felt like there had to be some

kind of motive behind it. He still didn't offer up any hints of wanting me to continue working with him on non-porn related projects which was our goal all along. We always said we would use the porn company to fund our other video production

company so that we could eventually get out of the adult industry and do something that we really enjoyed, something that we could be proud to show our families.

Instead, all I got from it was this, “Sorry, I’m a shitty friend and business

partner, you always tried to help me but I still have no interest in helping you get out of the industry like we had always planned.” I helped him build the separate non-porn related video company but he wanted me to have nothing to do with it.

I felt like any ounce of our friendship was completely disregarded and I would really need to start considering what my options with site were.

We had spent a year and a half growing our company from nothing while living on unemployment to a

company that had the potential to bring in over a million dollars a year. We had beat the odds, won awards, and were the go-to guys for anyone else looking to launch their own porn companies. We were on the cover of magazines that touted us

as “The New Kings of Amateur Porn.” Even though we hated the title 'pornstar' I was nominated for Best Pornstar and we were again nominated for Best Video Site. And yet, here we were, at our biggest crossroads yet. Would Wes really walk

away from our company and leave me on my own to decide its fate? Would I even be able to balance my responsibilities while also carrying his? There were so many unanswered questions for me to wrap my mind around but all I wanted to do was spend

my remaining time in Ohio with Jacey. When I was with her, none of that stuff mattered. She never cared about money, fame, or success. She was a girl that was carefree and content with the world. On my last day in Ohio, we talked about how I

could fly her to Vegas
once a month and I could
come home to Ohio just
as often. We both knew
that we still had really
strong feelings for each
other and I still thought
that she could still be the
one for me. It was a crazy
few years for both of us

since we had last been together, but it seemed like my journey had finally come full circle. Every girl that came in and out of my life, I always compared it to my relationship with Jacey but maybe that was because she was my first

true love. There was never a relationship that was as easy, as comfortable, as fulfilling as ours was. A few came close enough to make me forget about her but none of them held a candle to the connection that Jacey and I had. We didn't get

back together, but I was able to get some closure and now the thought of moving back home wasn't so scary. I beat myself up for years over my decision to get into gay porn but I finally found someone that didn't mind and yet I knew her all along. I used

to say that I didn't regret
anything that I did
because everything was a
learning experience that
helped shape the person
that I had become. Now, I
feel differently. I think its
okay to live with some
regret, it keeps you
grounded and it keeps

things in perspective. I've learned that sometimes, we know a decision isn't the best, but we do it anyway because we fear what the alternate decision could bring. It doesn't make the choice any better, but it's our way of qualifying it as

reasonable.

Brianna's mom was absolutely right, the decisions that I made throughout my life snowballed into something that I really didn't think through as I was living it. I got caught up by the fame and

fortune that the business brought in. What started as an idea to stop our old boss from being able to harm others, turned into something that was hard for me to escape. I became obsessed with the success of the company because success meant

that we could move on
past the industry and have
an honest film company
that we both enjoyed. I
grew frustrated when it
seemed like Wes wasn't
giving 110% to get us to
that point and somewhere
along the line, we lost our
way and our friendship

started to suffer. When the cameras were rolling, we were forced to pretend that everything was okay and we were still the best friends that the members fell in love with. I spent so much of my time being “Zane” that I almost forgot who I was. Since

we launched our site, our members had always been so great and loyal to us that I never wanted to disappoint them. When we didn't have food, they sent it. When we needed money, they loaned it. When we needed computers, they shipped

them. I grew up in a small, close-minded town and being a “faggot” was a horrible thing and our experience with our first boss didn’t help the way I thought about gays.

Throughout the process of building and launching the site, I had grown to

accept and embrace the
gay community and
throughout our journey
had the pleasure of
meeting some truly
remarkable people that
had done some truly
remarkable things. During
my time in Vegas, I too,
got to experience some

amazing things. I had been to Hawaii and Alaska, flown an airplane and even jumped out of one. I saw many amazing shows and ate at some really unique restaurants. I got to see and do things that I never imagined I could do when I lived in

Ohio. I truly learned forgiveness. I used to have such hatred towards our old boss for the way he treated us but I've learned to let all of that go. Living with that negativity would only breed more negativity. The thing that I will

always cherish the most is
the good times I got to
have with Wes before
business got involved.
People always
commented that our
scenes were so passionate
and there was so much
chemistry and they
couldn't believe that we

weren't lovers or dating off-camera. The members never knew what they were actually seeing was a sense of respect and camaraderie that I found in a time of need. Wes was the friend that I needed when I needed it most and I tried for as

long as I could to hold onto the good memories that we made. The sense of helplessness I felt when Drew died was something I never forgot and so I was always trying to manage my friendship with Wes the best that I could. The thought of

losing another close friend was a fear that I never figured out how to deal with but I knew that the day would eventually come when we would have to part ways. As I go back through our rocky past, I think about how difficult we both made

everything and yet, there I was, still holding on to some kind of hope that we would both emerge from this industry stronger friends than when we had started out. While it's still sad and it will probably always hurt, they say that everything

happens for a reason and I'm starting to find some truth to that. Before, I found it difficult to leave Wes alone in Vegas when I wanted to move home to be with Brianna. Over then next 9 months, our friendship deteriorated to almost nothing and I think

it was supposed to happen that way. Now it was easier to walk away from just as things with Jacey started to get better. I didn't want to jump right back into a relationship with her but it seemed like there was a grander plan to all of it after all.

The one lesson that I took away from my journey thus far is that if you plan on having other people in your life, you can't really ever plan for anything at all. When there are other humans with emotions and feelings, plans are really just hopeful

suggestions and nothing more.

It still makes me sad to this day that I didn't get to know Wes's son and I never got to be "Uncle Jett" to him. Wes even gave his son my middle name. The hardest part is knowing that I promised

him that I would be there to help out but life and business intervened and made that impossible. Leaving meant that I would possibly be walking away from a successful mini-empire that we built from nothing. The bright side is

that I finally get to go back home and create the life for myself that I thought I had ruined. I get to go back to somewhat of a normal life, have a normal relationship, and be out of the spotlight. I can finally finish restoring my 1969 Mustang with

Jake and help Jim out at the body shop. I get to be an uncle to Jake's boys and eventually start a family of my own. Things with my father were better than they had ever been and it seemed like everything was happening for me. I wasn't going

back to get with Jacey or to get back with Brianna, I was going back to get back to me. The one thing that Brianna and Jacey showed me is that despite some of my choices, it is possible to fall in love again and it is possible to find people who will

accept me for everything that I am and have done throughout my life. For the first time in years, I was moving on and doing something completely for me. I didn't know what I was going to do for a job or where I was going to live but the thought of the

unknown was exciting to me and home was the best place to rediscover myself and start over. It was scary walking away from a company that I had built and leaving so many great friends behind, but it was now time for me to discover what life was

really all about. I will never forget my time spent with all of our industry friends, our models, and our fans; I had learned so much about life from all of them. It was now time to close that chapter of my life and start a new one.

Maybe someday our paths will cross again, but for now, it was time to hold my head up high and return home. Growing up, my family wasn't the greatest, closest tight-knit family. Hell, some of them are even down-right crazy! But being away

from my family and missing out on so much really made me appreciate and be thankful for what I do have. I would look at things differently this time around and just be happy to have them in my life. Sure, it may never be that picture-perfect

situation that I had always been looking for, but I love and appreciate them all for exactly what they are. I would take this new lease on life to try to make our family more open and be able to talk about our problems that we had. Instead of always

running from pain, I'm
going to try to make home
a place where pain is met
with comfort and nobody
feels like they have to
leave town to escape it
ever, ever again.