

I collect things. When I was young I collected stamps and comic books, and I did it well. I had a stamp collection that would make an 80-year-old shut-in weep, and a comic collection that would make a 12-year old commit grand larceny. When I was 16 my mom settled a grudge with me over my cussing, drinking and smoking by piling my comics and stamps in the front yard, dousing them in Kingsford lighter fluid and setting them alight. I got home from a 3-day stretch of cussing, drinking and smoking to find my mom toasting marshmallows, the bitch. I cried for a week.

I got over it. When I was twenty, I started collecting baseball cards. I thought I was safe, free to cuss, drink and smoke with impunity and work on my collection when I had free time from the plant. But then I met a girl, and you know how them gals get. One night when I was delivering a package to her sister, she took a set of scissors to my collection and cut all 20,000 cards in half (you have to admire that kind of commitment in a dame, she couldn't perform hand jobs for a week and she got fired from her job). When I got back from helping her sister, she dumped all my cards in the front yard, doused 'em with Kingsford lighter fluid, and set 'em alight.

I suppose she had been talking to my mother, the old bat. That time I only cried for three days. When I came out of my grief coma, I kicked the broad out and decided I was done with women. That's when I started my porn collection.

My collection got big. DVD's and VHS cassettes. Magazines and curios. That collection kept me company for a couple of years. I got into it, maybe a little too deep into it. Christy Canyon and Venessa Del Rio, Belladonna and Traci Lords, Savannah and Sasha Grey. But more likely thousands of anonymous one shot burn out actresses.

Shotacon and bukkake. Tiny tits and puffy nips. Asian, black and European. Alt porn and art porn. Guro porn and snuff. Preggo and hard crush. It was a never ending stream of kink and fetish and skin and fluids and it was good. I crossed every boundry and taboo known to man except for the man on man boundry. I just couldn't abide the gay porn niche. I have my principles. I ain't no gay.

And then I met her. The mother of my kid, Junior. The belle of the ball. The light of my life (except when she isn't, which nowadays is more than it isn't). At first she was a willing participant. We spent days and weeks in the bed and going through the library. Japanese rope bondage and milking porn. Big butt and wired. Watersports and saliva. Glasses porn and foot fetish. And then the honeymoon period ended. She started bartering.

"I'm tired of all this porn, Bull, it makes me feel icky. You watch too much of it. We watch too much of it."

"What are you talking about, babe? Porn is healthy, it makes relationships, it saves relationships." I had this conversation already worked out, I knew it was coming and I figured I was prepared.

“Well if you want me to watch all this weird, psycho porn that gets you off, than you gotta watch something I want to watch.”

“What’s that, babe?” I thought I could handle anything she had in mind, in fact I figured that I probably had stashed somewhere anything that might get her off.

“If you want me to watch your porn, then you have to watch gay porn with me. That’s what I want to watch.”

Dudes on dudes. Man sex. Holy shit. I wasn’t prepared for that. She must have thought I would drop the subject and quit pressuring her and she was right. I wasn’t going for that. I have principles. We didn’t watch any porn for 6 weeks. I didn’t get any nookie for 6 weeks. The juice was backed up inside me like poison. I was irritable. I couldn’t drink the poison away, and my porn didn’t have the same luster when I watched it by myself. So in the interest of filling out my collection I broke down and decided to give in to the ol’ lady. I said let’s watch some gay porn.

Now, like I said, I ain’t queer, but I do appreciate performance. People who knock it out the park. Rule breakers. Rebels. Deviants. And shit, the truth of the matter is I watch football and UFC fighting and I got no trouble with all that grab ass and nuts in the face that goes on in those sports. So we got a movie from the sex shop that came highly recommended and I discovered the work of Joey Stefano, Master of the Hungry Bottom.

‘Hard Steal’ told the story all porn movies tell. Once upon a time there were some guys that liked to screw, a lot. All they did was screw. Morning, noon and night. But Joey Stefano wasn’t like other guys. He was different, he was a bottom, and he was vicious. I had never seen anybody so thrilled, so excited, so ecstatic to have all matter and number of cocks and common household objects shoved up his butt.

He was uncommon, he was a machine, he was unstoppable, he couldn’t be satisfied. I realized that most of the ladies in straight porn were pretenders to Joey Stefano’s crown. He was the trailblazer that set the mark and everyone else fell short. I was new to porn all over again and it was great.

I got all his movies and dissected them like a critic watching the Scorsese canon. I told everyone down at the plant and down at Papa Louies the story of Joey Stefano, Master of the Hungry Bottom. I suppose they thought I was a little nuts, or a whole lot gay, but fuck ‘em. Let them have their football.

The funny thing was, my ol’ lady was disgusted. She backed out of the gay porn after the first film. She was jealous. She just couldn’t compete with the intensity of Joey Stefano. She started bitchin’ at me that I was spending too much time with Joey, too much time watching porn. It was the same story all over again, and I wasn’t having it because I was only doing exactly what she wanted me to do. The ol’ lady was out of her tree and I didn’t care. I had a new hero and my collection was filling out nicely.

But all good things must come to an end. One day I came home from the job and she had my entire collection of porn piled in the front yard. I could smell the Kingsford lighter fluid from 100 feet away. She had definitely been talking to my mother. She was standing on a ladder over the pile with a Zippo in her hand.

“Here you go you gay son-of-a-bitch.”, and she dropped the flame. I saw my life flash before my eyes. It took two stations three hours to put that fire out. I’m still paying bills from the city of Los Angeles for that little stunt. The neighbors look at us like we’re refugees from a Jerry Springer episode.

I didn’t cry this time. I’m too much man for all that. I just sniffled a bit. And then I got over it. It was done. Me and the ol’ lady get down about twice a month now and that’s enough for me, usually when I’m just back from Papa Louies and I got about three pitchers in me. I collect beer cans now. And the ol’ lady is fine with all that.