

“[Watching Jason Pettus read] is like you’ve suddenly been thrown in a John Hughes film and there’s Duckie, standing right in front of you. Well, Duckie with a beer, a cigarette and a stiffy.”  
--*NewCity*

# the fluffer



a dirty story by jason pettus



**Dirty Stories for Nasty Children**

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Okay. Is the tape running? Okay. My name is. You're going to change my name, right? Okay. My name is R\_\_\_\_\_ L\_\_\_\_\_. I'm 27 years old. I work in the adult entertainment industry. I'm a fluffer. A fluffer is a woman who comes along to shoots, video shoots and shoots for magazines, and they keep the male actors aroused in the down times, while the cameras are being moved into new positions and the lights are adjusted, you know. Well, it's a variety of things. Mostly though I give the actor oral sex. Yeah, between the times where they're actually shooting, I'm not actually the actress who participates in the shoot. I'm just there to help the actor maintain an erection while they're getting the next shot set up.

Well, it's. It's a little strange, you know? Technically. Technically, you know, I'm getting paid to give a guy a blowjob, you know? But it's a lot different from how it sounds. Like, it's very businesslike, you know? I don't participate in actual intercourse. In fact, I don't even take my clothes off. And I don't work very often on a shoot. It's just very. Like, we're just over in the corner of the shoot and everyone's going about their business. I'm not expected to give the guy an orgasm. I'm not even supposed to give the guy an orgasm, 'cause they have to save that for while they're recording. So I'm just giving the guy a blowjob just slowly enough to maintain his erection. I'm like bobbing my head up and down really slowly, very rhythmi-



cally, and all these people are running around, setting up the next shot, standing around drinking coffee, you know. Usually the actor himself isn't paying that much attention to me. He's usually having a discussion with the director about the next shot or how the last shot went, whatever. I'm this sort of subconscious presence, you know. I'm like a machine, you know? If they could build some sort of mechanical contraption that could suck a cock as well as a woman could, I'm sure they'd just strap one of them on a guy between scenes and be done with it. But they can't, so they hire me to be the machine.

Hmm. About two years, I guess, more or less. Heh, actually this is a pretty interesting story. I've always been kind of into pornography. Not really into pornography, you know, not overwhelmed by it like guys are, just. You know. I've always enjoyed pornography. It's always turned me on, as long as I can remember, which I guess is different from a lot of my female friends. Or maybe we're all turned on by it and we just don't talk about it, I don't know. I don't give much thought to it, to tell you the truth. I like watching pornography and that's about where my interest in it stops. So, in my mid-twenties I was dating this guy, and part of our sessions were. Our sex sessions. Yeah, part of our sessions involved watching porn together. Not all the time, but sometimes, you know. Sometimes we'd sort of look at each other and we'd raise our eyebrows, you know. Heh. Ha-ha. And we'd reach into the box in the back of the closet, you see what I'm saying?

So we're watching this one tape this one time, this. Uh, hmm. I don't know, now that you mention it. They were mostly his tapes. Yeah, I had some videos but I don't remember anymore if I ever brought them over to his place. Hmm. Anyway, we're watching this one video one night. It's one of those amateur tapes, or whatever they pass off as amateur. Most amateur tapes aren't really...I've learned this from working in the adult entertainment industry now, that most amateur tapes aren't really "amateur," you know. The big promise, the big fantasy, of these "amateur" tapes is the promise that you're watching these people who aren't part of the porn industry, just some horny little bastards in a hotel room or their apartment getting it on, you know? It's a very titillating concept, I admit, and I was looking forward to watching this tape.

So the production values are horrible, which of course is the exact way the professional adult industry tricks consumers into thinking they're watching amateur productions. You know, it's the same exact people in the room as any other production, but instead of several professional cameras and extensive editing in post-production, they just have one little shitty



home camera like you'd buy at the store and the tape is just one unending shot from that camera as the cameraman walks around the room with the camera running, getting different shots and angles. Another thing I've learned since starting to work in the industry is how much of my enjoyment hinges on maintaining this pretty large level of disbelief as I'm watching it. Even the most casual examination of the average porn tape will completely destroy whatever fantasy that tape is trying to present. I mean, come on, think about it. You're supposed to be watching these simply horny people videotaping themselves fucking and releasing the tape to the public from this so-called sense of voyeurism and civic duty. But then why is there a whole group of people in the room you can see in the back? Why are there all these \$10,000 Klieg lights everywhere? Where'd the cameraman come from? Enjoying a porn tape is like believing in Santa Claus. Or believing in God, for that matter. You have to really, really, very sincerely want and need to believe in it. And the slightest amount of rational questioning makes the entire illusion fold in on itself. Which is why I can't really enjoy porn anymore, because I'm at these shoots all the time now and I've seen what an incredibly tedious, boring process it is, not erotic at all. And that's all I can think now, even if I watch a tape that I wasn't a part of, you know? Working in the pornography business has ruined my chance to enjoy pornography, which is a pretty typical reaction. There's a lot of worse things that could happen to my life, you know?

So, we're watching this tape, this amateur tape, this guy and I, and we're already into it kind of, I mean he's gone down on me and I'm sitting there watching the tape and feeling pretty good. It's this tape with multiple partners. And the camera swings around to the other side of the bed and for about ten seconds you can see this thing going on in the background, on the other side of the hotel room they're shooting in. Well, to tell the truth it's exactly eight seconds you can see this. I'll get into that later. Anyway, before the camera moves again you can see one of the performers in the back, the guy who had just been in the previous scene, and he's sitting in a chair drinking a glass of water, and there's this woman in front of him. She's got on this blue patterned dress and has this kind of white-trashy haircut. She looks like a secretary or something, right? And she's giving this guy head, all businesslike. And so I pause the tape and I tap my boyfriend on the shoulder and I'm like, "Hey, look at this. There's this couple having sex in the corner, off-camera, and no one's paying attention to them. What the hell is that?" And this guy says real matter-of-factly, "Oh, that's a fluffer," like he goes to porn shoots all the time. This guy had this real. Well, never mind, that's a whole other. He just. This guy was



always acting like he's an expert on everything, even stuff he didn't know what the fuck he was talking about, you know? Ha-ha-ha, never mind. Whole other story.

So I took the tape home with me the next day and I ended up watching this eight seconds, over and over and over and over. It really, really turned me on, much more than anything else I had ever seen in a pornographic movie, ever. See, there's this thing to know about me that I haven't explained yet. Heh. Hmm. I've never really told anybody about this before. It's kind of embarrassing. I have a. Hmm. I have this sexual fetish. For machines. I have a sexual fetish for machines. There. I *am* going to be anonymous for this, right? Well, it's weird, isn't it? As long as I can remember. Well, no, actually, that's not quite right. I do remember my first conscious memory of a machine being an object of fetish. I was five or six and my mom set me down on top of a washing machine while she folded a load from the dryer. And I could. It wasn't necessarily sexual at that point, you know? Just this. Whole vibration thing that just went through my whole body. Shook my very bones, you understand? And beneath this very pleasant deep vibration was this WHUUMP-WHUUMP-WHUUMP of the washing basin as it spun around in the machine. This very thrilling thing. My fetish really is for pattern and rhythm and order, you see? Or, I'm getting my terms mixed up. The pleasurable part is the pattern and rhythm and order. The fetish, the actual physical relic I put my obsession on is machines.

I was one of those little girls who always wanted Erector sets and Legos instead of dolls. Yeah, a real tomboy in all kinds of senses. Of course, back then I didn't know it was because of this sexual fetish. Or, I don't know, maybe it's the opposite way. Maybe because I've been so obsessed with machines my whole life is why I developed a fetish for them when I went through puberty. Maybe all of it was all there the whole time and just came out slowly. I don't know. I'm no psychiatrist, you know? I just know what gets me off. Ha-ha!

So I got my first vibrator when I was eighteen. Oh yeah, it was. Well. Shit. Heh. Yeah, it was great. Holy shit it was great. It was this. It was this black plastic dildo with a vibrator built in the inside. No, not like a penis, it was just smooth and tapered like a...right, like a machine! Ha-ha-ha! Like something out of a science fiction movie. It was the greatest. And it was right at this time when I was developing this long-term emotional relationship with my vibrator that I first started having these bigger fantasies. No, not just *about* machines, but this is when I first started having fantasies about *being* a machine. Oh, you know, the typical stuff. Oh. Uh,



yeah, right. Well, like, a typical fantasy would be like. Like. Uh. Like, uh. God, this is hard to describe. It'd be, like. Like fantasizing about being a wheel on a locomotive. You know those old locomotives where all the wheels are connected with a big metal rod? And you'll watch a movie with one of these old locomotives and that rod will start going back and forth, back and forth, and the wheels start cranking along with the motion, they're going SCCCCRRRREEEEETCCCHHH from the grinding against the tracks, starting up real slow, then it's getting faster and faster, CHUG chug chug chug, CHUG chug chug chug, chugga chugga chugga chugga. You see what I'm saying. And, like, they're all covered with *grease*, you know? They're covered in grease and steam and oil, and they're all black and sticky and oily and hot to the touch from all the friction, you know? I can get so unbelievably excited by being around one of those old 1950s motors, you know? One of those old ones painted battleship gray and just *covered* in grease. I'll run my finger down the side and get this black sticky grease on my finger and I just have to run to the bathroom and completely masturbate, wherever I am. God.

So, anyway. I'm getting completely off my story. Oh. Well, that's good to know. You really don't mind me talking this long? I don't know. It just sounds so completely stupid to me right now, saying it out loud for the first time. Have you ever just sat down and started telling someone you don't know about one of your deepest fetishes? I'm convinced that all of us on earth have at least one weird thing that turns us on that we have never really discussed with another person. Well, maybe not. My experiences in the porn industry have done nothing but bolster this belief, though. It feels really weird telling you about this, like it's really silly and I have to be the only person out there who really gets it, who really gets so turned on to the point that I do. No one else out there could possibly get as excited about machines as me. That's what it feels like.

Anyway. One of the reasons I've always liked porn is that for the most part it takes that next step, that step beyond merely *using* a machine on your body as an object of fetish, but actually the process of your body *becoming* a machine. Porn is all about mechanics, you know? For the most part. Like 95 percent of all porn ever shot on video is the "cock in the vagina, cock in the vagina, cock in the vagina" part, you see what I'm saying? Whoo, that part really gets me turned on, you know? Just click, click, click, click, click, like two cogs intertwined with each other, slowly making their way around each other's spokes as they make a watch run. Does that make sense? It goes back to my machine fetish. It's like they're not there to 'pleasure' each other, not there for each other's feel-



ings or emotions. They're there because their job is to be lubricated and then to generate friction and heat. Just like the machines they are.

And it wasn't until I caught this eight seconds of the fluffer that I realized what was holding me back from enjoying porn fully as a machine fetish. It was that the final misstep, that the actors still have to *pretend* they're enjoying it for the cameras. When I was watching porn the actors were still being emotional and shouting and yelling dirty things as if they were in the middle of ecstasy. I watched these eight seconds over and over again and I started to think, "What would *really* get me off would be a two hour porn tape of outtakes. Two hours of when the porn actors didn't know the camera was on and it shows them being fluffed or idly fucking the other actor and they're just doing it for the mechanics of it." No emotions, no acting, just the pure repetitive act of intercourse. Well, uh, I went to the porn stores. I figured with all the specialty and fetish tapes that exist out there *someone* would've made one of these tapes. Nope, couldn't find one. I found a whole section of amputee porn, a whole section of dwarf porn, a whole section on hermaphrodite porn, but the closest I could find to my own fetish was this "bloopers" tape full of actors falling off couches as they were fucking or screwing up their lines or whatever. That tape had occasional glimpses of the machine fetish, little snippets right after the actors would screw up but still be fucking, you know? It just wasn't quite the tape I was looking for.

So right at this same time I happened to lose the job I had. Oh, it was just this little cafe thing. I live this really stereotypical life, you know, struggling artist who waits tables during the week, ha-ha. I'm an industrial sculptor, welding and metalcasting, stuff like that. What? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Yeah, I guess the cat's out of the bag now! Ha-ha-ha! I never really stopped and thought about that, but I guess you're right. I probably did wander into that because of my fetish. Jeez. That's weird, huh? Anyway, I had just finished working yet another in this unending list of waitress jobs, and I was thinking a lot about fluffing, so I just sort of asked around. Yeah, well, if you're an artist in a big city you're bound to know at least one person involved *somehow* in the porn industry. It's like a law or something, you know? I knew a couple of people actually, this guy who did graphic design for one of the big ones, this woman who had been in a couple of tapes once when she'd gotten really badly in debt a couple of years ago. So I just got a contact through them and I went down to their offices and told them I was interested in becoming a fluffer. Not an actress, just a fluffer, just part of the production crew. It was as easy as that.

The pay's okay, I suppose. Without getting too specific, you could say



that generally I make about twice as much as I would on a typical day of waiting tables, with a lot less work involved. Well, I mean, after you get over the fact that your job is sucking men's cocks the work itself isn't that bad at all. That takes some getting used to, of course. It was really disconcerting at first to suddenly be giving head to some guy I don't even know. It took me a little while to get used to it. Of course, it's only a fraction of what the actual actors get paid. Oh, you have no idea. I'm not allowed to discuss salaries or anything like that, but let's just say it's a lot, a lot more than you'd ever expect.

I'm sorry? Hmm. I don't quite know how to answer that. It can be really...sad sometimes. When I first started I had this little picture in my head of what I thought my job was going to be like. You know, bent over these tan, muscular guys with these enormous, cartoon-like cocks, keeping them in shape for the next scene. But the really famous actors, the ones in all the A-movies who get all the work, are such total pros that they rarely need fluffers. They can keep their erections steady all by themselves, thank-you-very-much, and they can save the company the extra cost of hiring me to be there. No, there's. There's basically two types of shoots that I'm sent on more than anything else. One of course is these poor guys who've gotten totally addicted to coke and can't keep a hard-on to save their lives. It's sad. It's pathetic, really. You're kneeling in front of them, taking this limp dick in and out of your mouth repeatedly, and they're just looking at their cock like they can't believe what's happening. And they'll play with it and just try to jerk off so badly, but it's the drugs, you know? It's the drugs. It's this rampant thing in the porn industry that no one talks about, you know? Like the threat of AIDS, too. Every single person in the industry knows that one day soon a whole John Holmes thing is going to happen again, where somebody so desperate for work is going to fake their HIV test and spread the disease to just everybody. You know, there was a 12 month period in the early 80s where almost half of all the adult actors in the country died, and it can all be traced back to John Holmes. Well, it's a very very very VERY scary thing which is why I don't think anyone wants to talk about it.

So the other type of shoot I mostly go on are these low-budget productions, usually gang-bangs or other group scenes. And they'll just round up all these low-paid males to be in them, you know, contest winners and relatives of employees and just these creepy guys who've always wanted to be in a porn film. And these guys. You should see them. They just get absolutely overwhelmed with fear once they're actually there and naked. You can see the terror in their eyes, this look that says they're just now



realizing how real this is, there's twenty tech people around them all staring at them and a dozen really hot lights on their imperfect bodies showing every bump and mole. And all of a sudden they realize they've got to perform, they've got to fuck this really impatient, really bored actress who's sitting around smoking a cigarette, all these people are going to be staring at their erect cock and patiently waiting for the money shot, and these guys just lose it. Their cocks just go FWWOOOOMP and all of a sudden it's all over. And that's where I come in. Yeah, it's actually a pretty gratifying experience in this case. I sit them down and tell them to close their eyes and I just do my thing, just try to loosen them up and make them. Uh. You know, these guys are just plain scared, they're scared shitless, and it's nice to feel one of these guys' limp penises go hard in your mouth, to know that you just did that. You've relaxed them and made them feel confident again. That's a nice feeling.

Well, maybe I'm not getting my point across very well. I don't do this for the money. I mean, the money's good but if it was just that I could go back to waiting tables or get an administrative job or whatever. I do this because it gives me this incredibly deep sexual satisfaction. Well, I mean, that's the entire nature of sexual fetish. You don't actually have to be having sex yourself to derive a sexual satisfaction out of it. There are people who can have a completely satisfying sexual experience just by caressing the right pair of shoes, and their genitals are never touched during the whole thing. It's like that for me. When I'm fluffing I like to fantasize that I'm a machine. You know, I'm actually made out of metal and gears and wires and computer chips and whatever, and I have this on/off switch that this guy's just thrown and I'm just chugging along now, CHUG chug chug chug. Yeah. Well, it's. You know. It's really, really satisfying to me.

Hmm. Well, what *is* the next step up? I've thought about this a lot of course. The fluffing thing is really great but it's starting to lose its novelty. What's the next step for my fetish? I don't know. I masturbate a lot to the 'Borg' episodes of *Star Trek*, that's pretty much a given. The internet, maybe. More sophisticated hardware developments for your computer that could actually work while you're online. There was this guy that was. I've saved this article, I've had it on my wall for years 'cause it's just so fucking exciting for me. Back in the early 90s, right when the Internet was first exploding, you had this whole industry suddenly crop up of post-modern erotic magazines. You remember this? All these titles like *Future Sex* and *CyberSex* and whatever. A lasting pop culture moment for our generation. And one of these had an article once about this guy in Berkeley who was developing sex hardware that would work on your computer. It



was like, these devices. These plastic things full of electronic sensors that could monitor your every physical move. The whole idea was based on these power gloves that were really popular back then. You'd wear them and the actions of your hands and fingers would guide a cursor on the screen, like a really sophisticated mouse. Well, these guys at MIT had developed a glove with little metal inserts that would actually react against your hand. You would look at a picture of a metal can and you would crush the can in your virtual hand in the virtual world, and the metal inserts would put resistance against your fingers, so in the real world it would actually feel like there was a can in your hand you were crushing. Yeah, right.

So this guy out in Berkeley was basically using the existing technology and trying to apply it to sex. There were the gloves already, obviously, and he was developing these machines for your sex organs, like this cylinder thing that a man would put his penis in, and this, like, pneumatic-dildo thing for women, this shaft that got positioned right at your vagina and this dildo would come in and out of it and insert itself in and out of your vagina. The eventual goal was to hook up all this gear with software that worked over the Internet, so you'd have, like, a guy in California and a woman in New York, and the woman would give a dildo a handjob with the power glove on and the guy would feel the exact and specific movements the woman made on his own penis across the country. And then the guy could fuck the cylinder and the exact thrusts, exactly as he did them, would duplicate themselves with this power-dildo for the woman. This is when I first realized how deep and serious my fetish was, 'cause I'd tell my friends all excitedly about this article and my friends would just be horrified. They'd say things like, 'Ooh, I can't believe the world's come to this,' you know? But I was terribly, terribly excited about it. I even wrote to this guy in Berkeley about a year later to see how the work was going. No, he'd moved, no forwarding address. That's the problem with emerging technology—about ninety percent of it never actually gets made. God knows, the entire article could've been some elaborate hoax anyway. Zines are notorious at doing that, you know.

So for now I just keep fluffing and keep looking for other ways to feel like my body is a machine. Uh. That's it, I guess. Well, sure, I was happy to talk to you. I don't even understand why you'd want to interview me about something like this anyway. I can't imagine any of your readers getting into this story. It's like I said, I can't imagine this fetish really applying to most people and why would anyone want to read about some fetish they don't share? Well, okay. Whatever. Yeah, sure. I'll see you later.



# Jason Pettus

is the author of three novels and, to date, over 35 self-published books of short work. His performance credits include National Public Radio, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art and the National Poetry Slam, where he placed second in 1997. He has been written about in such diverse publications as the *Chicago Tribune*, *Arbyte* and *Hustler* magazines, and his experimental writing garnered him a grant from the Illinois Arts Council in 1999. Mr. Pettus lives in Chicago and is completely ashamed of himself for writing this story.

## Dirty Stories for Nasty Children

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# END