

'My Husband Is A Porn Star'

He sleeps with men and women for \$4,000 a day, while she's a contented housewife. Meet Becki and Reece Jacobs, the couple who have made porn a way of life

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL ROOT

Becki's story

THE MINUTE MY HUSBAND COMES HOME from work, he pays me a compliment. Today it was, 'I love the cute gap in your teeth.' Yesterday he told me I had the most beautiful body in the world. Reece is sensitive enough to realise I need to know I'm still his ideal girl, particularly as he spends every day being paid to have sex with other women, and even men. My friends and family think he models for men's fitness magazines. I'm pretty sure they'd judge him or think I was an idiot for putting up with it. But I'm no walkover, and it's me he comes home to every night.

Every girl has a picture in her head of her ideal man. When I met Reece, eight years ago, I thought, 'This is the one.' We were working together in the marketing department of a company in our home town in Oregon when he asked me out on a date. He was infectiously upbeat, funny and very driven. He was always writing me romantic letters, which I'd find on my desk.

We'd been together almost a year when a photographer approached him at the gym and suggested he try out as a swimwear and underwear model. We were living with Reece's parents while saving to buy

our own place, so the extra income was a huge bonus. I remember calling my best friend to tell her proudly that Reece was a Calvin Klein pin-up in the making.

It was a few months later when I realised he'd started doing a few extras on top. We had finally bought our own place and were having a dinner party when, as a joke, a friend suggested Reece try porn. He looked embarrassed, and when I asked him outright if he'd done it, he nodded. In shock, I told everyone to leave. When they'd gone, I demanded to know in graphic detail what he'd done. When he told me he'd slept with two girls for a shoot, I felt sick.

That night I ended it. I couldn't help picturing him writhing about with those girls with perfect breasts and taut stomachs. I felt betrayed, but in the following weeks,

Reece told me how much he loved me and he'd just wanted to bring in extra money so we could get our own place. He told me how mechanical it had been and promised me he'd used protection. He even had tests to prove he was clean. 'It was just a job to help pay for the house. I didn't feel anything for the girls, they're actresses,' he pleaded, and promised he'd *{continued}*

'Reece tells me I have the most beautiful body in the world'

Well oiled and ready for action — and so is the motorbike

Relationships

never do it again. So I agreed to give it another go.

A year later he proposed, and I was ecstatic. But a few months on, as I was about to pay for my wedding dress, Reece confessed he wanted to carry on doing porn films and asked me how I felt about it. He thought he could mentally remove himself when he was doing it, and it meant he only had to work one day a week to bring in what he'd been earning in a month. This time I was stunned and hurt, but more rational. I told him I needed some time apart to decide. I called off the wedding and moved out for a month.

Over those weeks I came to realise that I loved him more than I disliked what he was doing. I found some DVDs of his films and, although I couldn't watch them, I began to accept it could be just a job and he really did want only me. I received a long letter from Reece saying how sorry he was that he'd hurt me, how much he wanted me to be his wife and live with me for the rest of his life. It ended, 'I still want to marry you. Will you still marry me?'

So, I decided to take him back if he was open and honest about every job he did. I made him promise he would run every single one past me first and would not do anything I didn't want him to do. He agreed. We married and, four years on, I know what he does is no threat to our marriage. Early on, I wouldn't be able to have sex with him for three days after a job, but now I'm better at switching off.

Now, his focus is gay porn, which, despite what people think, I'm more comfortable with. I can accept him being with other men more easily than other women. He got into it after he was offered \$1,500 simply to masturbate on a gay website called randyblue.com. Straight porn only pays men \$300 a scene, but gay porn pays up to five times as much. I don't care what people think. Reece isn't gay and I'm just happy he isn't filming with other women.



Becki enjoys a nice cup of tea and a slice of beefcake

'I can accept Reece being with men more easily than women'

When Reece is away, I go for a run or meet up with friends. I remind myself he doesn't know the model's real name, there's no sexual chemistry, they're just acting and it's me he comes home to. He always wears a condom and gets checked every six weeks, so I don't worry about STDs.

I love the fact that my husband has a beautiful body and people want to see it. I don't watch any of his videos because I'd feel strange seeing him touching anyone but me. But I'm comfortable with him doing something he's so good at. He's just been nominated for porn star of the year. Finally, I'm proud of that!

Reece's story

WE WERE OUT ON A WALK RECENTLY WITH my parents when a fan who had seen one of my films came up to shake my hand. I'm quite a big name in the porn world but I had to pass him off as a friend. My mum thinks I do underwear shoots. She may suspect what I really do, but we're the sort of family who wouldn't talk about it.

Ever since leaving school I've had boring office jobs. When I met Becki, I was working from 6am until 6pm and being paid \$10 an hour to get shouted at by angry clients. I was miserable, so when a photographer approached me at an amateur bodybuilding competition, it was

a way out of monotony for me.

The money was good, at \$1,000 a shoot, but with jobs only coming in every couple of months, I couldn't leave my day job because it wasn't enough to live on. When one of the guys I was working with told me about an audition for a porn shoot, I thought, 'Why not?' I really wanted to have enough money to marry Becki and get a nice house so we could start a family.

I've always wanted to act and hoped the porn would lead to porn acting and then mainstream stuff. Any publicity is good publicity, or so I thought. But the first time I had sex on camera, it was awful. For a

start, I felt guilty about Becki. But we were also a bunch of amateur actors in a hotel room worrying about getting caught. The girl I had to have sex with was only 19. I was so nervous I couldn't even get it up.

I was so ashamed, I couldn't tell Becki, and just put it out of my mind until it came out at the dinner party. Understandably, she went crazy. I knew she'd be angry but I hadn't realised she'd be so hurt. To me, porn is just work; I compartmentalise it. Men can do that. But I've never stopped wanting to be with Becki.

When I've had sex with women, I've felt guilty afterwards. It's because of Becki that I've switched to gay porn. Now I can have sex at work without thinking about the other person because I'm genuinely straight. But gay sex is tough if you're straight. The first time I shot a scene with another man, it was oral sex, and I couldn't keep it up because I wasn't turned on. Now I watch footage of women or think about Becki while I'm filming. Working in gay porn is better all round. I get paid more and treated with respect.

Becki and I are looking forward to having kids and I don't have any regrets. I wouldn't have done anything differently, except perhaps I would have been more open from the start. If she asked me to, I would give it up tomorrow, but for now I'm making good money for our future, and what I've earned has given me the freedom to start working towards a movie production company of my own. S