The first thing cops noticed was the footprints. They began near the entrance to the expensive oceanfront townhouse: size-12 sneaker outlines, stamped in blood. They wound up a flight of stairs to the second floor, across smooth white marble tiles, and around rich leather furniture. They led through the kitchen and past a bloody butcher knife hastily hidden under a throw rug. As police traced the prints to their source, the marks grew bloodier — like a grisly puzzle slowly revealing itself.

Finally, the footprints disappeared up another staircase toward the bedroom. When Broward County Sheriff’s deputies pushed open the door, they were brushed back by the fetid stench of death. Samuel Del Brocco lay on the marble in a pool of gore. The pudgy 60-year-old had been stabbed half a dozen times in the chest.

Other than the knife and shoe prints, the only signs left by the murderer were two burnt matches on the armrest of a leather chair. A half-spent marijuana cigarette sat on a dresser near the body, but Del Brocco didn’t smoke.

The dead man had been a successful businessman who split his time between Washington, D.C., and South Florida. He had been outgoing and well-liked. Now he was a corpse.

It would be three years before detectives would catch a break in the September 2010 Pompano Beach killing. When they did, they would stumble onto a story even darker than Del Brocco’s murder — something more akin to the twisted tales of the Marquis de Sade. It is the story of a porn star stud with an endless appetite for sex, drugs, and human growth hormone; the teenage beauty queen he tortured; and a dead millionaire’s dark double life. It’s a story of lust, greed, and the most misdirected of American dreams. >> p16
John Snavely stood on the deck of the superyacht, all six feet and one inch of him a sex god. Behind him the setting sun blushed between Miami skyscrapers. Around him flitted female porn stars, their unnatural assets packed into bulging bikinis. But all eyes were on Snavely. The 24-year-old was 210 pounds of professional pelvic thrust: a handsome, clean-cut, white guy, no tattoos, well-groomed and does sex acts on command, Snavely was pumping iron. He worked out at David Barton Gym on the Beach and, later, at Gold’s Gym in Hialeah, ingesting copious amounts of HGH to fuel his workouts.

“He was a perfectionist,” says the friend, who, like others in the porn industry, spoke to New Times on the condition of anonymity. “He always wanted to be better, bigger, stronger.”

Snavely also chased women, whether it was dating porn stars off set — defying industry rules — or girls he met around Miami. “This guy got more sexual attention from females and males than anyone I’ve ever known,” says the friend, noting that Snavely sometimes slept with a different woman every day of the week — and that was on top of shooting porn.

“How can you develop as a person when you are getting that much attention?”

“Champ had a compulsive personality, whether it was sex, drugs or money,” the friend continues. “He wanted all the trappings of success, and he didn’t feel good if he didn’t have them.”

When things were going well, Snavely bragged to strangers about having sex for a living and bought friends drugs, drinks, and concert tickets to deadmau5 — his favorite musician. “He was a wild man when he went out,” says a porn cameraman who often filmed Snavely. “If you’ve watched Jersey Shore and seen those kids go crazy, you know what I mean.”

When Snavely later moved to an apartment in Edgewater, he would get so drunk and high that he’d break furniture or jump off his fourth-floor balcony into the swimming pool 30 feet below. But when things didn’t go his way, he could flash a frightening side. When one female co-star complained to the director that Snavely was rude and disrespectful, Snavely snapped, unleashing a string of expletives. His mood could change from cheery to overcast in an instant. When asked about his childhood, for example, he would suddenly clam up.

-Champ was a great person,” says one friend. “But he had a dark side.”

With every scene, every money shot and fade to black, Snavely felt a little sorer that he’d escaped the streets of San Antonio. But the ghosts of his childhood would follow him to Florida, haunting him until the night he met Samuel Del Brocco.

John William Snavely was born February 9, 1987, into what can generously be described as a shit situation. Not much is known about his father, other than that he was never around. What little is known about his mother isn’t good.

Lisa Johns was a train wreck. When John was just 8 years old, his older brother, Justin Johns, called cops to report their mom was trying to break into the air-conditioning to huff the Freon inside. When Justin tried to stop her, Lisa Johns beat him with a stick until police arrived.
It was far from her first arrest. A year earlier, she had been busted for making “terroristic threats.” And when John was just 12, his mother abandoned him in the parking lot of their apartment complex to go on a bender. The binge ended when a cop spotted Johns slamming into the curb of Bitters Road. When a police officer tried to pull her from her car, she tried to run him over before speeding off in her badly damaged vehicle.

When Johns was finally caught, she was dragged from her car smelling of booze and calling the cop a “mother-fucker,” “queer,” and “faggot.” Then she told the officer to “suck my dick” and said that “my cock’s bigger than yours.”

With their father nowhere in sight and their mom frequently in jail, John and his brother Justin learned to fend for themselves. Police records show Justin paid the family’s bills by selling drugs, at least until his first arrest in 2001. He was sentenced to two years in prison. With his older brother around, John took up Golden Gloves boxing. The pastime helped protect him in the poor, dusty neighborhoods of San Antonio, and also gave rise to his later reinvention as Champ.

John’s other pastime, however, was petty crime. The offenses ranged from ridiculous to absurd. When Snavely was 17 years old, security guards spotted him and friend Kevin Hullender breaking into a parked car. When the rent-a-cops chased Snavely, he dove into some bushes and took off on his pants. Police soon arrested him, retrieved his pants, and discovered a screwdriver, pot, and alprazolam in the pockets. Hullender had cocaine and counterfeit cash on him. Snavely was sentenced to two weeks in jail.

Two days before Christmas of 2006, Snavely and two friends spilled out of a Cadillac and onto the streets of downtown San Antonio. Snavely stopped on the side of the street to pee. When a passerby complained, Snavely whipped a collapsible baton out of his back pocket and onto the streets of downtown San Antonio. He began by dancing for women but switched to stripping for men because it paid better. Soon he was offering “private dances” to male customers. He would go with them to their homes, leading them to believe they’d get more than a dance. Then he’d demand $500 up-front, do a short strip tease, and leave abruptly. What could the suckers do? Snavely was 210 pounds of muscle, and they certainly couldn’t call the cops. It was a scheme Snavely would repeat in South Florida — with deadly consequences.

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stepped off US Airways flight 1703 on a sweatering Saturday morning in September 2010 and slipped seamlessly into his second life. For several years, the former 1970s pop singer and self-made millionaire had flown to South Florida to act out his secret fantasies. He would land at Fort Lauderdale Airport and flip a switch, transforming from Samuel Del Brocco the straight D.C. socialite into man on a mission for gay sex.

This morning, the first thing Del Brocco did was pick up his grey 2009 Porsche Carrera and drive it to a car wash in Pompano Beach. He then headed to his beachfront townhouse, which his maid had spent the past two days polishing.

Del Brocco ate dinner by himself at Kelly’s Landing in Fort Lauderdale around 8 p.m. Then he set about buying some drugs. Between 9 and 10 p.m. he met a local dealer near a Burger King at 17th Street and Federal Highway and bought cocaine and pot.

Next, Del Brocco did the rounds at his favorite strip clubs. At first he was disappointed that his preferred dancers weren’t performing. But at Boardwalk on North Andrews Avenue, Del Brocco spotted someone even better taking the stage: a six-foot-one stud whom the announcer introduced as Champ. How, exactly, John Snayely and Samuel Del Brocco started talking that night isn’t clear. But Broward County detectives believe Del Brocco pried the young stripper with coke and weed while at the club. Then, sometime around midnight, Snavely forced his footballer’s frame into Del Brocco’s Porsche and the two drove back to the millionaire’s Pompano Beach pad.

They had never met before, but both had experience with such late-night liaisons. Authorities believe the evening played out like this: Snavely demanded $500 in cash up-front before numbing himself on more of Del Brocco’s booze, coke, and marijuana. Del Brocco then demanded the younger man start dancing.

Maybe Del Brocco got too touchy for Snavely’s liking. Or perhaps the stripper cut his performance short, angering his host. But something sparked an argument between them. Snavely stomped out of the bedroom. When he got to the downstairs kitchen, he paused. He

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could easily keep going, down the stairs, into the garage, and home. Instead, he pulled open drawers until he found what he was looking for: a long butcher’s blade.

Snavely burst into the bedroom. He thrust the knife into Del Brocco’s chest, sinking its blade over and over again until the old man collapsed near his bed, according to an arrest affidavit. As Snavely walked back downstairs, his size-12 Nikes left a bloody trail. It wasn’t until he reached the kitchen that he realized his hand still gripped the murder weapon. Snavely wiped off the knife, threw it under the rug, and walked into the night.

When the popular Del Brocco didn’t answer his phone the next day, people in D.C. became worried. Carlos Larraz feared that his diabetic friend had suffered a seizure, and called the cops. When they arrived Sunday evening, Broward Sheriff’s deputies found the front door ajar.

Suspicion initially fell on four friends Del Brocco had named in his will, but all had alibis. So the investigation returned to the evidence left at the scene: the bloody footprints and trace amounts of DNA collected from the half-smoked joint and a can of Diet Coke. Detectives believed the killer was a male stripper, but the DNA didn’t match any known suspects.

It would take cops three years to trace the crime back to Champ. In that time, Snavely would rise to the top of Florida’s porn industry. Secretly, however, he would simultaneously descend into a madness made of drugs, jealousy, and his own terrible secrets.

On the surface, Snavely’s life was picture-perfect. He had the cars, bling, and women that he’d always wanted. He had completely become Champ.

But those closest to him saw a shadow descend on Snavely. “The kid was carrying serious weight,” says one of his best friends at Dancing Bear. “He wasn’t a secretive person, but he was always watching his back. He didn’t tell even his closest friends everything, obviously.”

Snavely was haunted by other forces as well. He had thought that switching to straight porn would be simple. Instead, his gay porn work followed him wherever he went. He avoided the subject but would explode when confronted about it on set. “The porn world is more judgmental than the normal world,” Snavely’s friend says. “Champ definitely wished he had never done the gay porn.”

Maybe it was sexual self-doubt that drove Snavely’s porn exploits. Perhaps it was just the relentless pursuit of cash. Either way, he kept柜ing out scenes despite his spiraling drug use and late-night stripping scams. The show had to go on.

Champ had sex with hundreds of women onscreen, often chasing them off-set as well. But one was different from the rest. In January 2011, Snavely showed up to a porn shoot and found himself opposite a buxom brunette with a button nose and beautiful brown eyes. She didn’t seem tired or jaded or worn out like the other women. She was fresh. She was a beauty queen.

She was 15 years old.

“She called him Dragon. He called her Bird. They would spend hours inside Snavely’s South Beach apartment, watching movies. For Amber, it was an escape from her wealthy but broken family. For John, it was the closest thing to a normal childhood he would ever get.

Mentally, they were an equal match. But in every other way, Snavely had the upper hand. He was twice her size. And when he left her to go to a shoot or to party on the weekend, she was effectively trapped inside his apartment. At first, her family worried that she’d been kidnapped before grudgingly accepting that she was seeing a porn star.

It wasn’t easy dating the Champ. He had sex with other women and stripped for gay men for a living. “He liked the porn, but he always said it would mess us up somehow,” Amber says. “He felt like he couldn’t be completely faithful to me with his job. He didn’t feel right about it. Sometimes it felt like cheating.” Eventually, she became convinced he was cheating on her outside of work, too. “At the end of the day, I knew he loved me,” she says. “I thought that was enough. It was stupid.” She posted pictures of them eating out at expensive restaurants on Instagram and Facebook.

But jealousy also consumed Champ. He began believing that his underage girlfriend was running around on him, even though she could barely leave his apartment. When he caught her texting another man, he smashed her phone. Five separate times.

“He tried to isolate her so that she couldn’t talk to us,” says Amber’s grandma, a short Cuban woman with highlighted hair and tan skin. “She wouldn’t leave him. God knows why, but he drove her crazy.”

Fueled by drugs, Snavely’s jealousy spun out of control. One night, his flatmate was washing the dishes when Snavely slowly walked into their shared kitchen. The hulking porn star was
clutching something dark in his hand. He was somber, almost crying. “I cut off her hair,” he mumbled. “I cut off her hair.”

“I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry,” he said, “I shouldn’t have done this. I’m freaking out.”

Snavely had been interrogating Amber over her supposed infidelities when he suddenly grabbed a pair of scissors and snapped off a swath of her hair, he confessed.

That wasn’t the end of the abuse, either. A few months later, the flatmate saw Amber emerge from Snavely’s room with dark spots on her face. She tried to disappear inside, but he grabbed her and asked her what had happened. “He burnt me,” she said. “He burnt me last night.”

Snavely had held a lighter to his knife, then pressed the burning blade to Amber’s face, arms, and legs, according to police reports. He was trying to coax a confession from the beauty queen by destroying her looks.

Horrified, the roommate called the cops. But Amber wouldn’t cooperate. When the flatmate took her to her grandma’s house, Amber instead called Snavely to pick her up. Later that day, the flatmate received a call from the Champ.

“So you’re going to the police? That’s where we’re headed with this?” Snavely shouted.

“He wanted to know if I was trying to fuck his girl or take his shit,” the flatmate remembers. “I started freaking out. This dude had chopped off her hair and burnt up her face. Who knew what he was going to do to her? I kept having visions of her being tied up somewhere or dead.”

Snavely and Amber lay low for several months, staying in hotels. But the porn star couldn’t hide from himself. His drug addiction was getting worse, and the law was creeping ever closer. On December 9, 2012, Snavely and three friends were pulled over in Fort Pierce. Cops found marijuana, Xanax, and amphetamines in the car. Snavely took credit for the drugs, claiming he had a prescription for the pills. While at the police station, Snavely asked for some water, snatched a Xanax, and downed it before cops could stop him.

He was busted again during a similar stop this summer. On June 22, he and one of the same buddies were rolling around South Beach in a gray BMW with the windows down, smoking pot and bumping EDM, when cops caught a whiff. When they stopped him, officers found Snavely literally covered in weed. “The defendant was observed to have loose marijuana on his clothing,” the arrest report says. Inside the trunk were “suspect steroids, HGH, and syringes.”

Snavely quickly bailed out of jail after each arrest. But the law was on to him. When he was sentenced to probation for the Fort Pierce drug arrest, authorities took a swath of the inside of his cheek before he was released.

On the morning of July 25, Snavely woke up at Amber’s apartment after a late night of stripping. He drove south to his Edgewater apartment, parked his BMW, and poured himself a bowl of cereal. Suddenly, a staccato burst of fists began pounding on his front door. Before Snavely could get up from his couch, cops smashed the lock and swept into his living room with their guns drawn.

As for the murder, Snavely won’t say whether he ever met Del Brocco. But he offers several other scenarios, starting with the suggestion that one of Del Brocco’s employees killed the old man for his money. As for how his DNA could have ended up at the crime scene, Snavely points to the $25,000 reward for Del Brocco’s killer. A rival porn star could have stolen his semen from a porn shoot and put it at the Pompano Beach apartment, he says. Or the drug-dealing husband of a woman Snavely was seeing could have set him up.

Broward detectives say the answer is much simpler: Snavely did it. His DNA is all over the crime scene. His fingerprints match those in Del Brocco’s apartment. Snavely danced at Boardwalk that night. His fingerprints were found on the passenger door of Del Brocco’s Porsche. And during a police interview, even Snavely “seemed to question himself about whether or not he could have been involved in the victim’s death and not remember it due to drug use,” according to the arrest affidavit.

News of Snavely’s arrest for second-degree murder didn’t exactly stun South Florida’s porn community, either. Some had heard about what he did to Amber. Others simply knew him as a party boy who could do anything while on drugs.

His coworkers at Dancing Bear were sickened but not surprised by the arrest. “Champ told me once that he had been sexually abused as a kid,” says one Dancing Bear performer. Snavely was “in denial” about his own bisexuality, the friend adds, and could easily have been set off by Del Brocco’s demands for sex.

Given his charm, it’s not surprising that Snavely has his defenders. Both of the women he was dating at the time of his arrest visit him in jail, where he is awaiting trial. One wakes up at 7 a.m. on Sundays to ensure she’s the first (and only) visitor.

What is surprising is that the other one is Amber, the woman Snavely abused for two years. “I am definitely convinced that he is innocent,” she says. Amber regularly takes to porn sites to defend Snavely’s reputation in the comments section.

“You think about a porn star, a stripper, and you think he’s the bad guy,” she says. “But I do [beauty] pageants. Do you really think that a girl who does pageants would be with someone who is as bad as they say? You don’t know the guy. You don’t know what he’s been through. Everyone just talks all this crap about him on the internet, but they don’t know his story.”

Yet some of the people who know Snavely best have also lost faith in him. For years, Greg Hullender defended his sons’ best friend against his detractors. But when he and his sons learned about Champ’s gay porn career, their perceptions changed. “Whatever happened to him in Florida must have changed him,” Hullender says.

Even Snavely admits that his ascent to the top of the South Florida porn industry cost him his soul. Dressed in black and white pinstripes, he lowers his voice and looks over his shoulder when talking about his time in the sex industry. “Talking about that can be dangerous in this place,” he tells a reporter.

Snavely says he plans to move back to San Antonio to support his mom as soon as he gets out. He’s done with stripping and porn, he says. “At first, you’re impressed that they’d pick you to do porn,” he says. “But after ten shoots, it gets dull.”

Long before his arrest, Snavely felt as if he were losing himself to his onscreen alter ego.

“It became my personality,” he says just before the video system shuts off and the jail visit abruptly ends. “I couldn’t just be John from Texas anymore. I always had to be Champ, Champ, Champ.”

Michael.Miller@MiamiNewTimes.com
The last thing the director did before shouting “action” was serve Amber a slice of pizza. She understands now that it was a ploy: one final nod to normalcy before upending her life forever. But back then, at age 15, she was too distracted by the party and the promise of easy money to realize she had been duped into porn.

At first, she was told she would be in a music video, then that she’d be an extra in a strip scene. Sit in the background and smile, she recalls being told. All for an easy $100. Instead, the teen beauty queen soon found herself having sex on camera with a man nearly twice her age—a man who would be accused of murder.

“I was manipulated,” says Amber, now 18 years old. “They were putting digits in my face and throwing a good-looking guy at me. I was 15 and surrounded by temptation. It messed up my whole life.”

Amber (not her real name) isn’t alone. At least two other underage girls have appeared in films for Miami porn mogul Jeffrey Greenberg in the past three years, according to court and police records. Amber says the real number might be much higher.

Technically, of course, this is child pornography, and making it could carry up to 20 years in prison. But for Greenberg, that risk appears to be just the cost of doing business. A certified public accountant who has never been convicted of a crime, he has become one of the biggest players in porn over the past decade. As manager or director of Miami’s two biggest sex studios, BangBros and Reality Kings, he presides over an estimated $8 million empire. His name is behind scores of websites specializing in everything from MILFs to Latina Anal to something titled Team Squirt. And because his companies film thousands of women per year, he is almost single-handedly responsible for South Florida’s emergence as an epicenter of adult film.

When underage girls such as Amber get pulled into this vortex of vice, lawyers for Reality Kings or BangBros sometimes pay them to shut up, police and court records show. She won’t divulge how much she received because she’s afraid of losing the money, but her anger is audible in her carefully chosen words. “What they did to me was very, very wrong.”

Neither Greenberg nor his attorneys would speak to New Times about claims by Amber and the other two girls. “BangBros takes age verification procedures very seriously,” a spokeswoman told New Times.

Amber’s nightmare began in January 2011. She was still in junior high, but the cute Cuban-American already looked far older than 15. Her dark hair spilled over a curvy frame, which the outgoing teen frequently flaunted in bikinis and tight dresses. Her family wasn’t so much broken as just the cost of doing business. A certified public accountant who has never been convicted of a crime, he has become one of the biggest players in porn over the past decade. As manager or director of Miami’s two biggest sex studios, BangBros and Reality Kings, he presides over an estimated $8 million empire. His name is behind scores of websites specializing in everything from MILFs to Latina Anal to something titled Team Squirt. And because his companies film thousands of women per year, he is almost single-handedly responsible for South Florida’s emergence as an epicenter of adult film.

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Amber’s nightmare began in January 2011. She was still in junior high, but the cute Cuban-American already looked far older than 15. Her dark hair spilled over a curvy frame, which the outgoing teen frequently flaunted in bikinis and tight dresses. Her family wasn’t so much broken as just the cost of doing business. A certified public accountant who has never been convicted of a crime, he has become one of the biggest players in porn over the past decade. As manager or director of Miami’s two biggest sex studios, BangBros and Reality Kings, he presides over an estimated $8 million empire. His name is behind scores of websites specializing in everything from MILFs to Latina Anal to something titled Team Squirt. And because his companies film thousands of women per year, he is almost single-handedly responsible for South Florida’s emergence as an epicenter of adult film.

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near Miami International Airport. They were met by Cubillos, who cast a cursory glance at her stolen ID, according to a police report. He then handed the girls over to Venetian Productions, a company contracted by Bang-Bros to shoot porn for its websites. Amber signed a “performer agreement,” another sheet titled “records keeping for models,” and a W-9 under her assumed identity. Except for the tax form, all the documents were cosigned by Venetian Productions producer Amy Carroll. (Carroll hung up when contacted by New Times. Cubillos did not respond to repeated requests for comment, and Bombino could not be reached.)

Amber’s first shoot was for a website called Haze Him. “It started off being college videos, like tailgating and stuff. It wasn’t even sexual,” she says. She made $100, went home, and returned six days later. The next time was different, however. She found herself in a room with dozens of other women, some of whom looked even younger than she. Someone passed around pizza. And then the hard-core porn began.

John Snavely sauntered into the circle of girls. Unknown to anyone in the room, Snavely had stabbed a man to death four months earlier in a drug-induced rage, authorities now believe. But today, he was busy swinging another sizable weapon. Snavely stripped off his banana hammock, began grinding on girls, and goaded them into going down on him.

“It didn’t come to my mind that the first thing would be boom, some guy’s thing in my face,” Amber says. But with music blaring and — at least in some videos — alcohol flowing, Amber loosened up. After all, producers told her she could make $400 for a blow job and $1,100 for full-on sex with Snavely.

Amber and Snavely had sex at least once onscreen, authorities say. Venetian Productions records contained in police reports reveal Amber had oral or vaginal sex in at least four shoots and appeared nude or masturbated in two others, making at least $3,000 under the screen names Josie Monroe and Monica Perez.

“I never thought I could do something like that,” Amber admits. “But I was young, and young girls are a lot easier to talk into things, especially with money.”

Her career in porn didn’t last long, however. In March, Amber’s grandfather received a disturbing phone call directing him to a website called the Dancing Bear. When he clicked on the Google results, up popped videos of his beloved niece having sex with Snavely. He called Amber’s mother, and she dialed the police.

But when cops showed up at the Venetian Productions studio, owner Olivier Caudron pleaded his innocence. He showed Miami-Dade Police photocopies of the ID Amber had used, as well as the forms she signed. As cops were talking to Caudron, Amber arrived at the studio for a shoot.

Confronted by police, she initially insisted she was the 19-year-old on the license. Finally, she broke down and copped to the fraud. She told the officers that no one at Venetian — not even Snavely, whom she had been dating off-set — knew her real age.

Cops interviewed Cubillos, the talent agent, but he denied knowing Amber was a minor. Caudron pulled her videos from the websites. And three assistant state attorneys — Brad Sturges, Brenda Mezick, and Griska Mena — advised detectives they could not charge anyone with a crime.

Florida statutes say “ignorance of a minor’s age, a minor’s misrepresentation of his or her age, a bona fide belief of a minor’s age, or a minor’s consent may not be raised as a defense in a prosecution for [child pornography].” Yet it’s often a “proof problem,” says Miami-Dade State Attorney’s Office spokesman Ed Griffith. “Prosecutors have an ethical responsibility to believe they have sufficient evidence to prove their case beyond a reasonable doubt. Lacking such evidence, it is unethical for a prosecutor to go forward.”

Instead, Greenberg’s attorneys came to a secret agreement with Amber’s mother. The family was given an undisclosed amount of money in exchange for keeping quiet about the sordid underage sex affair. Snavely, meanwhile, was fired.

But what cops apparently didn’t know was this wasn’t the first child porn incident involving one of Greenberg’s companies. One month before Amber’s first shoot, Reality Kings had been sued by Sherrita Smalley, the mother of a 15-year-old girl from Nevada who had run away to Miami and used a fake ID to shoot porn under the name Biyanka Moore. And then there was Amber’s friend, a 17-year-old from Hialeah who didn’t sue or go to the cops but is mentioned in a police report.

“I know I wasn’t the only girl,” Amber says. “There were other underage girls I saw there that were using fake IDs. Out of 1,000 girls they use [at Venetian Productions], probably a good 100 are underage. They weren’t strong enough with their security measures.”

Caudron isn’t interested in talking about Amber or any other underage girls. “How did you get my number?” he asked when contacted by New Times. “I don’t want to answer any questions about it.” Caudron, who lives in a Di Lido Island mansion, then hung up.

Caudron and Greenberg may have escaped criminal charges for child pornography, but John Snavely might not. The porn star was arrested in July for allegedly killing millionaire Samuel Del Brocco during a private strip tease in Pompano Beach in 2010. Now detectives are investigating his relationship with Amber as well.

Amber blames the porn companies — not Snavely — for her ordeal. Friends stopped talking to her. She began skipping school. For weeks afterward, she and her mother didn’t speak. “It’s been a few years, so we try not to even talk about it now,” she says. Amazingly, her beauty queen ambitions remain intact.

Yet every time the pretty brunette attends a pageant, she wonders if her brief stint in porn will be thrown back in her face. “People know,” she says. “It’s just a question of putting my name to my face.”

When she was recently eliminated from a major competition, she wondered if word of her past had spoiled her chances.

“It’s always going to be on the internet,” she says with a shudder. “It’s always going to be with me.”

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