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**5** CRIS - She was only 14, with an exquisite slim perfect soft smooth body, and an air of innocence mixed with experience that made her perfect as my first real lover. She made love to me slightly before many other college. I will never forget that summer night in my mother's car. Instead of groping with clothes, we each undressed completely, in an atmosphere of electric magic sexuality, without conscious movement we were together, feeling delicious hot skin sensually caressing, holding I slid into her automatically, tenderly making love to this naked young goddess, I was not yet an expert lover, but I had the good fortune to sample the ecstatic delights and learn to share pleasure and passion without inhibition. I shall be eternally grateful to CRIS for this incomparable gift whom I really needed her.

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GREAT WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN

**6** Kay - I met her by selling her a hamburger at McDonalds, and ended up marrying her. She was tall, a little bit awkward, but appealing, even with face makeup a different color than her neck. That she liked to fuck was one of her most endearing qualities. Her father didn't like me - actually jealous she'd been nesting her for years. A good idea. Actually, it was the right thing at the time, and worked out well for 8 years. She was fairly easy to get along with, a good partner and good in bed. I loved her mildly, I divorced her, not even anything she did wrong, but because I needed excitement, and I needed to get out of the middle-class existence we were becoming entrapped in. Aside from the considerable achievement of keeping me relatively satisfied for 8 years, she also bears the distinction, if it is one, of being the only woman to bear my child.



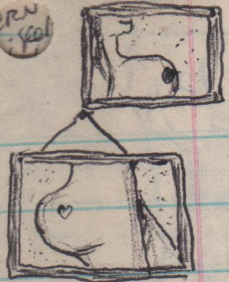
SUNDAY JAN 26

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JAN 28



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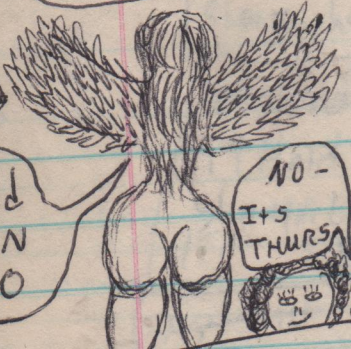
**7** CORINNE - one of the most beautiful women I have known, and before Jill, the inspiration of the most writing I have ever done. I was in love with her, but it was destined to be a tragic romance. I was in my basement fernarium-workshop in a house in L.A., and I looked up the stairs. Descending to me out of the sun was a beautiful golden brown pair of legs and the face of an angel with long dark brown hair, and a smile designed to steal my heart. She had come to rent the house above. Her husband was away in Mexico. A few nights later we made love; she was shy but yearning, I was gentle and patient. It was better than anyone before; her skin clean skin softer and smoother, her taste spicy but sweet... her brown Indian-mexican with fine classic features. And she was a talented artist, a beautiful singer, a piece with the kind of soul that inspired passion and adoration. I was her to her flowers, frog to her princess. Also, she chose her abusive drunken husband, and I could not rescue the damsel. Ah, well.

GREAT WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN



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Wed JAN 30

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GREAT WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN

**8** My only black girl so far, she was a neighbor in Altadena, CA, a minority area by the Angeles Crest mountains northeast of L.A. She liked to do neds and play dominoes. It was a brief relationship - a few nights, but established me as an equal opportunity fucker. She had a nice body, and her dark skin and kinky pubes were very erotic and sensual. The invern pinkness of her pussy was an exciting contrast. Too bad most black girls are hard to approach - I'd like none of them.

**9** Andrea - A voluptuous young blonde (I didn't know how young till later), I was introduced to her by Doug, who she was previously living with in Los Angeles. Enthusiastic in sex, fun and fiery, she delighted my otherwise rather hectic life. I'd give me head while driving (with Kay following in her VW) fuck in the hot springs in Colorado, once planned to give me some girlfriends for my birthday... she said she was 18, and her mind and body convinced her. But one day she left - went back home to Erie, PA, and wrote me the truth - she was 15. That was o.k. - I didn't mind, but I did mind losing her.

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