

HOOKER

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LADIES OF THE NIGHT

MARCH 1981

\$3.50

VANESSA DEL RIO

LETS IT ALL HANG OUT IN A WILD INTERVIEW AND
EYE-POPPING STILLS FROM HER HOTTEST PORNPIX!

TRUE CASE HISTORIES:
WOMEN WHO MASTURBATE

HOW TO SCORE MORE NOOKIE!

SPECIAL INTERNATIONAL ISSUE:
BREATHTAKING PHOTOS OF
BEAUTIES AROUND THE WORLD!



NIGHT DESK

A good HOOKER aims to please, like this third big issue of the hottest-selling magazine for men.

This time around we have red-hot Cuban pornstar Vanessa del Rio to let it all hang out in a wild gabfest with pictures nearly too hot to publish! She's the rage of the dirty movie world, and this no-holds-barred exclusive HOOKER interview shows you why.

This issue is also filled with the kind of titillating reading that'll keep you up nights—like our true-life case histories of women who masturbate and the confessions of one of the girls "working" the vacation paradise package circuit. You'll find out what goes on under the stars and on the sand!

In HOOKER this time you'll also get some pointers on how to score more with the kind of girls you want to score with from a fellow who claims he really knows.

As always, our regular features . . . Dear Hooker this issue reveals the secret desires of a man "Hooked on Asses" . . . more incredible entries in our first annual Erotic Photo Contest as the competition really heats up . . . all about Blue Movies, with uncensored stills and no-nonsense critiques of what's hot in the X-rated world . . . Book Reviews that tell you about the very latest offerings in the world of adult erotica.

And most important of all, the gorgeous ladies of the night revealed in the light of day . . . this time from all corners of the world . . . like our Cover Girl from the streets of Paris, a real Australian bush baby, a fascinating beauty from Morocco, a stunner who proves Spanish Eyes are no myth, and an Oriental girl in an Occidental mood for love.

And HOOKER's there when couples get around to their most intimate moments . . . like the two working gals in different lines but similarly inclined . . . and a real live gigolo who proves to a young runaway that hooking isn't necessarily just woman's work!

There's much more too, plenty to keep you good and hooked. And if you think this is something, wait 'til you see what's on the drawing boards next issue!

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**CRISSIE
CONFESSES:
A WEEK AT
CLUB CRIB**

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ABOUT THE GIRLS
WORKING THOSE
PRIVATE VACATION
PARADISE PACKAGES!

AS TOLD TO
DR. JACK FRITSCHER

Crissie: Call me Crissie. I'm a "Stringer" for Club Crib. *Stringer*. Wow. Yeah. That's the new polite word for *H-O-O-K-E-R!* Do you believe it? I mean Club Crib doesn't hire me directly to be a Camp Follower. But I do get special rates. Because of the very friendly services I provide at some of their sun-and-sand locations. Guys come from places like Detroit and L.A. and Mobile and Houston and Valdez. Working stiffs, you know. They dream of screwing around in the sun under the palm trees. That's why they're so ready to plunk down the bread to Club Crib.

Dr. Jack: They figure they're paying for a week of fucking in the surf?

Crissie: First come, first served.

Dr. Jack: You seem to be a lady in love with your work.

Crissie: For sure. Club Crib gives me an inexpensive ticket to the Good Life. Besides, I more than earn back what Club Crib charges me in what I charge the guys who want to forget about work for awhile. And about their old ladies back home. And about their jobs.

Dr. Jack: Sometimes, you said to me earlier, an evening with a woman like you on a tropical island like this can turn a guy's head around like nothing that has ever happened to him before in his whole life.

Crissie: Most of these guys are men who've made a lot of money fast. Money they didn't expect to have. Money that came as a fast bonus for doing what they call hazardous work. Sort of like battle pay. Since it came in a big fat, fast bundle to them, they feel they can blow it on themselves in just as big a way.

Dr. Jack: That's where Club Crib comes in.

Crissie: That's where I come into Club Crib.

Dr. Jack: You're a 10, Crissie. No doubt about it. You've got it all. The hair. The face. The tits and

ass.

Crissie: Watch it.

Dr. Jack: Hey, don't get virginal on me now!

Crissie: I'm only kidding. I really dig it when guys start talking dirty to me.

Dr. Jack: Yeah? How "dirty" do you like it?

Crissie: Real nice-n-nasty. I mean a girl has to have some way to make sex interesting. Some guys who come out here to the islands are playing French Foreign Legion in their heads. They figure they're like mercenaries. They even fuck like mercenaries.

Dr. Jack: What do you mean? Mercenaries?

Crissie: Ever since Vietnam and Rhodesia and all that stuff, I've noticed a change in American guys' attitudes while fucking. Sometimes you get these real straight hubby types who by some hook or crook have escaped for a week from Des Moines, Iowa. They lie to their wives. Tell them they're going away on business. Then they come to Club Crib. These are the ones who fuck like missionaries at home. You know: they're always on top of their wives. And all they do is stick it in and pull it out. Mainly their wives force them to stay within these limits.

Dr. Jack: So what happens to them at Club Crib?

Crissie: At Club Crib these guys turn into fuckers straight out of "Fantasy Island." Maybe because they've been forced

"Out here we can do it in the full blaze of the noonday sun."

into tame missionary sex back in the States, they easily turn into tigers in the sack out here under the tropical skies. Figure it out. Most guys only get to fuck in the

dark in their bedrooms. Out here, we can do it in the full blaze of the noonday sun. I think it's just the change of atmosphere.

Dr. Jack: The change turns these missionaries into mercenaries?

Crissie: Definitely. A mercenary is a soldier who fights for the love of a good fight and for the love of money. Ordinary soldiers believe in missionary stuff like love of country and patriotism.

Dr. Jack: Let's knock that good stuff what with the world situation being what it is.

Crissie: I'm only knocking the style of fucking. Give me a man with the headspace for fucking like a mercenary soldier. You know: he has a wide tolerance for raping and pillaging.

Dr. Jack: You like to be raped and pillaged?

Crissie: I adore being raped and pillaged. I adore men with the courage of their fantasies. I adore men who dare to be sexual adventurers. That's where Club Crib separates the Chumps from the Champs!

Dr. Jack: What's the difference between Chumps and Champs?

"... if you got the money, honey, I got the time."

Crissie: Champs stay in the saddle longer. Chumps are the jerks who are afraid to experiment sexually.

Dr. Jack: Do you think that a Chump with a missionary headspace can pay his money to Club Crib and within a week turn into a Champ willing to experiment with mercenary fantasies?

Crissie: Do pussies have lips? Do boys grow up to be men?

Dr. Jack: Then your answer is a definite Yes?

Crissie: My answer is always yes.

Dr. Jack: Always?

Crissie: Always. I mean—if you got the money, honey, I got the time.

Dr. Jack: So besides a more liberated attitude toward fantasy-fucking, what else turns you on about being a Stringer for Club Crib?

Crissie: I'm a woman who likes sex. Maybe I'm a bit of a nympho. I don't know. Some of the other girls who travel along with me on the Club Crib circuit are a lot wilder than I am.

Dr. Jack: Can you give me an example?

Crissie: All you guys are just dirty old men at heart, aren't you?

Dr. Jack: What do you mean?

Crissie: You all really like to beat your own meat while you get a woman to talk to you about sex. I'm finding more of that these days. In fact, after I meet some of these guys on these Club Crib expeditions, I find there's quite a few who like follow-up telephone conferences.

Dr. Jack: You mean they pay you to call them up collect and talk dirty to them at regular intervals?

Crissie: One of my specialties. Obscene phone calls.

Dr. Jack: Can you give me an example?

Crissie: See! You are a dirty old man!

Dr. Jack: Come on, Crissie. You're two examples behind. Don't lead me on. Don't be a pricktease.

Crissie: Since you put it to me that way—okay!

Dr. Jack: You're easy to seduce.

Crissie: I was never a member of the Resistance.

Dr. Jack: How many men would you guestimate you've had?

Crissie: Armies have marched over me.

Dr. Jack: So out of all your experiences, why don't you give me a sample of one of your Obscene Phone Calls?

Crissie: Okay. Here goes. You're just this guy who knows what time he's home alone. Say

you're divorced or single or your old lady's out working on a regular schedule.

Dr. Jack: I got the picture. So shoot.

Crissie: Hello, Champ. You don't even need to ask who's calling. You remember real well, I betcha. This is Crissie. I for sure remember you and the way we made it on that grass mat in the sand every afternoon at Club Crib. You were a Champ all the

**“Remember
the smell of my
body covered
with the slick
sheen of
coconut oil?”**

way. Real laid back. Real rough and ready. Are you hot to trot now, baby? Is your dick getting hard remembering how the sunlight lit up the perspiration on the tanned skin between my big boobs? Remember the smell of my body covered with the slick sheen of coconut oil? Remember how you smeared my soft body and rubbed my cunt with your big hands? I remember how you said you never thought coconut oil could taste so good.

I'm oiling up my big pair of sunbrown golden boobs right this minute. Warm oil running down my silky skin. My nipples are standing up hard remembering how you used to tongue them awake. Think about those long afternoons when you oiled up my slick belly and felt me lie down on top of you. Think about how I bumped my golden belly against your dick. Think how good my belly felt against your tool.

Talking to you is better than a postcard saying I remember how you looked up at me straddling your hips. Remember the look on my face as I rose up

on my knees and sat down over your tool. Your fingers oiled my clit and cunt. Your fingers slipped inside me. You felt deep flesh. Sniff your finger now, fucker, and tell me there still isn't the trace of my deep secret fragrance on your hand. Tell me you don't fuck your old lady while you're thinking secretly about how we made it those long lingering afternoons out on the sand in the full bright of the sun.

I can't forget pumping your tool. I can't forget fucking myself on your righteous rod while you laid back with a big shit-eating grin on your face! You made me cum and cum and cum. You watched me strain and pull and jam myself down on your dick. You felt my cunt pulling at your rod, milking your prick for all its juice. God! You felt huge inside me! Huge inside me! Inside me! Inside!

I wanted you. Then. I want you. Now. Yeah, fucker. You. With your masterful mansized dick. Fucking like a wild crazed desert soldier. Your hands felt powerful when you raised your arms and felt my big breasts hanging over your chest. Without coming off your tool, I leaned my tits way above your face. Remember how your mouth opened and you started to tongue the sweat and sweet oil off my skin? I wrapped my slender arms around your head and buried your face between my tits. I rocked back and forth over your face. Your three days' stubble of beard rubbed my skin raw. You licked the blood, the light film of blood, off my breasts. The salt of my sweat. The salt of my blood.

And all the while I was humping my hips hard into your tool. My belly slapping down into yours. My pussy wild with desire. Wet with juice. Wanting your load. Contracting down on your rod. Humping you. Pumping you. Cumming over you. With you in me. Moaning in your ear.

Biting your ear. Fucking your dick. Crazy in your heat. In the heat of the sun. Wanting you to feel your load shoot off deep inside me. Wanting to hear you roar. Wanting to drive your dick crazy. Wanting to tease your fucking load out of your tool stowed deep up inside me. Squeezing down on you. Squeezing it out of you.

You lasted so long. I came so often. You made me crazy with lust for your cum. I wanted you shooting deep up inside me. I banged down on you harder than ever. I remember how you bucked up with me riding your hips. I remember how you clawed at my breasts. How you locked your hands around my shoulders and held me in place while you jammed, yeah, JAMMED your rod up inside me. My God. You crushed up inside me like the wild foamy surf breaking like thunder over deep wet rocks.

Lying together on the mat afterwards . . . Is this okay?

Dr. Jack: Everything's okay, Crissie.

Crissie: I mean, is it okay for me to stop now? I've sort of given you the idea.

Dr. Jack: Why don't you finish it up. What happened lying together on the mat?

Crissie: Lying together on the mat afterwards, well, he fucked me again. I asked him to fuck me again. His rod was hard again. I guess I do that to men a lot.

Dr. Jack: You're a 10, Crissie. Every 10 is a Hardon.

Crissie: We fucked all that week.

Dr. Jack: You fucked just this one guy all week?

Crissie: Oh no. I was fucking at least six guys. I never stay with just one. Unless he's somebody real important. Or unless he's just won a great big score. It's sort of an unwritten understanding I have with Club Crib. We try not to let any of the Stringers get too exclusive.

Dr. Jack: What do you mean an "understanding" that you have with Club Crib? You sound like you're more than a Stringer.

Crissie: I'll tell you. I'm the youngest Stringer Club Crib has ever promoted to the position of Agent. You can figure that out. Whenever I meet a girl who looks like she might fit the swinging style of Club Crib, I get paid a commission to recruit her.

Dr. Jack: You don't mind if our readers know this?

Crissie: Of course not. In fact, I find that the best sex I have is with guys who read stuff like your magazine publishes.

Dr. Jack: *HOOKER* readers do it better?

"Basically, I charge by the inch."

Crissie: You know how I feel about sexual adventurers!

Dr. Jack: How much do you charge a guy for, let's say, three hours of a little afternoon delight like you just described?

Crissie: That depends. Basically, I charge by the inch.

Dr. Jack: By the inch?

Crissie: Of course. Some girls charge by the hour. But I'm not a clock-watcher. I charge \$15 bucks an inch for giving a guy a blowjob. I charge \$25 bucks an inch for a good fuck.

Dr. Jack: What's the most you ever earned in one session?

Crissie: There was this big black dude who had made his mint pushing coke. I don't care what anybody thinks. I must admit when I saw that man, I turned into a piece of white trash. I never saw a tool so commanding in my whole life. There we were in the deep green of the tropical jungle. Me with all my blonde hair and my little blonde shaved pussy. Him dark and big. I guess there wasn't anything I wouldn't do with that man. So that was the most I ever

made in one session.

Dr. Jack: How much was it?

Crissie: How much is twelve inches times everything a man can do with a woman?

Dr. Jack: It's a good thing that dude had a big money stash.

Crissie: He tipped me, too.

Dr. Jack: Club Crib doesn't take a percentage out of your earnings?

Crissie: No way. The only charge to me and my other Stringers is a discount rate on the weekly fee the Club Crib charges everybody. Financially and legally there's no way Club Crib and us Stringers are connected. We are merely a convenience to each other.

Dr. Jack: It sounds like the whorehouse concept perfected. Club Crib provides only the facility. You girls come on as Stringers and provide the Club with no-hassle whoring.

Crissie: Check it out. We girls are as independent as we are liberated. How else could we live the outrageously extra-

"You see any girl with a tan— especially in any Stateside city in the winter—and you can bet she's a hooker."

vagant lifestyle of sun and sand and blue water all year round. Tans are expensive. You see any girl with a tan—especially in any Stateside city in the winter—and you can bet she's a hooker. Times being what they are, the only way to keep a girl's skin golden bronzed is to peddle the sleek and slender young body on only the best beaches around. And Club Crib must have a chapter almost any-

where in the world where the beautiful people—and suddenly-rich guys—can get a Bain de Soleil tan.

Dr. Jack: What about women who come to Club Crib?

Crissie: Most of them fuck for free. They come on these kinds of vacations because they like to shake their little butts out for two sunny weeks after sitting for fifty weeks in a secretary's chair. They're not much competition. You can figure that. Look at the behind of any woman who sits on it fifty weeks a year. Still, some guys like that. You can't argue for taste. One guy that I balled last year met his future wife the same day we fucked. He had a little spread in Montana. And when she saw him, she spread as wide as she could. Club Crib was the fulfillment of her fantasies. She had saved up for two years so she could come for a couple weeks and find herself a man.

Dr. Jack: It must have worked. All the Club Crib facilities are booked almost solid the whole year round. The average age is anywhere around thirty-five for men and twenty-four for girls.

Crissie: Age like looks doesn't mean all that much. I don't care what a guy looks like as long as when he gets up in the morning, something real sexy turns on like a lightswitch behind his eyes.

Dr. Jack: You're an extraordinarily beautiful woman. And a very athletic fuck. You mean you really don't care what a guy looks like?

Crissie: Club Crib accepts all kinds of guys. As long as a guy is clean, I can dig him the way he is. One of my main trips, since I happen to look the way I look, is to share. It's a gift, you know, to look beautiful. I figure a gift to me is a gift to be shared. The more beautiful a woman is, the more she owes it to others to give it away. When a woman has beauty, she should share it.

Dr. Jack: That's like doing Charity Fucks.

Crissie: Charity Fucks?

Dr. Jack: Yeah. A Charity Fuck is when a gorgeous girl fucks an ugly guy or when a handsome man fucks an ugly woman.

Crissie: I never thought of it that way. What's it supposed to do? Improve your karma?

Dr. Jack: So they say.

Crissie: Whatever's right. But one thing I'll say is I like a man who looks like a man and fucks like a man. He doesn't have to be Mr. Hollywood Handsome. The best lays of my life have been real ordinary-looking Joes. They're the real foxes. They're the ones who really know how to fuck a girl crazy.

Dr. Jack: What's it like to live on the Club Crib circuit?

Crissie: Sort of a mix of "Fantasy Island," like I said, with a little "Love Boat." Club Crib makes my life very interesting. I'd never meet all the men I meet otherwise. There's something about the atmosphere at the good old Crib clubs that lets guys and gals hang loose. Maybe it's the sun and sand and the tropical heat and the cool drinks. Maybe it's getting on a plane and flying far away from home and letting go of all the stuff that's back inside your head. Club Crib permits people to follow their fantasies. Guys who've followed their cocks around all their lives find that Club Crib is the place where they really get to act out all their sex adventures.

Dr. Jack: The way you say it makes it sound like some of the sex styles at Club Crib might get a little bit kinky.

Crissie: We do have our share of sex, drugs, and rock-and-roll.

Dr. Jack: So what kinds of kink, if any, does Club Crib allow?

Crissie: The Club itself would never say no to anybody's trip. But the one rule is that nobody can hurt anybody else by forcing any trips on them. The Club allows no pressure-punking whatsoever. We're all mutually consenting adults.

That's the key item! After that? Anything goes!

Dr. Jack: Can you give me a shot at what you mean?

Crissie: Sure. I mean, why not? We're both adults. Right?

Dr. Jack: Right.

Crissie: One of the girls I recruited straight out of a Club Crib bar on the beachside of one of the best islands had a knack for dominating guys. Nothing too severe, understand; but a man who wanted a woman juggling her tits and twat over his face could see immediately that Saethra had the commanding look of love. Sometimes guys need an encounter with a woman like Saethra. Some guys arrive here at Club Crib and they're so uptight from their work and their wives and families that, when they sit down at the Crib Beach Bar, their assholes practically suck up the seat.

Dr. Jack: No guy should be that uptight. Ever.

Crissie: Obviously you're not married. Married guys—they're the uptight ones.

Dr. Jack: Then you could say that Club Crib has a socially redeeming purpose? Sort of like shrinking out guys who need to let go of some of the stuff that's making them into something like "middle-age crazies" no matter what their age.

Crissie: You could say that about some of the guys who come to play here. Saethra, for example, became very popular very fast. Word-of-mouth is the best publicity. Once she had set herself up as some sort of Dominant Bitch Goddess of the Jungle, the guys couldn't get enough of her stuff. Her business grew so good so fast she had to ask me to come in and help her on a couple of numbers.

Dr. Jack: Such as?

Crissie: You always head straight for the lurid details, don't you?

Dr. Jack: Times being what they

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CLUB CRIB

(continued from page 62)

are, I figure like most men I want Top Twat for my Top Dollar.

Crissie: All this is going to cost you, you know.

Dr. Jack: I never for a moment thought I'd get it for free. No woman's ever given away a free lunch.

Crissie: Don't you stick out your tongue and wag it at me! Ha. Jeez. Come on.

Dr. Jack: That's a girl. That's what we like to see. That's more like it. We always like to see a girl giggle. Nothing is more of a turn-off to a man than a woman who has no sense of humor.

Crissie: Did you hear the one about the world's shortest book?

Dr. Jack: No. What is the world's shortest book?

Crissie: "2,000 Years of Dyke Humor."

Dr. Jack: That's good, Crissie.

Crissie: I know.

Dr. Jack: So tell me more about Saethra, Dominant Bitch Goddess of the Jungle.

Crissie: You make her sound real ba-a-a-a-d. Actually, she was a fairly sensitive woman who knew how to make a man let go and have the good time he was looking, and paying, for. There was this one guy who had always had the fantasy, ever since he was a teenaged kid, that he had been lost in the jungle and was captured by Jungle Women who drugged him and stripped him down to a loincloth and kept him as their sex slave in a heavy bamboo cage. There was nothing he could do to escape, and the only thing he could do to survive was be a better and better sex slave.

Saethra made his dream come true. She handled herself as well as she managed his fantasy. The first night he was at Club Crib, she singled him out of the crowd and came on to him. Real strong. At first, she let him think she was just your ordinary

Stringer. She danced a long, slow, sensuous dance. He sipped at the tall drink she had served to him. Before long, he was up and dancing with her. She took vines and wrapped them around his neck and shoulders and arms. She pulled him in close to her slow-dancing body. She had dropped her halter. Her big tight boobs swung gently under her lei. His hands felt her tits. She pulled him in closer, put her hand on the back of his head, and pushed his face down on her boobs. He started to lick and kiss and suck on her tanned skin. He licked the string of shells hanging around her neck. She pushed his face down her undulating belly. He sank to his knees and started to eat her out through the light grasscloth of her sarong. About that time the special drink she had the bartender make for him began to take effect. She had him in that dreamy kind of twilight state where a man will do almost anything a woman leads him

"So right about the time he unhooked her sarong, he headed on in for a little fancy muff-diving."

into.

Dr. Jack: Fascinating.

Crissie: He was eating her out. He knelt in front of her dancing body. Her arms wrapped the vine ropes tighter around his chest and arms. She was binding him into her power. He knew it, I guess, but it was what he had dreamed about ever since he was a cocky young kid.

So right about the time he

unhooked her sarong, he headed on in for a little fancy muff-diving. He nosed around in her warm pussy fur, sniffing and sampling what he was preparing to flesh out. His fingers played with her lips. His tongue flicked at her hardening clit. Then he opened back the lips of her pussy, wet and slick and warm, using his fingers to spread the lips wide enough for his tongue to plunge in as far as he could stick it. He was real hot and bothered for sucking up as much cuntflicking as he could handle.

About that time, Saethra gave the high-sign. She had organized a whole group of other Stringers. One by one the women closed in a tight circle around the man eating out Saethra's pussy. Overheated with the drink, he fell easily into our capture net. His tongue wagged wildly. His face was shiny with cunt juice. We hitched him up in the net and cinched the net onto a bamboo pole. It took about six of us to lift him up. He was a big strong guy. And we carried him off to a part of the jungle just within sound of the surf and just far enough away from the music playing in the Club Crib gamehouse.

Saethra knew how to pull off a good scene. She ordered us to set the guy down on the sand. Still wrapped in the net. Then she gave us a direct command to strip him and stretch him spreadeagle out on the sand. The guy must have felt like he was in heaven with all those female hands pulling at his clothes, stripping him down, pawing his skin, scratching him with sexual heat and hunger.

Several of the Stringers admitted later they really got into abducting this guy, stripping him and forcibly raping his mouth and his dick. Women like to see men in tied-up situations!

Can you imagine what that clearing in the jungle must have looked like to that guy? Here he was tied down to stakes spreadeagle and at the total

"Here he was tied down to stakes spread-eagle and at the total mercy of a group of women."

mercy of a group of women. He could only look up and see the underside of our crotches and tits. We closed in a circle around him. Commanded by Saethra, we touched his dick. We group-stroked him into a real hard tool. He writhed on the ground. Half-drugged he could observe everything happening to him, but he was powerless to stop himself from being used as a sex slave.

Saethra ordered two blonde Stringers to take care of the guy's crotch. One of them went down on his cock. The other one put her soft wet red lips up against his balls. The women's slick mouth-action gave the guy a raging bone-on. He pulled against the ropes. The women teased his tool up to the point of cuming. They played his balls. They tongued and fingered his cock. They would not let him cum. They had taken control of his dick away from him.

He had traveled over 3,000 miles to follow his dick to Club Crib, and now that his jungle fantasy was a wild night's reality, he found that this tribe of wild Stringers had taken his cock-control away!

He had always felt like a Champ. He didn't like being made into a Chump.

He strained harder at the ropes. His body looked strong as

a man's should look tied up and stretched out in the glow of firelight and torches.

Dr. Jack: It sounds like a movie.

Crissie: It was, in a way, his Ultimate Movie. Especially when Saethra ordered us to line up, and one by one we sat on his face.

Dr. Jack: How many women sat on his face that night?

Crissie: At least fifteen. More, if you count the ones who sat on his face and made him eat them out more than once. He had a wild look in his eyes. I was the fourth woman to straddle his head and push my cunt into his mouth. I pulled my cuntlips apart and his tongue shot right up inside me. Strong and forceful. I pounded my hips into his face. He was gasping for air. I was cuming on his tongue.

In the circle of women kneeling around him, I watched a couple girls sort of get animal-hungry for his dick that was about to burst with the forbidden lust of his pent-up cum.

But Saethra wanted his dick. She was saving his cock for herself.

Slowly she lowered herself on his meat and fucked him senseless with her humping, pumping motion. He writhed in ecstasy. His head rocked back and forth. He pulled at the ropes. She dropped the full length of her strong tanned sweaty body down on top of his naked tied body. Her tits squashed up against his chest. Her breath started down his throat as she locked her lips over his and sucked his breath from his head and then blew air down his throat. He could not even breathe for himself while her beautiful hips thumped down in the hardfucking motion against his belly. Her twat ate up his cock. Her mouth ate up his face. He couldn't stand it any longer. Saethra knew that. So she made him cum. Made him shoot deep up inside her.

He panted and pulled at the ropes as she pulled her pussy up and away from his rod. She was dripping with sex-juice. And she had only one place where she wanted her cunt sucked dry. That was on his mouth. He hardly seemed to care if he had cum or not when she fed him her dripping crotch. He started to tongue it and eat it like the captured, kidnapped sex slave she had turned him into.

Dr. Jack: I guess if guys dig custom-built cars and customized bikes, then why not have custom-designed sex? Makes sense. Completes the full picture. Too often with sex guys have to settle for less customized intensity than they get in other areas of their lives.

Crissie: You better believe it. There's some unbeatable combinations in life. The one I like best is the only one that could ever get me to give up all my fun in my career with Club Crib.

Dr. Jack: What's that?

Crissie: Rich Man. Fast Car. Big Dick.

Dr. Jack: That's all you want from life?

Crissie: That's enough. That's in fact my total mantra. That's what I meditate on. That's what I ultimately want from life. That's what I'll find if I keep on working here with the kind of men who can afford to come and play at Club Crib.

"I'd settle for an honest man with an economy pickup truck and a dick he knew how to use."

Dr. Jack: A woman with your hot looks should get everything she

wants from life.

Crissie: Actually, I'd settle for an honest man with an economy pickup truck and a dick he knew how to use.

Dr. Jack: You sound like you know the life at Club Crib can't go on forever.

Crissie: Not for me it won't. Nothing gets tired faster than an old Stringer. You can quote me. When I start to get jaded, I'm going to quit. As long as it's fun, and as long as the visitors to Club Crib are nice, and as long as Club Crib keeps its act together, I'll keep on plugging away. I've been buying shares in Club Crib.

Dr. Jack: Where does the name "Club Crib" come from?

Crissie: You must never confuse us with those other kinds of vacation clubs. I've been to some of their places. BORING! Club Crib from the start seemed to be the kind of organization I could get behind. The word "Crib" plays around with the old word for warehouses when they were still called "cribs." And it's like the word "crib" which means "to cheat." You know, like "to crib an exam in school." Or "to crib on your wife." Hal And also it tells you how Club Crib started out with just one resort in the Caribbean. "Crib" is short for Caribbean.

Dr. Jack: Clever. And what about the string of shells around your neck?

Crissie: That's how we got the name "Stringers." At Club Crib you don't have any pockets to carry money, so you need some way to pay for drinks and to pay for what sex you want that isn't a freebie. "Stringers" are girls who string shells around their necks to keep track of how many tricks they've turned. When the week ends, we turn in our shells for cold hard cash.

Dr. Jack: You are not only beautiful. You're a good business woman.

Crissie: I don't sell seashells

down by the seashore for my health. Besides, any hooker will tell you that if a man wants a wife who'll help him get ahead in his small business, there ain't a helpmate alive who can help him as much as a woman who has run her own business by hooking her own body. And that's the name of that tune!

Dr. Jack: You're a Worldclass Hooker.

Crissie: Thank you, good sir. Now let's see how many shells you want to spend.

Dr. Jack: If you're going to charge me by the inch, is that before or after I get hard?

Crissie: I'll never tell. But I'll just bet that you understand a good fantasy fuck.

Dr. Jack: What guy wouldn't want to be a Champ in about ten rounds with a 10 like you?

Crissie: Are you really a doctor?

Dr. Jack: Yes.

Crissie: How do I know for sure?

Dr. Jack: Take off your clothes.

Crissie: I wasn't born yesterday.

Dr. Jack: So how would you prefer me to sign this interview off?

Crissie: Just keep one hand on your tape recorder, and one hand on your note pad, and end it this way. Just write that the last time you saw me, or, I should say, the last time you saw Crissie she was sinking slowly in the West.

Dr. Jack: "Sinking slowly?"

Crissie: You know. Going down. In the sunset. Red clouds. White sands. Surf breaking in the evening twilight. Torches lit along the beaches. Smells of tanning oil on the warm skin of young women waiting for a night of love. You think you could say that about me and this place? That would be a nice way to leave everything, don't you think? I mean, even if I leave Club Crib, there will always be a girl like me waiting here for guys like you. Okay? Okay!

