

Acclaim for *Secrets & Pleasures*

"Wow! *Secrets & Pleasures* has opened up a whole new world of pleasure and possibility for me. I learned so much about how to relate with women and how to give them pleasure in a way that works for them. And I didn't want to put the book down! I wanted to find out what happened next and experience each new erotic scene. What a turn-on. The fact that it is based on real-life experiences blows my mind and gives me hope that I can create more of the kinds of experiences that are described in the book. The results I produced and experienced when I read the original edition were awesome, and I still use what I learned on a daily basis. Thank you for writing this book."

— **Mark Michael Lewis**, author of *Relationship Dancing*

"Men will read this book and say, 'Man, I wish I'd had this book (or could have met Rachael) when I was a teenager! What an education!' Women will read it and say, 'This book contains all of the information I want a man to have BEFORE I have sex with him.' People of both sexes will say, 'This book should be required reading for all young people for whom sexual abstinence is not a realistic option.'"

— **Stephen K.**

More Acclaim for *Secrets & Pleasures*

"When we first read *Secrets & Pleasures*, we decided to hand it off to our teenage son because we wanted him to have a good grounding in some of the principles and practices that we have found so valuable in our relationship. He loved the book, and thanked us for having the guts to share it with him."

—J.E. and M.T.

"I loved this book! However, it took me forever to read it because I got so turned on, that every few pages I was compelled to stop and masturbate!"

—Kim R.

"My older sister (the anonymous young woman described in the Introduction) gave the earlier edition of this book to me back when I was in my teens, and I thank her, her partner at the time, and Curt Kinhead and his wife Ruth for creating a story that had so much useful sexual, sensual, relationship and communications info that was so easy to grok and implement. It changed my life. Thank you so much!"

—Jonathan S.

More Acclaim for *Secrets & Pleasures*

"When I first received this book as a present from a friend, it took me a while to get to it. I actually don't like such steamy stuff. However, when I started to read it, I couldn't put it down. I never do that with any book! I've loaned it to a friend already."

—Dee H.

"This book is a must read for any woman who has sold herself short. *Secrets & Pleasures* showed me that it is okay to want pleasure just for my sake and to know that it is just as much a turn-on for a man to please me as it is for me to receive pleasure. What a concept to teach all young people, that when a woman is honored, then men are all the better on the receiving end, both for the giving and the resultant overflow of love that pours back to them. I was touched at the beauty of unconditional love that poured from the pages, leaving me with a sense of wonder (that this could be possible for all relationships) and feeling that if it were possible, then every school, library and home needs a copy of this book NOW!"

—Elizabeth H.

Secrets & Pleasures

Curt Kinkead

Nifty Paws Press
NOVATO, CALIFORNIA

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This book is dedicated to the memory of my late guru, Dr. Victor Baranco, who understood women and who taught me to understand them, how to love them and give them what they want. He also taught me how to give until it feels good. Thanks to the many teachers at Lafayette Morehouse for continuing to embody Dr. Baranco's legacy.

This book is also dedicated to my dear wife, Ruth Schwartz, without whom this book would not have happened and my life would not be so extraordinary.

INTRODUCTION

Originally published in the mid-1990s, this book was actually the result of a young woman (who has decided to remain anonymous) wanting to share with other people in their teens and twenties innovative information about sex and relationships that she had learned.

She had originally had a handbook format in mind—a step-by-step how-to guide to a better approach to sensuality and relationships—and she was referred by a trusted friend to the author, Curt Kinkead, who had studied the same information and was also known as a talented writer.

Curt agreed to work with her, and over the next few weeks they met weekly, moving the project forward.

One night, between those weekly sessions, Curt came up with the idea of turning this handbook into an erotic novel, weaving the sex and relationship information throughout, as a way to get these principles across without being instructive or prescriptive.

The young woman loved the idea, and her partner at the time and I joined the team to produce that original edition, entitled *My Secret Pleasures*.

Curt wrote, the “girls” reviewed and gave Curt feedback every week. I did the final edit, and got the book designed and printed.

We were all thrilled with the result, along with about 250 folks from our extended community, who quickly bought up most of the print run.

The book was quite well received (see the testimonials on the previous pages) and we got great feedback, which Curt set about incorporating into a new edition.

Right around the same time, that young woman and her friend moved on in their lives and gave Curt full rights to the original book.

At that point, our distribution was more informal and electronic, sharing a PDF file with people who had heard about it. Now, thanks to current print-on-demand technology, as well as the advent of e-book formats like Kindle®, we launched this revised edition.

Enjoy!

—*Ruth Schwartz, proud and gratified wife of Curt Kinkead, and Publisher at Nifty Paws Press*

CHAPTER ONE

I suppose my childhood was normal enough, except that I managed to get through high school with my virginity intact, though not entirely by choice. I think I would have tried sexual intercourse if the opportunity had presented itself, but I was so scared of sexually transmitted diseases, I might not have. In any event, I was such a nerd I never really got close.

I definitely liked girls, but I was shy and wore glasses, and none of them paid much attention to me. Of course the fact that my interests consisted mostly of football and computers, in no particular order, might have had something to do with it. I have a sister, two years older, who was an overbearing pain in the ass most of the time I was growing up, and what little need I had for female company she more than filled.

Considering I knew almost nothing about women or relationships with women, my progress seems almost

miraculous in retrospect. It all began when I started college.

I arrived at college with excellent computer, math and football skills and with the social skills of a retarded mountain gorilla. Actually, my social skills weren't even that good. I managed to get a partial athletic scholarship to the college in my hometown, which was fortunate because there really wasn't enough money for me to go away to school.

Because I was going out for football, my college year began two weeks before most other students', which was kind of weird. Weirder still, we played our first conference game before classes even began.

Two weeks didn't seem to me like enough time to put a team together, but football was about the only thing we did during those two weeks, and the coaching staff was vastly superior to any I had experienced previously. Besides, I had attended Football Camp in the spring, and I was in excellent shape going in, thanks to daily workouts.

College football was like stepping into another world, on several levels. I had always thought my talents could best be used at linebacker, but because I was so big, at 6'5" and 240 pounds.) I had played only line positions in high school. When I told my new coach about my linebacker aspirations, to my amazement, he agreed. He said that, in spite of my size, I was quick enough to play linebacker, and that's where he wanted me.

The next day I got another surprise when I learned that I was the only freshman to make the varsity team.

Those events alone would have marked a significant turning point in my life, but something else happened at almost the same time that was to affect my life far more profoundly.

It all started with a visit to Dr. Green. He wasn't our regular family physician—he was the new team doctor. We all went to him for our physicals because he didn't charge us anything and we'd heard from Coach that he had a drop-dead gorgeous nurse named Rachael. Dr. Green was middle-aged, mostly retired, and we went to see him at his house. None of the guys gave me even the slightest hint of what was to come, so I went there expecting a normal physical exam.

And it was a normal exam; at least it started out that way.

I arrived on time, and Rachael led me to an examination room and told me to strip to my shorts.

When I first saw her I thought she was pretty, but I wasn't quite ready to call her "drop dead gorgeous." I thought she would leave the room, but she just waited patiently for me to strip. She weighed and measured me and took my vitals. At that point the doctor came in.

He told me he was training his nurse to do these team physicals, and would I mind if she participated in the exam?

I knew I was running the danger of getting an inappropriate erection. But by carefully ignoring her, I was, at that point, winning the battle with my pecker, so I said okay.

They took turns looking in my eyes, ears, nose and mouth and they felt the glands in my neck.

They listened to and thumped my chest and back and did all of the normal things that are part of a football physical.

Then he had me stand and face him. He sat on a stool and told me to drop my shorts so he could check me for hernia. He and Rachael both put on latex gloves, and he told me to turn my head and cough several times as he probed the inguinal canals at the base of my penis with two fingers.

He didn't move too fast and it wasn't too bad, but suddenly the raven-haired nurse was seated before me. Not only did I get a tantalizing view down the front of her dress, but she also opened her legs as she scooted the stool up to me so that I stood between her legs. With her skirt hiked up like that, I could just make out the slit of her pussy through her panties.

Suddenly most of the blood in my body decided to hang out in my penis for a while, and I sprang a hard-on so fast I almost passed out from the sudden drop in blood pressure. It throbbed against her hand as she gently probed the flesh at the base of it. Before I could form an apology, she looked up at me and put her finger near her lips and said, "Shhh. I take it as a compliment. Thank you."

She continued gently probing the flesh at the base of my cock for quite a while because I had a weakness there, but she was so gentle it wasn't unpleasant at all.

She finished probing my groin and Dr. Green asked me to turn around and bend over the table, so he could check my anus. When he finished, he stood up. I was about to stand, but her firm hand on my back kept me bent over the table. Her soft hands spreading the cheeks of my ass sent a fresh surge of blood to my penis. The doctor told her to finish that, to check my prostate and genitals, and to get a semen sample. Then he left the room.

Her gentle hands continued to hold my cheeks apart.

"I'm going to have to stick my finger up there to check your prostate, but I'd rather do it a little later in the exam. Is that all right with you?"

I said it was. She had me remove my shorts and get back on the table, on my back this time. She had me put my feet in the stirrups, like a woman about to get her pussy examined. My rock-hard cock lolled on my stomach.

"I'm going to examine your penis now, is that all right with you?" she asked.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, a bit apprehensively.

"Relax," she replied, running her gloved hands over my thighs and buttocks. "I'm going to be very gentle, and you're going to enjoy this part of the exam. May I touch your penis?"

"Yes," I croaked, but I wasn't sure what was going to happen.

She lifted it gently and as she wrapped her hand around it, it exploded. Sensing what was about to happen a split second before I came, she had just enough time to grab a cloth to catch the first powerful spurt. She lightened her touch and gently milked my throbbing organ until my spasms subsided. She did it so skillfully I didn't lose my erection.

I asked her if she could use the semen in the cloth for her sample. She said she preferred not to use the first ejaculation because it contained residual urine and bacteria from my urethra, and there wouldn't be so much of that in subsequent ejaculations. She cleaned up my cock and then skillfully put on a condom.

"I'd like you to come at least once more for me," she said matter-of-factly. Then she gave me a knowing smile and said, "Would you mind?"

I told her I'd try, but she said, "All you have to do is relax. I'll do all the work."

She picked up my condom-shrouded cock and applied a large glob of lubricant to the tip, which she spread down the shaft using her whole hand. Then her gentle hand was gliding smoothly up and down my slippery cock. From the first stroke I was in ecstasy.

I looked up at her as she stroked my cock and realized she was indeed "drop dead gorgeous." She caught me admiring her and smiled at me so beautifully that I realized I was already hopelessly in love with her.

"Do you do this to yourself?" she asked, sliding her hand the entire length of my throbbing meat.

I told her I did but it didn't feel nearly as good as what she was doing. She smiled and said, "You don't use a lubricant, do you?"

I admitted I didn't and had never felt the need for one. She suggested I try using lots of lubricant and a stroke like she was using. She recommended using Vaseline or soap in the shower.

I remember wondering how much of this was normal procedure, not that I really cared at that point.

She didn't do anything special; she just gently slid her hand up and down in a slow easy rhythm. Her small gentle hand lit up my nervous system with pleasure beyond anything I'd ever imagined, and I watched it as if in a trance.

She brought me to another bone-jarring orgasm, skillfully milking me of every drop of semen and more pleasure than I ever thought my cock could produce. The end of the condom was heavy with semen, but she wasn't through yet.

As my orgasm raged, she took a finger full of lubricant and applied it to my anus. Just as my erection began to fade, she told me to relax completely and I felt her slippery finger begin to slide slowly up my ass. I was instantly rock-hard again.

She withdrew her finger and continued stroking my erect staff as before. She was breathing rather heavily and there was sheen of perspiration on her nose and forehead.

She tossed her head back to get some hair out of her face and her breasts jiggled and swayed as she did so. I

thought she had really nice breasts, at least what I could see of them. Through her uniform, I could see that she was wearing a lacy bra, and I could see the impressions of her nipples. Her breasts really turned me on, and I wondered what they would look like without clothing.

I was getting close again. I couldn't move very much in the stirrups, but I started moving my hips slightly in rhythm with her hand.

"Hold still," she said. "It'll feel best if you let me do all the work."

I stopped moving and immediately realized she was right. Every muscle in my body drew tight as a bowstring as my orgasm approached, and her gentle hand continued its tortuous stroking, as if totally oblivious to my growing tension.

"I know you're getting close, and you'd probably like me to speed up just a bit, but please notice how much better it feels and how it delays your orgasm if I slow down just a bit."

Oh, my God, she was right again. She began feeling my balls and moving them around gently in her warm hand, and that was all she wrote.

As I started to come she started sliding her slippery finger very slowly and steadily back into my anus. I thought I'd never stop coming.

This time her finger stayed in my butt, moving very slowly in and out and feeling around as she continued to jack me off. That gentle finger in my anus made all the difference, and I finally came for a fourth time.

After that, not even her finger up my derriere could keep my cock from wilting.

I thought she had left an overly generous amount of slack in the end of the condom when she put it on, but it was full when she took it off. She held it up, and I could see that the semen line was over an inch above the top of the receptacle end.

She very gently cleaned me up with a warm washcloth. That was really pleasant. I was so blown away and so grateful, all I could say was, "Wow!" As she left the room, she gave me a beautiful smile and told me to get dressed.

I dressed quickly and stuck my head out the door, hoping to thank her. I didn't see her, but I did see Dr. Green, sitting behind his desk in his office at the end of the hallway. He beckoned me to come in and close the door because he was on the phone.

I sat down as he finished the call. I didn't know what he wanted, and I was a little bit nervous

After he hung up, he looked at me for a moment, and then he said, "Young man, you have just been treated to one of the finest experiences this life has to offer. If you play your cards right, today is only the beginning.

"I'm making an appointment to see you back here four weeks from today for another exam like you just had, except that my nurse will be doing it without me. Is that all right with you?"

"That would be fine," I said, still in awe.

"Every time you come here for a complete physical, and only when you come here for a complete physical, Rachael will draw a semen sample more or less as she did today.

"Semen samples are usually obtained by having the patient masturbate into a paper cup, but Rachael has proven to me that she can draw 20 to 50 times as much fluid from each patient, in spite of throwing the first and most copious discharge away.

"Since it is fluid volume and purity, and not high sperm counts that we need for our work, it makes sense to take advantage of Rachael's particular skills.

"These physicals will be given to you every four weeks as long as you remain on the team, keep your grades up and stay out of trouble. And as long as you keep your mouth shut.

"If word ever gets back to us that you have discussed or even alluded to your examinations by Rachael, you will receive a card in the mail canceling your next appointment. You must promise to report to me any reference to Rachael you hear, even something as innocent as someone saying, 'I wish Rachael was here' in the locker room shower. And be advised that any such comment will earn you a cancellation card, as will trying to put any kind of move on her.

"I will tell you that other members of your team are getting these physicals too. If we find out that you heard a comment about Rachael and failed to report it, you too will get a cancellation card.

"If you get kicked off the team for grades or conduct or any other reason, you will also get a cancellation card. And hear this very carefully: Once you get a cancellation card, that's it. It's over.

"You must further promise that you will not reveal any aspect of your exams by Rachael for a full ten years from the date on the cancellation card. If you violate this promise after you have received a cancellation card, a large number of people who love Rachael very much will be told of your indiscretion and allowed to visit upon you their displeasure. I don't care if you've never kept a secret in your whole life, you'd better keep this one if you don't want to be hurt or killed. Do you understand?"

I told him I understood perfectly and made the promises he requested. He went on.

"Rachael doesn't just look like a goddess, she is a goddess, and a goddess in full possession of her powers, at that. The sexual rules for gods and goddesses have always been different than the sexual rules for ordinary mortals. Don't try to understand it, and don't try to possess her. She is not yours and never will be. She's hers. If you try to possess her, all it will get you is a cancellation notice. If you see her on the street or in public, you are to show her the utmost courtesy and avoid any mention of what happens here."

I agreed, and the doctor showed me out his private entrance. I protested that I didn't have a chance to thank Rachael, and he said that the volume of semen I'd given

her was the most sincere thank you I could possibly have given her.

I went home that afternoon a changed man. Suddenly I had a new and compelling reason for doing my homework.

My sister, Katie, noticed it immediately. She was a senior psychology major. There were times when I could have sworn she was psychic.

She thought I'd gotten laid.

I said, "No, I didn't get laid," but I couldn't help smiling. From then on she knew that something had happened to me that day, though I denied it strenuously for fear she'd figure it out and blab and I'd get a cancellation card.

She said even making the varsity team my freshman year hadn't made me that smug.

Two days later, Katie was still sure something had happened. She confronted me with the fact that I hadn't masturbated before falling asleep the last two nights.

It was true that I masturbated almost every night before falling asleep. Although I thought I had been very quiet, her bedroom was directly below mine, and she had heard me every night since we moved into that house. It was the first time I even had a clue that she was aware of me as a sexual being.

I was busted and she knew it, but I steadfastly denied anything had happened. I claimed that I had relieved myself earlier in the day, if it was any business of hers, and I

really lit into her for her outrageous snooping. I resolved to be a lot more careful and a lot quieter in the future.

Two weeks after my first “complete” physical, we played our first game of the season and we flat kicked ass. I played inside linebacker, and I was in the quarterback’s face the whole game. I sacked him six times and recovered two fumbles, one of which I snatched right out of his hands.

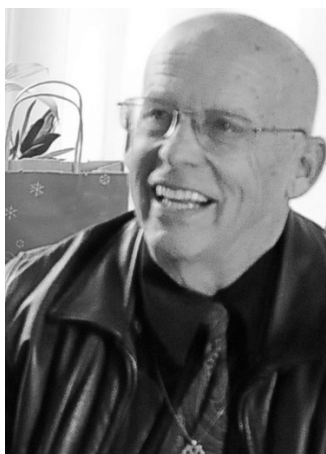
I had the usual cuts and bruises after the game but nothing to worry about, so I was surprised when the coach took me aside and told me he wanted me to have a complete physical the following morning.

I told him I was fine, and asked him with a straight face if I really needed a complete physical.

He replied with an equally straight face that he wanted me to have a complete physical and told me to be at Dr. Green’s at 9:00.

I told him I’d be there, but I still wasn’t sure if he really meant “complete.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Always an adventurer by nature and by choice, Curt was very active in the Boy Scouts from age 8 to 18. A master of all the Scouting skills, Curt was a Scoutmaster for 15 years as an adult. At the peak of his Scoutmaster career, just before the sudden death of his late wife, Anne, they led a multiracial troop in the Koreatown section of Los Angeles (just a few years before the

riots there) that was considered by those who care about such things to be the top troop in the country. During one incredible summer, that troop was the most active in the entire country and the fastest advancing west of the Mississippi, for sure, and probably the entire country. The average kid in that troop earned just over 9 merit badges per MONTH that summer and most of them already had a sash full from previous effort. By fall, they looked like the General Staff!

In 1975, Curt formed, led and arranged much of the funding for a successful attempt that set a World's Record for the longest canoe trip at 8,070 miles. To put that into perspective, that's 150 miles further than the diameter of the earth at the equator.

In the process of paddling a canoe around the world, and having trouble raising funding for the trip across the Pacific, Curt and Anne got totally sidetracked by some experiences they had with whales and dolphins off the California Coast.

When they had the chance to join the Whale Watch Program at the Cabrillo Marine Aquarium (then the Cabrillo Marine Museum) in Los Angeles, they jumped at it.

This program taught them to become whale watch guides on commercial whale watch trips. During the next thirteen years, representing the Museum and the American Cetacean Society, Curt and Anne (until her death) were usually the voices on the microphone when the 750-passenger Catalina

Cruises boats went whale watching. In that capacity he has taken about a quarter of a million people out to see whales.

With their vast canoeing experience, it seemed only natural to Curt and Anne to study cetaceans from a kayak, and they spent as much as ten days at a time at sea, venturing as far as 100 miles from the Coast in that pursuit when conditions were right. Right from the start, he and Anne began having experiences that other researchers in their field either weren't having or weren't reporting. He remains convinced that the cetaceans are nothing less than an ancient branch of the very civilization we've been looking to the stars for. He can cite research to back up that claim for as long as you'd care to listen to him, and a large part of that research was done by people he knows.

After Anne died in 1981, Curt continued those trips, solo whenever he could and conditions were right. He continued to be the most active person in the Whale Watch Program for several more years and also remained active in Scouting. He'd had a perfect relationship with Anne and it took him a full decade to recover from her death. A few years doing a hermit number in the High Sierras helped significantly.

Rumors still abound of the sex communes of the late '60's, but Vic Baranco's Morehouse was proba-

bly the wildest of them all, and Curt found it within a year of its founding in 1969 and became a member.

Morehouse did all of the pioneering work in extended sexual orgasm (ESO), and they inadvertently started the sexual surrogacy movement by training all of the people who started it, and they were the first to demonstrate that orgasmic childbirth was possible, and that women could be taught to do so, even in a hospital environment surrounded by strangers. Curt and his current wife, Ruth, are still very much a part of that community today, and they have received awards for their work with the Morehouse charities in past years.

Curt and Ruth, were married in 1993, and now live in Novato, California, 30 miles north of San Francisco, where Curt is the "Lead Volunteer" and his wife chairs the board of an all-volunteer charity named Respecting Our Elders that collects and distributes free surplus food to seniors and others with limited means. This non-profit is currently dispersing over \$4 million per year worth of food, providing an opportunity for people to move from scarcity and survival into abundance and prosperity, where prosperity is the condition when people have surplus in their lives and they are in a position to graciously take care of others.

If you ask Curt what he likes best about his Jefferson Award winning charity work, he'll tell you it's a toss-up between being part of something that blesses

everybody it touches, and watching people flash that they just can't do as much good for as many people as they are without good coming back at them, seemingly from every possible direction. He'll tell you it's the most rewarding thing he's ever done in his entire life.

Curt and his wife co-wrote *The Techniques of Sexual Massage* (soon to be coming back into print), and Curt keeps those massage skills honed by practicing as often as possible on his wife, and with her full knowledge and approval, on many of her girlfriends.

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