

out of my room like a shot, no doubt to get up to more mischief elsewhere. The husband never twigged. And, I must admit, we added to his humiliation by giving him a right old coating off for crashing the hotel, banging about the place and accusing us and our artist of all sorts of rubbish. He looked like a broken man by the time we let him get away. Poor mug!

When you're dealing with a man in as much demand as David was, you're bound to be party to all sorts of sexual shenanigans – and of all the incidents, one in particular springs to mind. On that same Japanese tour yet another gorgeous girl was making her intentions towards David more than clear – and Mr Cassidy was evidently in a playful mood. 'Let's have a bit of fun,' he said to me with a wink as he whisked her, hardly believing her luck, off to his room, along with Henry Diltz – a lovely and charming man – who was David's official photographer and who started taking a few shots of her and David.

Meanwhile, Gerry, Billy and I were in my adjoining room, looking on through the crack of the door that we'd unlocked and left just slightly open. We must have looked like a bunch of horny but oversized schoolboys, peering avidly through the tiny gap with me, the smallest at the bottom, Gerry leaning over me and Billy gaping over the top of Gerry. David and the girl were sitting on the bed, chatting and beginning to engage in a bit of gentle petting – nothing too naughty. Yet, Henry, permitted to remain there by virtue of his status as 'court photographer' and snapping happily away, said lightly, 'Hasn't she got a lovely figure David!' 'Yeah, she sure has,' murmured the appreciative Cassidy. With that it took little persuasion to get her to expose her breasts, which were very nice, as all us onlookers agreed. Henry wasn't displaying a lot of the professional detachment you might normally expect of a seasoned photographer. Far

from it – he was ogling this pert pair and snapping away like his life depended on it, getting closer and closer...then closer still until his lens was virtually prodding the girl's boobs. We weren't that surprised – Henry was famously a 'tit man'. But we were surprised when he suddenly dropped all pretence of being interested in photographing her, leant forward and BIT HER NIPPLE!!!

Well, we fell apart, laughing till we cried. How we avoided being discovered I'll never know! I don't know if David could hear our stifled giggles but anyway he shouted loudly enough to drown us out.

'Henry! What the hell are you doing? You're mad! Get out of here!'

And with that Henry came to his senses – or at least he seemed to.

'I'm sorry, I'm sorry...' he bumbled in the unusually gentle version of an American accent I'd come to love him for and that made him so forgivable, 'I got carried away.'

And the lovely thing about Henry, with his laid-back attitude and ponytail to match, was that you knew he meant it. Well, I say that, but as he retreated humbly he was still snapping away – almost compulsively, now I think about it. He just couldn't help himself. A tit man to the last and a photographer too, what else could the poor bugger do? Anyway, he kept backing away – towards the door...Well, you'd have thought so. But no. While David and the girl were otherwise engaged, shall we say, he slipped behind the luxuriant curtains that draped from ceiling to floor and, incredibly, kept right on snapping feverishly away.

In the adjacent room the three of us collapsed in spasms of suppressed laughter. We were writhing about on the floor in side-splitting agony – which only got worse as things hotted up in David's room when the poor girl proceeded on the mistaken assumption that Henry had shuffled out of the door.