at home. They knew how to make you feel like you were the only one that mattered. It's an art, like casting spells.

As young women, they didn't necessarily know how to control those powers. They could sometimes attract dark forces as well—and many of these girls had attracted the sexually abusive kind, coming themselves from those homes or environments. I say this not as some kind of analyst, but from direct knowledge and experience. Their spell over men became their modus operandi for steering through their adolescence and young adulthood. It became their means of defense and survival. That bewitching power didn't ever leave them; as they matured they just learned to use it more sparingly or when useful. They were always drawn to the dark—it was a sexual thing. Just as they were attracted to witchcraft, "just for fun," and referred to themselves as witches. They lit up a room wherever they went and left behind them a trail of bodies and broken hearts, of both men and women.

Like the mythical sirens, they were half bird, half beautiful maidens, singing enchantresses luring passing sailors to their doom. If you have met one, even just in passing, consider yourself lucky to have gotten away. I didn't. I was told I possessed that certain kind of energy myself, but I was able to apply it to my art and get it out of my subjects photographically. The girls sensed it too—that's what made my images so appealing and alluring.

Cookie, Vanessa, and I first met on the set of various shootings (they were models), and we were seduced by one another. Over time, we started always being together, but those two were inseparable. We weren't always together because of the nature of our jobs. One would be away while the other two were together, or the three of us might all be on separate projects. But wherever we went, there was always something sexual going on, and everyone wanted a part of it—and a piece of us, but especially the girls!

Along the way, I befriended a guy through an artist friend of mine. Because of the trust I had for my friend, who was like a brother to me, I allowed myself to trust this new guy. He was an older man—or appeared to be, buttoned up, very unlike me. I had long hair and wore cutoff T-shirts and leather vests. He parted his hair on the side, wore suits, and occasionally wore an ascot. What drew us together was our passion for art. He had entrée to many artist studios, museum back rooms, and various private collections. I felt privileged to have this access—it fed my passion.

Occasionally, the girls and I would take him with us to dinner. Cookie didn't get why we'd bring him along. It took a year for her to even remember his name; she referred to him