

GINGER

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WHAT A BRUTE

By LEE LOWELL

Well Worth Waiting For



EVEN as Tom and Glenna huddled close there on the campus—nicknamed Bridge of Thighs, he saw how she was straining at the harness, tugging for a preview of their future daily love dramas.

"Tom . . . please," Glenna breathed hoarsely, pressing her warm lithe body to him. "Please, let's kick the traces just tonight, like the rest of these sensible people."

Tom smiled tolerantly and looked about him at the 'sensible people'. They were paired off there in the dark, some sitting on the broad concrete railings of Swarthton College's romantic Bridge of Thighs—named that by an undergraduate of a few years back, who evidently had come, had seen, and had conquered, Tom mused. For this student *rendezvous* had long since earned its title, judging from this and other nights.

Glenna's breathing became unusually heavy whenever they spent their dates here. Tom looked down at her, pouring himself into those pools of brunette eyes where he wanted to drown someday.

"Glenna, sweet," Tom began tenderly. "Listen to me for the hundredth time. Remember when you were a little girl and wanted candy so very badly? Wasn't it fun to be hungry for it?"

"Yes," panted Glenna, clutch-

ing at his body and his metaphor, "but when I was a little girl I knew just the kind of candy I was crying for. Now I'm a big girl—hungry—starved to find out just what kind of candy I'm to get the rest of my life. It's different, you see."

The tension of her generous-sized breasts, the flint-hardness of nipples, the gentle swaying of her warm thighs—these could have shaken Tom's theory. But didn't. Though his hand trembled, his pulse raced—his thoughts were as steady as they had been since their engagement began. And he told himself for the hundredth time: "Here is one time I'm waiting for the delicacies to be put on the festive board, in old-fashioned style—with a blessing from the justice of peace. . . . And then—oh, boy!"

And aloud he said to Glenna, very softly:

"Anticipation is half the fun."

"Yeh. And then if I'm stung!" she flung back, her passion turning to impatience. She whirled slightly from him, looking away, across the bridge. "Look, Mr. Self Control," she acidly requested.

Tom, putting his arms around her from behind, obeyed her command. What he saw gave him a vicarious, electric thrill.

Two or three of the co-eds and their men were strolling through the blackness to the nearby meadow, the traditional Old Ox road.

"That's where we should be going now!"

As she declared this, Tom's fingers felt her lush young flesh quiver. Then she turned back to face him, and he saw a new kind of light in her eyes.

"Tom," she said feelingly, "I wouldn't believe you normal if your technique didn't seem so expert; and if those co-eds from your home town hadn't told me you used to have four or five girls singing your praises at the same time. Maybe I should write one of these girls asking for descriptions."

His vanity touched, Tom smiled generously. He had had an interesting past, and was proud of it—was glad Glenna had heard of it. Pulling her little, curved body closer, so he could hear her labored breathing and feel her trembling breasts against him, he purred:

"Maybe we won't wait so long. Graduation only two weeks away. Perhaps then—"

Glenna had squirmed up onto the bridge railing, and like so many of her sorority sisters there about her, she pulled her quarry to her and trapped him momentarily, her arms doing but half the work. Her words came hissing:

"Tonight . . . Tom . . . please . . . please . . . give me an idea of what it's going to be like!"

Her feminine charms pressed to him tightly, and Tom felt the weeks of emotional thrift were beginning to take their toll. His usually clear head began to pound, his nerves started shivering, as his pliant yet trembling fingers

caressed the soft beauties nestled in the flimsy silk of her dress.

Bong! . . . Bong! . . . Bong!

Startled, Tom's fingers slowed, his mind cooled.

Bong . . . bong . . .

The clock in the tower.

Bong . . . bong . . . bong . . .
bong . . . bong . . .

Ten o'clock. He lunged from his amorous trap.

"Quick, Glenna! I've got to 'scram!'"

Glenna flared.

"Why?"

"To catch my train for Cincinnati . . . for the national student convention! . . . it leaves at 10:21!"

"Tom Bailey," Glenna cut in vehemently, "you're giving coward's excuses. Your train doesn't leave until midnight. You said so yourself, just this morning!"

"Forgot to tell you . . . change in schedule . . ."

He had her arm, racing her up the rough, shadowy road, enroute for her sorority house. Glenna was pulling back stubbornly, and beginning to give vent to her unrequited passion.

"A dirty trick!" she screamed. "Bet that train doesn't go until midnight . . . you've got another woman."

"Sh! . . . sh . . . someone will hear you and ask questions. Honest, now," Tom panted, "I'm on the level about this. I'm really going now, on this train . . . excursion special for students from this part of Middle West . . . Well, here we are. Goodbye, dear. Goodbye kiss? Please now. Not so hard on me. When I get back from Cincinnati we'll get this ironed out!"

"Yeh . . . ironed out when all the starch is gone out of me, on our wedding day. Then when they play 'Oh Promise Me', I'll

be getting a pig in a poke." Her brown eyes were blazing.

"The same for me," Tom jauntily threw back. "Say, before I forget it. Tell me about this girl you write to and are so intimate with. This Virginia Peyton from Duke University. If she's representing her school at the convention I want to meet her. Anyone that you put so much confidence in, should be worth knowing."

Glenna replied resentfully:

"Virginia Peyton wrote me she won't be there," adding quickly: "At least she doesn't know for sure about her going."

Tom crushed his lips to hers in a farewell kiss.

His last words came tenderly:

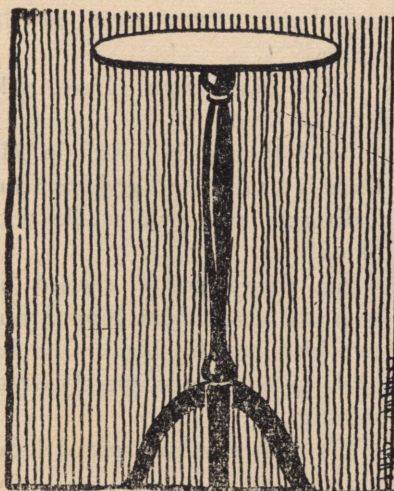
"You'll soon sample it, Glenna."

Her reply was lost to him, as he hurried from the shadows toward his room—and Cincinnati. So she was left sobbing to herself:

"If I only could find out now . . . in some way or other . . . before I cut myself off from Denny Marstons forever."

But Tom must never know about Denny!

Things began to happen the



minute Tom arrived in Cincinnati. Taxi-ing along Fountain Square he saw hundreds of students, from all over the United States, who had arrived earlier than he. The taxi was moving slowly enough, through the traffic jam, to permit him to read the badges of the fellows and girls promenading along the picturesque Square. Nebraska, Florida, Southern Methodist, Notre Dame—these he read on a group of nattily dressed men. But the luscious women claimed his eyes *pronto*. The cream of the crop from all campuses. There was a blond from California, tall, lissome—poetry in motion! Dark little girl from North Carolina;

"—the blond from California entered—"



“—there were three other boys and girls—”

shouting ‘you-all’ to a friend. Three aristocratic looking babes from Vassar—though their aristocracy certainly didn’t exempt them from having emotions. For they looked receptive, judging from their jiggling *unbrassièred* breasts, to the pliant fingers of any collegian who could move them expertly enough.

When Tom came up to the desk at the convention hotel, the bizarre, modernistically-adorned Sinton-Netherdan, another thing happened which became a sort of good omen.

“National Student Convention representative?” divined the dapper and smiling clerk. As Tom nodded, he went on: “You’ll

want the ninth floor, I believe,” and with a wink explained: “The girls are quartered from the tenth up. Even some on the ninth.”

“The ninth floor please, sir!” laughed Tom.

“909 then it is. And in 910 there is a tall blond goddess from California who will curdle your blood!”

An ebony porter carried his bags to 909. Tom flipped him two-bits, and his black face fell back into a smile, pearly teeth shining.

“Is deah anyt’ing special I can git you, sah?”

Before Tom could shake his head, the door of 910 across the

hall was opened, and there entered the ‘blond from California’. She was looking back at Tom, invitingly.

The darky left chuckling:

“Deah won’t be much call fo’ special suhvicees with a hotel full o’ gals like dat.”

Tom wanted to sing out: “Right-O.” For things began to look as though he were going back to his old home town days and leave all his anticipating for one little Glenna Weston.

When he was slipping into clean shirt and fresh tie, a gentle knock sounded on his door. He flung it open, and ‘his blood curdled’. His visitor was the statuesque blond from California,

wearing a gauzy black *négligée* which set off rather than hid the curving mounded whiteness beneath.

"It's cocktail time!" she called gaily in a low rich voice.

"Drinks on whom?" Tom bantered.

"University of California! And who is drinking?"

"Swarthton College! And where?"

"Into my parlor said the spider to the fly!" And Tom followed the tissue-thin *négligée* which made even more alluring the sinuous movements of white hips, unhampered by even the froth of underdainties.

Inside 910 he was royally welcomed. There were three other boys, and girls to go around. He and 'California' made the fourth couple. The other six people hilariously introduced themselves as:

"Dartmouth . . . Arizona . . . Cincinnati University . . . Drake . . . Washington State . . . Miami . . . Northwestern."

The girl from Cincinnati raised the first glass, toasting:

"Here's to the convention of 1935. May it be as lively as last year's—and last year's was damned lively."

"Hurrah!!!"

Evidently they were all several drinks ahead of Tom. So he set his mind to catching up. In a little while it seemed his whole universe had settled down to the creamy-skinned blond and her pouring his drinks. She poured one . . . he drank . . . she poured another . . . he drank. His only other distraction besides the egg-shell smoothness of her mounds and valleys which his eyes gloated and fed on, were the shoutings of the three other couples who were now going under the weather.

Tom felt himself tingle as he saw the girl from Cincinnati go behind the little screen. Two of the other fellows went behind with her. He was feeling the magnetism of this golden girl who tantalized his every fiber.

"Kish me . . ." he ordered, pulling her onto his lap.

"Shure . . . shure . . . I'll kish you . . . forever 'n' ever . . ."

And she was swimming her lips on his.

The next thing his befuddled brain recorded was a picture of himself and the girl in Room 910. His pliant fingers were molding gorgeous expanses of white yielding flesh. And through a silver haze, he was conscious of his draping black wispy silk over the lamp shade, before he began to live in a silver whirlwind which swept him ever upward. . . .

The next two days he went around in a half-delicious, half maddening stupor. It seemed he couldn't get sober. Just when he was coming out of his alcoholic tailspin, someone—usually a southern boy—would hand him another glass.

"Heah, suh, with mah compliments."

Away he would go again. Drunk as a loon. The tall, lithe Californian goddess at his side, walking the streets, looking in shopwindows, attending meetings whenever they could read the print on their programs, listening to speeches from which Tom could only retain such phrases as: "representatives from all our fair universities and colleges," "it is the duty of the undergraduates of this land." He was a dream walking, sitting, or what have you. Whether he spent the next two nights with the blond he never did know. It seemed to him at the time that

he fondled over her luscious torso on innumerable occasions, and lived in delirium countless times.

But fired-up as he was, he went around inquiring from everyone he met about whether or not Virginia Peyton, of Duke University, was attending the convention. If so please take him to her! But not even the pretty Duke delegates had expected her to come. Nonetheless Tom went right on asking here and there. It seemed to give his benumbed brain some ease. It proved to him that he was thinking of Glenna, despite it all. What if she knew all this! She'd certainly thumbs down on him after he had



"—a statue unveiled—"

checked her feminine impulses for so long.

"Have you seen Miss Virginia Peyton, of Duke University?" he asked the black elevator boy for the fifth time that day. "It's the last day of thish big pow-wow and I mush shee her, shee?"

He was soon fumbling with the door of his room, trying to insert the key, and saying so-long to the blond at the same time.

"Goo'bye for now, yoo big booful blondie . . . old girl . . . old girl . . ."

Succeeding, he stumbled into 909, flopped onto the bed, and slept for what seemed decades. He wouldn't have awakened then had there not come a tapping at his door.

"Come in, California! It isn't locked."

So confident it was California, he didn't even get off the bed to receive his caller. He lay with his head buried in his pillow. A small warm hand touched his shoulder.

"Mr. Tom Bailey, I presume?" asked a melodious Southern voice.

Tom scrambled to his feet, nodding, and saw her, the most striking Titian-haired girl he'd ever seen.

"I'm Virginia Peyton, Glenna's friend," she drawled on, kissable lips framing back over shining teeth.

"Yes . . . yes . . ." muttered Tom, a little foggy yet. "I've been looking all over for you."

"Just arrived, Tom," she explained in that voice which Tom believed could call a man to his death. "The other Duke delegates told me the drunk from Swarthton was turning over stones looking for me, so I hurried around. I knew it was you. Glenna had written, you see."

Tom swayed a little. He was

still very dizzy. Too dizzy to appreciate the splendid contours and curvings of this Titian's gorgeous body, though he did note the bosom which flowed out into twin hillocks.

"Why are you coming so late?" he asked bewilderedly. "The convention's over this evening, everyone goes home."

"Well . . . uh . . . you see, Tom," Virginia faltered, "the college sent me to bring some special information to our regular delegates."

Tom looked at her sharply.

"Uh . . . uh . . . if you'll excuse me now, Tom, I'll slip up to my room, tidy up a bit, call back for you, and we'll go out—or go somewhere. Agreed?"

Tom nodded dumbly. Virginia left. Suspicious, Tom threw on his coat and followed her. She went down into the hotel lobby, to the long distance phone booths, entering Number four. Tom, his back turned, fumbled over the magazines at the newsstand. Hearing her heels click across the floor, he rushed to number four.

"Hello . . . hello . . . long distance operator? . . . there was a call made just now from booth number four in the lobby of the Sinton-Netherdan Hotel . . . where did it go? . . . all right . . . I can wait a few minutes . . . yes, I'm listening . . . What? To Swarthton College? O. K. Thanks."

So! Virginia Peyton was spying on him. Reporting back to Glenna. Probably been here all this time, watching me reel around with the blond—thought Tom as he hurried back to his room. Now he'd be in a fine mess. Glenna—the one girl in life he had wanted for keeps—would quit him cold . . . Well, he'd give Virginia Peyton something to

phone Glenna about. Really *something* this time. He slammed his room door, started climbing into his lounging clothes, began furiously to mix plenty of drinks.

Someone tapped. Tom jerked the door open.

"May I come in—for a long evening?" California asked.

"Hell, no," snapped Tom. "Stay away tonight. I'm going to give a little girl what is coming to her, and if you hear any screams or squeals stop up your ears and forget 'em."

When Virginia arrived, Tom, two drinks under his belt, was equal to the occasion. He arose, clad in pajamas and dressing gown.

"Take off your coat. We're staying here!" he bellowed.

Virginia's eyes opened wide.

"And you're doing all the things I want you to do!"

"Why, Tom . . ." she breathed, without enough fright—Tom felt.

"Drink this!" handing her a triple-potent cocktail. As she tilted it, Tom surveyed the object of his chastisement. Pale pink skin, long tapering thighs, undulating inviting hips.

He was eager to give her something to remember him by, for more reasons than one!

"You make good drinks, Tom," she purred. "How well do you do other things?"

"You're going to find out right now!"

He stepped to her and grabbed her dress at the shoulders. It went floating to the floor, and she was a statue unveiled, except for silk-sheathed legs, the web-like *bandeau* about her bulging breasts, and the fluff of underdainties around her voluptuous hips.

"What a brute!" she com-



*"—had grabbed
her dress
at the
shoulder—"*

plained, with a noticeable ring of insincerity.

Tom snatched her to him, bending her far back to press the contours of her waist tight against him. His lips were smothering her. His hands wandered about her charms. And she was responding! Burning lips, slender fingers that pulled him to her, and upthrust breasts.

"What a brute! What a brute! What a brute!" she kept repeating. . . .

Hours later, Tom sat in the smoking car in sullen mood. Though Virginia Peyton was a

heavenly nightmare, she was still a nightmare. He would be losing Glenna now, just as soon as Virginia wrote new confidences. He savagely lit a cigarette with cigarette. Well, he'd taught two women not to spy and tattle. The train jostled along, and Tom rode on through the night toward Swarthton—and his break with Glenna.

Late that same night, a messenger boy called at Glenna's sorority house, thrusting a telegram into her trembling hands. She was fluttering, nervous. She had seen the sender's address. Her excited hands ripped it open and

she read first with misapprehension, then with an increasing sense of relief—which blossomed into untrammelled joy.

Sinton-Netherdan Hotel,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Glenna Weston
Swarthton College
Swarthton Pennsylvania
Your orders carried out completely but somewhat unexpectedly Have no fear about Tom Everything OK What a brute What a brute

Virginia

Glenna sighed happily and longingly. A brute was worth waiting for!



LOVE SPANKING

By KIRK WAYNE

A Grand Slam!

SALLY BLAIR'S big, dark eyes, were filled with tears. "It's about Alan," she confessed. "He doesn't love me any more. And it's all my fault!"

"But why?" asked Wanda Fisher, her best friend.

"Because I'm so cold, that's why! I'm simply an iceberg, I can't respond to his love making at all. At first, I thought it would wear off, in time. But we've been married six months, and it's no better. Oh, I've tried everything, but it's no use. And I guess I'm too honest to pretend. Now Alan is beginning to look at other women, and I really can't blame him."

Wanda eyed her tall, slim, brunette loveliness critically. "I can't see anything wrong with you!" she remarked.

"Oh, I guess it's the way I was brought up," explained Sally. "You know, my parents were very strict, and very old fashioned. Ever since I can remember, they taught me that no lady, no nice woman, could or would get any pleasure out of sex. It's inhibited me. I'd give anything in the world if I could only let myself go, but I simply can't!"

"You poor dear!" sympathized Wanda. "If you only knew what you're missing!"

"Is it really so much fun

as they say?" asked Sally wistfully.

"Of course it is!" said Wanda. "Tell me, Sally, have you ever tried letting Alan spank you?"

Sally looked frankly puzzled. "Letting Alan *spank* me?" she said. "I don't know what you mean!"

The blonde, voluptuous Wanda laughed. Turning over on her face on the divan where she was reclining, she whisked up the diaphanous *négligée* that veiled her luscious body. "Look!" she invited.

Sally gave a gasp. Her friend's

shapely bottom was covered with angry red weals, obviously fresh!

"Where on earth did you get those?" cried Sally.

"Doug gave them to me, last night," declared Wanda, proudly.

"Oh, the brute!" said Sally.

"Silly!" laughed Wanda. "Do you suppose, for one minute, that I'd let Doug spank me, if I didn't want him to?"



"Have you ever tried letting Alan spank you—"

"You mean you like it?" gasped Sally.

"Like it?" asked Wanda. "Darling, I'm simply crazy about it! Doug spansks me at least once a week,—a good, hard spanking,—at least fifty whacks on my bare anatomy. Sometimes he uses his palm, sometimes the back of a hairbrush. He always lays on as hard as he can. And, take it from me, Doug is no weakling, either!"

Sally felt more bewildered than ever. "But why?" she whispered.

Wanda laughed again. "Why? Sally, you *are* innocent! Don't you suppose any man alive gets the biggest possible kick out of giving a good, hard spanking to a pretty woman? And don't you suppose any woman gets every bit as big a kick out of being spanked, that way, by the man she loves?"

"Maybe it does, but just try it once!" urged Wanda.

"I'm desperate enough to do anything," said Sally. "I'll try it!"

Alan Blair, his brawny, six-foot frame attired in the lower half of a pajama suit, sat disconsolately on the edge of their bed.

He was watching his wife undress. It was a simple process. First she removed her dress, then her shoes, then her garters, then her sheer stockings, then her wispy step-ins. Alan wondered if she were deliberately torturing him. Or didn't she really know what the sight of such charms as she was revealing must do to any man? Never was there a body so perfectly made for love. From her dark head to her slim little

Just now she was seated at her mirror, with her back to him. But that didn't contribute anything to his peace of mind. Her dimpled back, and the tempting mounds below, were far too beautiful. Hers was a body divinely fashioned for love,—but she didn't seem to know what love meant.

To-night, for some unknown reason, Sally seemed anxious to make herself as beautiful as possible. She let down her hair, combed it out carefully, removed all her make-up, manicured her fingernails, and even her toenails. Then she began to scent her whole body with her most expensive perfume.

Alan found that he couldn't resist the temptation to torture himself by watching her. Her preparations puzzled him. She had never made them before. At



—gave a smart slap on her snowy mounds—

"But I should think it would hurt, awfully!"

"Of course it hurts, plenty!" agreed Wanda. "That's just what makes it so delicious! If it doesn't drive you simply wild, nothing will!"

"It all sounds crazy to me!" confessed Sally.

feet, every inch of Sally's body invited caresses. The perfect hemispheres of her ivory breasts with their alluringly lovely buds, the sleek whiteness of her dainty torso, the sumptuous roundness of her hips, the clean lines of her tapering legs and thighs, were enough to madden an ascetic.

last Sally seemed to be satisfied with her appearance. She stood up, turning to face him.

"Alan," she asked softly, blushing a little, "would you—would—would you like to—to spank me?"

Alan couldn't believe his ears. "To—what?" he demanded.

Sally's blush deepened. "To spank me!"

"But why on earth—? Who ever put such an idea into your head?"

Sally was blushing furiously. "It was Wanda! Doug spanks her all the time! She says it's lots of fun!"

She came over and lay down on Alan's lap, face down. So this was why she had beautified herself! The twin hemispheres of Sally's beautiful bottom were just below his eyes. He thrilled to their perfect softness.

Sally twisted her head to look up at him. "Please spank me!" she breathed.

"You little devil!" laughed Alan. He gave a smart slap on one snowy mound. Sally's bare flesh felt deliciously soft and resilient under his palm.

"I can't even feel that!" complained Sally.

Alan gave her a good, hard slap.

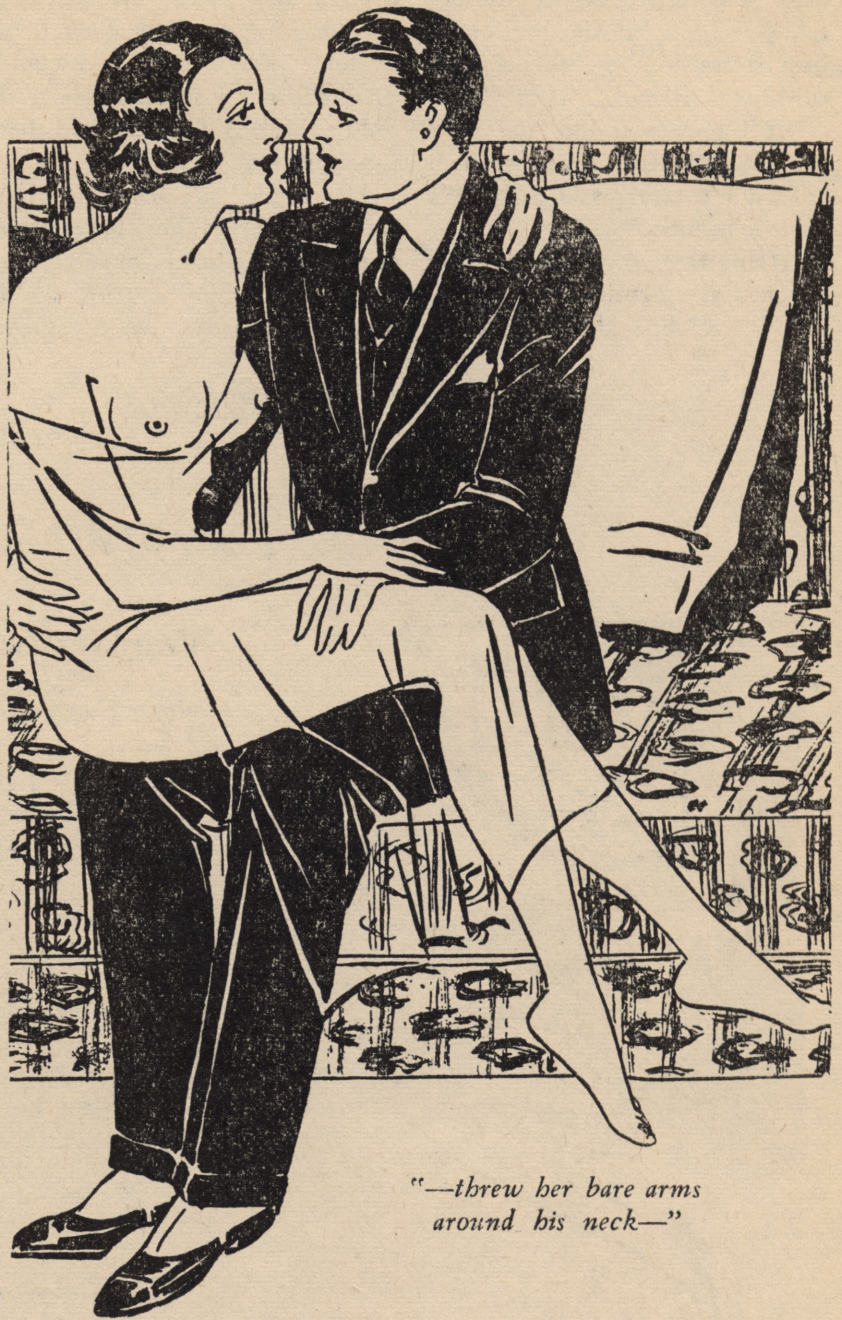
"Harder!" urged Sally. "Hurt me! I want you to spank me just as hard as you can!"

This time, Alan put everything he had behind his broad palm. Smack! Sally had never imagined that anything could hurt so much. It stung like fire, not only on the afflicted part, but sent a burning sensation throughout her entire body. But mingled with the pain was a strange feeling of voluptuous pleasure, such as Sally had never experienced.

"Again!" she gasped. "Harder!"

Alan's blows were falling thick and fast now. "Slower!" she pleaded. "Slower—and—harder!"

Every blow hurt more than the one before as the tender flesh grew more and more sore. She trembled uncontrollably with the pain, presenting a maddeningly



*"—threw her bare arms
around his neck—"*

voluptuous spectacle to Alan's eyes, but she didn't cry out once, or even moan. She held her slim hands clasped behind her head.

He began to use his left hand as his right became weary, then his right again. After twenty blows, he stopped. Sally felt every fiber of her body invaded by strange, thrilling sensations.

"What are you stopping for?"

she asked. "Don't you like to spank me?"

"It's wonderful!" Alan enthused. "But I don't want to hurt you too much."

"But I want you to hurt me!" insisted Sally. "I can stand it! Go on, spank me more!"

"My hands are dead!" confessed Alan.

Without changing her position,

Sally reached over to her dressing table, and handed him her ivory-backed brush. "Spank me with this!" she ordered. "Hard!"

"It'll hurt you like the very devil, Sally!" her husband warned.

"I don't care!" said Sally. "I want it to hurt!"

After fifteen more blows, Alan dropped the brush.

"Whew!" he said. "I can't lift

my arm any more!" He looked at her admiringly. "You took fifty wallops, just as hard as I could give, without a single squawk. I didn't think any woman had that much nerve!"

Her whole body seemed on fire. But she threw her bare arms around Alan's neck, pressing her body against him feverishly. "I love you, Alan!" she breathed.

"Love me! Kiss me. Oh, how I want you to!"

"So you're going to divorce Alan, after all!" exclaimed Wanda. "Didn't that spanking-cure work?"

"That's just the trouble!" explained Sally. "It worked altogether too well! I'm divorcing Alan because he can't satisfy me any more!"



MOTHER GOOSE REVISED

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder where you are—
After all, I am your spouse;
Stick around, my little souse,
Lest I start a man-sized war
Silencing your busy jaw.



There's many a poor
fish
who goes to see.



THE TWO TIMERS

By FREDERICK SHIRLEIGH and FRANK KENNETH YOUNG

Mixed Doubles In A Love Game

NONA HALL, arrayed in the naughtiest pair of 'panties' she possessed, and a wispy *brassière* that barely covered her large, luscious breasts, sat on the edge of the bed, chin resting on her knees, while she drew a silk stocking up over a full-fleshed calf. Well aware that her scanty garments concealed practically nothing, she stole a shy glance at her husband who, in shirt and shorts, was searching for a pair of socks.

His attitude of indifference was far from complimentary. In a gesture of abandonment, she suddenly reclined at full length upon the bed, and clasped her hands behind her head. Her breasts jutted out like large, succulent melons, her legs were slightly asprawl.

"How do I look, Bob?" she murmured seductively.

Bob Hall scowled as he glanced at her, and he appeared unaffected by her sensual allure. His gaze strayed indifferently over her glorious breasts, hesitated at her wide, curved hips, and swept down to her trim dainty ankles.

"You look all right," he muttered, turning away.

Nona frowned. This was hardly the way a husband of only four months should behave. Suddenly, she decided to try another pet lure which had always interested her husband. Swinging her beautifully curved legs to the floor,

she rolled to a sitting posture, and stood erect.

For a moment she eyed her reflection in the vanity mirror. Then reaching behind her, she breasts proudly, and curved long, slender fingers about each swollen unsnapped her silken garment, and let it fall from her gleaming torso. She eyed her trembling mound.

"Look, Bob," she coaxed. "Do you think I'll need a *brassière* tonight?" She closed the deep valley by pressing on each side of the luscious globes.

"What's the matter with you?" he muttered peevishly.

She stared searchingly. "Don't you know?"

"We're late for the party now," he gave in excuse.

"You haven't always been so considerate of the time," she reminded.

He shrugged. "I've had a busy day at the office, too!"

"Yes, playing golf!" she ridiculed, though her heart was heavy.

"It was work, nevertheless." He struggled into a clown suit of blue silk, trimmed with bright yellow pompons.

Nona turned back to the bed and picked up her other stocking. Slowly, she pulled it on over a pink-and-white foot, up over a lush calf and dimpled knee, stretching it high upon the satiny-smooth skin of a soft, white thigh. And she sighed.

Bob Hall was no longer the impetuous lover he had been.



"—drew a silk stocking up over a full-fleshed calf—"

Was it true that he was being unfaithful to her? Had he really met somebody who appealed to him more than she did? A friend she met recently had intimated an affair; but then, Mary Hudson had always been a scandal monger. Still, the thought persisted. Why hadn't Bob responded to her seductive allure?

Irked by her thoughts, she rose and stood before the long mirror across the room. Her body was a thing of melting curves and bewitching contours, her skin was soft, fragrant and white. Hers was a body made for love, and all that love implied. Bob surely must know how perilously close to the surface her fiery passions lurked. But perhaps, knowing how easily she was aroused, and how unwilling she would be to leave the arms of Eros, he had denied temptation believing there was no trifling with love.

Sighing, she returned to the bed, and began again to dress for the forthcoming party.

It was quite an affair, after all. The soft, seductive dance music, supplied by two imported dance orchestras, permitted the youthful merrymakers to dance as close together as possible. Nona danced so, too, in the arms of a tall, masked Arabian; and as she clung to him, she could feel the excited tremors rippling through his muscles under the silk of his blouse.

She was dressed as a French maid, in a clinging black silk dress with a white lace collar, and a little white apron to match. She knew that she was an attractive picture. She knew it because she had not replaced the *brassière*, and the bold push of her unconfined breasts was clearly delineated by the tight-fitting

bodice of her well-fitting dress.

Then, too, her 'panties', barely reaching the undulating curve of her waist, did little to hide the attractive lure of her nude thighs, brought out in bold relief by her skirt which seemed to melt between her legs as she walked or moved about. The scanty skirt, barely reaching to her knees, caused many males present to steal a second and a third look at her ravishingly full calves and dainty ankles.

"Some party!" her partner was saying.

"Everybody seems to be having a good time," she replied.

"Bet you don't know me!"

She glanced at his masked features and studied his dark, smiling eyes. "Do you know me?" she countered.

"Could I ever forget you?" he whispered ardently, and increased the pressure of his arm about her.

"You're not wearing much under your costume, are you, Nona?" he whispered unsteadily.

Shivery ecstasies were racing up and down her spine. She was trembling. Her gaze leaped to his, and clung.

"You do know me!" she gasped incredulously. "Who are you?"

"I won't keep you in suspense, Nona dear," he murmured. "I'm Frank Merrick."

"Frank Merrick!" she cried, slipping out of his arms and staring as though hypnotized.

Her school day sweetheart! The boy who had received her first kiss! The man she had been dreaming of for three years!

"I can't believe it!" she murmured in an awed whisper. "You—you're so different!"

"I should be, don't you think?" he asked. "We've both grown up in the last three years. I wouldn't have known you, either, if you

had been wearing a longer dress."

"You mean—?"

"Your legs!—I'd recognize them anywhere!"

"Because they're so fat?"

"No, no!" he laughed. "Because they're as beautiful as ever!"

"Frank," she giggled, "you're starting at the wrong end of me!"

"Oh, no, I'm not!" he protested. "Your other interesting features are even prettier than they were."

"Oh, yeah?" she teased.

"Listen, Nona, suppose we sit out somewhere and talk? Now that you know who I am, there are several things I'd like to say to you."

"Talk?" she smiled. "Is that all you want to do?"

"You know it isn't. But that's what we'll call it!"

Why not? she argued with herself. Then, suddenly, she realized that she had not seen Bob for quite a while. She looked about the room.

"Excuse me a minute or two, will you, Frank?" she asked. "I'll meet you over by the door leading to the veranda. All right?"

"Don't be too long, honey," he whispered.

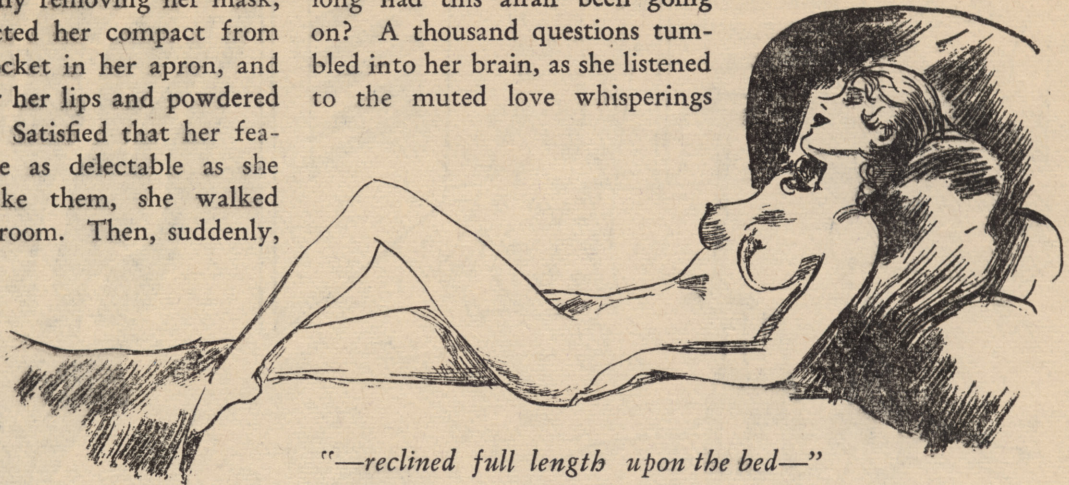
"I won't," she replied, walking away.

She surveyed the couples on the 'love seats'. Their hands were hidden, their cheeks were flushed. Walking along the corridor to the ladies' rest room, she saw a limp *brassière* dangling from a door knob, and a listless pair of blue silk stepins hanging from another farther down. She stepped over a dance slipper, and avoided a pair of silk stockings which lay in her path.

"Some party is right!" she murmured aloud, as she entered the rest room.

Hurriedly removing her mask, she extracted her compact from a little pocket in her apron, and went over her lips and powdered her nose. Satisfied that her features were as delectable as she could make them, she walked from the room. Then, suddenly,

long had this affair been going on? A thousand questions tumbled into her brain, as she listened to the muted love whisperings



“—reclined full length upon the bed—”

she stiffened and shrank back into the doorway.

Coming down the corridor was Bob—she'd have recognized that clown suit, anywhere—and with him was a slim, boyishly curved creature attired in nothing but a pair of flannel shorts, and a blue silk *bandeau* about her chest. Her legs, long and tapering, were bare. Bob's arm was draped across her undulating hips. Stealthily, they crept down the hall, stealing furtive glances over their shoulders. They came to a door, and entered a room.

Anger in one quick, swelling throb, surged through Nona's body. Tiptoeing to the door, she glued her ear to one of the panels, and listened.

“Just a minute, darling!” she heard a feminine voice whisper. For a moment Nona was undecided whether to break into the room or not. Her anger cooled only to be replaced by a feeling of stunned disillusionment. Bob was being unfaithful to her! Mary Hudson had been right. She had said he was infatuated with a tall, slim girl. But what could Bob see in a girl of that sort? Nona couldn't understand it. How often he had raved over her own luscious charms. How

that came from behind the closed door.

Someone then came softly up the stairs. She heard the approaching footsteps and whirled. It was Frank!

“I thought you were lost, honey,” he whispered.

She had been too deeply hurt to think about Frank. But now as he stood there, looking searchingly at her, a desire for revenge pulsed through her veins. Frank, or any other man, would serve to lessen her humiliation.

“I had a faint spell, Frank,” she lied, “and leaned against the door a few minutes, waiting for it to pass.”

“I thought you looked pale,” he observed. “Suppose I take you for a little ride in my car? The night air may do you good!”

“I am sure it will,” she said softly.

“Then, let's go!” and he tucked his arm in hers.

Presently, she was seated in Frank's glittering coupé, and they were speeding over a concrete road. She sank back against the cushions, and studied his profile as he leaned intently over the wheel. He had removed his mask, and she could scarcely restrain her surprise. How handsome he

was! She trembled with eagerness, as she pictured herself in his strong arms.

She inched closer to him, crossed her shapely legs, and gave her skirt a sly hitch. As the cream-white of her thighs peeped from beneath the hem, its beauty enhanced by black stockings, she saw his quick downward glance.

Experimentally, he rested his hand on her leg.

“You don't miss anything, do you?” she teased.

“Not if it's nice!”

“I suppose you think *that's* nice!” she reproved.

“I've never found any that I liked better!”

“After all, Frank, we're in a car, not a *boudoir*,” she reminded, grasping his fingers.

“Yes,” he admitted, “we started out in one, but we're not going to remain in it long.”

“Boy,” she breathed, “you certainly have learned fast during the past three years. Who was your teacher?”

“Someone you don't know. But—she's good!”

“Is? You mean she's still tempting you?”

“I'm not trying to kid you, Nona. I'm married!”

“You're not kidding me,



"Some party is right!—she murmured aloud—"

Frank." She caught her breath sharply. "I suspected as much, when you commenced to maneuver me into a corner at the dance."

"And I know that you are married to Bob Hall."

"Good! Now that the confessions are out of the way, what do we do next?"

"Go places and do things."

"All right. Then turn down the next road. We'll be at my apartment in ten minutes."

Half an hour later, Nona was seated in a low lounge chair in her living room, sipping her second highball. Frank sat in another chair beside her. They had been chatting amiably, sparr-

ing for an opening that would permit the broaching of the subject uppermost in their thoughts. Both seemed somewhat restrained. Nona was a bit frightened at her daring; Frank was apprehensive about Bob. But Nona, receiving courage from the potent liquor, decided she had waited long enough for Frank to take the initiative.

"Frank," she murmured, rising, "do you mind if I change into something more comfortable?"

"Of course, not!"

Nona knew they would have to hurry. They had already been absent almost an hour from the party. They couldn't remain away much longer without excit-

ing suspicion. She raced into her bedroom. It was the work of but a moment to snap out of her French maid's costume; to kick off her slippers, and peel down her long, black stockings. She giggled naughtily as she squirmed out of her filmy 'panties'.

From a clothes closet she took the sheerest silk *négligée* she could find. You could see right through it. Quickly, she draped it about her nude body, observing that it enhanced the beauty of her charms in a manner most intoxicating. The gown was sleeveless. Although she fastened the clasp in front, the upper hemispheres of her gloriously rounded breasts were revealed above the neckline.

She dimmed all the lights but one; her eyes glowed with passion as she called softly:

"Frank! . . . Oh, Frank! . . ."

With bated breath she heard his approaching footsteps, sensed his eager gaze upon her.

Half an hour later, they faced each other in the dimly lighted room.

"Darling," murmured Nona, "I never dreamed that stolen love

could be so sweet!"

He kissed her, murmuring: "You wonderful sweetheart!"

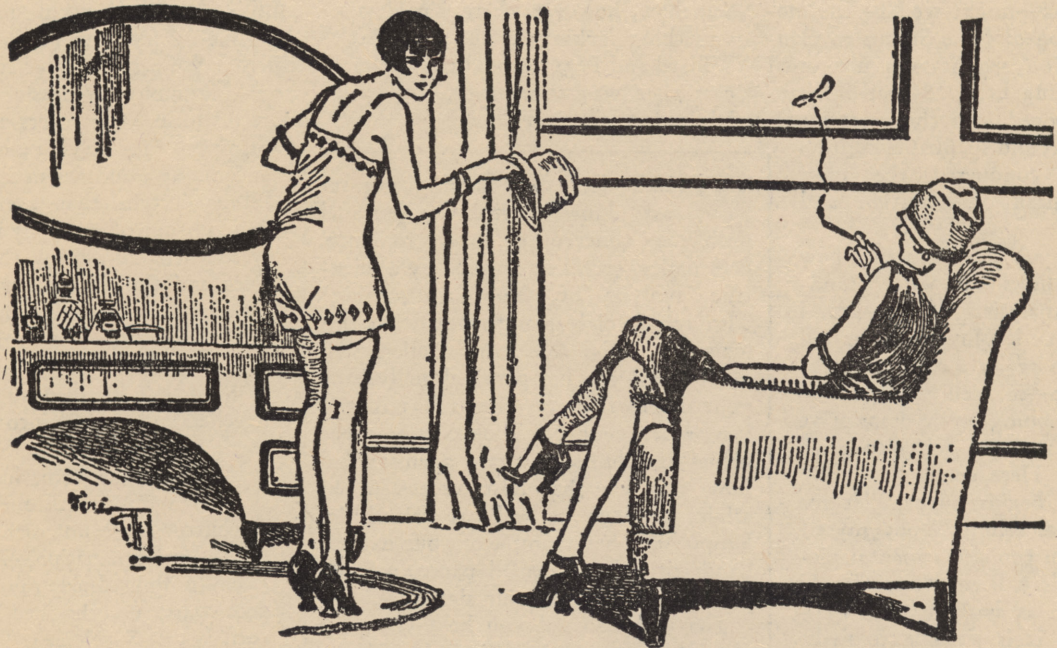
"Bob doesn't think so, honey," she sighed. "He's running around with other women. That's why I'm so abandoned tonight. And, Frank, the woman he loves is a skinny thing—I saw her tonight. She was dressed in a pair of flannel shorts and a blue *bandeau*. A girl friend told me that Bob has been running around with this skinny creature for almost a

month. But I don't care—now!" She kissed him tenderly.

"Were they behind that door I found you leaning against?" asked Frank queerly.

"Yes! Did you see them? Isn't she a fright? I don't see how any man could possibly be thrilled by a woman so painfully thin! Isn't she just awful?"

"Yes, Nona—awful!" Frank agreed gravely. "That woman is my wife!"



"I hear Laura's romance went up in smoke."

"Yes, her boy friend burned her up."



Making Your Mark

ROUGH AND "REDDY"

Girl's Story to Graphologist Not a Literary Gem,

It Was Just "Slapped" Together.

by Charlotte Rollen

Famous Handwriting Analyst and Graphologist

THIS—and I am referring, of course, to the letter I have just received from Joyce J—of Alabama—might well be the modern version of "She Stoops to Conquer." You see, it was not until this ravishing little 18-year-old bacchante stooped into the most sense-maddening and spankable position that she conquered the most delirious peak of sensation and thrill.

Perhaps you are wondering how spanking links up with Handwriting Analysis. If you are, I am going to let Joyce's letter tell "all." It's really a very remarkable letter—so well written and fairly throbbing with descriptive phrases that I am going to print it "as is." Here goes:

"First," begins Joyce, "let me tell you something about myself so that you can get a mental picture of me. I am 18 years old and about as healthy and well-formed as it is possible to make the female body. Yes, I suppose that sounds as if I'm pretty much 'stuck' on myself, but when I tell you that I've won a beauty contest,—that I have modeled rubber bathing suits for local department stores,—and that I receive offers from photographers to pose for advertising pictures almost weekly, you'll see that I have evidence with which to back up my former statement. But I didn't sit down to write you about my physical shape, Miss Rollen, but about the natural desires and hunger for a mysterious and almost indefinite thrill that has gnawed on my sensibilities like the craving for a powerful drug.

"I've had more than my share of petting, necking, romancing and playing daringly with men's desires. Somehow, however, there was always something lacking in all this. Both Willard and Peggy sensed the restlessness that was tormenting my soul. Willard is my very best boy friend.

WHAT does *your* handwriting reveal? How can intimate, personal problems concerning love, romance, personality, etc., be answered by a scientific analysis of your handwriting? Through special arrangement with this magazine, Miss Charlotte Rollen will gladly send you her personal analysis of your handwriting. She will tell you just what your best points are; what habits and traits to guard against; and how you can be most successful in affairs of love as well as friendship. Simply send her a sample of your natural handwriting on unruled paper, written in ink and bearing your signature.

She will also tell you how you may obtain her novel LOVE CHART, by means of which you, too, will be able to "read between the lines" of all letters and notes you receive.

Simply address your letter to CHARLOTTE ROLLEN, 143 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. *Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents in stamps, or coin, to cover mailing and handling.*

'There is something distinctly 'cave-mannish' about him which has stirred me from the day I first met him. He is cruelly handsome, too. Time after time I have yielded to wanton abandon when crushed within his taut arms.

"It is different with Peggy, of course. Peggy is my room-mate and the only girl in whom I can safely confide. Although we are practically the same age, we are of two widely different temperaments. Peggy is reserved, studious, aggressive and almost mannish. She sneers at me for primping, for trying to be coy and cuddly; and for making absolutely certain that every curve and contour of my body is properly accentuated as only the sheath-lines and the daring *brassières* of modern fashion can accomplish.

"It was after a particularly and yet unsatisfying evening with Willard that I rushed, slightly dishevelled and flushed into our little room. Peggy was up. She sensed that there was something emotionally wrong with me, and in her customary blunt manner asked me for an explanation. Naturally I could only hurl myself, face downward on the bed and sob futilely.

"'What you need,'" she rasped in a voice curiously strained, 'is a darned good spanking. In fact, you've needed it for a long time, and you're going to get it!'

"This wasn't an idle threat, either. In less than a second Peggy had suited her actions to her words and I was being rolled around unceremoniously on the bed. For a short time I was in a bedlam of confusion until I suddenly realized that I had been ruthlessly stripped of every stitch of clothing. Vaguely I realized that the firm mounds of my breasts had been un-

(Continued on page 24)

Moonlight Madness

By ROYAL BAXTER

And What Happens When Lovers Meet



JUDY glanced at the stone in her hand, then at the window some two feet above her head. It wasn't likely that there was another soul within a mile, but she didn't intend to take any chances. She stooped over to quickly rip a swath of cloth from her dull-gray skirt, baring the white flesh of her thighs above the cheap stockings encasing her slender legs. This piece of cloth she wrapped around the stone and gave it a gentle toss that sent it through the window. There was the smash of broken glass, then silence.

Grasping the ledge, Judy drew herself up. With one free hand she reached through the jagged pane, slipped the lock and raised the window in order that she might scramble over the sill, quite heedless of the momentary revelation of a good deal of her figure.

Things like that didn't matter. Nothing mattered now except the fact that she was safe, able to breathe easily for the first time in twenty four hours. There wasn't a chance in the world of being trailed to this isolated cabin on the rocky Maine coast unless the owner should decide to pop in, but it was late in the season and Judy wasn't worried about that possibility.

She inspected her *pro tem* home with satisfaction. It was completely and rather elaborately furnished. There was a kitchen, a fairly well-stocked

larder, and even a bathroom with a shower. It was this last that appealed most to Judy just then. The prospect of a shower and at least eight solid hours of undisturbed sleep seemed a Paradise indeed.

She went into one of the two bedrooms and sat down wearily on the bed to slip off her ill-fitting shoes. There might be some clothes lying around the cabin, too, she reflected as she arose again, increasingly anxious to get out of those she wore now. The ugly gray dress slipped from her shoulders to the floor disclosing her slender body



attired in one brief article of lingerie. Where she had come from, they hadn't bothered much about a perfect fit and this cheap rayon chemise was uncomfortably small for her delectably curved figure, but the drabness of her apparel could hardly detract from the luscious contours of her firm breasts and the tapering curve of her waist.

With an almost audible

“—attired in one brief article of lingerie—”

sigh of relief she peeled off this last garment, revealing the deliciously petulant tips of her symmetrical breasts and the sculptured perfection of her slim white body. Quite nude, she scampered happily into the bath and turned on the shower full force, unmindful of the frigidly cold water.

A few moments later she returned to the bedroom, her unclad figure tingling from a brisk rubdown. A search of the closet failed to bring forth any pajamas but she did find a couple of blankets. Wrapping herself in these she sank onto the bed to relax into slumber almost at once.

The morning sun, sending its rays through the bedroom window, managed to rouse her to startled wakefulness. As her eyes opened, her heart pounded madly with instinctive fear, only to subside peacefully as she realized where she was. She smiled and stretched luxuriously, ready for anything after a night of unbroken rest.

It was pleasant to know that no prison gong would clang, that no stern faced matron would be on hand to rout her out to a tasteless breakfast and a morning of menial labor. Here it was truly a heaven, though Judy knew too well that it was at best, a temporary one.

She sprang from the bed and went to the window to drink deeply of the vitalizing morning air. She stood there, completely nude, her white-limbed, full-bosomed figure a picture of vibrant beauty as the tips of her breasts rose and fell in rhythm with her breathing.

Further search of the closets brought forth a pair of white

duck trousers and a man's white shirt and Judy donned these without bothering about the distasteful undergarment which she had so gladly discarded the night before. The next thing on the program was breakfast and she hurried into the kitchen to see what might be had there.

With coffee, canned milk and dry breakfast food, she made out very well. There was even a half filled package of cigarettes. Lighting one of these, she filled her cup again and sat back in her chair totally at peace with the world.

It was obviously a man's cabin; the furnishings were all distinctly masculine and Judy further surmised that the man was some sort of an artist. An easel stood in the corner of the main room along with some sketching paraphernalia and the walls were dotted with a variety of paintings and etchings, too vaguely initialed for her to make out the name.

Judy arose to stroll casually about. Surely, she smiled to herself, the owner wouldn't object to her being here if he knew the facts. Artists were supposed to be tolerant and generous and not too prone to jump hastily at conclusions. A cozy divan before a huge fireplace finally claimed her, and she sighed audibly in sheer contentment, a sigh that was abruptly broken off as a strangely foreign sound came fearfully to her ears.

The snapping of twig, the faint crunching of footsteps sent a little shiver of terror up her back. With a scared, hunted look in her eyes she went swiftly to the window. Her ears had not been wrong; there *was* someone. A man was coming up the rocky path, coming slow-

ly to be sure, yet it was but a matter of seconds before he would be at the cabin. Too late for Judy to flee; too late to do anything but face him.

It might be the owner; in fact she hoped to heaven that it was; with him she still had a chance at freedom. If it wasn't—but she instantly decided to make a bold play and to trust to luck. With a confident smile on her lips, she flung open the door and stepped out onto the porch to greet him.

"Welcome!" she murmured debonairly.

He stopped short to stare at her. At last he smiled and Judy's heart leaped with joy. "Welcome yourself," he echoed.

"I'm the new guest," she offered, as he came up the steps. "I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," he replied hospitably. "I hope you found everything all right."

Judy followed him inside, "There's one window that is broken, no soap in the bathroom, and I really prefer to sleep in pajamas. Aside from that, everything's swell."

He shrugged his shoulders apologetically, "I'm terribly sorry. It was clumsy of me to leave the place locked up,—but you know how men are."

Judy nodded, "Artists are irresponsible, aren't they?"

"So you've been investigating, eh?"

"I'm a smart girl."

"Are you?" His eyes met hers bluntly and Judy read a few unspoken words into his question. It wasn't difficult to understand what he meant as she felt his gaze upon her, critically appraising the lissom contours of her sketchily attired figure.

Her hand moved instinctively

to the opening of her shirt; buttoned low, it gave more than a hint of the luscious roundness of her scarcely covered breasts.

The man threw his bag into a corner and took off his hat.

"Had breakfast?" he asked pleasantly.

"A half hour ago. Would you like to have me get you some?" Her eyes said, "I play the game. I don't expect something for nothing."

"All right," the man answered. "I'll wash up,—I brought my soap along," he added humorously.

It was something at least, Judy reflected as she went into the kitchen, to have him young and not unattractive. He didn't look the part of an artist, but then there were few who did. She judged him to be about thirty, certainly not any more. Black hair shaded his dark piercing eyes, and his swift, easy movements were those of an athlete.

His conversation at the table as he ate was strictly impersonal and it was Judy who was forced to mention the subject uppermost in her mind.

"You'll let me stay here?" she asked jerkily.

"Let you?" he echoed. "I can't very well make you go, can I?"

"You know what I mean," she persisted. "I'll do the work—anything at all, if you only let me stay a little while." An idea suddenly flashed into her mind and she went on eagerly. "You're an artist; perhaps—perhaps I could pose for you, if you're that kind of an artist," she added, blushing slightly.

"Maybe you could," he replied slowly. "Anyway, I'm not going to kick you out. Why should I?" he smiled. "Being alone isn't always so hot."

After his breakfast, he talked



*"—perhaps I could
pose for you—"*

more freely; explaining that he was a New Yorker, that he liked this cabin better than any other spot in the world and that he had wanted to be an artist but had found it easier to make a living as a lawyer. His name, he informed her, was Steve Thorne.

"And mine's Judy," she responded. "Is that enough?"

"Plenty," he answered, arising and retrieving his hat. "Got to go back to town for some supplies," he said brusquely. "Be back in an hour or so."

It was nearly noon when he returned and almost time to eat again. She studied his countenance carefully; it was evident

that he was curiously concerned about her, but it didn't seem to be a suspicious curiosity. As time passed, her fears lessened and she began to realize instead that perhaps she had really found a friend in Thorne. It was friendship at a price, but to Judy even that seemed better than none at all.

"I suppose there are a lot of girls in situations like yours," he remarked with feigned casualness as they sat down to luncheon.

"On the loose? Perhaps there are, though I haven't met any. Weren't you a little surprised to find me here?"

Thorne nodded and smiled faintly; "Not that I'm sorry.

After all, I came up here to paint and it isn't every artist who'd find such an attractive model waiting on location for him."

Judy reddened, "I'm not used to flattery."

"Look here," he interrupted, noticing her embarrassment. "You don't have to do this, to pose for me, you know. It was you who suggested it."

"I know it," she replied quickly. "I don't mind. It's just that I've never done anything like that before."

"I understand," Thorne put in.

"Then we'd better get started pretty soon. The days are getting shorter. I'll set up my things while you get ready." Very matter of factly, he arose and went into the other room.

Judy went into the bedroom and closed the door. A few moments later she emerged, wrapped in a blanket so tattered that it brought a smile from Thorne.

"I thought I'd thrown that away long ago," he laughed, but immediately became professional again. "Better stand over here, looking out of the window. There . . . hold that. Now, if you're ready."

Judy let the blanket fall to the floor, her heart thumping madly as she revealed her nude, ivory-like figure to his piercing gaze. A strange feeling possessed her as she heard him calmly discussing the rough pencil sketch he was making first. This man, this Steve Thorne saw something in her that he was re-creating on canvas; something beautiful. It was the first time that any man had considered her in just that way, as something beautiful instead of something merely the object of crude desires.

As he progressed with his work, Judy felt less ill at ease,

less self conscious of the fact that his eyes were eagerly traveling the supple, well molded contours of her firm breasts, her slender torso and tapering thighs. The blood coursed faster and faster through her unclad body, white and lovely, as she abruptly realized that she wanted his admiration. It was like a heady, potent drink, sweetly intoxicating.

It seemed but a minute until he called a halt. "Like to rest a bit?" he asked kindly. "We've been working over an hour."

She stood motionless as he dropped his things and came toward her and knelt to pick up the blanket. The touch of his hands upon her bared shoulders as he placed it around them sent a quivering thrill racing through her nude figure; she was half expectant that he would seize her in his arms.

To understand Judy's conflicting emotions one would have to know that never before in her



"—wrapped in a blanket—"

life had a man ever offered her anything without demanding the price that she expected Thorne to ask. The difference now was that she intended to pay—when he asked.

It surprised her to find that he didn't seem to be impatient. Offering her a cigarette and taking one himself, he spoke leisurely, "I hope you're not in a hurry. It'll take me a week to get this done. But you can dress now if you like; the light's getting bad."

Judy silently returned to the bedroom to don again the white trousers and shirt, a lackadaisical attire that seemed to enhance her piquant curves. Indeed, her ripe breasts pressed so firmly against the shirt that she might just as well not have worn it at all.

Outside the wind had risen to whistle eerily through the pines. That and the booming of the surf upon the rocks made the cozy snugness of the cabin all the more desirable, as the crackling logs in the fireplace cast a cheery glow throughout the room.

Thorne sat by Judy's side, smoking his pipe in silence. She could sense his hot burning gaze upon her, his avid eyes that seemed to strip the clothes from her body to reveal her nude and trembling as she had been that afternoon. He moved a trifle closer to her and in doing so an ember fell from his pipe upon her arm. Thorne abruptly flicked it away, but that brief contact had an almost electrical effect. His arms went suddenly about her shoulders and his lips impetuously sought the tremulous scarlet of her own. His kiss was as ardent as it was impulsive and Judy's eyes closed in a strange ecstasy as his hesitant hands solved the

fastening of the ragged shirt covering her breasts.

Passionately, yet tenderly, he caressed the pink tipped perfection of their luscious, petulant fullness, whispering as he molded her lithe body to his, "I'm mad about you, Judy. I can't let you go—ever."

She smiled faintly and Thorne released her almost as quickly as he had taken her. "Tired?" he asked impersonally and answered for her, "Of course you are."

Judy didn't quite know what to think as she arose and went into her room; her brain was a chaos of conflicting emotions. The door had a lock but she didn't use it. Instead she sank down on the bed, listening tensely to Thorne moving about in the other room. Through a crack in the door she saw him hanging his coat on the back of a chair and throwing another log on the fire. Then he snapped out the lights and she heard him going into his room. Her pulse doubled and tripled its speed, then slowly relaxed. All was still. She was alone—and going to remain alone.

Baffled, she arose and went to the window, the moonlight casting a silvery glow upon her ragged *déshabille* as the jutting loveliness of her bared breasts was revealed. She gave a little laugh, a bitter one. What could she be to a man like Thorne? If they found her here, and they were likely to if she stayed, it would put him in a dangerous position. Better to go at once; to forget, if she could, that he had treated her differently than any other man ever had.

Waiting until she thought he was soundly sleeping, she moved stealthily out of her bedroom into the living room. Her hand



—saw something beautiful—

touched the coat he had left on the chair and she recklessly drew out a wallet from the inside pocket. It was well filled, but she took no more than two bills. That much she had reason to believe she could pay back.

Money in hand she walked softly toward the door. Her fingers were already grasping the doorknob when Thorne's cool voice brought her up short.

"A walk at this hour?" he murmured calmly. The lights flashed on and Judy wheeled toward him, the haggard look of one trapped, in her eyes.

"I'll pay you back," she cried desperately. "But you've got to let me go."

He shook his head and advanced toward her, "It's the other way around. You've got to stay—and I'll try to pay you back." His strong arms drew her into a firm yet tender embrace as his voice throbbed huskily, "I can't

let you go, Judy; I'm in love with you. I have been ever since the first moment I saw you."

"You couldn't be," she faltered. "I'm only a jailbird, an ex-con."

"You were," Thorne corrected her. "To me you're the woman I love. As Mrs. Steve Thorne they'd never find you." His lips sought hers insistently, passionately, and his gentle hands slipped the shirt from her shoulders to caress the soft white flesh of her quivering, half nude body.

"Marry you?" Judy echoed in bewilderment as each caress, each touch of his upon the pulsating tips of her bared breasts sent her heart to pounding fiercely.

"Tomorrow if you like. Say you will," Steve implored.

"Not tomorrow," she replied after a moment of hesitation. "I'm going to go back to—where I came from," she said grimly. "I've had enough of being hunted. It'll be five months, Steve, then I'll come here again. If you still want me, you'll know where to find me."

"I'll be here, Judy," Steve said soberly.

She smiled happily and let her arms creep up around his neck as she pressed ecstatically against him in reckless abandon. It was temptation beyond reason and Steve's ardor knew no bounds as his fervent caresses burned hot and cold upon Judy's nude figure. He swept her impetuously into his arms and murmured in a voice full of passion, "You're not going, Judy. Not till morning anyway!"

And the answer she gave him made it seem all the more likely that, after such a delightful prelude to a honeymoon, Steve would be waiting for her five months hence!

MAKING YOUR MARK

(Continued from page 18)

cupped from their lacy confines and were tingling with the throb of a rather fascinating flush. I knew, too, that the full expanse of my creamy thighs, my dimpled area of stomach and my swelling hips were exposed. But I didn't have time to contemplate on this long.

"With a shove, a wrench and a twist I was bounced over on my stomach. An amazingly strong arm whipped under me and I was hunched into a queer kneeling posture, with my head almost buried in the silken pillow.

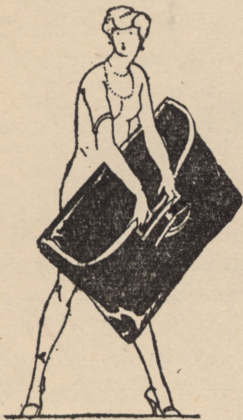
"Then, without warning, the punishment started. A stinging slap flooded my entire being with acute pain coupled with the instantaneous kindling of a devilish abandon.

Through a thin film of consciousness I realized that Peggy was belaboring every tiny square inch of my bottom, hips and upper thighs with a hair brush. Her blows were delivered with fiendish rhythm. Every one left its wake of flaming skin. I flailed the bed surface with my arms in an ecstasy of unprecedented agony. The smothering indentation of the pillow muffled my cries and pleadings as I found myself shrieking in the grip of the wildest hysteria I had ever known. Peggy's strong, athletic arm continued its merciless arc, and with each vicious descent it added a new height to my screaming torture.

"It may have been an instant, or it may have been an hour later that I discovered Peggy sprawled, sobbing and inert across my back. She bathed my battered bottom tenderly and we dropped off into the slumber of warm exhaustion. There have

been many spanking sequences after that, Miss Rollen. In fact, Peggy now thrashes me soundly for almost any tiny little infraction. Please analyze my handwriting and tell me what it's all about."

This is simply another case of liberated emotionalism. It is, of course, a very unusual case. Bold, slashing pen strokes speak eloquently of Joyce's inner desires and yearnings for thrills. She is not the type of person to be content with half-measures. Hers is a temperament which is Graphologically defined as "strictly physical." I would wager that Joyce's handwriting has undergone a rather striking change since her first spanking. Violent emotional uprisings are always detectable in handwriting. The alignment of her writing is somewhat uneven. This reveals that Joyce is the sort of person to waver from the depths of despair to the very peak of dizzy delights.

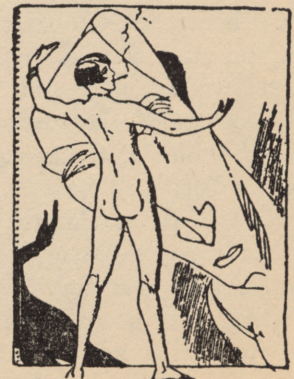


**MOST MEN
CAN
BEAR FACTS
MOST WOMEN
PREFER
TO
BARE FACTS**

**MANY A HIGH
FLYER
JUST HITS
THE CEILING
AT HOME.**

He: "Why does Jane wear mesh stockings?"

She: "Oh, I guess she wants to cast her net on the right side."



WHANG! WOW! WHAM!

Chicago, Illinois.

To the Editor:

While standing in a drug store waiting for a car, I purchased my first copy of "STOLEN SWEETS."

I enjoyed Helen T.'s spanking letter from Chicago. I think it is too bad that Helen and her friend Alice have to lie on the bed all set for a spanking and have to be satisfied with a mind picture of being spanked. They ought to be spanked good and hard just for that and I mean just that.

Both of them should have their clothes stripped off and spanked by a good big husky boy friend. Helen and Alice will never know the joys of being spanked until some boy places her over his lap and spans her.

She also wonders how many men like to spank a girl that way. If Helen and Alice will look at the last photo of the March issue they will see my idea of a girl ready for a good spanking.

Well Helen and Alice I believe in people having their pleasure. Hope you have yours in many real spankings and hope you enjoy them all.

Would like to read more of your letters Helen and Alice. I also have plenty of experiences of which I may write later on.

Sincerely,

Clarence M.

Dear Sir:

I have been reading your magazine for several months now, and it is impossible for me to state how much I enjoy every page of it. I like the spicy stories, and the photographs of the nude girls—especially those displaying their rear views to good advantage. However, the absolute prize is your 'Whang! Wow! Wham!' column. How I enjoy that! I notice that many of your feminine fans want to hear more accounts of boys receiving whippings and whether they enjoy them or not. I am going to describe some of the beatings I have had, and the amount of pleasure derived from them speaks for itself.

When I was sixteen my family sent me away to a well-known preparatory school in the east. I roomed in a small dormitory or cottage presided over by a man of large physical

proportions and stern countenance. In his first talk to the twenty residents of the dormitory he told us he would not tolerate any breaking of the rules, and that he had a very good way of enforcing them. How soon we found that out! The next Friday night we were all told to gather in the assembly room dressed ready for bed in our pajamas and bath robes. When we were all seated he said that two rules of the house had been broken that week, and the offenders would now be punished. He then named the offences and those who had committed them. Another boy and I had been the two guilty ones. We were told to come forward and face the other students. Almost before we knew what was happening he had removed our bath-robes, slippers and the uppers of our pajamas. He then untied our pajama trousers and slid them to the floor. We were then made to show every part of our naked bodies to the other boys. Quickly the master laid us side by side over a long table so that our legs, thighs, and shoulders were touching, and our tender bottoms were prominently exposed. Then Wham! I felt the sole of my own slipper descend on my rear. Bang! Bang! Bang! The blows increased in force until the smarting and burning seemed to penetrate clear into my body. The other boy was evidently due for his share as the blows abruptly ceased. By looking over my shoulder as he was being whipped, I could see his fleshy white mounds turn a light crimson as the slipper descended, and then a deep red as the force of the blows increased. With a final blow of the slipper his twin globes quivered and became still, their former white now a brilliant crimson. We thought we had been punished, but were now informed that he had just been warming us for the whipping to follow. And what a whipping it was! It was done with a birch rod, and was laid across both our rears at once, so that one blow served as two. He was whipping with real strength now, and I had to bite my lip to keep from yelling out. I could see the other boy quivering in pain. I looked back and watched the end of the rod making vivid red welts on his bottom. We

were squirming and twisting, and I could feel his legs and thighs rubbing against mine. When I felt that I would faint from the pain, the rod descended for the last time. We were then made to stand in front of the other boys and display our burning, tingling, and well-thrashed rears. Everyone was then ordered to bed.

I roomed down at the end of a hall by myself. In the days that followed the master would often come down after lights and give me a private beating. He would turn on a small bed-lamp, and make me get out of bed and stand up while he stripped me. Then he would lay me sideways across the bed so that my feet were touching the floor on one side and my fingers on the other. He would then tie my ankles together with a soft rope, and run another rope underneath the bed to each wrist. If you don't think you are helpless, try it sometime. He became so savage with the birch when he found I could not move, that I cried out. I wish I had not, for the next day, a beautiful Spring day, he made me take a long walk with him into the country away from everybody. When we were completely by ourselves, he wasted no time in stripping me, and tying me to a tree, leaving my bottom at his disposal. I then received the thrashing of my life with a bamboo cane to teach me to suffer in silence at the dormitory, which, believe me, I afterwards did. After the whipping he left me tied to the tree for over an hour while he read and smoked, looking up from time to time to enjoy a view of my lacerated and bleeding bottom. The man was later discharged from school after I left through some boy's complaint.

For the last few months a young lady and I have been deriving mutual enjoyment tanning each other. We would make each other get on hands and knees and read your column out loud when each new copy came out, while the other gave the reader a severe thrashing until the column was finished. Now, my friend has moved away, and I was wondering if I couldn't find some female fan around Los Angeles, who would like to change places with her. E. K.

Niagara Falls, New York.

Dear Editor:

I thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoy reading your 'Whang! Wham! Wow!' in "GINGER." I wish you would use more letters as I think that they are wonderful.

I never knew about your magazine until I happened to go to a young people's convention last October. I stayed in a hotel with another girl whom I had never met before. She had a copy of "GINGER" and after reading it I wondered if spanking really was so wonderful. This girl with whom I roomed was always naked when she was lounging around in our room, so I thought I would do the same.

I noticed that we both had well-rounded bottoms and her breasts were real firm, but mine have sagged a little, as I am thirty years old—I suppose that is the reason.

Well Alice was lying on the bed with her bare bottom up in easy reach, so I gave her a slap on it and she said to keep on as that was what she had wanted since the first night we had stayed together. I started to spank her good until I noticed her stiffen and say she had enough.

She made me lie down over a pillow and she started to spank me. She started easy at first getting harder at every smack and it really did feel good. Even now, as I am writing this letter, I burn inwardly at the thoughts of my first spanking.

Since I came home I have spent quite a lot of my spare time with my younger sister. She is seventeen years old and has two gorgeously full breasts capped with nice pink nipples, and a well rounded and well developed bottom.

We sure owe our new found happiness to "GINGER" and only wish you would print more spanking stories. Hoping you will print this as it might do some others the good it has done us.

Yours for a good spanking,

G. M.

Santa Fe Springs, Calif.

Dear Sunny Sands:

I should love to hear from girls—especially California residents—who are interested in "spanking." I could tell them more about this fascinating subject than all your contributors put together.

My experiences commenced at the age of six, when a pretty little miss of twelve bribed me with candy to spank her. At the age of twelve I became a member of an exclusive "Spanking Club," a club composed almost entirely of young society girls. Of the 50 odd members, another boy and myself were the only males. Ages ranged from 12 to 25 years.

Our meetings were beautifully stage managed. A background of crimson velvet, which draped the walls, soft rosy lights which enhanced the beauty of satiny skins. The exotic odor of incense and in this setting, the lovely willing victims in their long chiffon silk hose, pretty garters, and dainty high heeled pumps. During the preliminary stages of the punishment, which lasted an hour or more, tight little snowy white drawers and brassieres would be worn. Hose and shoes were always retained, even when a member was otherwise stripped naked, for a pretty leg looks both prettier and naughtier so clad.

Hose were worn pulled up to their fullest extent, not rolled just above the knee and garters were worn near the stocking tops. Our club garter was Old Rose and Gold. These are just a few of the finer points which we studied.

A. L. F.

The hair brush, bare skin, doth impart

The most atrocious sort of smart,
You grovel full of dread suspense
Waiting for it to commence.

And suddenly a loud report,
Of a sharp and wicked sort,
Sets twenty thousand nerve ends
blazing

In a manner most amazing.

While full of horrified surprise
The second red Hot Spank arrives
And one more awful tender spot
Is indescribably Hot.

Your mind in panic and despair
Is sure it's more than you can bear,
But you can very safely bet
You simply ain't felt nothing yet.

Oodles more will be applied
Before Justice is satisfied.
Smack, smack, smack, and each
well freighted
With punishment unmitigated.

The first cruel smart will not subside
Until about eight are applied,
And then an awful, awful lot
Of naughty skin is awful Hot.

And you can howl, yell and entreat
But it is kept at frenzied heat;
That busy paddle seems to know
If any spot has ceased to glow.

And, back there, you've just lots
and lots
Of awful tender, wincing spots.
And the brush will smack every one
Many times before its done.

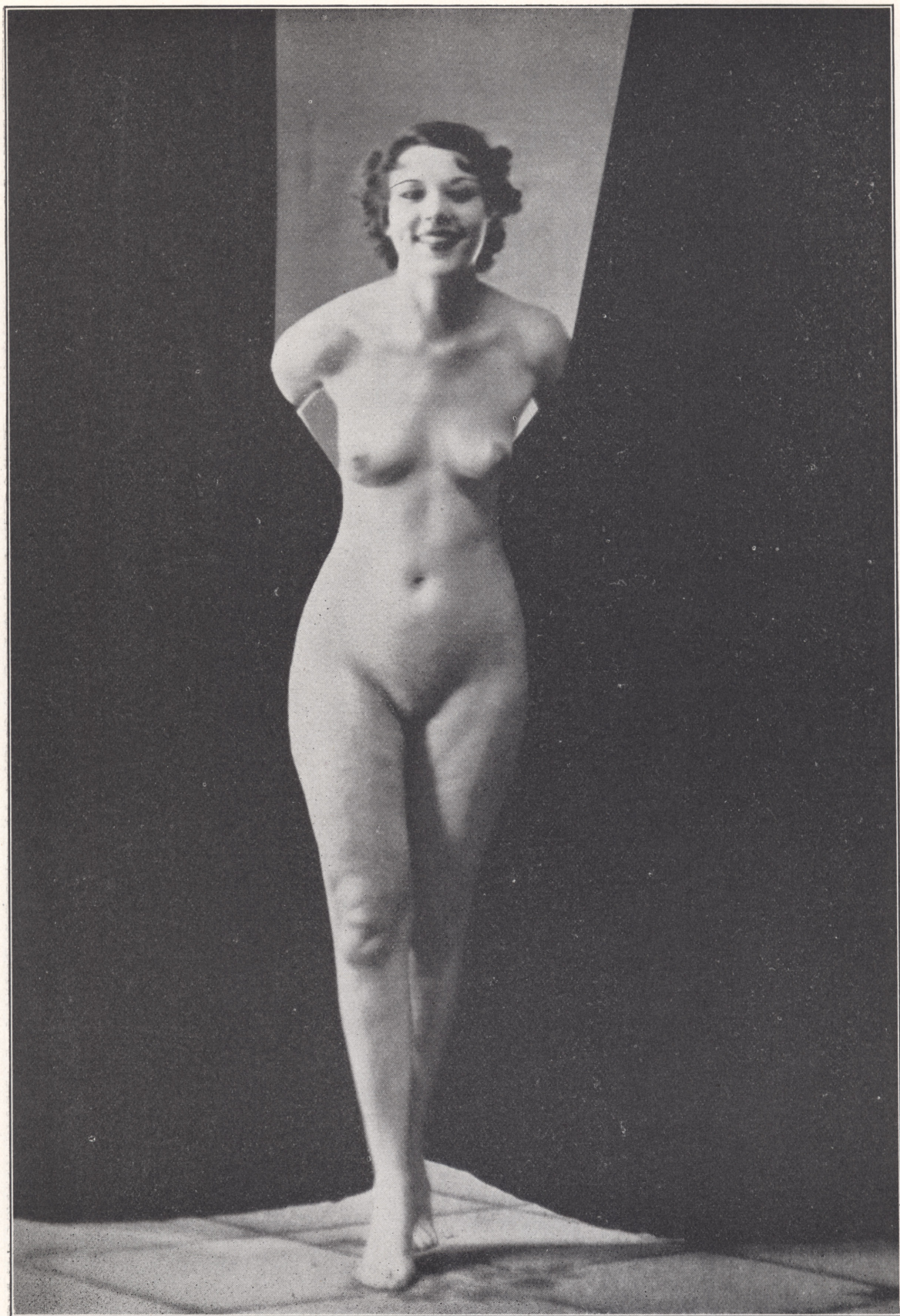
It's awful to get two or three
In very close proximity.
It's awful to feel fresh ones smart
On places rather far apart

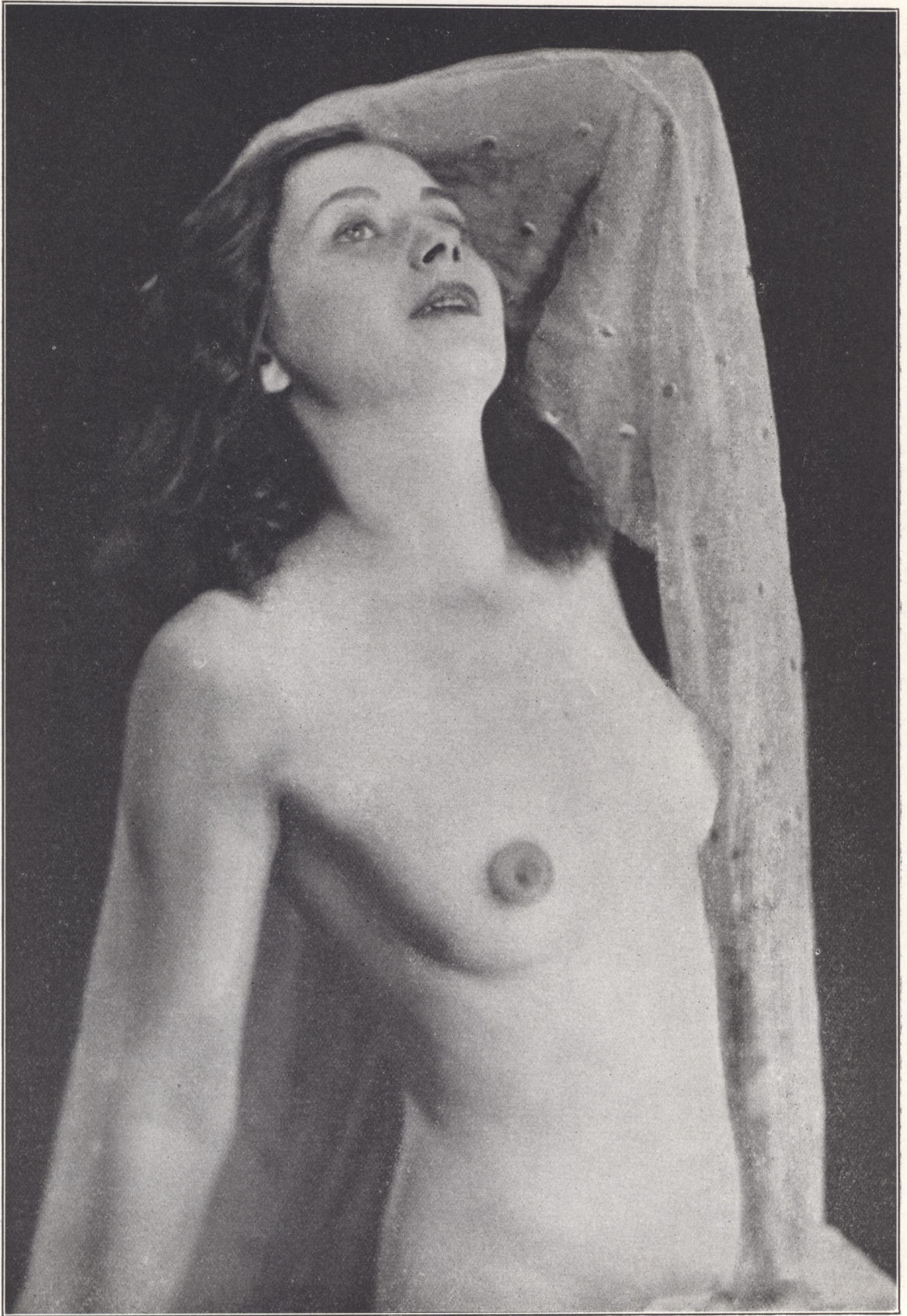
And "stray" on firmly muscled
thighs
Provoke most horrible surprise.
High up where not padded so well
They are as maddening as hell.

But this sad fact is very true,
On thicker padded portions too.
The meanest kind, of all the lot,
Seems always the kind you just got.

Oh smack, smack, smack, so very
heated,
Stinging, smarting and repeated.



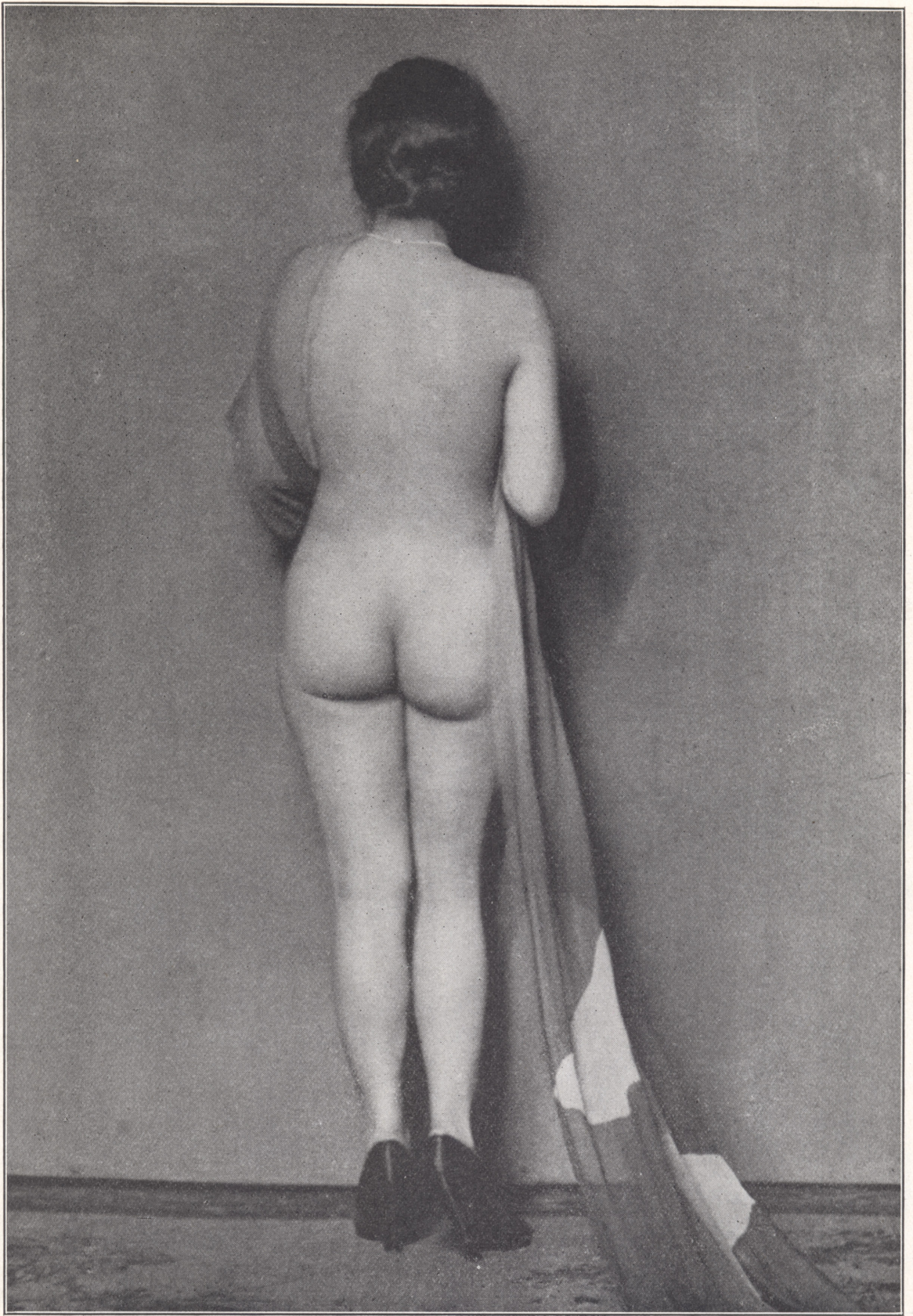














The Handy Young Man

By RAE GORTON

Rendered Various Services



BEFORE a long mirror in her bedroom, Faye Randall stood and admired herself. Except for black slippers and chifon hose, her fascinating young body was totally nude. For an instant, her blue eyes lingered on the tempting reflection of plump, milky breasts, tipped with tiny pink rosebuds. Then her gaze moved slowly downward, along the flowing lines of perfect hips and soft, creamy thighs.

Faye sighed. It was rather exciting, she decided, to study one's nudity. On an impulse, she raised her slim bare arms and grasped each side of the mirror. Then, gradually, she drew herself forward, crushing the entire length of her velvet-soft body against its reflected likeness. For a moment she remained thus, pressing herself against the sleek, thrilling coolness. She moved her hips, ever so slightly, in a slow, weaving gyration.

Suddenly she stepped back, somewhat alarmed at herself. She noticed that she was flushing. Again she sighed. At any other time, Faye knew, she would have laughed at her impetuous action. But tonight she was in no mood for laughter. No, she reflected, it was impossible to be gay. Shrugging, she stepped from the vicinity of the mirror and flung her nude body across the wide bed.

Downstairs in the big house, was her future husband. His

name was Bernard T. Williams. He had come all the way to New York from Los Angeles and was known to be worth at least several million dollars. Faye had heard him arrive at the Randall home about half an hour ago, and she knew he was going to stay for three or four days. But, though she had promised to marry him before he left New York, she had never in her life set eyes on him!

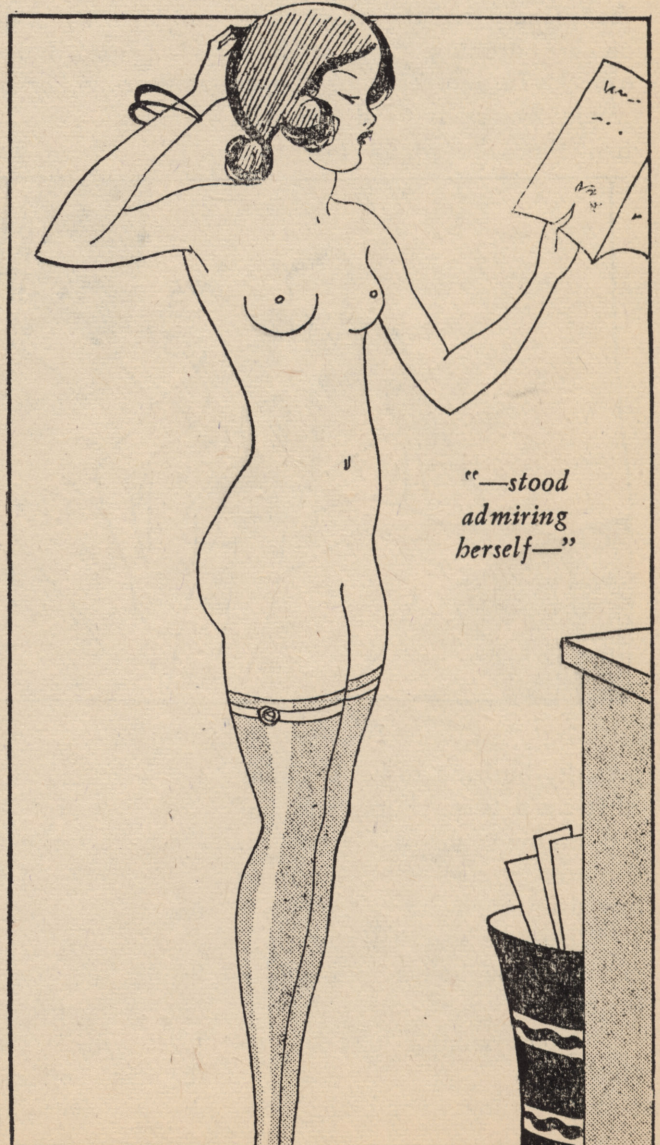
She turned restlessly on the bed and lay outstretched on her back, a bewitching morsel of curving loveliness. She remembered a fragment of the long conversation between herself and her parents, at the dinner table the night before.

"Yes, Faye," her father had said, "Bernard Williams was my best friend in college. He's here in New York on a business trip. This afternoon he visited my office and saw your

photograph on my desk. He fell in love with you at once, and wants you to be his wife."

"But—" the girl had started to protest.

"Darling," her mother broke in, "don't you realize how it will help us? Your father's business has been declining very rapidly



lately—and Mr. Williams is worth millions!”

So, after a few more weak protests, Faye had listlessly agreed to the proposition. She decided, anyway, that she'd played around New York long enough and that it was time to settle down to a peaceful, married life. The only trouble was that Bernard T. Williams was doubtless an old washed-out buck and Faye liked them young and with plenty of fire. However, she thoughtfully reminded herself, a man worth millions wasn't to be taken lightly.

Turning slightly on the bed, she glanced at the tiny clock on her dressing table. Six o'clock. In another hour supper would be ready and for the first time she would meet her

ed. A tall handsome young man was regarding her with admiring eyes from just inside the bedroom door. Instantly she realized that she must have left the door partly ajar and that he doubtless had seen her from the corridor outside.

“Er — who are you?” she asked, forgetting for the moment to try to cover her exposed charms.

The man walked slowly toward her. He was, she saw at once, marvelously good-looking and impeccably clad. A half smile was on his well-shaped mouth. But in his dark, laughing eyes was a definite eagerness. He paused in front of her. Not answering her question, he said frankly:

“I've been watching you for

“Do you realize,” she demanded hotly, “that I am Faye Randall? And that this is my father's house? Please go!” She raised one hand and pointed toward the door, completely forgetting that that same hand was supposed to be covering a very tempting spot.

But the man obviously had no intention whatever of leaving. Suddenly, still smiling, he stepped forward, encircled her with his arms, and crushed her against him.

“Stop!” cried Faye, at the same time thrilling to his embrace. She struggled fiercely.

Laughing softly, he tightened his arms.

“You little devil!” he whispered.

“Stop!” she said once more. “Who—who are you, anyway?”

“Bernard T. Williams,” he said promptly.

Faye drew in a sharp breath. She immediately stopped struggling. She remained acquiescent in his arms.

“You are?” she breathed.

“The same,” he assured her.

“But — but my father said he and Mr. Williams went to college together. Why — why you're much too young to have—” Her voice trailed off.

He hesitated for an instant.

“Well,” he finally explained, “you see, I was extremely young — much younger than the average student — when I went to college.”

“Oh,” Faye said. She hardly could believe her ears. And here she had thought all along that Bernard Williams would be a pompous, plump individual of middle-age! It hardly seemed possible.

“And so have you got a kiss for your future husband?” he



“She felt deliciously warm all over—”

wealthy husband-to-be. Deciding that she'd better hurry and finish dressing, she rose from the bed and started across the room toward the closet.

When she was halfway there a voice brought her to a sudden halt.

“Good-evening,” it said pleasantly.

Faye swung around. She gasp-

the past ten minutes. You are very beautiful,—and,” he added, “very tempting, too.”

Faye blushed furiously. She at last tried to cover her revealed charms with her small white hands. But the effort was a vain one. Very little, if any, of her lovely form was hidden from the man's exploring eyes. She presented a charming picture.

asked slyly, still holding her nude body close against him.

"Of course," she murmured. Slowly she raised her arms and curled them about his neck. Yes, she decided, this was almost too delightful a discovery to be true! Down came his firm lips and pressed hard against hers.

She felt one of his hands leave her curving back, and wander. She didn't resist. After all, she asked herself, why *should* she resist the man who was soon to be her husband? The hand moved slowly upward along the satin-smooth flesh of her warm waist, at last reaching a coral-crowned mound of plump, silky loveliness. His long fingers curled about her breast.

Her brain whirled. Her heart throbbed with increasing tempo. A consuming blaze was gradually seeping through her body, ever increasing in intensity. She felt his hand begin to explore the milky curves of her lovely back. Her toes curled up ecstatically in the soft nap of the carpet. Her arms tightened about his neck.

Suddenly, with a quick capable motion, he bent over and lifted her into his arms. Before she actually knew what had happened, he had laid her on the wide bed. He paused for a moment, standing over her, gazing down at her outstretched figure.

"Beautiful!" he breathed, as if in a trance.

Faye said nothing. There was, indeed, nothing to say. Her bewitching mouth curved into the faintest of smiles—a half smile that she desperately hoped would convey to him all the passionate desire that his brief caresses had sent shooting electrically through her pulsing

veins. Her temples pounded. She felt deliciously warm all over.

He continued to stand over her. His dark eyes dwelt rapturously on the twin globes of snowy delight that rose erectly from the silk-soft perfection of her irresistible body.

And then he bent forward. The fire in Faye's veins rose with a leap. Her heart raced madly. Impetuously, passionately, she raised her hands, grasped his head, and pulled his lips down to the sweetness of her own. Fiercely she kissed him; eagerly she pressed her sweet lips to his.

A short while later he left. And Faye dressed quickly, not wanting to offend her father by being late for supper. Hurriedly she went downstairs and appeared in the spacious Randall living-room. The two men who had been smoking and talking on the chesterfield instantly arose.

"Faye, dear," said her father at once, "I want you to meet my old school chum—Bernard Williams."

Faye almost let out a gasp; but she managed with a tremendous inward effort to prevent herself from appearing surprised. Mr. Williams was *not* the young man who had visited her bedroom only a moment ago! He was, indeed, just as she had previously imagined he would be; fat, pompous, and middle-aged.

"How do you do, Mr. Williams," she managed to smile.

The round plump face of Bernard T. Williams beamed at her. "Call me 'Benny'," he said, with a rather childish grin.

Faye turned for an instant to her father.

"Tell me," she said gradually



"Faye was dressed quickly—"

regaining her composure, "who was that young man I — er — passed in the hall on the way down?"

The portly Bernard supplied the answer.

"It was probably Billy Grenville, my valet," he told her. "He always travels with me. He—"

"Oh," said Faye. She remained silent for a moment. She smiled inwardly. Well, she decided, perhaps matrimony with old Bernard wouldn't be so bad, at that, — with a man like Billy around. And, she reflected, it probably was Billy's duty to stay home when Bernard was at his office during the day. Faye was inwardly jubilant. She gazed up at her future husband.

"He looked like a very efficient young man to me," she said. "I imagine he's rather handy to have around."

Exchange For A Night

By JAMES DOUGLAS

With Husbands And Wives



TAGGERING
awkwardly,
John Mason
emerged from
the elevator on
the fourth floor
of the Hotel

Crillon. It was close to midnight. John, of course, was quite drunk. In fact, he was gloriously drunk. With a ridiculous grin on his handsome young face, he proceeded in a weird corkscrew fashion down the wide, well-lighted corridor. At last, he came to an abrupt halt before a door. He paused.

As he hesitated, John stopped grinning. After all, he vaguely reflected, he had nothing to grin about. He felt rather guilty. He was quite certain that Dora, his wife, would not appreciate his late arrival—especially in this inebriated condition. Gradually the sensation of guilt became stronger in John as he realized that undoubtedly he hadn't been very thoughtful of Dora tonight.

For tomorrow, John knew, he and his wife would be leaving Paris, to return to New York. They had been in the French capital two weeks now; two grand weeks of champagne, dancing and gayety. And yet tonight, even though it was the last one of their vacation, John had felt an overpowering desire to go out alone.

He had silently slipped out of their hotel suite at eight o'clock, while Dora was bathing, and had gone straight to the romantic section of *Montmartre*. And there

he had drifted from one gay cafe to the other—from the notorious *La Florida* to the obscure *Le Rat Mort*—imbibing liquor quite freely as he meandered. Nothing really adventurous had happened to him, however, and at the time he had somehow wished that Dora was with him.

And now he was back at the hotel. Well, he decided, there was nothing to do but to go in and doubtless listen to a relentless irade from his young wife. He reached down and tried the knob, to see if she had locked the door. It opened. Still swaying drunkenly, he stepped inside. He managed to close the door quietly behind him, however, as he realized that if Dora had gone to bed it would be foolish to take a chance on waking her.

Cautiously, yet awkwardly, he crossed the dark living-room. Slowly he pulled open the door that led into the bedroom. Then, abruptly he came to a frozen halt. He stared, almost unbelievably. He lifted one hand and dazedly rubbed his eyes.

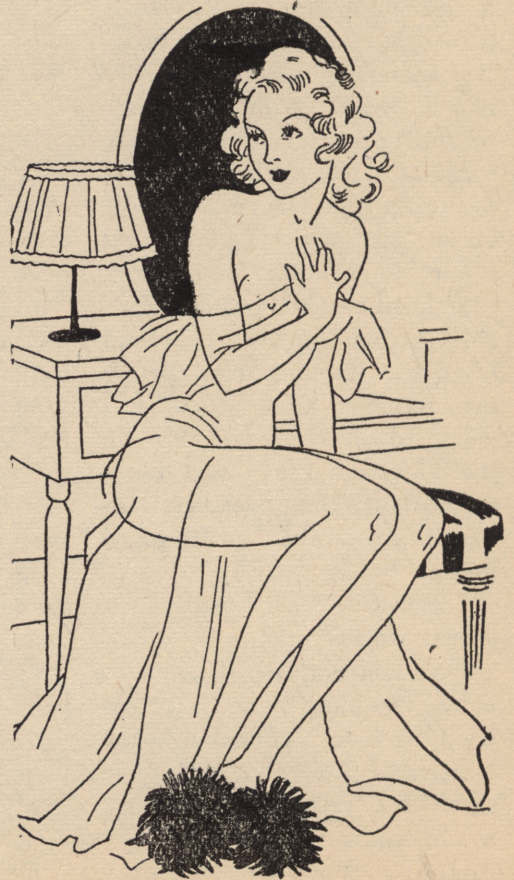
"Oh!" The girl, sitting quite naked on the edge of the bed, at last managed to gasp. And yet it was evident that she was not offended. She continued to sit, gradually regaining composure, her

blue eyes gazing perplexedly at John from under her curly array of soft golden hair.

"I—I'm John Mason . . . an American," he said, wondering if she understood him. "I—er—must've come in the wrong door. What suite is this?" His eyes, though trying hard not to do so, couldn't keep from continually lowering themselves to her exquisite nakedness.

It was apparent at once that she spoke English.

"Oh . . . an American," she murmured. She paused. "Thees

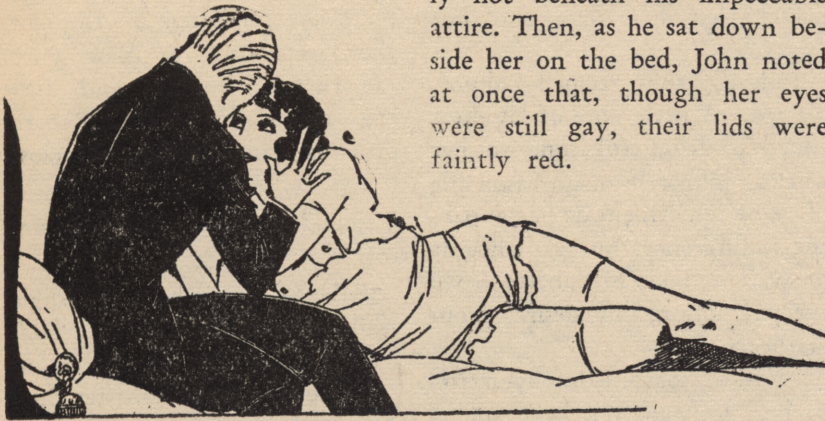


"—blue eyes gazing perplexedly—"

ees suite 462. I am Babette Bellier. My husband and myself have leaved here for four years."

"462?" he echoed.

"Oui."



"—in her eyes was an elfish sparkle—"

John looked at her foolishly.

"And mine's 463," he mumbled.

The girl smiled—a fascinating smile, and made no effort at all to cover her revealed charms. For an instant John doubted the inviting message that he seemed to see in the depths of her gay, blue eyes. He wondered if he was so drunk that his imagination was running away with him.

However, as a matter of fact, John was now cold sober. One couldn't help but become so when given an eyeful of a figure like Babette's. Her breasts, he saw, were absolutely perfect. They were smooth, firm, creamy, with kissable pink tips protruding deliciously from nests of delicate maroon. The flesh of her waist, her flat little stomach, her curving thighs and hips, was delicately and flawlessly smooth. Even her tiny pink-nailed feet looked as if they would be deliciously sweet to kiss.

Again John looked into her

eyes. And this time there was no mistaking the delightful promise in them. He laid his hat on a chair. Slowly he stepped forward. His body felt strangely hot beneath his impeccable attire. Then, as he sat down beside her on the bed, John noted at once that, though her eyes were still gay, their lids were faintly red.

"Been crying?" he asked.

She nodded slowly.

"Oui, — a little," she admitted.

"Why, Babette?" He gently encircled her slim shoulders with one arm. She cuddled warmly against him.

"Eet was my husband," she explained. "He went downstairs for some cigarettes and has not yet returned. He make me very angry. I cry. I know he has met a lady friend." Babbette sighed and added softly: "But I am not sad any more, *cherie*,—now that you are here."

John was becoming increasingly conscious of her tempting body — so much so, in fact, that he only vaguely heard her words. Slowly, uncontrollably, he lifted his hand to one plump rose-tipped globe. His fingers curled excitedly about its firm resiliency.

Babette coyly assumed a shocked expression.

"*Monsieur!*" she exclaimed. But on her lips was a smile, and in her eyes was an elfish spark-

And she made, of course, no move to stop him.

John realized that perhaps her husband might arrive at any moment. He realized that he was undoubtedly in a precarious situation. Yet the delight of it so outweighed his apprehension that he dismissed all caution entirely. Gently his lean hand caressed the luscious breast.

Babette glanced down with half closed eyes at the caressing hand. She watched it move about her breast with a sort of blissful fascination. She purred softly, contentedly.

"Ah, *cherie!*" she breathed. "Thees ees heaven!"

John thought so, too, although he didn't say so. A wild surge of passionate desire was coursing through his veins. Suddenly, removing his hand, he put both arms about her waist and pulled her to him, crushing the glorious mounds of her breasts against his broad chest. His lips groped hungrily for hers.

Their lips met passionately. His arms no longer confined themselves to an embrace; they moved with daring freedom, searching for and finding all the delectable portions of her velvet-soft body.

Then at last the kiss ended. One of John's hands had paused, cupped about a prominent breast. The other gently caressed the expanse of warm, soft, velvety flesh. Babette gazed at him with blue eyes that were slightly hazy with unmistakable desire. Her delicate nostrils quivered. Her exquisite mouth was half open.

"*Mon amour.*" she murmured, and no more. It was plain that by those two whispered words she meant to convey to him all

that her pulsing body demanded.

And John understood. But, suddenly, at that moment, he thought of Dora. Why he should have done so — especially at a time like this — was a mystery to him; but, absurd though it was, a sudden wave of painful, bitter, self-reproach swept through him.

"My wife" he muttered absently.

"What — what about her?" sighed Babette. So great was her passion that it was all she could do to force out the words. "Tell her that you weel not be home tonight."

John knew that he wanted to tell Dora just that, even though he hated to admit the fact to himself. He felt like the rottenest cad on earth. And yet, he realized, he would have to be superhuman to leave the luscious Babette *now*.

"But—er your husband . . ." he began.

"Oh," she said. "you need not worry. When he has been out this late, he usually does not come home teel the next day." She gazed at him with impatient eyes.

Her breasts, hard under the emotion of the moment, seemed to mock him; their coral-like peaks coaxed his already willing acquiescence to her suggestion. She was the most alluring creature he had ever seen and the thought of possessing her, of feeling those passion-mad curves pressed close against his hungry body, made his pulses pound like savage tom-toms.

"Well . . ." John reached for the small cradle-phone on the table beside the bed and asked the operator to connect him with suite 463. It was some min-

utes before he received an answer.

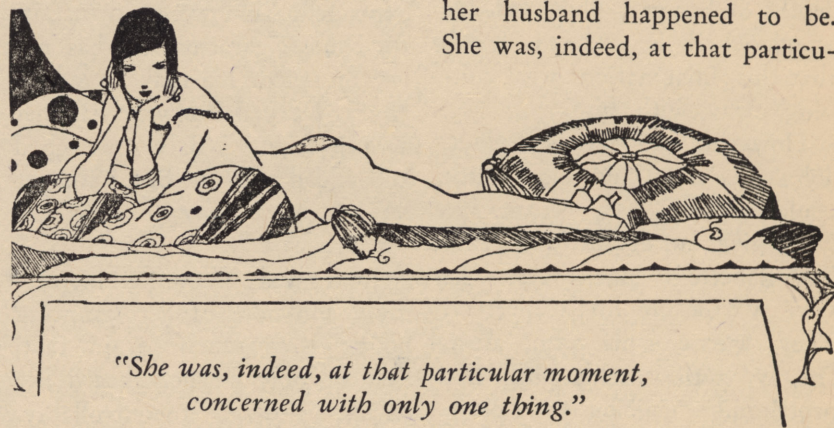
"Hello . . . Dora?" he began.

"Yes," came her voice to the receiver, and John was surprised that her tone was not angry.

Indeed, she seemed almost pleased. A little note of laughter added a delightful tone to her words. John felt an unreasonable surge of resentment at her apparent indifference, but a glance at the coaxing body of Babette drove every emotion but desire, from his heart.

"I—I'm sorry I left you tonight," he went on, very apologetically; "and I won't be able to make it back to the hotel tonight. You see, I—"

"Oh, it's perfectly all right, dear," she assured him. "Anyway, I know you've probably met some beautiful girl. As for me, I'm being very nicely entertained by a charming Frenchman — Monsieur Bellier. We met in the lobby this evening



"She was, indeed, at that particular moment, concerned with only one thing."

and I invited him up. And so good-night, John dear, I must hurry back to him. And don't forget that we have to be packed by three tomorrow afternoon."

The phone clicked in his ear and John hung up. Though he

was rather surprised at Dora's unfaithfulness, he was quite aware that he couldn't blame her. Anyway, he reminded himself, the whole affair would be doubtless forgotten by the time they were back in New York. He turned, smiling, and drew the eager and impatient Babette into his arms, holding her close.

"My wife is entertaining your husband," he said, laughing softly.

Babette gave him a slight smile. Her nude, seductive body cuddled warmly against him.

The curve of an alabaster thigh delighted his senses, as he permitted his hands to glide gently over the flawless skin. Stretched out as she was, Babette permitted one arm to extend over the edge of the lounge. The gesture brought all the beautiful, fluid lines of her seductive body to the attention of John's avid gaze.

Her arms curled ardently about his neck. It was quite obvious that she didn't give a hoot *where* her husband happened to be. She was, indeed, at that particu-

lar moment, concerned with only one thing. Gradually they descended to the delight of passion.

"Ah, *mon cherie*," she breathed passionately against his ear, "then we *know* we shall have a night of uninterrupted bliss!"

FLAT TIRES

By JOHN M. GLADE

With An Unexpected Blowout



L TERRY pulled his weaving coupé over to the side of the country road, got out and walked around to the front. Just as he thought, both front tires were going flat. That made three in the last five miles, and the spare was flat. He cursed long and heartily under his breath. It would happen like this: thirty miles from the nearest town, getting dark and no way to get to Porter to keep the date with Letha.

He sat down on the bumper and lit a cigarette. No telling when a car would come along; he hadn't passed one for hours on this short-cut. Letha would be mad as the devil; she always was when he didn't get there on time, and tonight he probably would not get there at all. Besides that, he hated to miss the good time he had planned.

He ground the cigarette disgustedly under his heel, then bent his head to listen intently. From down the road came the sound of a speeding motor. He came to his feet and through the gathering dusk he could see a small roadster, weaving dangerously and coming towards him. He stepped out in the road and waved. Brakes squealed and the car turned into a half hidden side road not ten feet in front of him and stopped. A girlish voice hailed him:

"Hello there. Is that you Dick?"

Al stepped up to the car grin-

ning. "No. But won't I do?" He was looking down into a frankly smiling face, deep blue eyes and a mouth that was made for kissing. A small dainty hand brushed curly blonde hair back from a high forehead.

"Well, you might do if you've got anything to fix tires with. Somebody must have dumped a truckload of tacks on this road."

"I'm afraid we're both out of luck then; I've got three flats and not a patch in the car. Are you sure they're tacks; it may be a valve leak?"

"I think so. There was a tack in the other one when I changed it." She turned on the headlights, got out and walked around to the front. "Yes, here it is, look." She bent over and pointed to the tack. But Al wasn't looking at the tack, his eyes were riveted on the shadow of her form where the headlights showed through the thin silk of her dress silhouetting a full, plump breast firm and erect! There was no sign of a restraining *brassière!*

"See it?"

"Yes, it's—" he was going to say 'beautiful' but checked himself just in time. "Yes, it's a tack all right."

"Well, we can run up to Dick's and see if he has any patches. Jump in."

Al hesitated. "Maybe I'd better take my sample case along; some one might steal it here on the road."

"That's right; but hurry."

He ran back to his car, got the sample case and returned. She sent the little car spinning down the rutted, winding road.

"Is Dick your—*fiancé?*" Al asked in an effort to make conversation.

"Oh no. He's just a friend. I came out to spend the—the evening with him."

"Oh." Al was sure he understood. "You haven't told me your name yet."

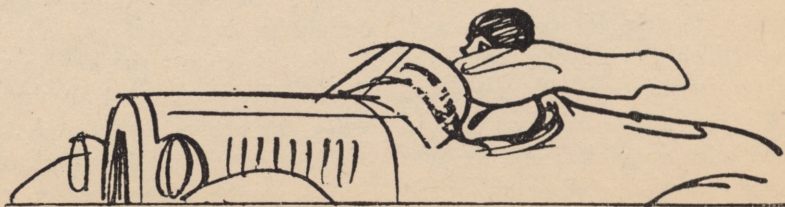
She looked up and smiled teasingly. "Dot Barton, if you must know. And yours?"

"I'm just Al Terry, toy salesman."

The car grated to a stop, the headlights focusing on a small, cozy summer cottage that faced a tiny lake set down among tall, majestic pines. She got out, ran up to the back door and stopped, then reaching up she took a card from a nail on the door.

"Can you imagine this? Listen: 'Will be back Saturday, Dick'." Her eyes widened. "And today is only *Thursday!*"

Al Terry had a feeling of exultation rush through his body and tremble down his spine. But her



"—down the road came the sound of a speeding motor—"

voice quickly dampened it.

"I'll tell you; I know where the key to the garage is if we can only get in the house. I'm sure Dick has some patches in

of step-ins as she swung her shapely legs over the sill and disappeared into the room.

It was several minutes later that a light gleamed from the

them for a moment, then with a crafty smile he picked them up and dropped them behind a spare tire cover in a corner. He would not need them until morning anyway. He went back into the house with a feeling that bordered on avid anticipation. She was tuning in a station on the radio.

"I guess we're out of luck for patches. What's the next move?"

She looked up and a troubled expression crossed her face; and her full red lips pursed into a pout. "Well, if we've got to wait here until morning I'm going to find something to eat!" She went out into the kitchen, Al trailing after her.

"I hope Dick left something in the refrigerator." She opened the door and smiled happily. "What will you have, baked ham or roast beef?"

Al swallowed hard; he just realized that he hadn't had any dinner, he had expected to take Letha out. "I don't even care, I'm that famished!"

"Fine. I'll make some sandwiches and coffee. You go out into the other room, I can't work in this bathrobe, it fits like a tent."

Al's heart bounded into his throat. "Why don't you take it off."

"I'm going to, silly. Scram. And don't look so dejected, we'll eat in a minute." Al was glad she thought the dejected look was caused by hunger.

"Okay. I'll go out and look at the lake." He left the room grinning widely, then went out the front door and circled the house. Stealthily he mounted the steps of the back porch and looked in the window. The bathrobe was over the back of a chair and she was clad only in the briefest of lace 'panties'. There

"You go out into the other room—"



the garage." She tried the door and found it locked. The window on the porch was also locked. They circled the house together but every window which they could reach was securely fastened.

"If I could only reach that bathroom window, I'm sure it's unlocked."

Al's heart bounded. "Here I'll lift you up." His arms went around her shapely calves and he raised her from the ground. A soft breeze fluttered the thin silk of her dress and his heart skipped a beat as his eyes were rewarded with a fleeting glimpse of a well formed thigh and the lacy edge of scanty step-ins. He heard the sash grate as the window opened then with a quick boost she was sitting on the window sill. His avid eyes received another glimpse

window on the back porch. He mounted the steps as the door opened. She was clad in a heavy wool bathrobe that was several sizes too large for her.

"I tore my dress on the window and had to get Dick's bathrobe," she explained. "Here is the key to the garage and some matches."

He took them reluctantly and went out to the garage. Just his luck to have her dressed in a heavy, shapeless bathrobe instead of the thin silk dress that clung to her body and augmented the delightful curves of her slender form. He thrust the key in the lock. Anyway, that bathrobe would be pretty warm and . . .

The first match Al struck disclosed a tube of patches on the shelf of the garage. He stared at

was no *brassière* to hamper the movements of those full, plump breasts; they shimmied and bobbed about deliriously as she cut large slices of meat from the roast. Her hips too, joined in the movement, executing a circular motion that caused Al's heart to labor and an icy trembling thrill to course down his back. What a form! "Come and get it! I've got enough food for a regiment!" she called.

"And you'll need it." He entered the house and followed her into the kitchen where they sat down to a table with a huge plate of sandwiches. The music of a hot dance band came to them from the radio in the living room.

"Let's eat in the other room; we can dance between bites." Al suggested.

"No sir," her eyes twinkled. "You just want to jiggle down what you eat by dancing and I'm not going to make sandwiches all night."

Al laughed. "All right. We'll dance afterwards."

They ate in silence and with a slowness that seemed to Al to be entirely unnecessary. Finally they finished and went into the living room where the radio filled the air with syncopation. He slipped an arm around her slim waist, an arm that tingled pleasantly at the touch. Al's temperature soared. They danced for a long time before she raised her smiling face up to him.

"You dance nicely—"

His lips stopped the flow of words with an ardent kiss. She returned it coolly.

"Was that nice?" she asked reproachfully.

"I think it was. At least it was necessary." he grinned. Lord, the girl must be made of ice! They danced on. She was cool and col-

lected while Al's temperature was near the boiling point. Finally she raised her head again.

"We'd better go to bed; I'm frightfully tired." She moved to the radio and turned it off. "Don't forget your sample case in the car."

Keen anticipation hurried his feet out to the car and back. He followed her down a short hall. She stopped, opened a door and turned on a light in the bedroom.

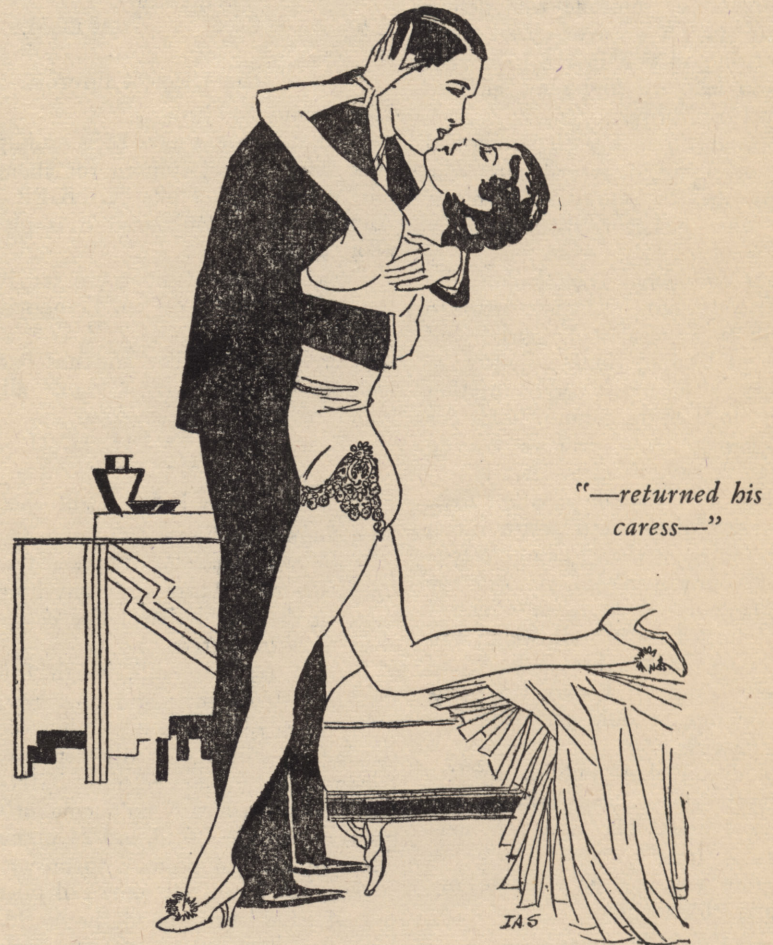
"This is your room." She stepped across the hall and opened another door. "I'll see you in the

breath, closed the door and removed the clothes from his body. Then lighting a cigarette he sat down on the bed. The feel of the cool sheets was maddening! He got up, turned off the light and opened the door softly. A beam of light came from a wide crack under her door. She hadn't gone to bed yet. He grinned into the darkness of the hall.

It was some time later that he heard a startled cry from her room.

"Al! Help!"

He dashed into her room. She



"—returned his
caress—"

morning. Good night." She closed the door softly.

"Well I'll be damned," he muttered disgustedly. "Of all the 'flat tires' I've had today this is the worst." He took a deep

breath, closed the door and removed the clothes from his body. "A mouse!" she wailed.

He picked her up. Her arms went around his neck in a desperate embrace. The softness of
(Continued on page 56)



Hey There!



Rockland, Maine

Dear Sunny Sands:

I have been reading over some of your "GINGER" magazines, and and will say that they contain very smart and snappy stories too, which I have enjoyed to the utmost.

Now I want to ask you for a bit of information, concerning the "Hey There" column, which I am anxious to join and relieve my lonesome situation, by getting in touch with a few lonesome girls, who have put in their pleas for someone who desires writing them a word of cheer. So I am writing to you in the hope that you can help me find some girls to whom I can write.

I promise to answer all letters and I am sure I can interest all girls who write to me. So, Sunny Sands, please send some girl correspondents my way.

I am considered good looking by girl friends, but it doesn't seem to acquire me any particular girl friend of whom I could think seriously, so I just could not resist the temptation that your friendly column holds for me. I just can't seem to get up courage to talk to girls, that is unless they start the conversation first.

I know that I can write much better and easier than I can converse. I am a young man—25 years of age and Maine is the state in which I live. I am 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weigh 130 lbs. Have medium brown hair, and blue-grey eyes. If I were less bashful I am sure I would get along fine with the girls.

Would you please publish my letter in your 'Hey There' column, and perhaps I could obtain a few new friends.

Hoping you can help me in my difficulty, I remain,

Cordially yours,

Bob

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Miss Sands:

I am hoping that my letter will be put in your marvelous magazine.

I especially like the pictures with the first story.

Like Helen T., I strip and read while I lie on a pillow. In answer to Helen T's question I would certainly love to spank her. I hope to meet girls who do not wear too much clothes and let their skirts show a bit of their legs.

I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 5 in., brown eyes, blond hair, nice looking, healthy and ready to spend money on a girl who likes balconies.

Yours truly,

A. C. H.

San Diego, California.

Hello Sunny Sands:

Well, old dear, I have been reading your 'Hey There' column for about nine months and I like "GINGER." Anyone who doesn't read it is just plain crazy.

By this letter I hope to get in touch with H. G. of San Francisco, California.

I am a lonely sailor and not bad looking. I am 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, blond hair and blue eyes.

H. H. U.

San Pedro, California.

Dear Sunny Sands:

Will you please print these few lines for me. There isn't anything more in the world that I like better than to write letters.

I am 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weigh 160 lbs., have blond hair and blue eyes.

My main sports are swimming, ice skating of which I hardly get any. I love music and am reading "GINGER" all the time. Won't some girls between the ages of 19 and 25 please write to me? I promise to answer all letters. I can tell some tall tales since I have been around the world. Let's see how many of you girls write.

J. H.

Hanover, Pa.

Dear Tommy:

I enjoy the 'Hello There' column tremendously. I am writing to the

guy who calls himself a nut although he has signed his name 'Tommy'.

First, here goes my description. I am 5 ft. 4 in. (*I might be little but I can take it.*) I am seventeen years old and have blue eyes. I weigh 110 pounds and am a blonde (*and I'm proud of it*). I am fairly good looking—anyway other people say so and am popular among girls and boys. I have a Mae West figure (*if you know what I mean*). My name is Kassie and I'm a fine little lassie. I've got a lot what it takes to get along. The way your letter sounds you must be a fresh guy but I can do a lot with fresh guys. (*If you doubt my word—come up to see me sometime.*) I am romantic at times—just depends on how I feel. If your feelings get hurt quick, don't take this letter to heart. I am a good "Blues" singer. I like most everything you do except swearing. I hope you will answer this.

Yours till Flirtation Walks,

Kassie.

Rosedale, Kansas.

Dear Sunny Sands:

I have been reading your "GINGER" and ran across your 'Hello There' column. I see that one may write to friends that one makes through it.

I am a girl and 18 years old. I have blue eyes, dark eyelashes and dark-red curly hair. I am 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weigh 112 pounds. Now, that that is over I will tell you what I want.

I want boys of my own age to write to me,—those from the ages of 18 to 21. I live in Kansas and I get lonesome for friends. I have friends here in Kansas, boys and girls both, but would like more for I don't see them very much.

I hope I will see this letter in "GINGER" soon. I will answer all letters as soon as I receive them. My friends call me Little Red Head, so I will close, hoping to hear from some nice boy soon.

Red Head.

FUN ON THE FARM

By FRANK KENNETH YOUNG

With Pleasure For All

(Synopsis of Preceding Parts)

Barney Blaine, city dweller, goes to the country for a three-day vacation. He meets the Merkel family—Mrs. Merkel, Bill, and their daughter, Molly—and enjoys their delightful hospitality. He also meets and experiences a spicy adventure with Hulda, the Swedish maid, who, the first night, steals into his room and offers her love.

The next day, Bill and Molly go to town to be gone all afternoon, and Mrs. Merkel invites Barney to go with her after a load of melons. The melon patch, with its shady seclusion and soft, green grass, lures them, and the married lady forgets her marriage vows.

It is almost supper time when they return to the house, and learn that Bill and Molly have not yet arrived. . . .

Now, go on with the story! . . .

PART III

THE maid, Hulda, seated upon the back porch, was seen by Mrs. Merkel and Barney as they walked up the path toward the house. Evidently, she had finished her afternoon's work, and was now waiting for Molly and Bill to return from town. As Barney approached, he could not help noticing things of which Hulda, probably, was unaware of their existence.

He was especially susceptible, for he had not yet forgotten the pleasure her charms had given him on the first night of his stay at the farm. Yet he tried to mask his emotions as he paused before her.

"My!" remarked Hulda innocently, "you bane gone a long time to get the melons! Ay thought you was never coming!"

Mrs. Merkel chuckled. "Don't tell Bill!" she whispered, "but we had a bit of motor trouble! The delay simply couldn't be avoided."

With that she jumped up the steps and entered the house, leav-

ing Hulda and Barney alone.

Barney tried to behave in a natural manner, but he found it difficult to meet the Swede's bright blue eyes.

"Ay told you Ay thought you was pretty fast worker," she murmured provokingly. "Now Ay know it!"

Barney sank down beside her and placed a hand upon her knee. "Well, Hulda," he said, "I won't argue with you. But I do hope you'll be discreet and not mention your suspicions to anyone else!"

"Yah!" she muttered. "What a man! First, me—now, Mrs. Merkel! And Ay wanted you all my own!"

"Listen!" he whispered, "do you know how I can get Molly alone for a little while?"

"No!" she said positively. "And if Ay did, Ay would not tell you! Yumpin' Yudas, am Ay yealous!"

"Don't feel bad, Hulda!" he grinned. "I'll be coming back next Summer!"

Swiftly, he caught her to him, and pressed a passionate kiss to her ripe, red lips. She caught her breath sharply, and responded

with equal fervor. He pressed close to the curve of her voluptuous hip, and felt the hard thrust of her firm, pointed breasts against his chest.

Scarcely had he released her when the purring of a car was heard, and Molly and Bill drove



"—caught her to him—"

into the yard, waving gayly as they went by.

Supper, that evening, was made more palatable by several of the large, juicy melons that Mrs. Merkel and Barney had brought from the field. Bill, apparently, suspected nothing, and Hulda wisely kept her suspicions under cover. Mrs. Merkel chatted gayly, as was her usual habit, and Barney maintained a straight poker face. After supper, he followed the men to the barns, to watch them do the 'chores'.

As he approached the cow barn, he heard a faint commotion and a feminine voice raised in angry threat and imprecation. His curiosity stirred, he passed to the side of the building, and there paused, his face creased in a fine, large grin.

For there, on a three-legged milk stool, sat Hulda, the Swede, milking—or, at least, attempting to milk—a Holstein cow that was tied to the fence. Evidently, this was one of her regular duties. She was not attired in overalls, however; this time, for some reason known only to herself, she was wearing her usual gingham dress.

Barney noticed this in particular, because she had raised the garment high upon her fleshy thighs, the better to hold the milk pail between her parted knees. The dress was folded back almost to her hips, displaying long lengths of nude, white flesh. The legs of the stool were short, thus providing a very low seat—and the view was simply wonderful!

As she leaned forward, her movements in milking caused her full, firm breasts to sway in the loose front of her garment, and her tight grip upon the milk pail

revealed the rippling muscles of her thighs.

Barney was mentally caressing the charms that so excited him, when some faint sound frightened the cow, and with a well-directed sweep of her hind leg, she kicked the pail from between Hulda's knees and sent her sprawling upon her back, almost drowned by a shower of fresh, warm milk!

"Oh!" she screamed, feet threshing the air, and tiny rivulets of milk running down her bare legs. "You yust wait, you —! Ay get even with you for this! Ay make you go hungry four whole days!"

Barney exploded with a roar of hilarious laughter, and laughed till obliged to hold his shaking sides.

"You, too!" she yelled, struggling to rise and shaking a trembling fist. "You are no gentleman, Barney Blaine!"

"Why, Hulda!" he remonstrated. "I thought you liked me!"

"Oh, yah!" Her cheeks were crimson; her blue eyes flashed flames. Picking up the milk stool, she hurled it at him with all her strength.

Still laughing, he dodged the flying missile, and took to his heels.

When the evening's work was done, the family gathered around the table in the cozy living room, Hulda with the others; and Barney noticed with an inward smile, that she had changed her milk-spattered dress for a fresher garment.

For awhile the conversation, though brisk and lively, maintained a general trend, and all took part in discussing recent happenings, the crops, the wea-

ther, and sundry matters usually of interest to farmers or people who live on farms. And during this time, Barney was wondering by what excuse he might contrive to get alone with Molly.

Then, suddenly, Molly solved the problem for him, when, rising, she remarked: "I must have a drink of fresh water!"

"The windmill isn't running," said Bill. "Do you know how to throw it in gear?"

This was the opportunity Barney had been waiting for. "I do!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Let me go with you, Molly!"

Molly nodded graciously, seemingly oblivious to the smiles and winks that went the rounds. Barney rose and followed her from the house.

It was a beautiful evening! Night was curving gently down, lowering a veil of dusky shadows that lent romance and mystery to the most commonplace surroundings. Naturally, Molly and Barney sensed and felt the lure of it all, as they lingered beside the windmill. He set the machinery in motion and pumped a glass of clear, cold water from the bowels of the earth; and she drank with grateful appreciation. Yet neither seemed in haste to return to the house! The night was too beautiful, and they were too glad of the opportunity to be alone.

"It's quite a while till bedtime," she remarked shyly. "Shall we stroll?"

"Yes—let's stroll!" he replied softly. And linking his arm with hers, he permitted her to lead him in whatever direction she might wish to go.

Side by side, they walked slowly down the path that led to the barns and beyond. Her soft, little hand was closely clasped in

his tingling fingers, and he felt the gentle caress of her rounded hip against him. Tenderly, he slipped his arm about her, thrilling as he felt the soft flesh of her slender waist yield to his urging.

"Gee, Molly, you're sweet!" he murmured, suddenly remembering that he had spoken the same words to her on the first night of his visit.

"I like you, too, Barney," she admitted. "But I haven't had a chance to tell you until now."

if they let you! Only—I rather wish that I had known you first!"

"Molly," he whispered huskily, "do you care that much—for me? Somehow, I have the feeling that—that I would be taking an unfair advantage of you!"

"Because I'm so young and appear to be so innocent?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Forget it!" she chuckled. "I assure you that I know what I'm about! I learned a few things at

her dress revealed her softly rounded calves and tiny patches of snow-white flesh above the stocking tops. She patted the grass beside her, indicating where she wished him to sit, and he threw himself down, his arms reaching around her, his face close to her youthful bosom.

The faint moonlight, filtering through overhanging foliage, revealed her lovely face and slender neck, like living statuary, rising out of her low-cut dress. He fol-



"—followed her from the house—"

"I'm sorry!" he whispered. "I have wanted you, honey—ever since that first night!"

She stirred slightly in his embrace. "I believe you," she murmured. "And yet, I suspect that you have been carrying on with Hulda and—and mother! Have you?"

Barney caught his breath and was silent. Molly, evidently, was wiser than even he had suspected!

"Oh, never mind!" she said lightly. "I had an idea you would,

school, and—well, nature, you know—" she stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Barney was temporarily at a loss for words.

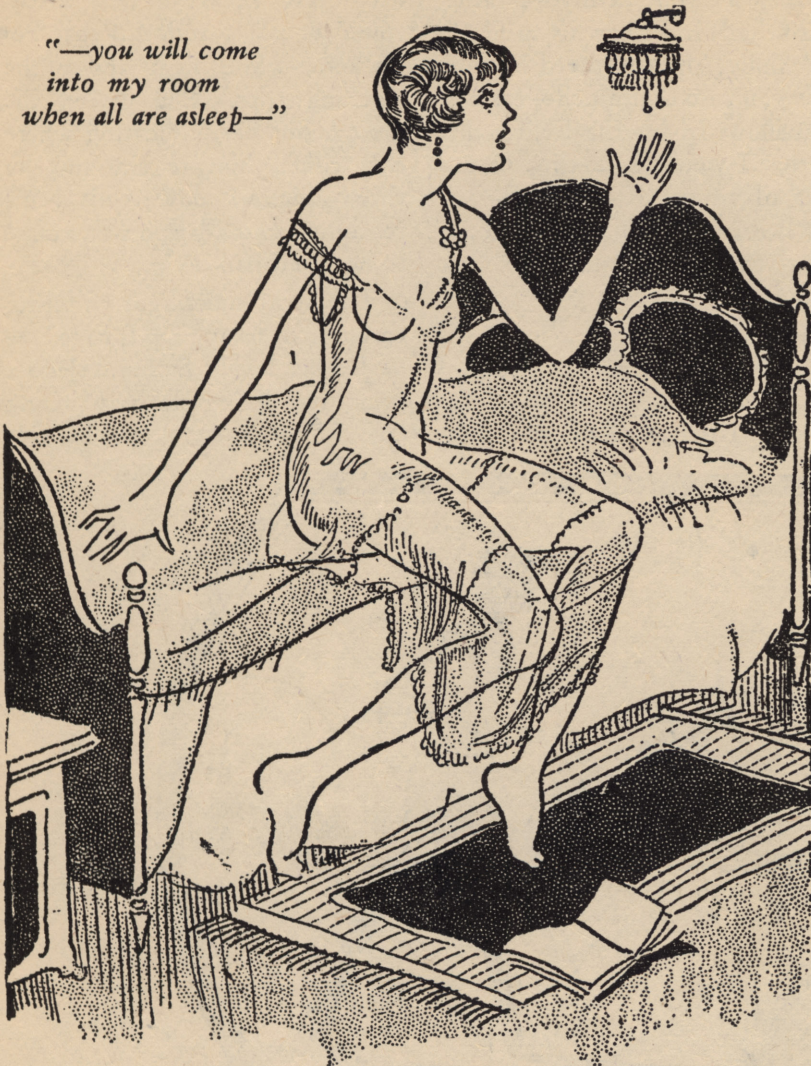
"Let's sit down!" she suggested, and led him to one side of the path, where a large, spreading tree cast its friendly shadow upon a delightfully soft spot of grass.

To Barney's delight, she sank down at the base of the tree, raising one knee and extending the other leg, so that the bottom of

lowed the pale, lustrous flesh to the place of disappearing beauty, where it vanished in the low "V" of her collar, and the vision so tempted him that, lowering his head, he pressed his lips to the soft creamy skin. She started slightly as ecstatic emotions coursed through her; then her hands clasped his head and pressed his face deep into the luscious valley, while her lips rained kisses upon his hair.

"Barney," she gasped, "I love

"—you will come
into my room
when all are asleep—"



you more than I've ever loved any other man!"

The admission thrilled him to the depths. He embraced her more passionately.

"I love you, honey," he whispered. "Do you suppose—would your parents suspect things, if we remained out here very long?"

"They probably would," she replied faintly. "But we aren't going to remain here long, darling! I have a much better plan!"

"What is it?" he asked, nestling his face in the hollow of her neck, and kissing her satiny cheek.

"Now, we're supposed to be spooning in the moonlight," she

said. "In a few minutes, we'll return to the house, and they'll think we've merely indulged in a little love and kisses."

"Yes," he breathed.

"When bedtime comes, we'll retire as on ordinary nights, you to your room, I to mine. But—we won't go to sleep at once, heart's dearest!"

"No?"

"No—we'll don our pajamas, and wait!—when we think everybody else is asleep, you will creep softly out into the hall, and come to my room!—I will be expecting you, and will let you in! . . ."

"Molly!" he exclaimed rapturously. "But will it be safe?"

Are you sure nobody will hear or discover?"

"Dad and mother sleep downstairs—they won't hear us. Hilda's room is nearest to mine, but she won't talk!—At least, I didn't tell on her when I heard her go to your room that first night!"

Barney jumped. "You—you knew about that?" he stammered.

"Silly!" she laughed. "Of course, I knew! And I sobbed almost all night because she got ahead of me!"

"Molly, you little devil!" he murmured, hugging her warmly and biting her soft, moist lips. "Just wait till I think everybody is asleep!"

"You must be very quiet—and careful!" she cautioned. "Sometime before morning, you can return to your own room, and nobody will ever know!"

"Angel!" he mumbled against the thrilling tickle of her fragrant hair.

"Of course," she informed him, "this is mostly an experiment—to find out if we really care for each other. If we do—"

"Then?" he prompted.

"Well, dad has given me permission to go to New York for a month's vacation, and I'm to leave next week. I'm supposed to be going to visit a girl friend whom I met at school. But if you were to give me your address—"

"Darling!" Then Barney, overcome with happiness, could no longer restrain his impulsive emotions. Pulling her close to him, his hot lips clamped firmly over her sweet morsel of mouth. Again and again he kissed her, while her firm, pointed breasts prodded his chest unmercifully, and he heard her nervous feet beating a frantic tattoo upon the ground.

Then, presently, she placed her hands against his shoulders and pushed him forcibly from her. "Come!" she panted, struggling dizzily to a sitting posture. "It's getting late! We must go back!"

Reluctantly, he helped her to rise. "What a figure!" he muttered, as she urged him down the path. "And what a time we'll have when you come to New York!"

"Don't forget!" she cautioned. "My room is the last one at the

end of the hall! . . . Be very careful, and very quiet! . . ."

Their belated return to the living room was greeted by a number of quips and sallies, to which they endeavored to give nonchalant replies; and after a short time, Bill called "Bedtime!"—and each member of the household sought his or her respective sleeping chamber.

Dressed only in his pajamas, Barney waited impatiently for perhaps an hour, then slipped out

into the hall, and stole cat-footedly to the door of Molly's room. Lightly, he touched the door-knob, and waited. But as still as he had been, Molly, evidently, had heard his approach; for almost immediately, the door swung silently inward, permitting him to pass into the dark interior.

Waiting until she closed the door once more and turned toward him, he took her hungrily in his arms, and knew



*"—slipped
his arm
about
her waist—"*

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the supreme satisfaction of feeling her slender, yet curved, figure pressed warmly to his heart. He discovered that she was wearing only the thinnest of sheer silk pajamas, and that she had thoughtfully left the upper part of the suit unbuttoned.

He felt her warm, bare arms twine tightly about his neck; felt her crush her nude breasts against him. Then his hands clutched her sensuous curves tightly, and his lips descended passionately upon hers.

"Molly!" he choked between kisses.

"Uh-huh!" she replied eagerly.

The following day, being the last day of his vacation, he said good-bye to Bill and the hired man before they left for the fields. Mrs. Merkel managed to catch him alone a minute and give him one of her hottest, most thrilling kisses. Hulda came to his room and helped him pack his traveling bag. And then, descending to the yard, he climbed into the car beside Molly, who was to drive him to the station.

As they turned into the road, Barney glanced back and saw Mrs. Merkel waving from one of the large, bay windows, and Hulda offering a similar salute from the front verandah. The final good-bye had proven too affecting for the Swede, however, and she needed an apron with which to dry her tears. Not wearing an apron, she was using the bottom of her dress; and thus Barney glimpsed her last, with the hem of her dress raised to her eyes, and her nude legs gleaming in the sunlight!

"Barney!"

Molly's sharp tone recalled him with a start, and turning toward

her, he lovingly appraised her pink cheeks and dark, sparkling eyes.

"Well, honey," he asked, "what did you think of our experiment? Was it successful?"

Her cheeks flushed a darker red, and the smile she flashed told that she had forgiven him for watching Hulda.

"Darling, I can hardly wait till I get to New York!" she murmured.

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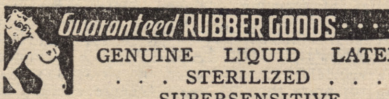
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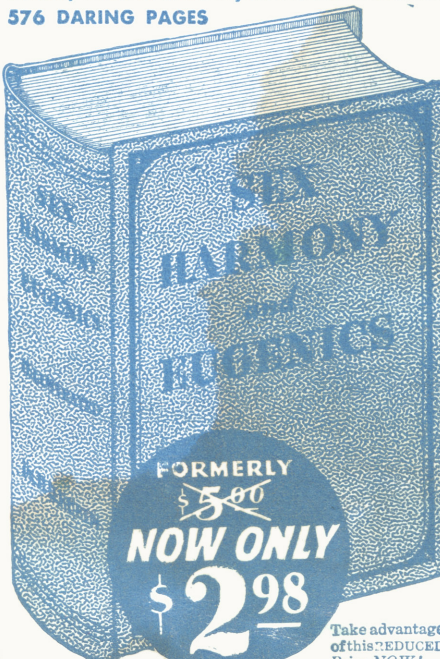
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