

Spicy

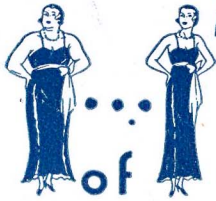
STORIES



September
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Claire Kennedy : **Nat Barker** : **Louise Langdon** : **Frank Kenneth Young** : **Kay Carroll**



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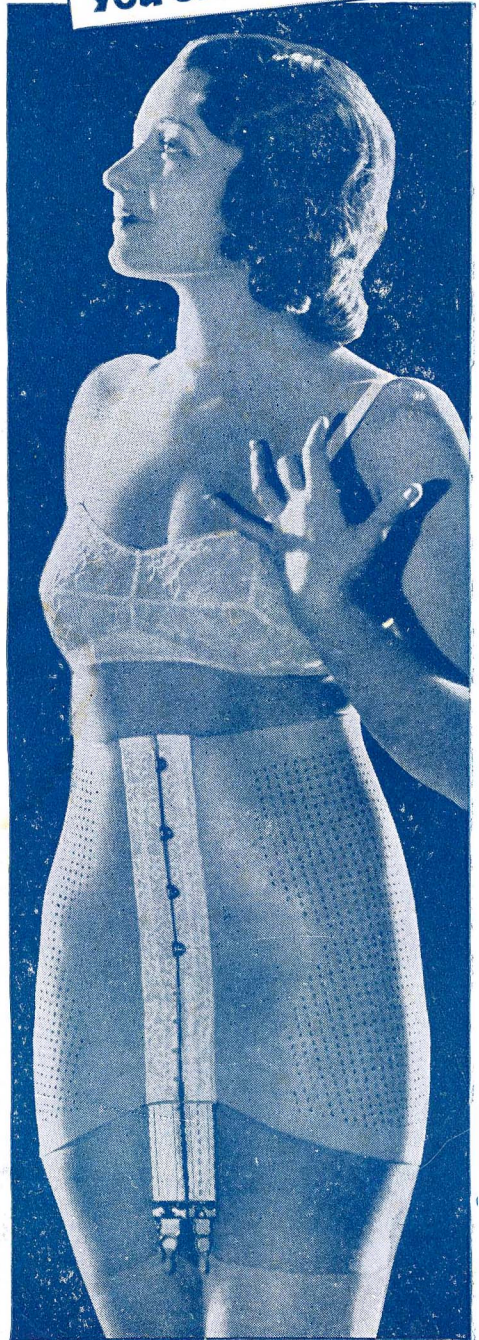
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Spicy

STORIES

Chuck full o' fun

September

1933



Volume III

Number 9

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COVER BY NOEL BARROW

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Between You and Me!



Dear Editor:

I am a tall blonde twenty-four years old, and would certainly like to get letters from some of your readers. I have never seen a magazine like *Spicy*, it is great, I think. What a thrill I did get two months ago when I first read one. "Going Up" was splendid. I was visiting a girl friend, and she had several back numbers of *Spicy*; they are all good but can't you please publish more spanking letters, we think they are fun.

My aunt has a small boy of eleven who is very spoilt, and I have always wanted to give him a good spanking. When I returned home last week, Sonny and my aunt were here, after a few days I told him he must learn to mind, of course he paid no attention to me; that afternoon he was upstairs in my room, and I decided to teach him better manners. Did I spank him! I just used my hand, but I am no weakling, and can really use it. I didn't

slow up till I was sure he would mind me for awhile anyway. Well, it was just what he had always needed. I have not touched him since, but I am watching him carefully and when he needs one I will really give it to him. I think they should be spanked till they are fourteen or fifteen, after that they are too large. Lots of luck.

(Miss) Maude C., Arkansas.

P. S.—Can't you please publish this in *Spicy*? I will always be a booster for it, and what a thrill to see "mine" in print.

Dear Editor:

I am a constant reader of *Spicy*, La Paree and Pep Stories. I have just purchased a June edition of *Spicy*. Gee, I think it's just grand. Let's have more of Gloria Dean—Diana Page's stories. I would like to get a few letters from some of your girl readers.

Come on, girls, give a lonely guy a

chance. I am 6 ft. tall, dark complexion, 25 years old, all-round athlete. I'm working on a steamship. Please print this in your next issue of Spicy Stories if possible.

Sincerely yours,

Jesse Harrison.

Care Marine Assoc., 72 Natoma St., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I sure enjoy "Spicy Stories" and it forms the most welcome part of my American mail. It is one of the few magazines in which the stories really have a "kick." The "Diamond Trail" was especially good in your recent issues. When in the U. S. A. I buy your editions regularly and whilst abroad a friend in America gets it for me and forwards it.

I am a ship's officer, 25 years old and I would very much like to correspond with girl readers.

So be a sport, Mr. Editor, and publish this in your next number for I'm all eager to receive and write letters.

Wishing "Spicy" continued success.

A. Dany.

Care M. B. Co., Beresford Park,
San Mateo, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Three cheers for your authors, they certainly do know how to write! I enjoy "Spicy" to the fullest extent, and I boost it whenever I get an opportunity, which is not infrequent.

I like the idea of letting your readers express their opinion and writing to whoever they wish.

I would like to correspond with members of either sex, especially the male.

If you find room for this little "note," will you please publish this in your next issue?

Nanette DuBois.

330 Polk Street, Gary, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your group of magazines for a long time. I must say I enjoy them very much. I work in a magazine store and they are the first I read. I can hardly wait till the next ones come in. Would like to have some of your readers write me, as I am alone in a big city. Would like to hear from the male sex. Will answer all letters. Would especially like to hear from H. J. W. of Springfield, Mo. Am 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weigh 105 lbs., have dark hair, hazel eyes, am 21 years old.

Sincerely,

Virginia Brewer.

2531 Park Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Spicy:

Your magazine is a wonder and worthy of unstinted praise.

"Love Crazy" is so good that I'm watching the newsstand for the next issue.

I travel a good deal from time to time and would like to exchange experiences with your girl readers—girls from 18 to 40.

Can promise to write real "spicy" letters and will send an actual photo with each one.

Am 26 years old, 5 ft. 9 ins., and full of "pep."

Yours truly,

F. A. Johnson.

P. O. Box 11, Needles, Calif.

Dear Spicy:

Your magazine is certainly the best of all. Here's salutations! Your pictures are getting better each time, better positions, meanings, etc.

I wonder if some of your fair readers would like to write to me. I have had some interesting experiences that I am sure they would enjoy. I am 22 years old, weigh 167, five foot ten, blue eyes, dark

(Please turn to page 63)

Marriage License

BY

CHARLES B. McCRAY and FRANK K. YOUNG

NOT EVERY MAN could walk unannounced and uninvited into a married lady's boudoir, with the insouciance and *savoir faire* exhibited by Barry Sommers on this occasion. But then, not every man possessed Barry's inimitable

way with women!

He had grown tired of waiting for this particular lady to make her appearance; and the maid had been most susceptible to bribery. Therefore his unceremonious entrance, and the lady's somewhat flushed confusion.

Her name was Natalie Krueger, and although she was married, she preferred not to use the prefix "Mrs." Her hair was lustrous, almost black, and her eyes were like dark amber. Her figure would have measured up to the expectations of the most exacting male.



"You're adorable in that tricky little garment!"

"You must be insane, Barry!" she protested, looking very lovely in her pink undies and pink and white skin. "Making a sacrifice of my decency and good name by barging in here like——"

Barry, however, was unperturbed. If he felt at all upset, it was in the delightful manner, and by sight of the lady's ravishing charms.

"Do you know," he interrupted, "you're simply adorable in that tricky little garment? I worship at the shrine of your dressing table, your powder puff and cream lotions!"

"Silly!" Natalie's eyes brightened, and her lips quirked in a half smile. "You're a difficult boy to discipline, Barry," she said whimsically. "Sometimes, I despair of ever being able to manage you!"

Barry stood a moment studying her charms. Then with a swift, leopard-like grace, he seated himself beside her on the dressing table bench, and slipped his arm about her pink and white shoulders. He interrupted the making of her toilet by drawing her lithe loveliness into a tender embrace.

"Tsk, tsch, sweetness!" he murmured. "You'd make a beautiful executioner, but you're much better as an enchantress!"

Somehow, Natalie could never be very firm when Barry's arm was about her, his blue-flecked gray eyes were gazing gentle remonstrance, and his lips were forming words of love. She now not only permitted him to embrace her, but to press his lips to the satiny skin of her shoulder as well.

"Make it snappy, sweetness!" he urged. "There are places to go, people to see!"

"I know," she retorted. "But I'd have to be a contortionist to dress with your arms wrapped around me!"

"Oh, all right, I'll go away!" He gave her a last loving little pat and then moved disgruntledly to seat himself upon the bed.

NATALIE studied his reflection in the mirror. "First," she said, "you enter my boudoir unannounced, then you distress

me with your naughtiness, and now you're being contrary, perverse, and altogether foolish! If you're not insane, then you must be drunk, or——"

"Never judge a man by his behavior, sweetness!" he interrupted. "You're sure to be led astray."

"Oh, Barry, will you please go out so I can dress?"

"Briefly, my dear, no!"

Natalie shuffled her toilet articles noisily, slammed back the bench with the backs of her legs, and grimaced at Barry's reflection in the mirror. Nevertheless, she went about donning her clothes in quite an ordinary manner, despite the fact that her privacy was ruined by the presence of an attractive male.

She was already attired in undies, a brief slip of a pink silk garment that left her legs almost wholly uncovered and revealed the form of her lovely breasts. Since but one other garment, namely, a gown, was required to complete the *ensemble*, she was able to finish dressing in something less than an hour. And what an attractive lady!

Rising, she pirouetted before the mirror, while Sommers looked on with his perpetual air of *savoir faire*. She turned about, facing him, a question in her eyes.

"Very good!" he assured her. "Exquisite!"

"Thanks, Barry," she smiled. "Perhaps I can forgive your recent misbehavior, after all."

Together, they passed out of the room, out of the house, and together they went to take in the town. . . .

THE WALLS of the Club Frantique were ornamented with mirrors, polished black quartz, and bevelled silver trappings. Its numerous booths sheltered men on the make, girls on the loose, hot mammas and sugar daddies. There were also married men with other men's wives, and married ladies with other ladies' husbands. Now and then a haughty dame who gazed with

supercilious eyes, as if considering herself above the rabble, yet secretly longing to join in the fun.

Natalie and Barry were seated at a small round table in one of the booths.

"See anybody we know?" she murmured.

Barry offered her a cigarette from a silver case and selected one for himself. "No, nor anybody we want to know," he replied. "So now forget it and let's just enjoy being here—together!"

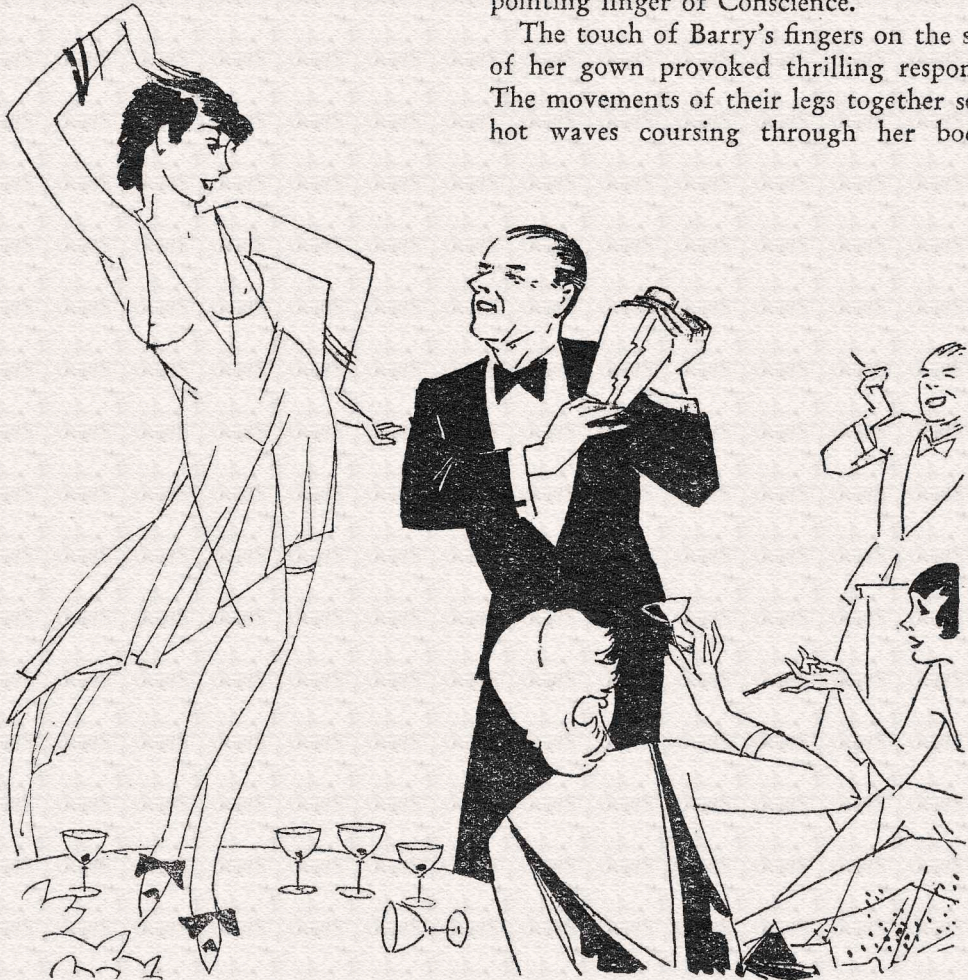
Natalie wondered if one could really forget an absent husband who was growing a trifle stout, a trifle bald, and who wore thick, rimless glasses. Of course, her husband could and did afford her luxuries,

and for that reason alone she had married him; it wasn't as if she had ever loved the man. And yet, the finger of conscience was pointing at the back of her mind!

A lazy smoke screen trailed across the table top, between her and Barry. "Let's dance," he said, smiling through the haze.

And so they danced. Not because Natalie really wanted to, but because she liked Barry's smile. It accomplished miraculous things with women. It was both droll and infectious. It relieved Natalie's tired feeling and banished her gloom. She found herself laughing as she floated away under the gentle guidance of Barry's hands. She wondered why when, still at the back of her mind, there lurked the pointing finger of Conscience.

The touch of Barry's fingers on the silk of her gown provoked thrilling response. The movements of their legs together sent hot waves coursing through her body.



Darting a swift glance into his eyes, she discovered that his thoughts were on anything but dancing. She wondered if he ever considered that he was jeopardizing her—if the fact that she had a husband meant anything at all to him. He seldom behaved as if he ever thought of such matters.

THE DANCE ENDED, they returned to their polished ebony table and the shelter of their booth. Here they found glasses, cracked ice, and a large bottle of ginger ale labeled with a coat of arms and topped with tin foil. Natalie regarded the coat of arms blankly as Barry supplied the makings from a pocket flask, and stirred the mixture with two straws held firmly together. He glanced up smilingly as he spoke:

"Doctor's orders, Sweetness, and guaranteed to bring you out of the dumps." He sampled the mixture and invited her to do likewise.

Natalie raised her glass and swallowed with a sort of frenzied desperation. Cracked ice, with only enough liquid left to color it, remained when she placed the

glass upon the table.

Barry shook a playful forefinger. "Naughty!" he said. "It won't last long at that rate!"

But she was noticeably brightening, and already feeling more exhilarated.

"Geel!" she admitted, laughing lightly. "I feel like making love, and being made love to!"

"There is no reason why your feelings shouldn't immediately be satisfied," Barry answered.

"But I'm afraid!" She glanced about apprehensively, and leaned across the table as if speaking in confidence. "Afraid every second while I'm here, Barry! A married woman shouldn't do as I do. I shouldn't be seen here, there, everywhere, with a confirmed bachelor!"

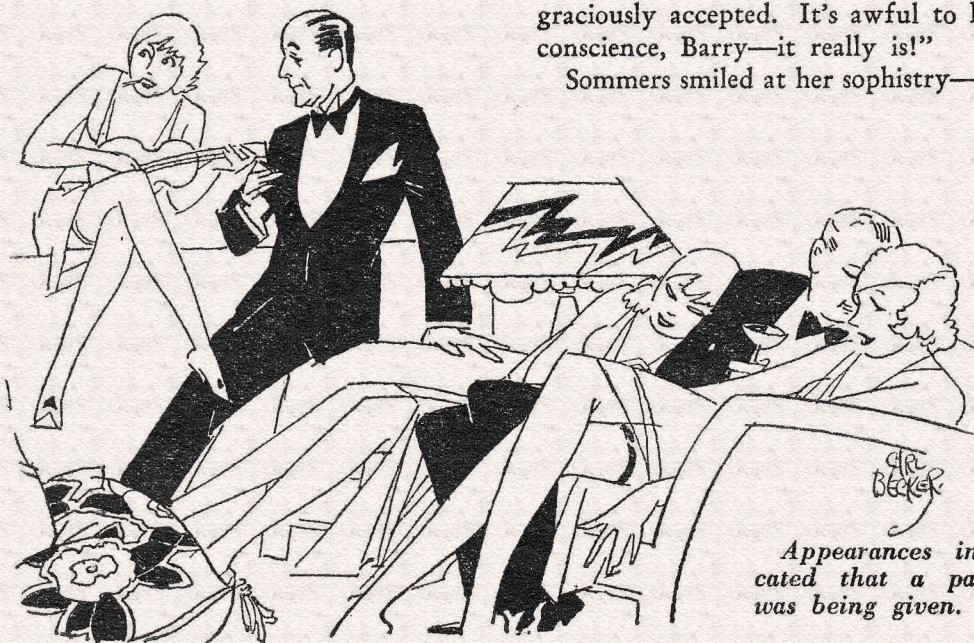
"Nonsense!" Sommers took her hands in his. "Your marriage to the Honorable Homer Krueger is the only reason why I'm still celibate."

"But that doesn't alter the fact that if I'm seen too frequently with you——"

"Then there is my apartment," he offered.

"Say no more!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her hands. "The invitation is graciously accepted. It's awful to have a conscience, Barry—it really is!"

Sommers smiled at her sophistry—at the



Appearances indicated that a party was being given.

sophistry of womankind. Then he escorted her from the club with an eagerness that he could scarcely restrain. . . .

OUTSIDE, the summer air was pleasant after the close atmosphere of the club. They filled their lungs as they walked the block to where Barry had parked his roadster. He helped her to a seat and climbed in beside her. The next moment they were breezing along past the lights of drugstores and delicatessen shops.

Arrived at the apartment building, they ascended in the automatic elevator and came to a richly carpeted corridor. Barry ushered his companion into his luxurious suite of rooms, and closed the door behind her.

Here was every convenience for the smoker and drinker—ashtrays, cabinets, shaker, mixer and glasses. Ice was obtained from an automatic electric refrigerator. The cubes clinked thrillingly against the glasses as Barry mixed the drinks.

After a couple of tall ones, Natalie felt more than ever like making love or being made love to! And Barry, as usual, was a perfect host in this respect.

Barry's hands were tender and gentle, yet they seemed to set Natalie's sensitive skin on fire. His lips were warm and pulsing, and they plumbed the very depths of her soul. His arms were strong and eager, and they almost crushed the breath from her lungs.

She relaxed in a warm, pink haze upon his breast, and felt his kisses again and again, his hands touching her body in intimate caress. . . .

CONSIDERABLE time had passed when Natalie finally sat up, rubbing her flushed cheeks with the backs of her hands. She yawned, stretched and behaved like a kitten that has become weary from play. One chiffon clad leg was doubled under her on the davenette; the other dangled over the edge, its satin-slipped foot idly tapping the floor. Her skirt was in dis-

array, and one bare thigh was slightly exposed; yet she seemed indifferent to the fact.

Sommers smoked complacently and regarded her with a sort of tender amusement. Sight of her bare leg produced no troublesome effect upon him. He had experienced pleasant satisfaction; there was neither distaste nor disillusionment. Therein lay the difference between an affair with Natalie and an affair with some other woman. Barry mused and smoked until he had finished his cigarette.

Then he looked up. "Want to go home, Sweetness?"

"If you don't mind, Barry," she returned sleepily. "Homer returns tomorrow from his trip to St. Louis, and I'll have to be looking refreshed for him. But you needn't bother—just put me in a taxi."

"No bother, Sweetness!" Grinding out his cigarette, he leaped from his chair, patting his pockets to make sure he had his keys. Then he moved across the room, adjusted his cravat before a mirror and straightened his coat.

"I was just thinking, Barry," she murmured. "Suppose he employs detectives?"

"Why should he?" asked Barry. "He knows, doesn't he, that he is no Romeo?"

"But some men are funny! Maybe he has childish ideas. Maybe he still thinks he's God's gift to women!"

"Don't worry!" said Barry, guiding her into the corridor with a righteous air.

They descended by way of the elevator to the street, and climbed into the roadster. So far as they were able to observe, they had neither attracted attention nor been noticed. Few people were about at this late hour. For the time, at least, they were safe from discovery.

The ride to the Krueger residence was terminated short of the actual destination by a gradual fading of motor power. Finally, the motor came to a complete stop.

"Well, Bright Boy, it appears as if you

were out of gas," Natalie remarked in tired tones.

"I thought we were going out into the country tonight, and I wanted to be sure of my alibi," Sommers grinned.

Natalie made a noise with her tongue

an avenue lined with shade trees and parked cars. They had gone possibly half the distance, when Natalie clutched Barry's arm tightly and drew him back into the shadows.

"That car!" she gasped, pointing to a



"I shouldn't be seen anywhere with a confirmed bachelor!"

and said: "What's that about a poor excuse being ——?"

Barry descended, slammed the door fiercely, strode around to the other side of the car, and stopped.

"Going along?" he inquired briefly. She nodded, got out and took his arm.

TOGETHER they walked toward the light of a gas station three blocks away, down

large limousine standing in front of an imposing looking residence. "I think it's my husband's!"

Barry removed the pressure from his arm and whispered: "You sound like a mystery drama. But you must be mistaken! The radio on that car is playing, and——"

"Well, our car is equipped with a radio, and my husband took it with him on his

trip to St. Louis. The license number is the same. I'm not mistaken, I tell you!"

"Well, what do you intend to do about it?"

"You go ahead and get your gas," she decided. "I'm not far from home now. I can say I was out for a walk."

"All right. Good night, Sweetness!"

"Good night, Barry."

Sommers waited in the darkness, while Natalie approached the parked car. After she had left him, he strode on down the walk toward the gas station.

She saw that the car contained a man and woman. They were sitting in the front seat listening to the radio. As she approached the car door, she suddenly gave a start and drew back, for she saw that the man was not her husband! Nor was the woman anyone whom she had ever seen before!

"I beg your pardon!" she stammered. Then, as if in further excuse for her intrusion: "Have you seen Mr. Krueger?"

The man and the woman slipped out of an embrace, and stared. Natalie was beginning to feel very uncomfortable when the man finally spoke:

"Oh, Krueger?" He chuckled. "Why, he—er—met with a little accident, but he's upstairs, I think."

Natalie didn't wait to hear more.

SWINGING ABOUT, she rushed into the house, up the stairs, and sped nimbly down a hallway to a door from whence came a medley of sound. She was conscious of the furious pounding in her heart, and realized that trepidation, not exertion, was chiefly responsible. Her affair with Barry was now a mocking taunt; her thoughts were racing faster than her feet. Breathlessly, she paused at the door, then burst into the room.

It was rather crowded, and all appearances indicated that a party was being given. A fat man gaped; a thin one leered. A red-headed girl stopped dancing upon a table. Drinking was temporarily

deferred while the crowd stared.

"Where is my husband?" Natalie demanded angrily.

"Is your own husband absolutely necessary?" bantered the thin man. "You know, I'm pretty good, myself!"

He attempted to place a maudlin arm about her, but she shook it off, shoved past him, sending him sprawling. She saw a door at the far side of the room, and knew it must connect with another chamber. She hurried to it, jerked it open, and was greeted by stupid talk and drunken laughter.

Swiftly, she surveyed the interior. One bridge lamp gave shaded light. Natalie saw her paunchy husband stretched out upon a *chaise longue*, a blonde leaning over him, her arms thrown across his chest. She bounded across the room and pushed the blonde aside. The reek of liquor was enough to have knocked her over. . . . It was plain to be seen that the Honorable Homer Krueger had passed out! So *this* was the "accident" that had happened to him!

Natalie laughed harshly, but her laughter was choked by an hysterical sob. The blonde eyed her coldly. She returned the blonde's stare, and said:

"He told me it was a business trip to St. Louis! . . . Now how long has this been going on?"

"Well, for quite a while," replied the blonde insolently. "You'll be wanting a divorce now, I suppose?"

"And a cash settlement!" replied Natalie curtly. "When he comes to, you can tell him for me!"

With the blonde's laughter still ringing in her ears, she whirled and fled, dashing past the revelers in the next room, down the stairs and out of the house. She hoped she would still be in time—and she was!

Barry was just hoisting an empty can into the rear compartment of the roadster, as she came running up. "Well, how about it?" he asked. "Not so good?"

(Please turn to page 62)

Goldie

BY

CLAIRE KENNEDY

YOU'RE drunk, Goldie, dead drunk!" Kirk Williams watched the tousled blonde head loll crazily against his shoulder. The sickening aroma of cheap gin rose in eddies from parted red lips. One shoulder strap of the girl's

satin evening gown had slipped its moorings, revealing, in all its tantalizing, round smoothness, the pink-nippled curves of a firm young breast.

Goldie raised her head, glassy eyes staring at Kirk. She grinned sheepishly, nest-



Kirk still hounded Goldie, even after the show closed.

ling closer to Kirk's broad chest.

"Whosh drunk, Kirkie—hic—darling?" she demanded. "Me?"

Kirk looked from the drink-sodden face to the empty gin bottle on the end table. The halves of two lemons reposed comfortably on the Sarouk rug.

"Yes, you!" he replied, scowling. "I thought you promised me you'd cut it out, Goldie? Is this how you keep your word?"

Goldie was beyond all hearing or admonition. She had passed out cold! Kirk lifted her gently in his arms and passed into the bedroom. Stretched supine on the bed, her lithe, curved body was an entrancing sight.

Rich, blonde hair formed a high-lighted halo for her piquant face. From the wrinkled folds of her dress, a round breast peeped coyly. A pale-white, full-fleshed thigh revealed itself from beneath the tucked up skirt.

Kirk bent down and kissed a carmine nipple.

IT WAS the challenge of her eyes—that and her sinuous, twining body—which induced a reaction in Kirk Williams at the premier of "*Hello, Daddy*." Possessed of a jaded, collegiate appetite, Kirk fumbled in the dark for his program light, anxious to identify the blonde wraith, wriggling her torso behind the footlights. Finally he found it, and in the program, discovered her name: Marion King.

During the intermission, he sent his card back. Across the face he had scrawled: "*When? Where?*" Just before the second act curtain went up, an usher tapped him on the shoulder, returning his card to him. On the back, the dancer had written: "*Dressing Room!—After the Show!*"

That was three months ago. "*Hello, Daddy*" had long since gone the way of all shows, but Kirk still hounded Goldie. He hated the name, *Goldie*, but she insisted that Marion was far too sedate.

Things had come to a climax one night

in Goldie's sumptuous 77th Street apartment. Somehow—he could never explain the why or wherefore—Kirk looked upon Goldie as something more than just a physical being. That he was actually in love with this dancer who had been around, Kirk refused to admit to himself, but yet—and he wondered at it—he had no desire to possess her body and that alone.

Goldie, on the other hand, knew she had a wealthy sucker on the string and resolved to play him for all he was worth.

Kirk had kissed her once before, in a taxi, but thus far, his amour had gone no further. Now, Goldie set out to give him a run for his money.

Attired in a clinging silk negligee which adhered to the voluptuous outlines of her hips and thighs, she sank down beside Kirk on the divan. Three Tom Collins' had engendered a sparkle in her deep, blue eyes and a partial listlessness of body which required only a little encouragement to blossom out into turbid desire. Goldie was always more passionate when slightly puffed, although hardly an iceberg when cold sober!

"Don't you like me, Kirk?" she thrilled, with a typical *come-hither* tremulo.

Kirk looked down at the point where her full breasts hung close together. The bodice of the negligee had slipped apart and the curving tops of the white mounds were plainly visible. Kirk's fingers itched to bury themselves in the resilient flesh; to toy with the erect nipples, but something within him said: "No!"

"Sure I like you, Goldie," he replied. "What makes you think I don't?"

Goldie edged closer. The scent of her body—deep, pungent musk—spiraled up to Kirk's nostrils. It was heady perfume, rich and cloying.

"You never want to love me, Kirk," she whispered.

He could feel the warmth of her arm resting against his thigh. Suddenly all his good resolutions broke like tinder houses within him. All that mattered now was to

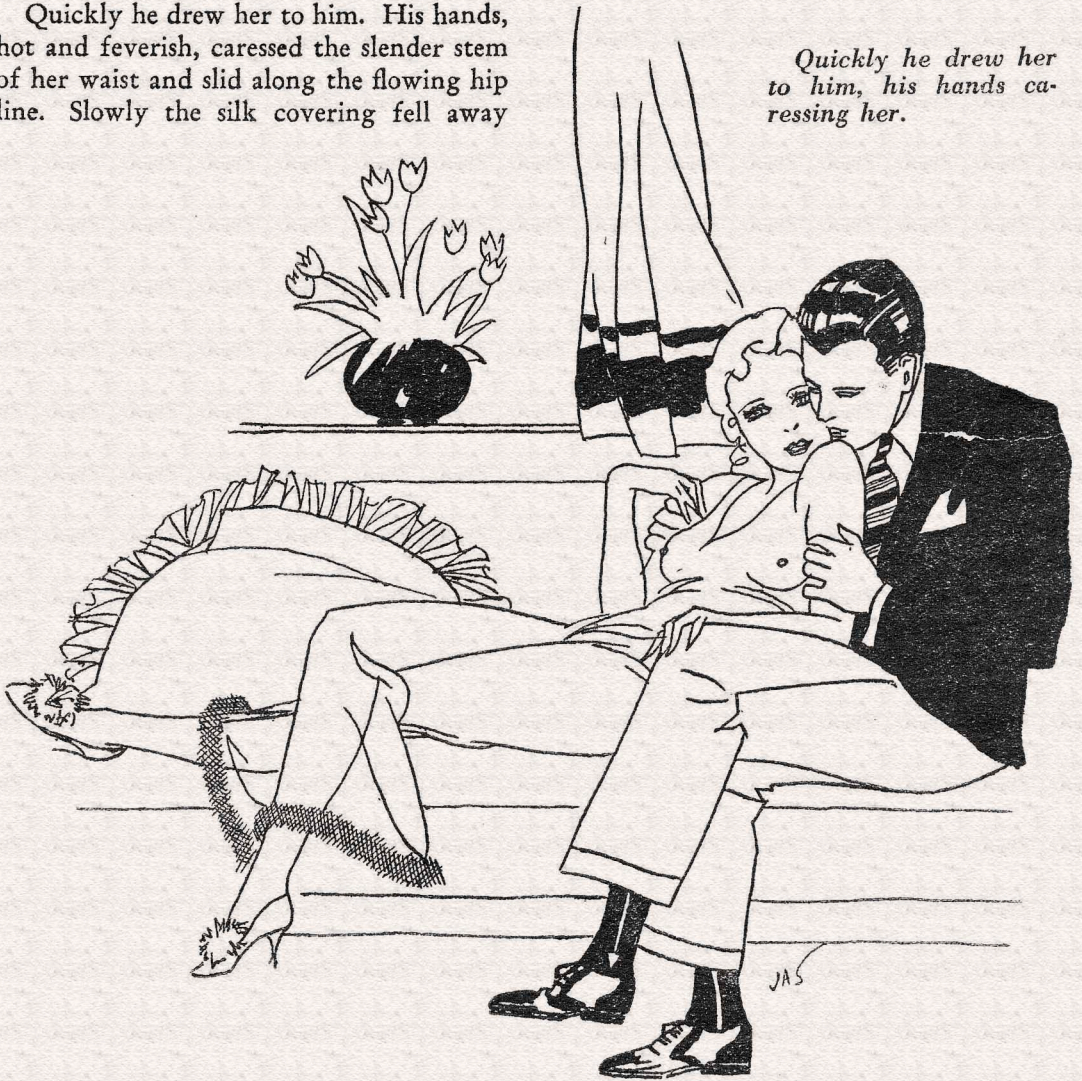
hold this well of passion in his arms . . . to drink the sweet, soul-stirring nectar of her lips . . . to feel the undulating curves of her body . . . to press his face between the soft breasts. . . . Nothing else mattered!

Quickly he drew her to him. His hands, hot and feverish, caressed the slender stem of her waist and slid along the flowing hip line. Slowly the silk covering fell away

the softness of her breasts, his avid lips closed about her hard nipples.

AFTER THAT, the fascination of Goldie's young body became almost as important

Quickly he drew her to him, his hands caressing her.



from her shoulders, falling in a bunch at her hips. Her nude breasts, the nipples like two points of fire, pressed hard against him. Her parted lips, damp and succulent, melted into his with delirious abandon.

Moaning softly, Goldie stretched out on the divan. Kirk, in a frenzy of desire, knelt beside her. His face was pressed to

a factor as the strange appeal of her coarse, bold vivacity. The only thing Kirk objected to was her craving for liquor in all shapes, forms and varieties. He had spoken to her about it again and again, but all to no avail. Now, he found her dead drunk in her own apartment! He wouldn't have minded so much if there had been a party going on, but to drink

solo was downright idiocy!

It was past noon when Goldie, bleary-eyed and pasty-faced, stumbled out of the bedroom. Kirk was stretched on the divan reading the morning paper.

Goldie waved her hand in a weak, half-hearted gesture of greeting. "Hello, Kirk, been here all night?"

He buried his nose in the paper, refusing to look up.

Goldie shrugged her shapely shoulders, pulling a flimsy robe tight about her and accentuating the curves of her breasts and hips.

"O. K., Mister Puritan," she said, "snub me!" Turning, she flipped the diaphanous robe in the air, uncovering a wide expanse of nude white flesh, like two hemispheres of snow.

Kirk listened to her splashing in the tub and wondered what it was all about. The day before he had battled with his Father concerning Goldie and now he paused to analyze his relationship with the dancer.

True, she was hardly a fit companion for his sister, Beth, a Bryn Mawr graduate and society debutante. And certainly, he could hardly expect his mother, a Daughter of the American Revolution, to entertain her at the Williams' festive board. That is, both these things were out of the question in Goldie's present state.

But to Kirk, the possibility of being able to develop this little beauty, who never had a chance, into something worth while, was uppermost in his mind. If he could only bring himself to pop the question and then take a chance on the results, maybe he would have peace of mind, at least. But then, supposing she didn't want him? There was only one way to see. Quickly he donned his vest and jacket, got his hat and coat from the closet and stood in the center of the room waiting for Goldie to emerge from the bathroom.

When she did, clean and fresh, her golden hair falling in a shower of light about her shoulders, Kirk almost lost heart. She looked at him wonderingly.

"Where ya goin'?"

Kirk assumed a stern-visaged countenance. "I'm through, Goldie," he said. "I can't stand having you carry on like this night after night. If you don't feel it important enough to stay sober once in a while, count me out." He turned to the door, wondering how she was taking it. Suddenly he heard a peal of laughter behind him. Wheeling, he saw Goldie bent over with merriment. Hand on the knob he paused.

"Well?" she giggled. Kirk blushed furiously. Evidently it didn't matter to her. He turned the knob, swinging the door open.

"So long, Sonny Boy," Goldie cried.

Until he stepped into the elevator, Kirk could hear her peals of laughter echoing down the hall.

Picking up the phone, Goldie called a downtown number. Kirk's sudden departure, while amusing, irked Goldie's sense of pride.

"So, he didn't like my guzzling?" she said aloud. "Well, I'll fix his wagon, the pampered pup!"

She reclined on the divan. "Mr. Epstein, please," she said, in response to an answer at the other end of the wire. "Hello, Gus?" She smiled. "This is Goldie. Can you hop up for a few minutes? Something important. Oke. I'll be waiting."

Replacing the phone on the hook, Goldie stretched languidly. Despite the cold shower she had taken, a slight hang-over persisted. Reaching out, she captured the empty gin bottle and raised it to her lips. The sharp, tangy odor of juniper berries was heavenly. A few stray drops of the liquor trickled down her throat. Goldie sighed.

"AND THEN, Gus, he ups and walks out on me. Picture that!"

Gus Epstein, member of the bar only by grace of God and politics, rubbed his fat, blue jowl speculatively.

"Anybody's a dope that walks out on

you, Goldie. If it was up to me I'd have him examined for insanity."

Goldie shifted her shoulder, replacing the dressing gown where it had slipped far down the white eflsh.

"Cut the kidding, Gus, I mean business."

Epstein rose, crossing over to the divan. "So do I, Goldie. Gee, you're lookin' swell. How about some refreshments?"

Goldie freed the hand he had imprisoned in his. "I think there's some cold ham in the ice box," she said, "and maybe a bottle of beer. Help yourself."

Gus sat down, one arm thrown across her outstretched legs. "Aw, come on, Goldie, none of that stuff on your old pal. You know what I mean."

She could feel his hand hot against her

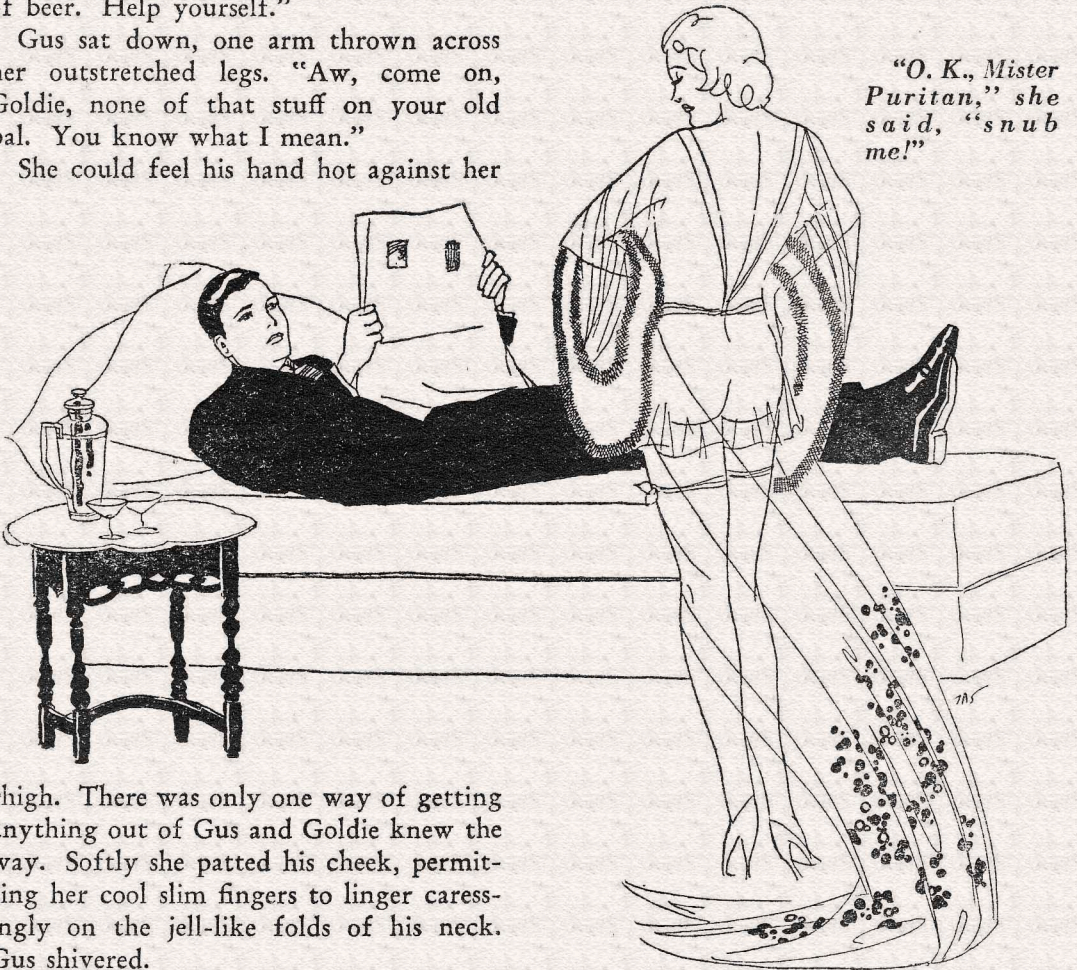
Goldie leaned forward, pressing her lips lightly against his. "We'll see," she said.

Returning to his chair, Gus took out pad and pencil. "All right, shoot," he said. "What's the dope?"

Goldie propped herself up on her arms, realizing that Gus, from his seat, could look right down into the aperture between her breasts.

"Well, it's simply this, Gus," she began. "Kirk Williams, son of C. Chutton Williams, the——"

"O. K., Mister Puritan," she said, "snub me!"



thigh. There was only one way of getting anything out of Gus and Goldie knew the way. Softly she patted his cheek, permitting her cool slim fingers to linger caressingly on the jell-like folds of his neck. Gus shivered.

"First let's settle this little matter, Gus," she said softly, the barest hint of invitation in her voice.

He devoured her slender body with his eyes. "And then—and then—later?" he stammered.

Gus sat erect. "Not Williams, the steel man?" he cried.

Goldie grinned. "One and the same."

Gus grinned in consort. "Boy, oh, boy, this is beginning to sound like something.

Of course, Goldie, he asked you to marry him, didn't he?"

Goldie nodded. "Yes, and not only that, but——"

"He occupied this apartment with you and he—er—promised to marry you, didn't he?"

"Yes, and——"

"And you're going to have a baby and he's the father, isn't he?"

Goldie scowled. "No, I'm not going to have a baby and he isn't the father. That's out!"

"But, Goldie," Gus pleaded, "that's our best point!"

"Yeah, and supposing they examine me and find out I couldn't have a baby if I wanted one! Then what?"

Gus shrugged in disdain. "That's a cinch. It was a tumor or a stomach ache."

Goldie shook her head in the negative. "No, Gus, the baby is N. G. Think up something else."

"I don't need anything else. I got plenty. The mere fact that he took advantage of you with a promise of marriage is enough for fifty thousand bucks. Don't forget. He was the first man in your life!" Once more, Gus rose and approached the divan. "And who's gonna be the second, Goldie?" he leered.

Goldie reached up, drawing his fat bulk into her arms. Avidly his fingers clutched her plentiful breasts as his lips sank deep into her mouth.

An hour later, Goldie ushered him out. "Don't forget, Goldie," he said, "be down there at ten on the dot. Wear your weeping rags, you know, the sedate ones. If we can get the old man to loosen up without a law suit, so much the better."

He drew her close and kissed her full on the lips. "Gee, Goldie, you're a perpetual virgin, ain't you?"

"MR. WILLIAMS, please."

Goldie faced the information clerk in the outer waiting room of the steel baron's offices. She was soberly dressed in a knitted

suit of brown tweed, calculated to conceal effectively the voluptuous curves of her body.

"Have you an appointment?"

Goldie nodded. "I presume my attorney made the appointment with Mr. Williams. I'm Miss King, Marion King."

"One moment, Miss King."

Goldie looked the picture of hurt innocence as she walked into the panelled walnut office of C. C. Williams. Her eyes were red and inflamed from a ten minute application of onion fumes, but they would pass anywhere for eyes that had seen hours of heart-broken crying.

At first sight of C. C., Goldie was disconcerted. Never before had she gone out to hook such a big fish, contenting herself with the smaller fry infesting the Broadway waters, and the steel man's sedate appearance, iron-gray hair and cold, calculating eyes unbalanced her.

"Come in, Miss King," he said, drawing a chair in front of his. He was strangely affable and Goldie mistrusted his cordiality.

"I understand you wish to see me about Kirk," he began. "That is, your lawyer, a Mister Epsom——"

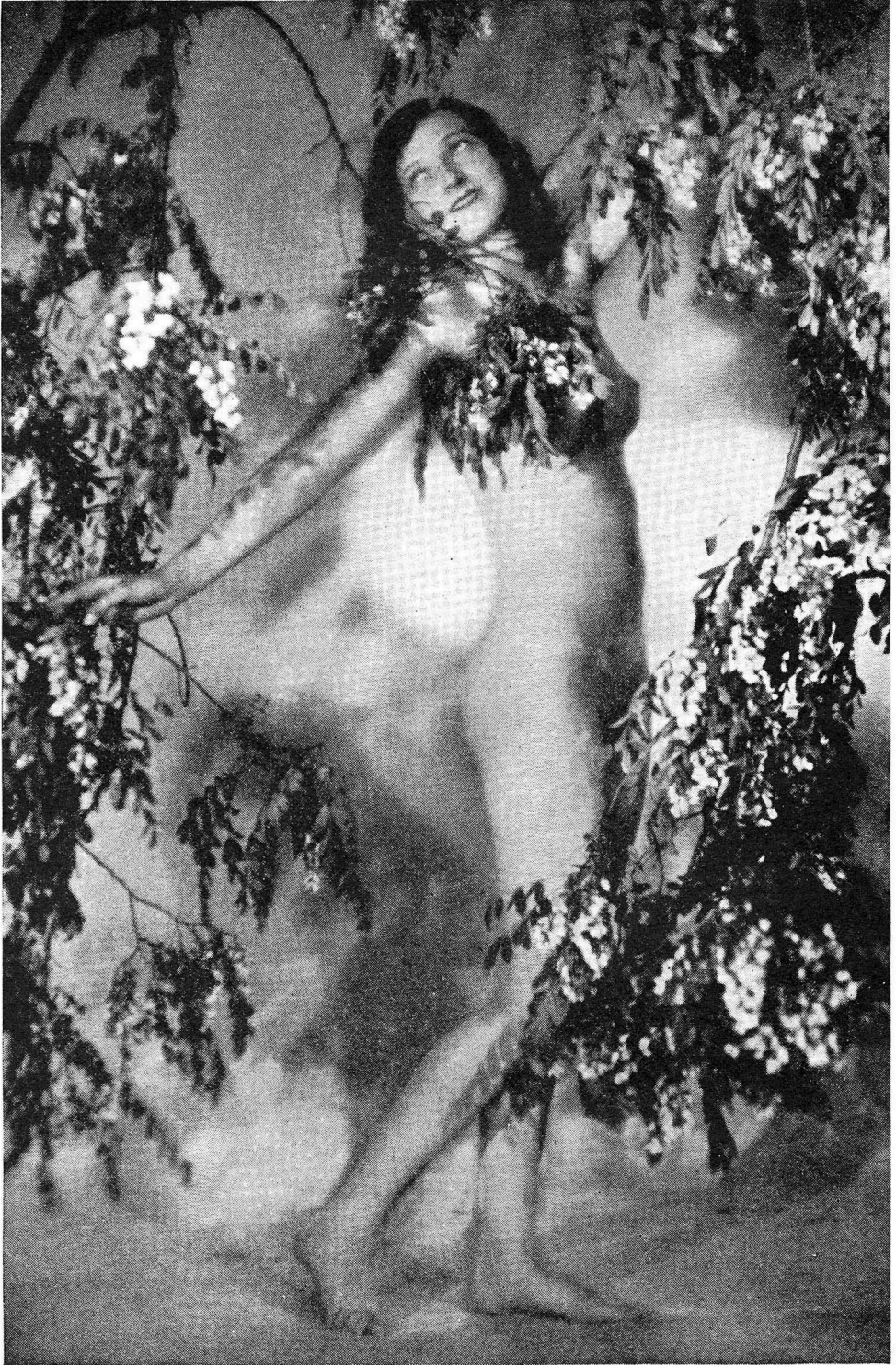
"Epstein," Goldie corrected.

"Oh, yes, yes, *Epstein*. At any rate, he informed me that you were thinking of instituting breach of promise proceedings. Is that right?"

The rapid attack of the man she had come to fleece, placed Goldie on the defensive. "Er—well—that is——"

He smiled. "I know you're nervous, Miss King, but you needn't be. As far as I'm concerned I think my son should marry you if he promised to do so. If he doesn't, my advice to you is to sue at once. Of course, I shan't stand the burden of the expense, since I feel you are in the right. Kirk has a few hundred dollars of his own, I presume, and if he can hire a lawyer and defend himself, all well and

(Please turn to page 61)



“Dusk to Dawn!”

BY

KAY CARROLL

THE setting sun, rimming the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, cast the mellow glow of early eventide upon a little bungalow which was almost hidden from view by the luxuriant midsummer foliage.

Nearby, on a sloping mossy bank, in the full rays of the sun, two reclining camp chairs were stretched side by side, and upon them there reposed the recumbent forms of a startling pair of specimens of feminine pulchritude.

Their beauty would have been eye-arresting and heart-disturbing under any and all circumstances, but the astonishing fact that their charms were innocent of clothing trebled the interesting aspects of the sylvan scene.

“A marvelous spot for a nudist colony!”

This lazy murmur came from the temptingly kissable lips of a very generously contoured brunette whose milky white skin threw into bold relief the ebon blackness of her hair, drowsy lids almost obscuring the purple violet of her eyes. . . Hazel Rogers was the type of girl who was an amazing combination of contrasts, and her voluptuousness happened to be fashioned along the bewitching lines of *quality* as well as *quantity*.

From the depths of the adjoining chair, Barbara Hollis glanced at her guest through sleepy lashes that were drooping over eyes the color and shape of burnt almonds. The clear amber tints of her skin blended entrancingly with the flaming hue of hair that was like a blazing bush in the center of a forest fire. Tall and slender, exquisitely and most delicately shaped, Barbara's figure compensated in *quality* for what it lacked in *quantity*.

Stirring languidly, her body undulated with the feline grace of a tigress as her

scarlet lips smiled a reply to Hazel's remark:

“It is a nudist colony! . . . Just look at us, darling!”

Hazel laughed. “You know what I mean, silly goose! . . . I've heard of secluded places where both men and women mingle socially without any clothing, and think nothing of it.”

“They *think* enough!” said Barbara, joining in the laughter. “And how they *mingle* is nobody's business, I guess.”

Hazel clasped her hands behind her head, letting a leg dangle over the side of the chair, toes wriggling in the cool moss. “It might be a lot of fun!”

“If that is a hint,” smiled Barbara, “I'll suggest it to Clyde as soon as he gets back from his fishing trip this evening! . . . Anything to please my guests, you know!”

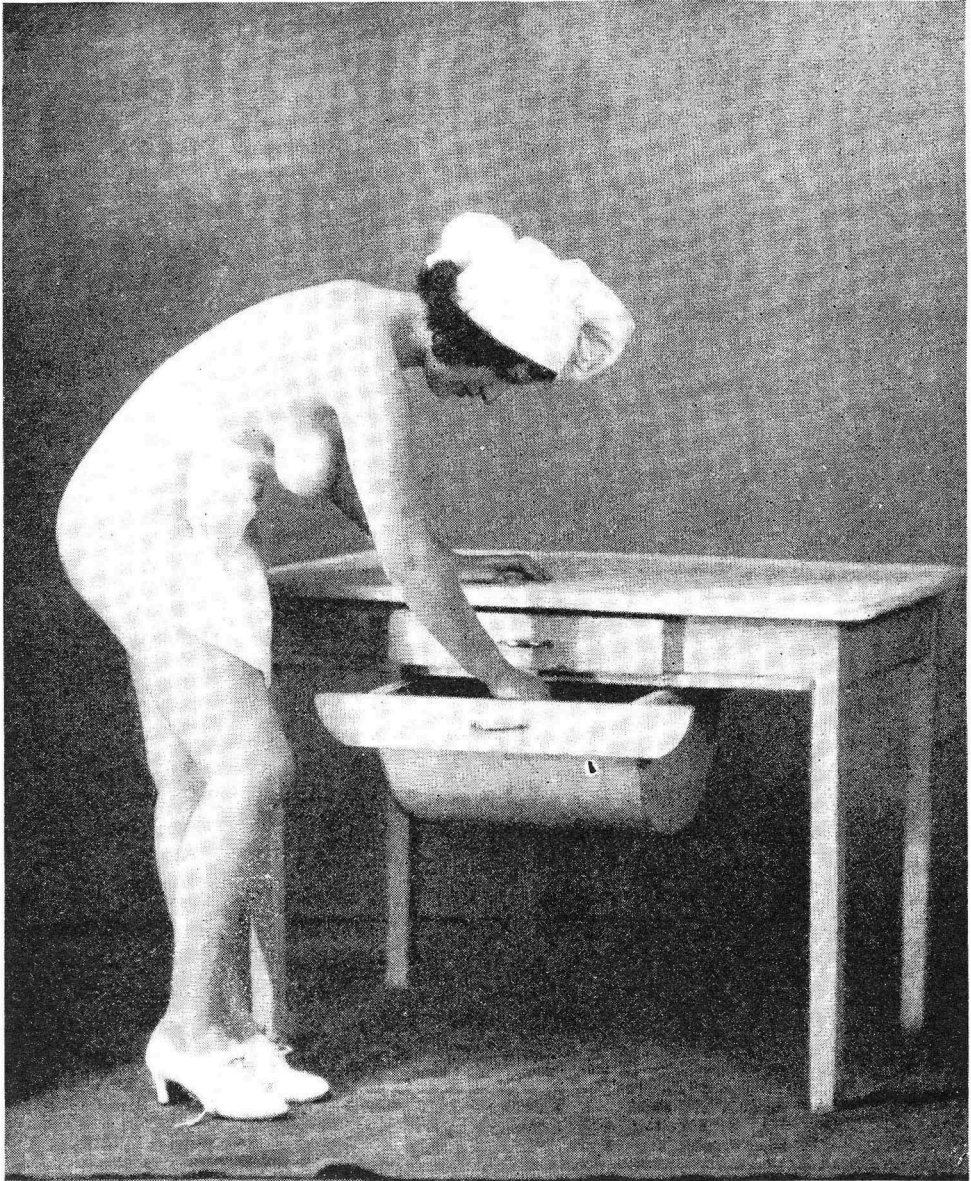
“You'll suggest nothing of the sort!” retorted Hazel, blushing at the thought. “It may be all right for us to lie around this way when our husbands are absent, but when they're present . . . well . . . there *is* a limit, dearie!”

“Would Byron object?” Mischievousimps seemed to be dancing in Barbara's fascinating eyes.

“Probably not, with *you* in the party!” replied Hazel, sweeping her hostess's lithe curves with a slow glance. “But my Byron is a model husband, and I certainly don't want to spoil him.”

“How interesting!” murmured Barbara, cynically. “I didn't know there were any model husbands left in the world, or wives, either, for that matter.”

IN THE POCKET of her lounging pajama, which was draped over the back of the chair, she searched for a cigarette case, and after lighting two and passing one to



the lusciously upholstered brunette, she added as an afterthought: "Are *you* a model wife, by any chance?"

"Such a question, from you, of all people!" replied Hazel, a wisp of bluish-gray smoke trickling from her lips. "How about yourself?"

Barbara laughed. "Once upon a time I *was* a model . . . for dresses . . . in a store!"

"And now . . . ?"

"I take sunbaths in the nude!"

"So I see!" said Hazel, smiling, as she rolled over on her side and curled a leg under an expansive hip. "This is the best time of day for it! . . . One gets all the benefits without the burn."

"That's right!" agreed Barbara. "It would be terrible to burn that lovely milky white skin of yours."

Hazel looked down at her own lavishly full contours, ran a hand over the satin skin of a swelling thigh, then commented: "Gosh, I'm getting plump!"

Glancing across at Barbara's slimness, she inquired: "How in the world do *you* manage to keep that figure so slender?"

"It's a gift, I guess!" Barbara replied. "I'm sure I don't deny myself anything in diet or otherwise!" She winked roguishly, tracing with a fingertip the artistic line of thigh and hip and waist until she reached a pretty breast that, even in her supine position, stood forth erectly and firmly, tipped by a splash of brilliant red in the midst of the amber flesh.

Hazel, sighing, watched her. "I'm getting envious, darling! The scale in my bathroom informs me that I simply *must* stop adding solid poundage. . . . Just look at these!"

She cupped the heavy fullness of breasts that were beginning to be droopy, although they had not yet lost any of their attractive roundness, and the beauty of each pendulous globe was greatly enhanced by a cone of sizeable proportions jutting from crimson circles that seemed to be freely bleeding into the whiteness of her skin.

"Don't worry about those beauties!" advised Barbara, smiling. "I would be rather proud of them if I were you! . . . Down around the equator is where you might slice off a few pounds to advantage!" She looked at Hazel's hips, converging with thighs that were majestic in scope, but, nevertheless, retained a nicety of sloping contour.

"How shall I accomplish it?"

"Don't ask me! You need the services of a specialist in all such matters, a Swedish masseuse, for instance!"

Hazel resumed her prone position, flat on her back, comfortably filling the chair. "I've heard that those massage artists literally tear one apart with their hands!"

"Oh, a body massage is wonderful!" murmured Barbara. "That is, if the right

person is operating on you!"

"Do you know any *right* ones?" laughed Hazel.

"Several! . . . I take a light massage occasionally!"

"Then you'll have to introduce me!"

"I'll give you an address before you go back to the city!"

"Thanks!"

"And I'm sure *you'll* like it, darling!"

HAZEL WAS INTERESTED. She was about to shoot a flock of questions at Barbara in an avid quest for details, but a shrill whistle, thrice repeated, came from the direction of a ridge overlooking the bungalow.

"There's Clyde now!" exclaimed Barbara, grabbing her pajamas. "And I suppose Byron is with him!"

"Does he always signal when he approaches?" asked Hazel.

"Of course, whenever there are guests here!" Barbara was wiggling her lissom form into a one-piece garment of silk velvet. "He knows my propensity for bare skin and sunshine!"

Hazel giggled excitedly as she pulled on her own pajamas, a flowing three-piece ensemble of flowered crepe which was designed to portray her voluptuous charms to the very best advantage. As the jacket slid over her shoulders and down her torso, Barbara remarked:

"It's really too bad that it's necessary to cover up those hills of love that you possess! . . . Clyde would rave about them, I think!"

"Would he?" whispered Hazel, arranging the yoke of the clinging vestee so that masculine eyes would not be disappointed. "I'm certain Byron would be crazy over your red-tipped pretties! . . . He likes red! . . . And how they *do* stand up under those pajamas! . . . One would think you were wearing an uplift brassiere!"

Barbara was also fixing the neckline of her garment to show small crescents of

amber skin, and, just below, pointed protruberances were clearly outlined beneath the velvet.

"I've never worn a brassiere in my life!" she boasted.

"Really?" said Hazel, disbelievingly.

"Neither have I ever owned a girdle!" added Barbara.

"You're in a class by yourself!" Hazel commented, smiling.

"*Sbbbbbb!* . . . Here they are!" warned Barbara, as two men climbed the path, waving to them.

High rubber boots and fishing rods told where they had been, and a string of half-a-dozen speckled trout proved that they were very successful in whipping the stream that shone like a streak of silver a mile away.

"We eat!" announced Clyde Hollis, proudly displaying the catch. He looked very manly in his corduroy shirt, open at the neck, sleeves rolled up over brawny arms, skin tanned to a deep bronze, light hair and steely blue eyes. Hazel's heart might be excused for fluttering a wee bit as she gazed at her host!

"Splendid!" said Barbara. "How many did you hook, Byron?"

Not a whit less attractive to the feminine eye was Byron Rogers' six feet of bone and muscle, curly brown hair and brown eyes, a fresh coat of sunburn giving his skin a healthy glow. Laughing, he made a confession: "I only caught one! . . . Clyde is a better fisherman!"

"Nonsense!" retorted Clyde. "I was luckier than you, that's all."

"What does it matter who hooked the trout?" Hazel murmured. "I'm hungry!"

"Wait till you taste them after I broil them!" declared Clyde, with a broad grin. "You'll be hungrier!"

Hazel felt an inadvertent thrill as he looked down into her eyes, and when his glance dropped swiftly lower, she knew that his gaze had been attracted by her pajama's revealing yoke. . . . A pink flush

mantled the white skin of her neck and shoulders.

Barbara, jumping off the chair, cried:

"Come along, Hazel darling, and we'll do something for that big appetite you mentioned!"

LEADING THE WAY with Byron, she ascended the embankment, clinging to his arm. . . . Hazel followed with Clyde, her arm entwined with his, and it *might* have been wholly accidental that the warm fullness of a lush breast quivered against his elbow most enticingly as she walked. . . . If premeditated or not, it *was* highly disconcerting and calculated to speed up the tempo of any masculine pulse!

"We're thirsty as well as hungry!" said Clyde, as they tramped into the kitchen, where he deposited the trout on the table. "Shake up a few of your justly famous cocktails, Barbara dear, while Byron and I wash up a bit!"

"Okay!" said she. "Double strength?"

"Triple, if you like!" grinned Clyde, disappearing with Byron.

Turning to Hazel, eyes ashine, she murmured:

"Watch me mix a cocktail that *is* a cocktail!"

"I've seen you do it before, and felt their effects, too!" replied Hazel. "But I think the boys need relaxation, don't you?"

"Certainly they do, after a hard day's fishing!" Barbara's eyes were twinkling like stars. "And the girls are beginning to feel a trifle wild, I guess!"

She slipped an arm about Hazel.

"I'm aching for a wild party, aren't you?"

"The wilder the better!"

Barbara produced a cocktail shaker and the ingredients, while Hazel strolled nonchalantly to the window. . . . Outside the dusk was gathering, a pale mist creeping up from the valley. . . . From somewhere in the bungalow came the splash of water and male voices in jocular conversation!



MANY HOURS LATER, a crescendo of hilarity could be heard in that mountain retreat. Only two lights were burning in the bungalow, one in the kitchen and the other in the living room. The jazzy strains of dance music emanated from a portable phonograph.

Two shakers of Barbara's cocktails had

been consumed before the trout were broiled, and after a delicious meal, the quartet adjourned to the living room for cigarettes and coffee.

Soon they were taking turns at cocktail conjuring, and there was a competition as to the ability of each to turn out the most potently disturbing concoction.

In due course, the party progressed to the stage of wildness which would have been entirely satisfying to the most insatiable seeker after convivial thrills!

"It's your turn, Clyde!" announced Barbara. "Go on out in that kitchen and see what you can do with a shaker!"

"I must have company!" he said, putting down his empty glass.

"Go with him, Hazel darling, and see that he makes a real one!" Barbara suggested. "I want to dance!"

Hazel willingly vanished with her host!

Placing her favorite record on the phonograph, Barbara went over to Byron, who was sitting dizzily by the window. Taking him by the hand, she yanked him up and snuggled in his arms.

She had changed from her velvet pajamas to a silk creation that fitted her lithe curves like a sheath, and the flaming red of her hair gave her the appearance of a moving torch as she danced.

"Hold me tighter, Byron!" she demanded, swaying against him until hip and thigh and torso blended rhythmically. The dance music was a slow measure, but they moved even slower! Her head rested on his shoulder, and he could feel the ebb and flow of warm breath fanning his neck as she talked.

A perfume atomizer had sprayed a mist of exotic fragrance over every particle of her skin before she had donned the single garment that she was wearing, and its heated aroma filled Byron's nostrils with delight and his mind with errant thoughts.

"You are extraordinarily beautiful tonight!" he murmured.

"Sweet of you to say so!" she whispered.

"Your hair is divine!"

"I understand you're partial to red!"

"Very, very much!"

Smiling, she inclined her head so that a mass of curls caressed his cheek, and his arm became a band of steel in response.

"I'm also given to understand you're a model husband!"

He laughed. "Somebody has been flat-

tering me, I fear!"

"I have my own opinion!"

Her uplifted face swam before him, almond eyes lending a strangely oriental flare to her personality. Scarlet lips were parted temptingly as the snaky tip of a moist tongue traversed the edges of her mouth.

"What's your idea?" he asked, huskily.

"I think . . . you'd be . . . a model lover!"

"Now you're flattering me!"

She pressed so closely against him that he could feel the flinty points of those unusually erect breasts boring into his chest like fiery needles, and, in a flash, her lips were melting into his in a kiss that sent wave after wave of ticklish thrills over him.

They circled the room twice, dancing very slowly, before she ended the kiss with a trembling sigh.

"Ohhhhhh! . . . Byron, Byron!" she breathed.

"That was delicious!" he said, burying his face in her hair.

The phonograph wheezed to a stop. Barbara quickly crossed the room, turned the record over on to its other side, and started up the instrument once more.

Sidling up to Byron, she said: "Let's . . . sit out . . . this dance!"

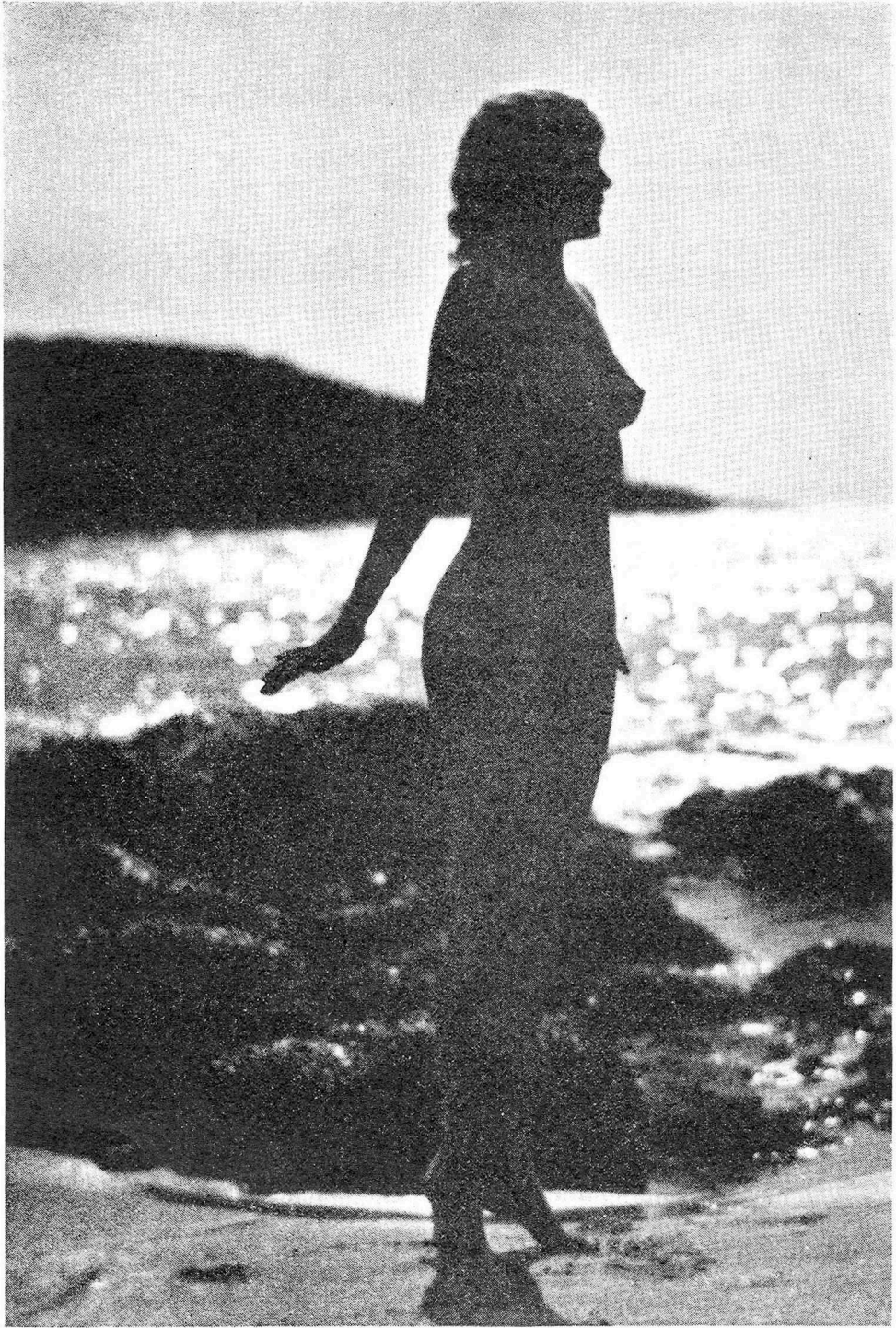
In the shadowy corner of the room, a long, low divan lay against the wall, and, arms entwined, they advanced upon it.

Down among the pillows they sank, and, as she laced her arms about him, she whispered dreamily:

"I could be . . . a model sweetheart . . . too!"

The phonograph blared forth unheeded. . . . Barbara was very busy in an effort to prove, beyond a doubt, the truth of her contention!

OUTSIDE, Clyde was pouring more or less of the contents of several bottles into a huge shaker, twice the size of the one they had been using all evening.



"That's a whopper!" remarked Hazel, who had hopped up on the table and now sat there smoking a cigarette and swinging her legs, which were rapidly being bared by the slinky satin negligee that she had decided to substitute for her pajamas.

"So's the cocktail!" rejoined Clyde.

"I'll be among the missing if I take many more!" Hazel's purple eyes were glistening pools as she held his glance, then noticed that his gaze wavered downward, until he was staring at the glorious mounds so brazenly etched below the negligee.

"You've got a gorgeous figure, girlic!" he said. "Did anybody ever tell you that before?"

"You're kidding me!" said she. "I'm too plump!"

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "What gave you such an idea?"

"My bathroom scale!"

"Don't believe it! . . . You're swell-elegant, just as you are!"

"You *really* wouldn't kid me, would you, mister?" A devastating smile adorned her sensuously bowed mouth.

Clyde had temporarily forsaken his cocktail-mixing task, and now stood before her, leaning against the table. A soft thigh touched him, and its warmth was most pleasant.

"I shouldn't be alone with you!" he hazarded.

"I'm perfectly harmless!" she murmured.

"You're perfect, but certainly not harmless!" he countered. "In fact, you're a very dangerous person!"

Glimpses of milky skin were becoming more and more evident as the negligee parted company with her knees and started to slip from a smooth shoulder that looked like polished marble.

"I'm not sunburned, am I?" she asked.

"No, indeed!" His fingers were tentatively traveling along her arm. "So far as I can see!"

"I took my first sunbath today!"

"You telling *me*?"

"Why?"

"I saw you!"

"You . . . did!" Hazel gasped, seemingly astonished.

"From the hilltop, when we were walking home from the fishing trip!" he continued.

"I'm . . . surprised!"

"You were a lovely sight!" he went on. "Only you were too far away!"

The negligee was sliding so fast that Hazel clutched it hastily.

"Let me . . . see you . . . again!" he murmured.

"Not in *this* bright light!" she demurred.

"Outside . . . in the chair . . . as you were this afternoon!" His hand had easily wormed its way under her shoulder, and the luscious softness of a breast rewarded his temerity.

Without another word, she jumped off the table, ran out of the door and down the mossy bank to the spot where the camp chairs still lay. The night was moonless, and the blanket of stars overhead paled in the light of the oncoming dawn.

Clyde, following her, saw the negligee fall to the greensward. For a moment, the vision he saw was like the unveiling of a black-and-white marble monument, then the voluptuous figure disappeared into the depths of the reclining chair.

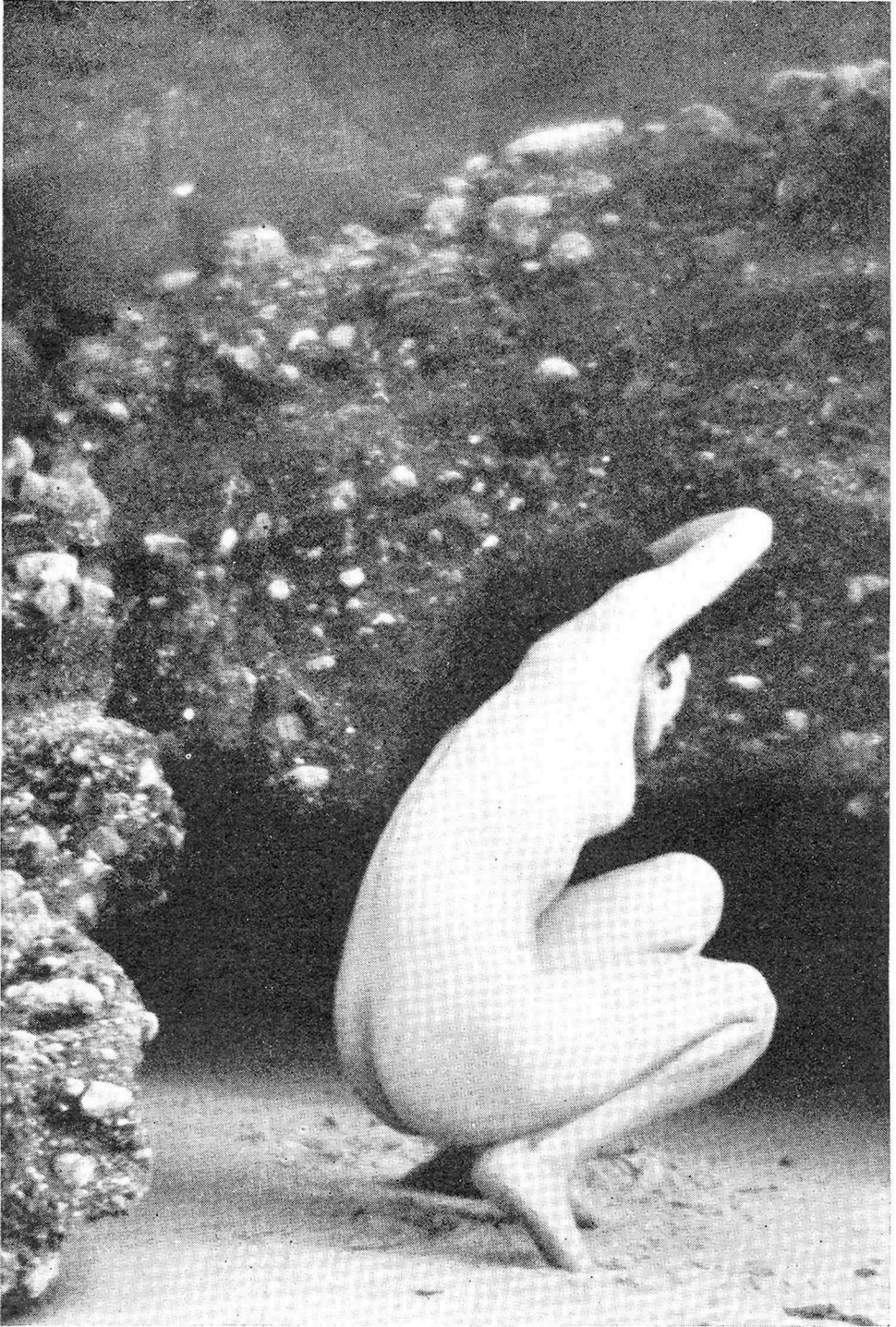
He was kneeling by her side in another instant, his face completely buried in the perfumed valley between the most captivatingly fleshy breasts that it had ever been his privilege to kiss and caress.

Hazel shivered amorously as she drew him into the chair.

"Dawn!" she breathed. "I've never . . . made love . . . in the dawn . . . before!"

Dance music drifted out to them from the bungalow!





Those Country Gals !

BY

NAT BARKER

I SUPPOSE I'll have a lousy time up there in the country this summer," thought Jack Henderson as he climbed onto the train that was to take him to Johnsonville. "They say the hick burg has only about a thousand people. Can't be many girls in that number that will be worth looking at; wish I could stay in the city with Helen." Helen was Jack's "steady," and many a passionate night he had spent in her arms in the little apartment in which she lived alone. As he thought of those nights he groaned, and said to his brother Bill, who was seeing him off: "I'll be glad to get back to New York, after a summer with those hick girls in that jerkwater town."

Bill laughed. "You wouldn't say that if you knew what I do about those country wenches," he said. "They taught me plenty when I was visiting Uncle Joe up there last year; I'll swap places with you any day."

Jack said nothing. He knew he had to go, and he thought that Bill was just trying to cheer him up. The train started, and his brother waved to him as it moved from the Grand Central Station. As Jack settled himself in his seat, and opened up a magazine, he heard the click of feminine French heels coming down the aisle; they stopped beside his seat, and he looked up at a tall, well-built blonde who was putting her bags on the rack of the seat opposite him. As he watched, she rose on tip-toes to lift a bag, and Jack's eyes took in a double length of sheer silk hose that clothed the sweetest, shapeliest pair of girlish legs he had seen in a long time; the girl stretched higher, and her short little dress jerked up well above her knees, disclosing, among other delicious exposures, the undoubted fact that she wore no underclothes!

"This isn't so bad," decided Jack, laying down his magazine and staring boldly at the entrancing view. He sighed with disappointment as she gave the bag a final push, and came back on her heels again. As she turned around he noticed that her face was as beautiful as her figure, and that was saying a lot! She sat down on the seat, crossed her legs with a flip motion that took his breath away, pulled up her skirt so that a few inches of firm white flesh showed above the roll of her stockings, and pulled out a magazine which she started reading.

JACK LEANED his head back against the window, and settled himself so that he was in a position to observe every inch of those gorgeous legs without appearing to look at them. All thought of magazine-reading was gone. Occasionally the blonde beauty shifted her legs, or re-crossed them, always with a careless motion that revealed plenty! Jack couldn't recollect when he had enjoyed a train ride as much as he was enjoying this one; in fifteen minutes he knew every curve in her legs, and felt he would know them anywhere, under any conditions.

When he had looked at her legs for a while, he would allow his eyes to rove up over her body and focus on the twin bulges that caused her flimsy blue sweater to jut out beautifully and boldly in a manner that put the rather flat breasts of his city girl-friends to shame. For this girl could not be a city girl—she was too healthy and buxom and lavishly upholstered; obviously, the perfect type of country lass, and Jack made up his mind then and there that if all the girls in Johnsonville, or even only two or three of them, were built like this corn-fed beauty, life in the country might be worth living

after all. So he thought.

He had just made up his mind to speak to her, whether he had a good excuse or not, when she got up, stretched her lithe young body till the nipples of her full breasts stood out against her sweater and her skirt came abruptly up again, and, with a healthy sigh of sheer animal spirits, dropped her arms and walked up the aisle toward the dining-car. Jack, watching the whisk of her saucy little skirt around the corner of the door, suddenly came to life and started for the diner, also.

But when he entered the car, a steward motioned him to a seat at a table which was located in a corner opposite to the one occupied by the blonde. He did not have nerve enough to ask to be placed at the same table with her, so he was forced to eat his meal alone, resolving, however, to speak to her as soon as they were back in the car together.

AS HE WAS finishing his dessert, timing his eating so that they would walk out of the car together, the conductor came through: "Johnsonville, *Johnsonville!*" He had only time to pay his check, dart back to the other car, grab his luggage, and jump off, just as the train was moving out of the station. "Hell," he thought, as he stood on the platform looking for his uncle, "I'll bet she lives in Canada, or somewhere equally far off, and I'll never see her again. Why can't she be sensible, and live in Johnsonville?"

He heard a voice calling his name, and turned around. There was Uncle Joe, motioning him toward a shiny new Ford roadster, open at the top. Seated in the roadster was a girl he had never seen before, whom his uncle introduced as Mary, his step-daughter. Jack recalled having heard that his uncle had a step-daughter, but Bill had never told him that she was such a wow!

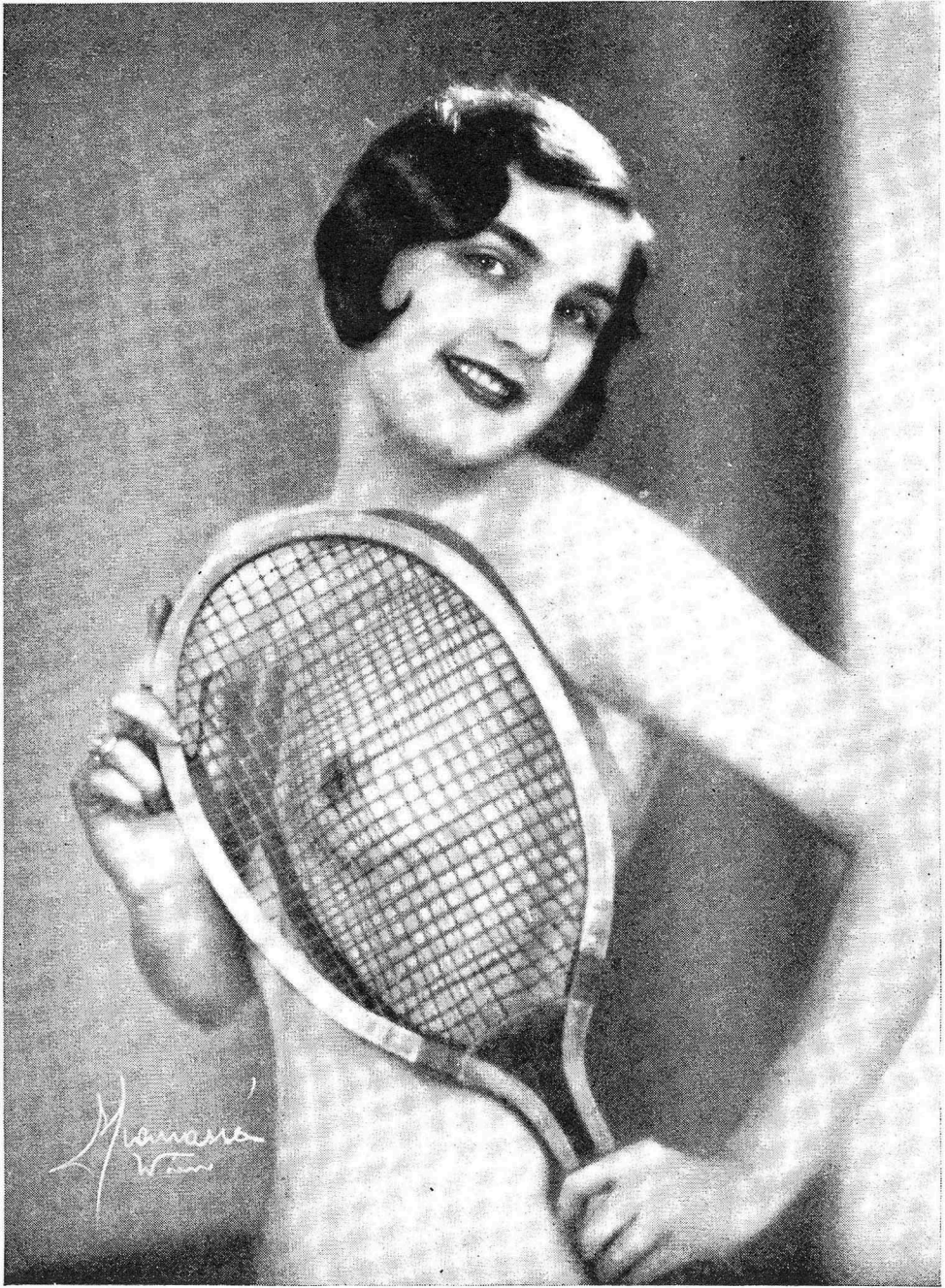
Dark, curly hair crowned a face that he decided was better looking than any movie star's. Red, sensual lips smiled at

him, disclosing a row of teeth such as are described by poets as "pearly." She was wearing a low cut dress, and when she bent over to release the brake, he was afforded a view of two luscious breasts that were anything but adolescent! She was sitting between him and Uncle Joe, who was driving; and as the car started, she lurched sideways against him, so that the scent of her full, well-rounded body assailed his eager nostrils and filled him with a passionate desire to possess this lovely person. She begged his pardon in a husky, sweet voice, smiling at him as she did so.

"Have you enough room for your legs?" she murmured. "Because if you haven't—" she glanced sideways at him, and calmly hooked an elegant leg, warm and beautiful, beneath his own trembling one. They rode this way for several miles, and by the time they arrived at the farmhouse Jack was alive with flaming desire for this boldly attractive girl. When the car stopped she arose quickly and, brushing his body with her own luxurious one, stepped over him and started toward the house, revealing a charming expanse of bare leg as her skirt caught on the door of the car. "I'll fix up your bed," she called back over her shoulder, as, with a flick of her skirt, she disappeared through the doorway.

JACK AND HIS UNCLE picked up the bags, and walked up the stairs to his bedroom. "Your aunt's out in the garden, I expect," he said, as he deposited two of the bags upon the floor. "We'll ring when supper's ready. Mary can show you around when you're ready."

Jack walked over to the bed. "Can't I help you?" he asked Mary, who was putting the finishing touches to it. She smiled. "No thanks, I'm almost finished," she told him. "If you want me to show you over the farm, you can come into my room; mine's next to yours, you know."



"I think I'll rest up a bit," Jack replied. "Maybe I'll need it before I'm much older. What do you think?"

Again Mary smiled. "Maybe you will," she laughed, as she flipped out of the room.

NOTHING MUCH happened that evening. They had supper in the kitchen, after which Jack's uncle and aunt went right off to bed, taking Mary with them. "We go to bed early in the country,"

nephew," he said. "But you can come up any time you'd like." Mary merely smiled over her shoulder; but the look in her eyes seemed to repeat: "My room is right next to yours, you know."

Jack waited until he thought the others would be asleep. Then he tip-toed up the stairs, and into his room, where he undressed quickly. Passing Mary's door, he had observed a faint light shining from underneath it, and had surmised that she was still up. The light in his room came from a kerosene lamp, and he left it burning, while he lay upon the bed, heart beating against his ribs, ready for a sign from the next room.

He had waited about half an hour when he heard the door of Mary's room open, and a pair of slippers pattered down the hall toward the bath-room. He jumped up, ran to his own door, and stood there listening. Soon he heard her coming back down the hall; noiselessly he opened the door, started toward the bath-room, then stepped back as if surprised to see her there. She was dressed in a transparent silk night-gown, through which he could see every part of her lovely anatomy. Not at all embarrassed by his frank stare, she stepped up to her door with a gay swing of her silky hips that brought a gasp of admiration to his lips.

"You remembered that my room is next to yours, Jack," she whispered, hesitating prettily at the use of his first name. "Now—would you like to see it?" She drew back her arm to open it and Jack thought that never had he beheld so delicious, so delicately-rounded, so perfect and feminine an arm in his entire life!

"*Would I!*" he exclaimed, hitching his pajamas for comfort's sake.

Without a word she opened the door and stepped in, her every movement exquisite, her luscious legs outlined against the revealing semi-tightness of the night-gown. Once more a delicious, searing fire shot through his veins, so that it was all that he could do to prevent himself from

losing his desire temporarily. He followed her into the room. She motioned to a chair, and he sat down. But Mary walked, undulating in every lovely muscle, over to the bed and propped herself up against the wall.

"Well," she inquired, raising one tantalizing eyebrow inquiringly, "how do you like my room?"

"Never mind the room," said Jack hoarsely. "Or, on second thought—it's a lovely room, but I'm sure I could see it much better if I were sitting on your bed, instead of on this hard chair."

"Maybe you could," agreed Mary, "why don't you come over?" In a moment Jack was on the bed beside her, smothering her face and the bulges of her silk "nightie" with hot, lover's kisses. Feverishly he kissed her brow, her cheeks, soft as thistle-down, her lips which were as red as cherries, her fragrant hair, her full, womanly, crimson-tipped breasts which had somehow become vibrant to his caresses through the gossamer of her nightgown. His hands moved over her gorgeous body, caressing it and bringing to life its warm beauty. "Your legs," he told her huskily, "are the most beautiful I have ever seen!"

"But you haven't really seen them," she objected. As he looked into her deep, violet eyes, she reached down and pulled her "nightie" up above her knees—*well* above her knees! Jack stared, entranced, at the twin alabaster pillars of luscious feminine flesh that spread so invitingly and so revealingly from beneath the folds. Drawing himself up quickly beside her, he seized her in his arms as, with a little sigh of anticipation, she gave herself freely to him. Forgotten was Helen, forgotten was the blonde girl on the train, forgotten was everything except the fact that Mary, beautiful and passionate beyond his wildest dreams, vibrated there in his arms. Every nerve in his body was a-tingle with delight, every fibre of hers responded to

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Honeymoon Dessert

BY

GALE WEST and BETSY ASHE

JILL CLEVER awoke with her eyes closed and kept them closed. She didn't want to know where she was—in jail probably and it didn't matter. She was aware of a frightful pain in her head and a rigid determination in her heart never again to swap places with anyone. Jill continued to be awake with her eyes closed. She wondered just where she had made the detour—for she certainly had gone off the track somewhere.

It all began when she asked Rush Kelly to loan her fifty dollars. She had a new job but the landlady wouldn't listen. That should have been all right between two people who expected to marry one another; but Rush had taken a funny attitude.

"Spend the week-end at Merry Beach with me and I'll *give* it to you," he said.

Now a few seconds before Jill might have made that suggestion herself, but coming from Rush it was different. She flared like a rocket and told Rush in pretty hot language that he needed air. She stamped her trim little foot and hissed after his squat, retreating figure: "When I spend the week-end with anybody it will be with someone I *love*, not somebody who wants to marry me—get that, you tight wad."

They had been talking outside a swanky hotel where Jill *didn't* have a room. Jill wheeled angrily and in doing so ran smack into a flaming haired girl. The girl seized Jill by the arm and cried, "Oh! I've been looking for days for somebody like you. Quick! Follow me."

Jill was angry enough to do anything out of the way. There was a mad rush into the hotel and up to a bedroom where the girl's gorgeous wardrobe lay about in the riot of packing. The girl who called

herself Thalia Goodwin explained excitedly that she was desperately in love and trying to escape with Ivan. But Ivan was a foreigner and her father fiercely objected and put a detective to work watching her. He stuck like fly paper.

"Get into my clothes," the girl begged, stripping to the nude, "and throw the detective off the track, will you? I'll give you a hundred dollars—anything you ask. Do it for love—there's an angel."

"But how?" Jill asked, getting out of her one and only.

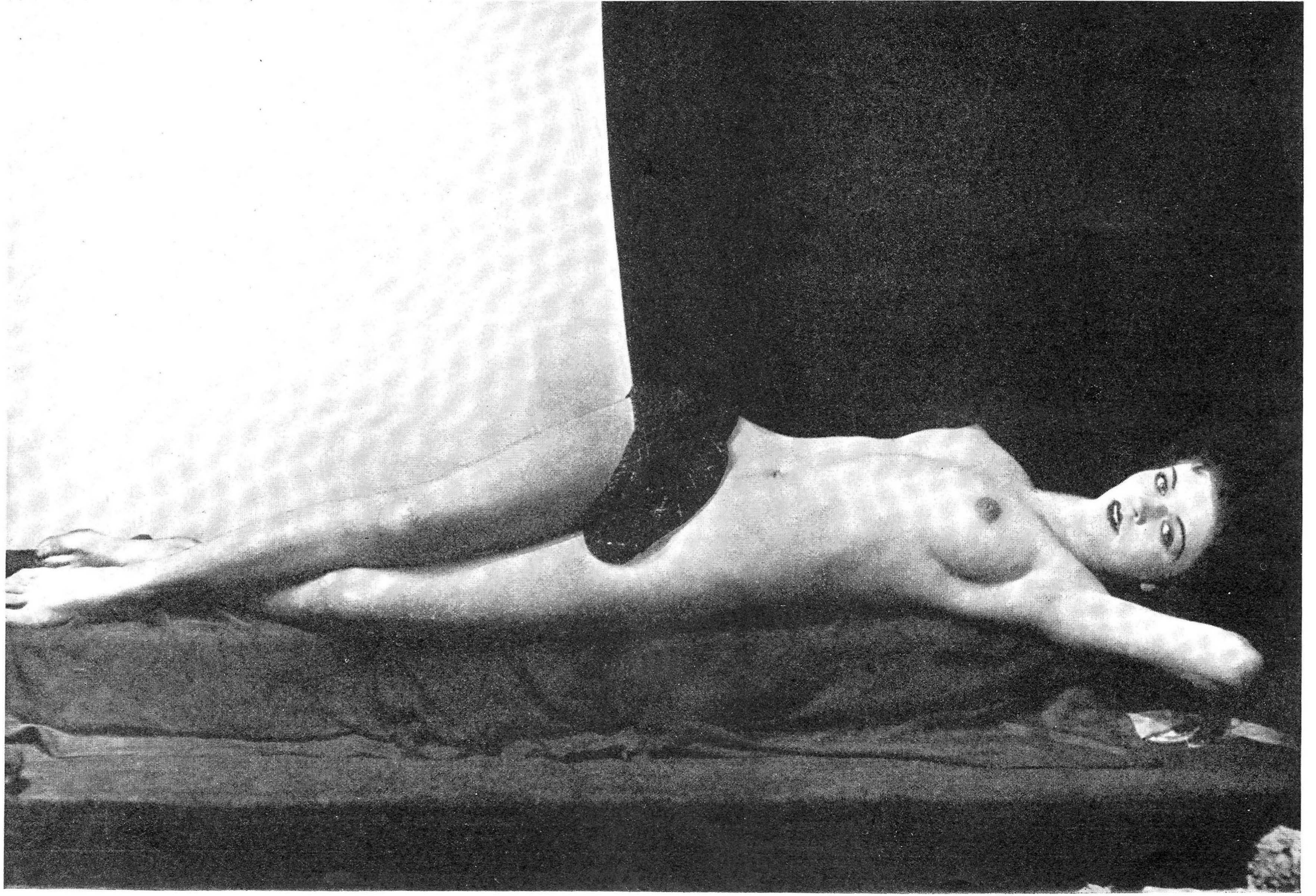
"Oh! It's easy and it's sure to work. Look," dragging Jill to a peer glass, "we're exactly alike from toes to heels and our hair matches perfectly."

She gave Jill an ecstatic hug and their very similar, ripe, young breasts kissed in a warm greeting. The girl became wild eyed in her excitement and clutched at her breasts, while Jill, her own body tingling with sympathy for the passionate Thalia, eagerly stroked pretty curves in anticipation.

"I'm supposed to go to a party to-night," said Thalia. "You put on my clothes, take my week-end bag,—I'll pack it for you and throw in a lot of things for good measure, then just take this card to the door and say, 'Thalia Goodwin,' and walk in."

"Suppose somebody at that party gets wise? We aren't exactly alike."

"No chance," said Thalia, fastening a strip of black lace over Jill's full breasts and stopping long enough to kiss them affectionately. "I live five hundred miles from here and they are all strangers. I'm supposed to meet a cousin there that I've never seen and go home with him to my aunt's. Oh! Fate is good! If you only knew how madly I love Ivan! While you



are on your way to that party with the detective following you, I'll be on my way to the boat and nights of rapture with Ivan."

"But the detective," Jill argued.

"He quits as soon as you arrive at the party. I found that out. All you have to do is to go there with my week-end bag and then get out when nobody is looking."

Thalia packed the bag, stuffing in the bills, kissed her, and sent her on her way. Then Jill, dressed in Thalia's evening gown and wrap, took the card with Thalia's name on it and left,—the detective following her.

BUT THALIA failed to explain just what sort of party it was to be. She hadn't said that there would be a dozen unattached males, all demanding a dance, all offering cocktails and a walk on the grounds. Handsome young men they were, on excellent terms with their liquor and their clothes,—young men with passion flaming in their eyes and strong arms and prowling hands.

One aggressive young male led her to a bench behind some shrubbery. He had arms and hands like an octopus, Jill thought, and got rid of him by calling for another drink. Then a fat fellow, none too steady on his feet, waddled up. He was looking for sympathy and somehow Jill landed in his lap and was giving him plenty when a servant announced that *Thalia Goodwin* was wanted at the front entrance.

Jill felt very loyal to Thalia and answered the summons with a sea of swirling heads and *six* butlers, all with their noses pointed to the moon, and each holding her evening wrap and bag, and helping her out and into a waiting car.

Right there Jill decided that things had gone far enough. Then a man was sitting by her side and telling her to keep quiet, and a chauffeur looking person laughing

and saying, "Didn't expect to find her tight."

Jill fought and screamed out that she was *Jill Clever* and not *Thalia Goodwin*. The two men insisted that they were obeying orders, Mr. Goodwin's orders, and asked how she expected they were going to get her into an airplane with her arms and legs flying like a crazy windmill. Jill continued to use what force she had.

"The old man said if she put up a fight to give her a shot. Got the stuff, Doc?"

There was a prick in the arm and that was all.

FEARFULLY Jill opened her eyes. She found herself still dressed and lying on a bed in what seemed to be a little cabin bedroom. Through a latticed window came the vision of a tall, tanned young man standing by the shore of a glistening lake. He seemed to be doing something to a fish rod.

Jill rose, slipped off the evening dress and, pulling out of the bag that had somehow arrived with her, a pink cloud of a negligee, tiptoed out of the room and made a tour of the little cabin. Apparently there wasn't a soul about. Next she pattered out and down to where the young man stood on the shore.

"Mind if I use your lake?" she asked. "I couldn't find a bath tub."

His dark eyes widened and Jill felt their approving glances wandering over the lines of her throat, over the smooth curve of her breast, and lingering at the spot where two dark, rosy tips pushed themselves temptingly toward him.

"I'm jealous of the water," he answered, staring at her. "It's going to get a treat."

Jill snatched off the pink cloud, stretched her slim, white arms over her head, and sprang into the water. She struck out over-hand, then turned and slid back to the man on the shore. The cold water cleared her aching brain. She stood up and faced the young man whose

eager eyes were devouring the slim lines of her thighs and legs.

"I feel better," she announced. "I wasn't quite sure I was awake. Mind telling me where I am?"

"That's right, Thalia, I forgot you'd never been here. Your father did say that he had never before allowed a woman near the place."

Somebody still calling her Thalia. The last time she had fought for the name of Jill she had passed out. Jill had a feeling that things were promising too much fun to let that happen right now.

"Beautiful here, isn't it?" the young man went on. "Great air. By the way, aren't you hungry? I caught trout for breakfast. Mind if we eat?"

"Mind?" said Jill. "I'm starved."

Jill, with the neligee clinging to her form like an affectionate coat of paint, led the way back to the cabin.

She discovered that appeasing a devastating hunger with the most delicious food she had ever tasted was far more interesting than finding out why she was where she was and with whom she was. After breakfast she began questioning again.

"Please tell me who you are?"

"Of course. I'm Conrad Carter, for two years your father's partner in Mexico. Right now I'm assigned the job of curing you of what your father calls 'Ivanitis.' He's a duke or something, isn't he?"

Thalia had said her Ivan was a foreigner.

"Yes," Jill answered, "and I'm here to get over him, is that it?"

"That's it. Oh! I forgot. Your father told me to give you this," handing over a letter.

Jill read:

"My Darling: I've decided this is the only way to handle one of your mettle. I will send the plane in a few days.

*Your affectionate father,
George Goodwin."*

Jill wondered what Thalia would have said and then came out with, "I suppose

Dad likes you and wants you to make love to me."

"Well, I agreed to keep you busy swimming and fishing, but I won't make love to you ——"

"Unless?" Jill interrupted.

"Let's not finish that sentence. You know you're not at all like I thought you'd be. I expected you'd be tearing around here like a wild fury or else moping like a weeping willow on a tombstone. Instead you have a jolly little twinkle in your eyes, and I like the way those copper colored curls pull away from their moorings and want to go places."

Jill looked up and smiled. "You're not bad yourself. You look—reasonable."

"Reasonable and take you back to Ivan? No chance. There's only one way in and out and that's by plane. We stay until your father sends for us."

For a moment Jill was pensive. She had almost decided to tell Conrad just who she was when a little demon within her called out, "Take it as it comes, Jill. Somebody else got you into this fix. Let somebody else get you out."

"Want to go fishing?" Conrad asked.

"Oh! I'm supposed to fish, am I? I hate the slimy things. You'll have to go alone,—if you will fish."

"But that wouldn't be entertaining you and I promised——"

"I don't want to go. Run along and fish," she said. "I really need to sleep." Then added mischievously, "Come back and entertain me this evening."

WHEN JILL AWOKE from her nap every nerve in her body was rested and ready for a new strain.

"What would Thalia Goodwin do now?" she asked herself. "Get his supper of course," she supplied her own answer.

With a nose for discovering things, a good idea of cooking, and the condition of a fisherman's stomach, Jill accomplished a decidedly tempting meal. When Conrad came home it was all hot and ready



with an improvised cocktail shaker filled to the top and cooling in the spring.

"Gee!" said Conrad. "You're a peach. You're good for something after all."

"Good for something," cried Jill.

"You'd be surprised if you knew all I could do."

The cocktails were the hit of the evening, though Jill had to admit that she couldn't remember whether it was one or

two parts gin, so she put in the two parts to make sure.

"We've had everything but th—shidert, I mean th—dessert. Whew! It's hot here. You built a good tire—I mean a good fire in the bright place," Jill announced groggily.

"You mean you've built a good fire in the right place." Conrad was pulling off his flannel shirt. "Now that surprise dessert."

Jill vanished to the kitchen and returned in a moment, with a huge tray in front of her. This she placed on the table and with some unsteadiness climbed up and sat down on it, hugging her knees up under her chin.

With her eyes blazing an invitation, she said, "Here's your dessert. Come and get it."

"You—you little devil!" Conrad's eyes glowed and his voice trembled with a sudden rush of passion. "I'm to eat you, am I? Watch me play Red Riding Hood's wolf."

With that he picked her up in his arms and staggered to a bunk beside the fire. He growled playfully and then went to work in earnest. He kissed the smooth curve of her waist. He kissed her neck and shoulders. His hot breath mingled with her own.

"God! You're the sweetest dessert a man ever tasted."

Jill cooed softly and chuckled with glee when his lips wandered to the intimate parts of her body. An unendurable anticipation rushed through her passion-mad body. She clung to him, bruising her lips against his, in smothering, maddening kisses.

"Think I like those rough tweeds?" she found breath to say.

"I take all hints," Conrad answered, slipping out of his fishing trousers and standing before her clad only in striped silk shorts.

"That's better," she whispered as Conrad stretched himself beside her.

"Your father said you wanted your honeymoon first, and you're going to get it, little lady." Conrad stopped any answer with his kisses and went on, "But if you ever look at that Ivan again——"

"Don't worry," Jill managed to mumble. "I never loved him."

"And you'll never leave me?"

"Never of my own accord."

"Then it's one long week of bliss for us," Conrad said, crushing her hot, passion-tortured body closer and closer in his arms.

AT THAT MOMENT the din of a motor roared out in the twilight.

Conrad leaped to his feet and snatched for his clothes.

"Good Lord, Thalia, that's your father's plane. Quick! Get into some clothes."

Jill's pounding heart stood still and a wave of fear and disappointment cooled her fevered body.

Conrad bounded for the lake and Jill, dragging on her clothing, peered out to see the plane skim over the water to a standstill. She ducked back into her own room and sat waiting the issue.

Presently Conrad returned, his face red with rage. "You little imposter!" he growled. "What was the idea of putting the police on *my* track? Well, get this,—I'm not running away from them. I'm leaving because Mr. Goodwin has sent for me. Perhaps he can explain a thing or two." With that he strode out of the cabin.

Jill ran after him crying. "You—you can't leave me here alone. You can't."

"Don't worry," Conrad shouted back over his shoulder. "Your friend Rush will be after you as soon as we leave."

Jill, smarting with fright and anger, watched the plane roar across the water and rise like a duck.

Close on its trail came another and with it Rush Kelly, who seized Jill by the arm and rushed her aboard with no more

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Little Devil

BY
GERARD RAVEL

BEBE LAURENS, already a mile or more from the dude ranch where she was spending her vacation, leisurely picked her way through the scrub brush that covered the mountain side. In the background and far below was the ranch itself; a huge white house in the midst of stables, tennis courts, and a swimming pool.

It was frightfully hot, even at that altitude, and Bebe paused for a moment to get her breath. Looking downward she saw a number of gayly clad figures disporting themselves in the pool. It was very small and on this afternoon it was very crowded; all of which explains why Bebe was taking this solitary pilgrimage.

After resting, she climbed still further up the side of the mountain, going around as she went up. She came at last to a small lake that was as coolly blue and crystal clear as the limpid depths of her eyes. It was a perfect spot to spend an afternoon like this—alone! Bebe shivered pleasantly as she thought of how cold the icy water would be on her body; but after that there would be the soothing caress of the warm sun, high in the sky.

This little lake was Bebe's special secret, shared with but one person, Polly Simpson, her companion and roommate. Polly had remained at the ranch to finish a game of bridge, but she had promised to join Bebe very shortly.

The expanse of water was so situated that it was screened in on three sides by brush and on the other by the rise of the mountain. No need for all that privacy, Bebe assured herself, because she was quite certain that she and Polly were the only two people for miles around who knew of the lake.

Nevertheless, she halted at the water's edge to make sure that the place really



*No September Morn
could have been more
alluring than Bebe.*

was desolate of all human beings, save herself. Seeing no one, she unsnapped the simple fastening of her frock. With a shrug of her shoulders it fell to the ground and she stepped out of it. Just as casually, she removed her shoes and stockings and gingerly put a pink toe in the water to test its temperature before discarding the remainder of her attire. That was indeed very little!

Unhooking her wisp of a brassiere, she allowed her hands to gently caress the firm roundness of her coral tipped breasts, to glide over the satin smoothness of her hips as she released a brief pair of scanties. No September Morn could have been more alluring than Bebe as she immersed her completely nude figure in the chill depths.

To keep from freezing, it was necessary to swim most vigorously and Bebe was halfway to the opposite side of the lake before she turned about. A short plunge was enough to set the blood racing warmly through her body and she came ashore again to lie on a towel and to permit the sun to do its noble work of gilding the lily with a coat of tan. Flat on her back, Bebe was a dazzling sample of the perfection that heaven bestows on so few women. Her eyes were closed, her breasts rose and fell in gentle undulation as she succumbed to the lethargy induced by the sun's burning rays.

HAD BEBE been able to see into the immediate future, her repose would not have been quite so peaceful! She was half asleep, half awake when she heard the crackling rustle of someone coming through the bushes. Certain that it was Polly, arriving after her game of bridge, Bebe did not stir from where she was.

"Hello," she drawled. "How much did you lose?"

The answer was hardly reassuring for it was anything but a feminine response.

"What the devil?" came a surprised and definitely masculine voice.



At the party, Bebe was given a rush by Corby Branson.

Bebe gasped in abject dismay as she sat up and saw, not Polly, but a rather handsome young man in chaps and sombrero confronting her.

"Who are you?" Bebe demanded angrily and ineffectually attempted to cover her nude self with a pitifully small towel.

The intruder, his eyes quite frankly on her unclad figure in bold appraisal, took a cigarette and lit it with tantalizing slowness before answering.

"We haven't been formally introduced, have we?" he said calmly. "I'm afraid you owe me an apology for upsetting my tranquility."

"What do you mean, busting in here like this?" Bebe was fairly crimson with rage.

He went on unconcernedly: "Is this private?" he smiled. "You needn't worry. There won't be anyone else here but me. I hardly expected to run across any women, especially women without——"

"Why don't you go?" Bebe pleaded, almost tearfully.

"Why should I?" he argued. "I like to look at you—you're very beautiful; too beautiful to ever wear clothes. And just incidentally, it happens that I own this land."

"If you were a gentleman, you'd leave me alone," Bebe retorted.

He gave her a cold glance: "Am I to blame for your predicament? I own this land and I intend to do some swimming here myself. You have my permission to stay—if you like."

Aghast, Bebe watched him loosen his tie and remove his shirt to reveal broad and muscular shoulders. Bebe fled in panic, picking up her clothes on the run. It seemed to her that she heard him chuckle scornfully as she departed; she was much too furious to stop.

STILL TREMBLING with anger, she dressed and took the homeward trail. To have been so helpless before such an impudent and insulting person was almost

more than Bebe could stand. Her whole afternoon; perhaps her whole vacation, had been ruined, for Bebe had counted on making a lot of use out of that lake. Almost back to the ranch, she met Polly just setting out.

"What's the trouble?" the latter asked, seeing Bebe's agitated state.

"Plenty!" Bebe related what had happened and it was Polly's turn to gasp.

"You mean he just stood there—and you didn't have on a stitch?"

"Stood there and stood there! More than that, he was actually going swimming himself! Said he didn't mind!"

"Gosh," Polly replied. "Was he good looking?"

"Not bad," Bebe was forced to admit.

"Maybe you'll see him again," Polly smiled. "We could use a few attractive men around this place."

"I wouldn't know what to do. If you had seen the way he looked at me—almost through me!"

"Don't be silly," Polly chided her as they went back into the ranch house, "You've got something worth looking at! Maybe he'll be at the party tonight."

THE PARTY, a gala event at this somewhat exclusive ranch, was not dissimilar from a gathering in one of New York's swanky penthouses. It was all of two thousand miles from Broadway, yet the women wore the smartest gowns, famous bands furnished smooth and subtle music via the radio, and the punch was potent and plentiful.

Bebe had given in to Polly's persuasion and had decided to go. There was really nothing else to do, except to spend a dull evening with a book. Deny it as she might, Bebe couldn't get that impudent gentleman of the afternoon off her mind. What luck! The one handsome man for miles around would be like that! Bebe was no prude. If he'd apologized, if he hadn't been so insulting, she might have been more broadminded! They might have got-

ten to be—well, friends, perhaps! But as it was, she was forced to content herself with the company of the other male vacationists at the lodge.



At the party, Bebe was given a rush by Corby Branson, just as she had expected. Branson was very dull and very amorous in his clumsy way. Bebe had accepted his invitations and some of his ardor for only one reason. That was because there was such a complete dearth of interesting men. As he danced with her now, Bebe could tell that their acquaintance was getting to the awkward stage.

"Swell party, eh?" Branson murmured thickly. "If you don't like the punch, I've got some good Scotch up in my room. Care to sample some?"

"No thanks," Bebe refused, "I take my drinks standing up."

"Whassa matter?" he pleaded childishly. "I don't get you."

"And have you been trying?" she smiled.

"Jus' one li'l drink, a cigarette, and maybe a li'l kiss. Come on, be a sport."

"You almost dazzle me, Corby; but I like to dance so well."

"So do I, baby."

"Then why don't you?" Bebe said sarcastically. It was a relief to have the music cease for a moment and give her a chance to escape from him. She met Polly on the porch.

"Having a good time?" Polly inquired.

"A hell of a time. I'm going to bed."

"Don't be silly; it's only ten o'clock."

"Sorry," Bebe was firm. She went up to her room, knowing full well she wouldn't be able to sleep a wink. It was just possible that a walk might help, so Bebe filled her cigarette case, went downstairs and out again.

HER PATH, strangely enough, led the very same way she had gone that afternoon, but Bebe was halfway up the mountain before the idea of taking a moonlight swim came to her mind.

Why not? It wasn't cold, and certainly there wasn't much likelihood of her privacy being invaded at this hour of the night.

The idea intrigued her and by the time she reached the lake, Bebe could hardly wait until she got into the water. The full moon was not so warm as the sun, but it was no less beautiful. Beneath its silvery glow, Bebe quickly divested herself of her party gown and the one brief piece of lingerie she had worn.

Wholly nude, she was truly a dryad of the hills, save for the incongruous fact that she was smoking a cigarette. She waded in, let the quiet water curl about her thighs and hips in a seductive caress. It touched the pointed tips of her breasts to send an electric shiver through her body as she started swimming.

Some distance from the shore she lay on her back and floated lazily. The cigarette was still in her lips and she had dexterously managed to keep it lighted. Moving her legs just enough to keep her afloat, Bebe gazed up at the moon and stars above, murmured aloud: "How swell this is!"

It was a rude shock to her nerves to hear an answer that was not an echo. It was a splash in the water directly behind her. Before Bebe could cry out, before she could move, she was held fast in the powerful grip of two strong arms.

"You little devil!" a man's voice said softly.

Bebe regained the power of speech too late, for a hand over her lips effectively prevented any outcry. She was gently but firmly towed back to shore and there, under the protecting power of darkness, she was the recipient of a kiss and an embrace that was too expertly given to be resisted—had she wanted to. It had been a long time since anyone had kissed Bebe so thoroughly. As her captor's hands discovered the exquisite perfection of her breasts, his passionate caress sent the blood racing through her body to leave her weak and dizzy.

Then as suddenly as he had come upon her, the man left. He vanished swiftly

and silently into the darkness. Bewildered beyond reason, Bebe was too stunned to do anything but don her clothes once more. Who was he? Why had he come? But most perplexing of all—why had he left so hastily? It was amazing enough for Bebe to know that she had been so helpless in his arms, it was doubly confusing to find that she really hadn't wanted him to go at all!

IT WAS NOT until she finally reached her room that Bebe discovered she had left her cigarette case at the lake. It didn't matter much—she could get it when she went again; and she smiled to herself. It was just possible that she might go again!

About noon the next day Bebe and Polly were having a late breakfast on the terrace. Bebe hadn't related the incident of the night before—there were some things you couldn't very well tell, even to your best friend.

Corby Branson came out of the ranch house and stopped at their table. He was dressed for tennis and carried a racquet in his hand.

"Like to play?" he asked. "Got a swell partner for you, Polly. Tod Morrison. Have you met him? Lives not far away."

"Never had the pleasure," Polly answered. "Is he good looking?"

"Come out and take a glance when you've finished eating. I'll introduce him to you."

"Let's do go and see," Polly suggested after Branson had gone. "Any new man is worth one glance."

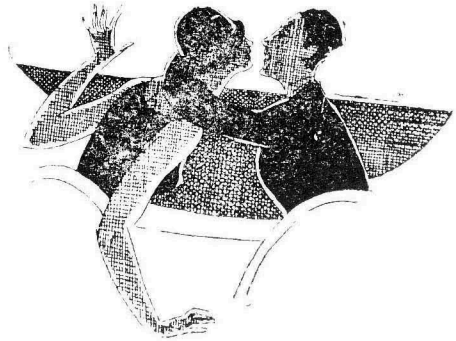
They finished their coffee and walked out toward the tennis courts. Almost there, Bebe gasped and stopped: "My gosh!" Bebe cried in dismay, "He's the one." She made an immediate about face and only the sheer physical efforts of Polly prevented her from complete flight.

"Don't be so scared," the latter admonished her. "What if he is the same

(Please turn to page 58)

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

*Fun to deceive them.
Kiss them and leave them.
Honey and nectar
Smilingly sipped.*



*Love, girls were made for.
That's what we paid for.
Woke up this morning.
Something had slipped.*

*Too much synthetic.
Gosh, it's pathetic.
Lady beside me
Says she's my wife.*



*I can't dispute her;
Don't dare to shoot her.
Doggoned young hussy,
Ruined my life!*

BY
FLOYD T. WOOD



“Flaming Hearts!”

BY

LOUISE LANGDON

(Part Three)

A GAIN, the noonday sunshine was beating upon the shuttered windows of Dawn O'Day's bedroom, in a seemingly imperious attempt to burn its passage through the drawn blinds.

Inside, deep slumber held her in an almost breathless grip. Her dew-drop mouth, opening like a red rosebud, was even prettier than usual with its kiss-swollen pout!

The silken pillow was nearly obliterated by wisps and tendrils and strands of hair that resembled spun gold, and the sagging coverlet disclosed a bare shoulder and its attendant arm.

The tinkle-tinkle of the telephone was repeated several times before Dawn could be aroused. Her arm was first to show signs of life. She lifted it slightly and let it fall back on the coverlet. Then her body twisted a bit, her head swerved to the other side of the pillow, and she sighed.

The telephone refused to be silenced. Dawn opened her blue eyes, lashes winking slowly.

“Oh, bother!” she murmured peevishly, groping for the instrument on the bedside table.

“Hello!” It was a very sleepy voice, and its throaty throb was not a mannerism at that instant.

“Miss O'Day! . . . This is Dorothy, at the Sappho Beauty Shoppe.”

“Yes, Dorothy! Wait until I finish this yawn! You woke me out of the soundest sleep!”

“Oh, I'm sorry!”

“I'm glad you did!” said Dawn. The yawn had removed some of the sleepiness from her voice. “I might have slept all day! What is on *your* mind?”

“Are you coming for your facial this afternoon?”

“I guess so!”

“I'm calling because another customer of mine wants an appointment, and I don't want it to conflict with yours. . . . What time are you planning to be here?”

“Dorothy, you're a darling!”

“You always come first with me, Miss O'Day. . . . You know that!”

“How sweet of you!” Dawn whispered. “Two o'clock will be okay for me!”

“Thanks!” said Dorothy. “I'll expect you! . . . Goodbye!”

“Oh, hello! . . . hello! . . . Dorothy!” Dawn said hastily. “Before you ring off, I want to give you a message: Tell Magda for me that Miss Bee Mannering, who is coming at one o'clock for a body massage, is a *particularly* good friend of mine, and I want Magda to give her special attention. . . . Bee is a very sweet girl, *very sweet!*”

“I know Miss Mannering!” smiled Dorothy. “She is the sweetest brunette that comes to the Sappho! I'll give Magda your message! But, listen, Miss O'Day! A blonde like you is just made of sugar all the way through!”

Dawn laughed. “Don't make me more conceited than I am, Dorothy dear! . . . Goodbye!”

The telephone clicked. Dawn stretched lazily, reached for the cigarette that was her habitual eye-opener, and slumped down on the pillow once more.

“Mmmmmmm!” she hummed. “What a night of nights was last night! Roger Cartwright! What I know about you!”

Dawn bit her lower lip in a coy gesture. “I guess you *have* been all over the world! I didn't think there was anything left for me to learn about love-making until *you* came along!”

Chuckles were interwoven between

puffs of her cigarette.

"Roger will go down in my memories as *the* boy-friend!" She was evidently addressing her pillow. "At least, so far! But I'm still youthful!"

The telephone tinkled again. It was the clerk on duty at the desk in the lobby.

"A package for you, Miss O'Day!"

"Send it up in twenty minutes, please!" she instructed. "And you might ask the restaurant to send a pot of very strong coffee and a tall glass of orange juice, with one hot buttered muffin!"

SCRAMBLING out of bed, she raised the shutters and stood for a minute looking out over Central Park. Then an all-in-one pajama slid to the floor, and she revolved slowly, letting the hot sunshine seep on to her blonde nudity, while she ran her hands up and down and around the contours that made men marvel and women envious!

The tiny branches of pink coral that adorned the magnificence of her bosom seemed to be grateful for the sunshine's rejuvenating ray, and responded pertly.

Turning from the window at last, Dawn hastened to the bathroom where she adjusted the needle spray on the shower and turned on the cold water.

"The colder the better!" she smiled. "I never drank so much *cognac* in all my life! . . . Oh, Roger, you naughty, naughty boy!"

The icy sting of the shower made her gasp.

"Ooooo!" She made two complete turns while the spray pelted her, then she jumped away.

"Won-der-ful!" she panted, grabbing a towel.

She scarcely had time to wrap her glowing body in the voluminous negligee in which she usually received the waiter with her breakfast tray when the bell rang.

"Thanks!" she said to him. "You needn't wait!"

The package was on the tray beside the steaming coffee pot. It was a square packet, mysteriously flat. The fact that it intrigued her interest did not interfere with the discarding of the negligee, and she didn't untie the ribbon around it until after she had hopped back on the bed and had finished her orange juice.

It was a plush box, but she had no suspicion of what it contained until she unfastened the clasp and raised the lid. Then she almost upset the breakfast tray.

"Oh! . . . Oh!" she gasped, even more explosively than when the cold spray had stung her body a few minutes earlier.

She was staring at a string of matched pearls! Genuine, without a flaw, a necklace to grace the neck of a queen!

Her fingers trembled as she picked up the card that accompanied it, and read:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, are like a string of pearls to me!"
Roger.

She read the quotation from an immortal poem several times, and then she smiled as the card fell on the rumpled coverlet.

"Sentimental Roger!" Her eyes were glistening.

Lifting the pearls out of the satin-lined box, she put them around her neck and hooked the platinum clasp. There was a large mirror opposite her bed, placed so that she could see herself from every vantage point, and nothing could have been more exquisite than her reflected image, unadorned save for the gleaming pearls, extending far down into the valley between her breasts.

"Adorable!" she whispered, her fingertips lovingly caressing the precious strand.

Suddenly, with a merry laugh, she unhooked the necklace and let it drop into the box.

"I mustn't let my coffee get cold!"

There was a dreamy, far-away look in her blue eyes as she sipped the beverage very slowly, and, when she had drained the cup, her head went back on the pillow,

a lighted cigarette sending spirals of smoke ceilingward!

"I'm the funniest person!" she soliloquized. "Whenever I get what I want, I don't want it any more!"

She didn't even glance at the necklace!

"Roger is a dear, dear boy!" she went on. "My intuition tells me that he is go-

when her eye caught the necklace lying beside an uneaten portion of muffin, she laughed:

"Pearls for breakfast! Madame du-Barry couldn't ask for better rations, nor Marie Antoinette, neither!"

Her head wagged from side to side in negative thought.



She was staring at a string of genuinely matched pearls.

ing to ask me to marry him! But I could never be happy permanently with any one man, *even* Roger! I'm just a born flirt, I guess!"

Impatiently, she flicked the ashes of her cigarette into the empty coffee cup, but

"It's a marvelous gift, but I couldn't accept it! No, no, I really couldn't! Why, he'd think he owned me! I'd be mortgaging my life, that's what I'd be doing!"

Her succulent mouth took on an expression of determination as she pressed

her ripe red lips together.

"No thanks, Roger darling, I can't be bound to you that way! I wouldn't exchange my independence for a dozen strands of pearls!"

She fingered the card for a long minute, then, slipping her feet into satin slippers, walked into the living room, still minus any sort of covering for her enchanting charms, and sat down at her desk.

Pen in hand, several more minutes passed while she read and re-read the poetry that Roger had quoted. At length, she flipped the card on its reverse side and started to write:

"You're wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, Roger dear, but it's utterly impossible for me to accept your generosity. Let me whisper, however, that our 'moment' of ecstasy will always be the most precious gem in memory's treasure-chest. Dawn."

She read it over, and, nibbling the knob of her pen, said:

"I wonder if that sounds too silly? . . . Well, anyway, that's the way I feel about it!"

Back in the bedroom, she placed the card inside the box, shut it and carefully tied the ribbon. Then she seized the telephone:

"A messenger, please, to deliver a package for me immediately!"

She had wrapped the negligee about her when the boy appeared. "Will you have this sent at once? . . . No answer! . . . And you might take away that tray, too!"

STROLLING to the bedroom window, she stood looking down at the afternoon sunlight playing hide-and-seek among the trees of Central Park. A shrug of her shoulders displaced the negligee, and its swift descent to her feet was like the unveiling of a lovely statue!

"Thus endeth another episode!" she remarked, with a gay laugh. "Give me liberty in lieu of pearls . . . every time!"

She was still smiling when she left the window and approached the bed once more, where she curled up in a pretty posture, with a pillow at her back, before she raised the telephone receiver:

"Beauty Shoppe, please!" Her restive eyes roamed around the room as she waited, then: "Put Dorothy on the wire!"

"This is Dawn O'Day!" she announced, when the familiar voice of her favorite beauty culturist answered. "I don't feel like dressing and going down there, Dorothy. . . . It's nearly two o'clock. . . . Can you come up to my apartment? . . . A very light facial will do today!"

"Certainly, Miss D'Oay!" replied Dorothy. "I'll be right up!"

"Don't bother to ring my bell!" said Dawn. "The door isn't locked!"

Dorothy's response to the call was almost instantaneous, and as she passed through the door she set the catch that would operate to lock it automatically.

"Hello!" Dawn murmured. "I'm indulging in a little solid comfort this afternoon! You don't mind the missing negligee, do you?"

"Why should I?" smiled Dorothy. "Your figure is too beautiful to be over-
ered when it isn't necessary!"

"Oh, such compliments!" Dawn retorted. "No wonder I'm so very conceited!"

Depositing her implements on a stool, Dorothy observed: "If you'd lie on that *chaise*, I could work better! . . . Thanks! . . . Are you comfy, or do you want another pillow?"

Dawn, stretching out on the *chaise*, sighed languorously:

"No more pillows! . . . Go right ahead! . . . And you may massage a bit of cream here, too!" She touched her glorious breasts, upright and velvety smooth.

"I brought along a bottle of that lotion you like!" Dorothy said, her sensitive fingertips beginning the ceremonial of anointment.

"That's fine!" whispered Dawn, smil-

ing. "I want you to bathe me in it . . . all over!"

AN HOUR LATER, Dawn, alone, was idly smoking a cigarette, lying like a fragrant pink-and-white lily on the divan in the living room, a picture of indolent laxity. She was still ravishingly nude, although a crepe lace negligee was close at hand in case she might be summoned to the door by a visitor.

The telephone's tinkle caused her to pick up the extension receiver on a low table. . . . Instruments were everywhere in the O'Day apartment! She believed in saving steps!



"Dawn, darling! I'm so surprised I'm almost stunned!"

"Indeed!" she said, very cool and calm. "Do you think I'm in the habit of accepting such costly gifts?"

"Not from everyone, of course! But . . ."

Her voice was a faintly throbbing note of music as she breathed:

"Hello!"

She expected Roger to call as soon as the package was delivered, and her premonition was well founded!

I thought . . . from me . . ."

"No, Roger dear, not even from you!"

"I hope you didn't misunderstand the motive!"

"Just what was I to understand?" she cooed.

"It was a token of my love!"

"Too extravagant, Roger!" she exclaimed, airily. "Usually there is a string attached to a gift like that, and I *hate* strings!"

"Dawn, dearest, listen to me!" The words gushed forth. "I'm wild about you! . . . I want you for my very own! . . . Will you marry me?"

She squirmed on the divan, one leg curving over the side, toes wriggling in the soft rug.

"Oh, the pearls were a proposal, not a proposition!" she laughed.

"Dawn! . . . You're cruel to say that!"

"Can you blame me for thinking?"

"Listen, sweetheart. . . . *Will* you marry me?"

She laughed again. "Listen to this, Roger: I wouldn't marry any man alive! I've already had five husbands, darling, *five!*"

Roger snorted. "You're not in the mood to be serious, are you? Dine with me tonight?"

"No, thank you!"

"Why?"

"Oh, just because!"

"You're heartless this afternoon!"

"Not at all!" she countered. "I'm sensible!"

"Your attitude is beyond me!" he muttered, bewildered. "Was last night just a pose, after all?"

"Ah, Roger, you men will never, *never* understand me!" Dawn's bare toe was buried deep in the rug. A hand was fondling avidly a resilient breast. Her eyes were half-closed, smoldering slits of blue flame.

"Last night, Roger, was *too* real!" she whispered. "Repetition might spoil it, and that would be foolish, wouldn't it?"

"But I love you, dearest one!"

"No, Roger, you *desire* me!" She laughed very softly. "That kind of love flares up very quickly and dies just as quickly. We've had our burning moment amid the flames! Let's not linger until the fires turn to ashes!"

"Dawn! Honey girl! What are you saying?"

"This isn't *au revoir*, Roger, it's good-bye!" she breathed into the telephone. "Last night was a moment in paradise, and it will not return! . . . Bye-bye!"

The receiver clicked sharply as it fell into its socket.

"That's that!" said Dawn, closing her eyes.

THE RASPING RING of the doorbell shattered the stillness of the apartment, and made Dawn twitch nervously.

"I'll have to make them install a gong instead of that bell!" she murmured, sliding off the divan and into her negligee. "Bells are horrid things!"

It was Bee Mannering, breezily excited.

"Darling!" she gushed. "I've just come from the Sappho! Massage and steam and everything, including a cold shower! It was lovely, all except the shower, because I *hate* cold water!"

Dawn laughed. "It'll do you good!"

"Magda is wonderful!" continued Bee. "She nearly tore me into pieces, but I'll bet she rubbed pounds away!"

"Going to keep up the treatments?"

"Of course! I'll never stop until I'm as slim as I used to be!"

Dawn opened her cellarette. "How about a highball to celebrate the start of your campaign for slenderness?"

"That's an idea!" replied Bee, curling up on the couch. "Rye, please, and plenty of it!"

"Did Magda let down that hair of hers?" asked Dawn, opening a bottle of ginger ale.

"Most willingly! When she took the hairpins out, it reminded me of Niagara Falls, only the falls aren't red!" Bee commenced to sip her glass, bubbling with refreshment. "That girl ought to be on the stage, instead of being a masseuse in a beauty shop!"

"I suppose she had on her smock?" smiled Dawn.

"She had off her smock, dearie!" Bee retorted, rolling her eyes. "What a figure! I can imagine the riot she would be in a hotsy-totsy musical show or a night-club revue! She's certainly wasting her time, I think, don't you?"

"Not entirely!" Dawn was stirring her highball very slowly. She had perched herself on the arm of a chair, and had kicked off both of her slippers again. Her little feet burrowed into the thick nap of the rug. "Magda has ambitions to own her own establishment some day, with Dorothy as a partner!"

"Well, we can promise them at least *two* steady customers, can't we?" said Bee, between generous swallows. "Good luck to them!"

"Lots of it!" Dawn closed her eyelids as she drank heartily, then she moved over to the couch and sat beside Bee.

"You haven't told me what happened with Chester Penfield!"

"Oh, it's a date for tonight!" Bee exclaimed.

"You're a fast worker!"

"Delays are fatal, darling! . . . We're motoring to a country club in Westchester for dinner and a few dances, but we'll be back in town for the midnight cabarets!" Bee helped herself to a cigarette, lit it and snuggled back on the cushions. "What are *you* doing for the sake of amusement tonight?"

DAWN HAD BEGUN to mix another highball. "I haven't decided!" she said. "No

less than three invitations, and all of them are crowded with possibilities for an exciting time!"

"Better make up your mind!" advised Bee. "Even the versatile Dawn O'Day can't be in three places at the same hour!"

Dawn smiled silently, and it was not until she had returned to the couch with the filled glasses that she murmured:

"Did you ever have three dates in one evening?"

Bee shook her head. "No! And neither did you!"

"N-o-o-o-o?" Dawn trilled the question, with a laughing tilt to an eyebrow. "It's a thrill! In fact, it's three thrills!"

"Tell me about it!" urged Bee, wiggling closer.

"Not now! . . . Some other time, maybe!"

"Can't I coax you to tell me?"

"Not this afternoon!" Dawn was staring into the amber fluid in her glass. "Do you like a penthouse, high, high up in the sky?"

"Foolish question . . . who doesn't?"

"And do you like pearls?"

Bee looked at her wonderingly. "Now you *are* talking in riddles, darling! What's the answer?"

Dawn's luscious lips parted in a tantalizing smile:

"It's another thrill! . . . When I'm in the mood, if you remind me about it, I *may* tell you a story about a penthouse . . . and pearls!"

The End



The Spice of Life

"Let's go out in the garden," sighed the charming young widow.

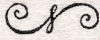
"It'll be much easier in the parlor," replied the old bachelor.



"If I'm unable to get back tonight," said the young husband casually, "I'll write you a note."

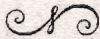
"Don't bother," his wife replied, "I have it already. It was in your pocket last night."

*"Mary had a little skirt,
'Twas split just right in half,
And everywhere that Mary went,
She showed her little calf."*

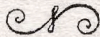


"Are you interested in eugenics?"
asked the nice old gentleman.

"At my age, sir," replied the
plump matron, "a bit of straight
biology is much more preferable."



When a lady says "No" she means
"Perhaps." If she says "Perhaps,"
she means "Yes." Of course if she
says "Yes," she's no lady.



The bride was weeping copiously,
a few hours before her wedding.

"What are you crying about,
darling?" asked her mother.

"Why shouldn't I cry? Ain't I
about to go out into the world all
alone with a man?"

"That's nothing, I did it with your
father."

"It's all right for you to talk—
you went with father. I'm going
with a perfect stranger."

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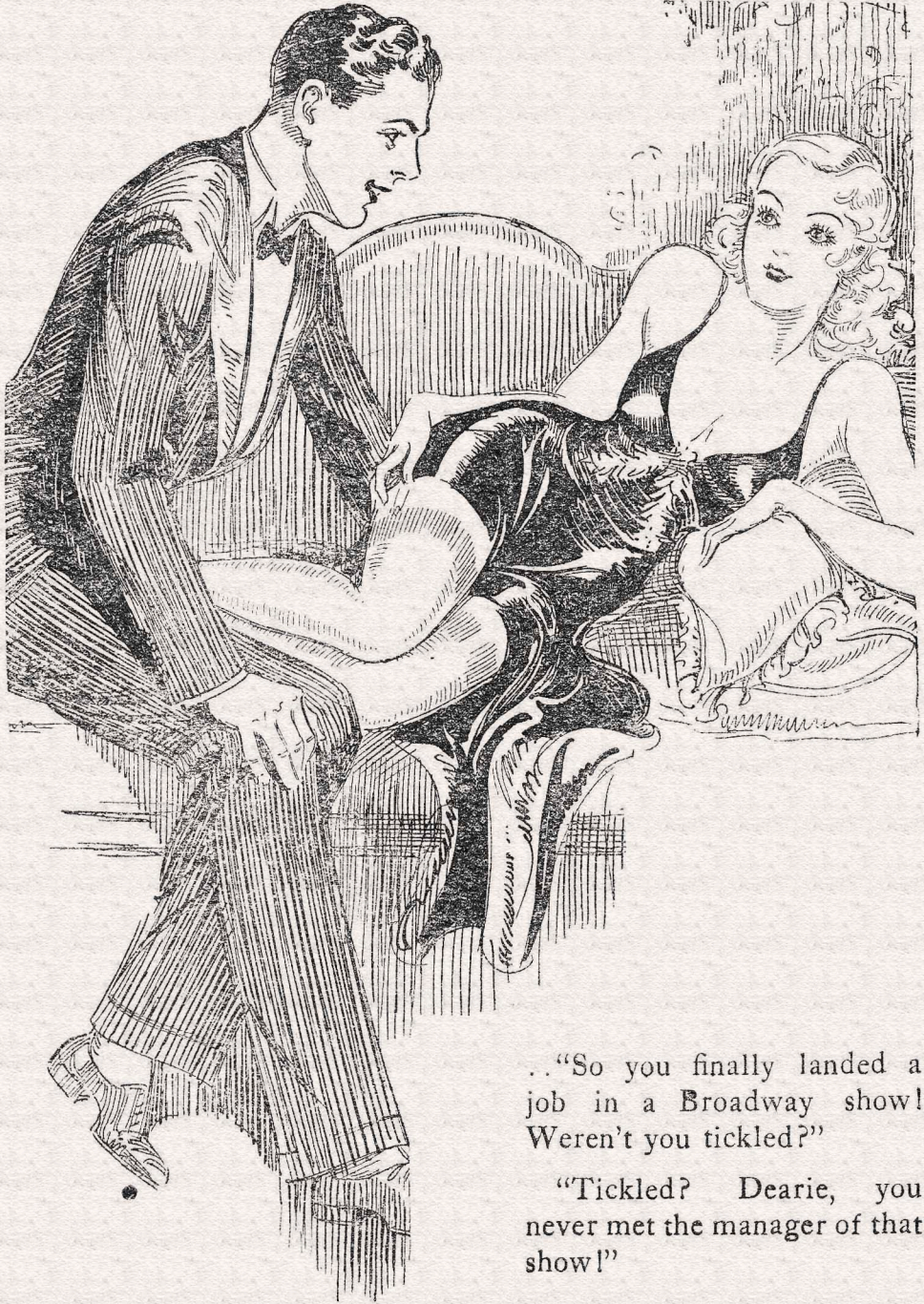
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“Tickled? Dearie, you never met the manager of that show!”

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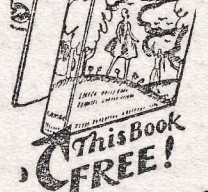
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(Continued from page 37)

explanation than, "Oh! Baby, what a break! A free ride to easy street."

To JILL'S BEFUDDLED BRAIN things were happening too fast to even think up a question. There was a long deafening trip in the plane, sliding to a landing somewhere on a river whose shore sparkled with a city of lights. Then came a dash in a taxi and up the steps to a palatial dwelling. Past a pompous butler, Rush dragged her, and into a huge living room where a gray haired man strode nervously to and fro.

"There, Mr. Goodwin," yapped Rush, thrusting out his jaw and pointing to Jill, "is that your daughter?"

"No," the man replied, his voice trembling. "I knew when you were here before that it wasn't my daughter. I received a radio from her saying that she was on her way to Paris with Ivan. I tell you it was a mistake."

"Mistake?" growled Rush. "A mistake that will cost you just fifty thousand iron men."

"Fifty thousand!" Goodwin stared at Rush.

"Yeah. And that ain't much to clear yourself of a kidnaping charge. That'll about cover what it cost me for detectives and planes and—," with a sly wink at Jill, "the damage to my wife."

"Very well," said the older man, reaching for his pen, "but I'll have to ask you to sign a receipt. I'll word it, 'fifty thousand dollars received for the honor of your wife'."

"O. K. with me," said Rush.

"That clears me and Conrad Carter. He was only obeying my orders." Goodwin was writing the check.

At the mention of Conrad's name Jill's tongue loosened itself and her foggy brain began to work.

"What are you doing, Rush?" she demanded and, before his hot, fat hand could close over her mouth, she added,

"I'm not your wife and I'm not going to be."

"Shut up, you," hissed Rush, smothering her with his hands.

Jill wrenched herself free.

"I won't shut up. Don't sign that, Mr. Goodwin. I have something to say. This is *my* business, not Rush Kelly's."

"You mean," said Goodwin, dropping his pen, "that you're not going to accept this and that you're not his wife?"

"No. I'm not his wife. And nobody's going to pay anything for the happiest day of my——"

Rush clutched at her again and, holding fast to her throat, he yapped, "You little copper-headed snake, I'll ——"

A shout from Mr. Goodwin brought an ex-pugilist butler on the scene who made quick work of Rush and dragged him out of the room.

"Now," said Mr. Goodwin, "we'll talk business."

Jill gasped for breath, then managed, "I just took your daughter's place at that party so she could elope. I couldn't make the men in the car that night understand. Of course your daughter didn't know that you were planning to kidnap her. It's just an accident. I'll go now."

"Surely, you'll let me do something. You've helped me out of a frightful hole. Mention some reasonable amount."

"No, thanks," said Jill. "Only,—could you tell me when I'll get a train back to the city?"

Goodwin looked at his watch. "You'll have time to make the night express. I'll phone for a berth."

As Jill was being shown to the car, Mr. Goodwin pleaded, "I would like to do something for you."

Jill glanced back over her shoulder and said, "You can. Just tell Conrad that I had nothing to do with Rush Kelly's coming here. Tell him I did want him to know that I could make a—a good dessert,—he'll understand."

A LONESOME, disappointed Jill, that night, pulled a pink nightie over her head and settled down for a night's rest. The train had slowed down for the next stop before Jill got around to actually realizing how near she had been to perfect bliss before it was snatched rudely from her.

"Well, anyhow," she said to herself, "I've found out one thing and that's the kind of man I want. That's something."

Suddenly she heard outside her berth, "Reddish hair, blue eyes, brown suit, and about five feet three, and young. She must be here." It was a man's voice and coming almost in gasps as if he had just finished a marathon.

"Somebody been playin' tricks with the bride and groom, suh?" asked the porter goodnatureedly.

"Er—er—yes. I'm looking for my bride."

"Now ah recollect a girl like that gettin' on an' lookin' mighty uncomfortable 'bout somethin'. She's in lower ten."

At that point Jill thrust her torchy head through the curtains and cried, "Conrad!"

Conrad dove in beside her and in an instant she was in his arms.

"Goodwin just told me," he gasped. "I raced the train to the next station. Good Lord, Jill, what would have happened if I'd missed you?"

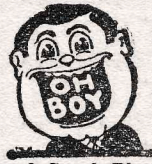
Jill purred like a pleased pussy, and, pressing her hot breast against his arm as her excited fingers assisted him with his shirt buttons, she said, "I was thinking what wasn't going to happen at all if you'd missed me."

"Then it's honeymoon first, after all," he murmured as he turned out the light.

"Honeymoon dessert," she gasped as his hot lips devoured hers.



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(Continued from page 42)

one? He won't kill you. Perhaps he won't even know you with your clothes on. Maybe," she added smilingly, "he didn't look too closely at your face."

After much persuasion, Bebe consented to accompany Polly to the tennis courts where they sat on a bench and watched the game. The man playing with Branson evidently did not recognize Bebe; or if he did, he gave no sign of it. When the set had been played Branson promptly brought him over to where the girls were. Bebe had no chance to flee, and so much had her spirits revived that she didn't even want to go. This chap was too dog-goned handsome to pass up so easily. As Polly had said, what if he *had* seen her *au natural*? It had been an accident.

"Presenting Tod Morrison," Branson said genially. "A bum tennis player but an expert judge of fine liquor and bad women."

Bebe managed to meet Morrison's eye without faltering: "How do you do?" she said sweetly.

He bowed and murmured a polite nothing; his gaze held no hint of the fact that he had first met Bebe twenty-four hours previously under slightly different and much more informal circumstances!

"The drinks are on you, Morrison," Branson suggested in convivial spirit, and led the way back to a table on the lawn in front of the ranch house. Waiting for the refreshments, he drew a cigarette case from his pocket and offered one to Bebe.

"Smoke?" he asked.

Bebe glanced at the case and very nearly fainted. It was her own—the very same green and gold case that she had left at the lake the night before! So Branson was the man!

BEBE COULD NOT quell the wave of nausea that arose within her. She got up weakly from the table, mumbled a hasty excuse, and left suddenly. Branson! The

one whom she detested more than anyone else! Back in her room, Bebe began to pack her trunks without any more ado. This ranch was no place for her!

Finished with the packing she went downstairs to see about getting someone to take her to the station. She had but one desire and that was to put the ranch as far behind her as quickly as possible.

As she inquired of the manager in regard to a car she heard a voice in back of her: "Leaving already, Miss Laurens?"

She turned about to find Tod Morrison at her side.

"Yes," Bebe said decisively. "I'm tired of this place and of all the people here."

"Too bad," he replied sympathetically. "I was just going to ask you to play tennis tomorrow. Tell me, are you good at the game?"

"Fairly so," Bebe admitted with a bit of wonderment. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I'm not. Moreover; I always bet. It's the gambler in me. Branson can prove that. Branson!" Morrison called suddenly, "Come here! Tell Miss Laurens what a terrible tennis player and gambling fool I am."

Branson laughed: "Right you are. Only this morning, Bebe, I took his whole fortune from him. Strange fortune for a man to have—this woman's cigarette case." He drew the case from his pocket again, looked at it casually, then strolled off.

"Do you understand what a gambler's chance I was taking?" Morrison asked.

Bebe looked up and smiled: "Do you always lose?"

"What do you think?"

She linked her arm in his: "I think we ought to go back up there and see if I've left anything else!"

Tod Morrison needed no further urging: "Come along; little devil!" he commanded, and added, "I hope the water won't be quite as cold as it was last night!"

"What if it is?" was Bebe's insouciant

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reply, "There's always the sun, and always——"

The sentence was left unfinished; but one might deduce its conclusion from the fact that Bebe's vacation period was extended. Indefinitely extended!



(Continued from page 30)

him, and for a delicious, maddeningly-short few minutes they reached heights of love and bliss that were little short of divine.

HALF AN HOUR LATER Mary stirred in his arms. Pillowing her curly black head on his breast, Jack looked down at her, running his hand delicately yet lovingly, over her snowy, soft contours that pecked up at him roguishly. Mary looked up at him, drew his head down to hers; a little, warm, vibrant tongue turned his body to white heat again, while a pair of soft red lips sank into his. Disengaging her lips

from his, she looked invitingly, coquettishly into his eyes:

"Kiss me some more, big boy," she whispered, "the night's young yet!"

WHEN JACK jumped off the train in New York that Fall his brother looked at him, and grinned. "Well," he said, chuckling, "you don't look very rested from your visit to Uncle Joe."

"Rested!" exclaimed Jack. "Say—you don't know these country gals!"

(Continued from page 16)

good. If not, let him take his punishment. I hope I've made myself clear?"

Goldie nodded in a daze. The well-laid plans of Epstein had gone to total smash! It was a case of rob the robber, and she felt her thunder completely silenced and stolen.

Unconsciously, Goldie crossed her legs, permitting the wool skirt to slip above her knees. Gone was all attempt to be sedate. C. C.'s eyes wandered to the long, shapely stretch of silk clad legs then back to Goldie's pretty face.

"Personally," he said, "I don't see why Kirk refuses to marry you. I think you're an extremely charming girl."

Goldie jumped to her feet. "Are you making fun of me?" she demanded. Once more she was the old Goldie, with a chip on her shoulder.

C. C. shook his head. "Hardly, Miss King," he said. "I really do think you're charming. Supposing we have dinner together this evening and talk this matter over. Possibly, after knowing you a little better, I can use my influence with Kirk to better advantage."

IN HER MOST daringly abbreviated gown, the bodice of which just managed to cover her pouting nipples and failed utterly to conceal the upper curves of her white breasts, Goldie sat across the table from C. C. Williams, multi-millionaire

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GEORGE WANDRIE, 3959 Concord, Detroit, Mich.

and cotillion leader. She had suggested a tiny hide-away in Chinatown where the chances of his being recognized were slim.

"I repeat, Marion—er—Miss King," he said, "I think you are extremely personable." His eyes centered on the spots where her nipples punched out the satin cloth. Goldie could feel the ruby tips hardening under his gaze.

"You may call me Marion—or Goldie," she whispered.

GUS EPSTEIN slammed the telephone receiver down on its hook. "Still busy!" he snarled, stepping out of the hot phone booth. "Who in hell can that dame be talking to?"

Kirk Williams replaced the telephone receiver down on its hook with a trifle more gentleness. "Her line's been busy for an hour," he said aloud.

Stretched on the divan, Goldie twined her arms around C. C. Williams' neck. Her parted lips, damp and full rested against his mouth. A tiny pink tongue darted hither and thither with delicious abandon.

On the table, the telephone receiver was off the hook!

(Continued from page 10)

She sank wearily against the cushions and told her story as they drove along. Arrived at her residence, she said: "You may as well come in."

Barry accepted the invitation with alacrity, and as he helped her off with her wrap, he said: "Are you sure he won't be coming home tonight?"

"Sure!" she answered. "Even though he does wake up eventually, the blonde will see to it that he doesn't come home!"

Sommers slipped his arm about her waist and drew her tenderly to him.

"You know, don't you, Sweetness, that you and I are just like that?" He held up two fingers of his right hand and crossed them meaningfully.

She turned her head, smiling into his eyes. Then she said: "Which makes the best husband, a man I marry for his money, or a man who marries me for love?"

"That's easy," Barry replied. "I can answer it without speaking a word!" And he crushed a kiss to her lips. . . .

(Continued from page 3)

hair, and can write a letter that will make them wiggle. No foolin'.

Sincerely,
Robert Trevor.

General Delivery, Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I would like to see this letter published in the "Between You and Me" department of your "Spicy" magazine. I am a steady reader of your magazines. They're wonderful.

Every once in a while I would like to relate my experiences to someone. I would like to "spill" these to anyone of the "beau sexe" who is ambitious enough to answer this letter.

I am 20 years old, 5 ft. 11 inches tall, with brown eyes and hair. I go to college, and was a varsity football player in high school.

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Sincerely yours,
Joseph Schuman.

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Dear Editor:

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If there are any of your girl readers who would like to correspond with me, I should love to have them.

Sincerely,

Lorraine Chauvier.

Dear Editor:

I like your mag. very much and wish you lots of success. I have to depend on getting it from friends as they don't sell it in our city.

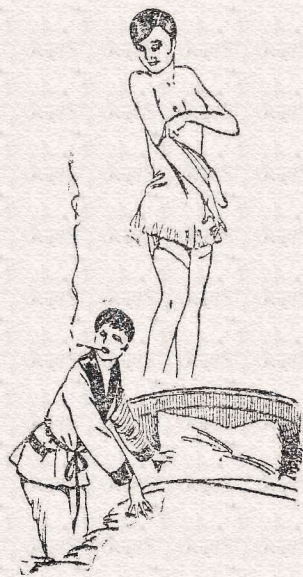
This is the third time I have tried to break into print, and hope I am successful this time. If possible, please print this in your next "Spicy."

I am free, white and 21. 6 ft. tall; weigh 140 lbs. Have black hair and brown eyes. I would like to hear from girl readers. Can write a peppy letter and promise to answer all who write.

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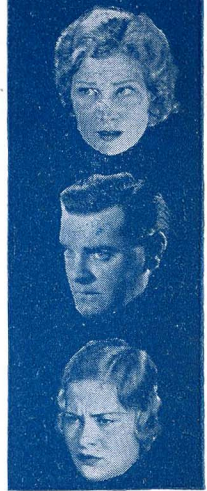
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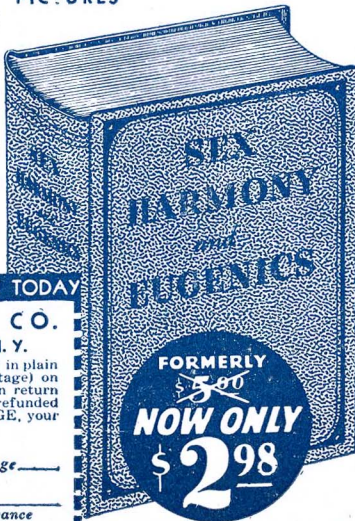
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