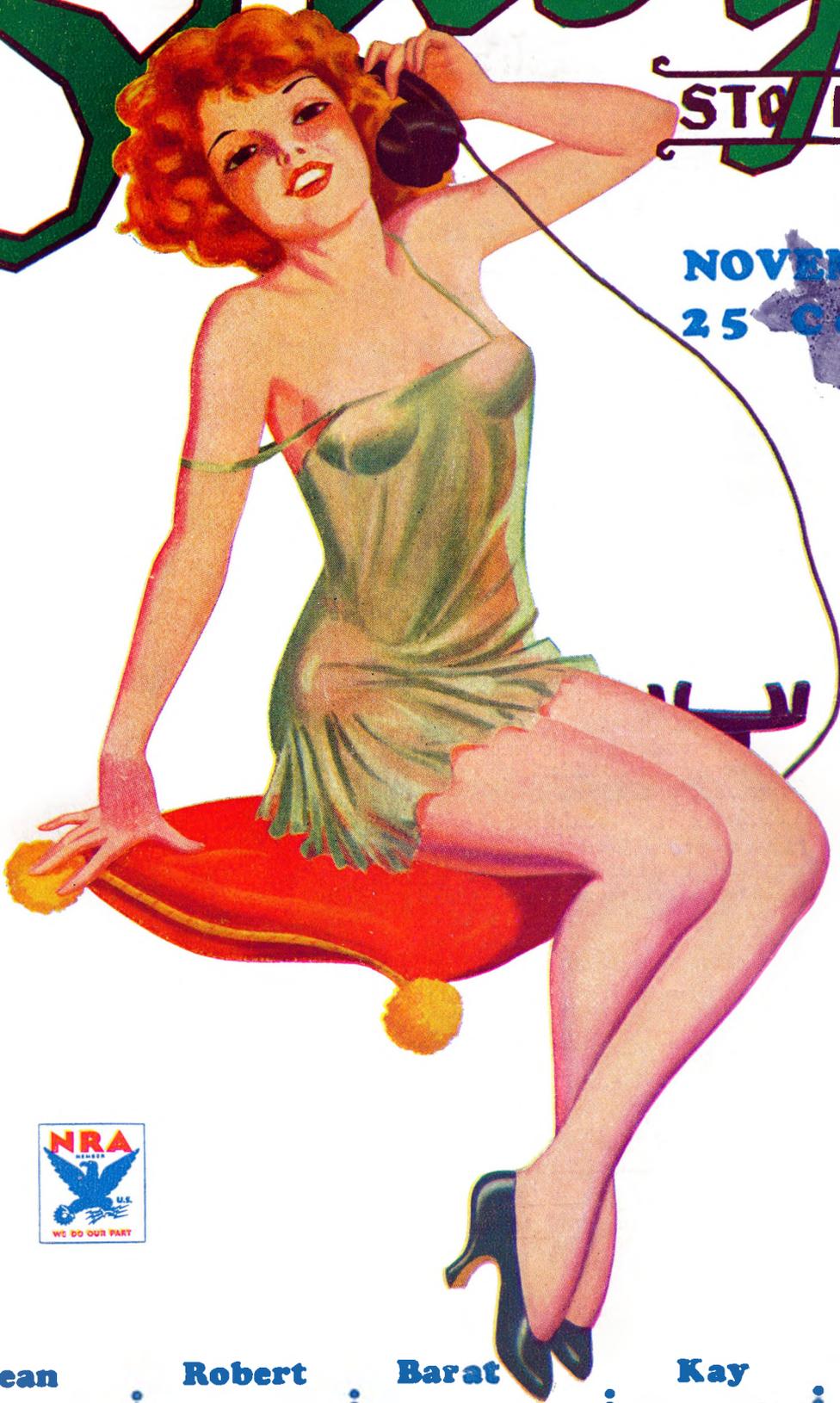


Spicy

STORIES

NOVEMBER
25 CENTS



Jean
Maxwell



Robert
Dumont



Barat
Lewes



Kay
Carroll



Wallace
Knapp

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of women have
found this the easy way

TO REDUCE

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For 10 Days At Our Expense!

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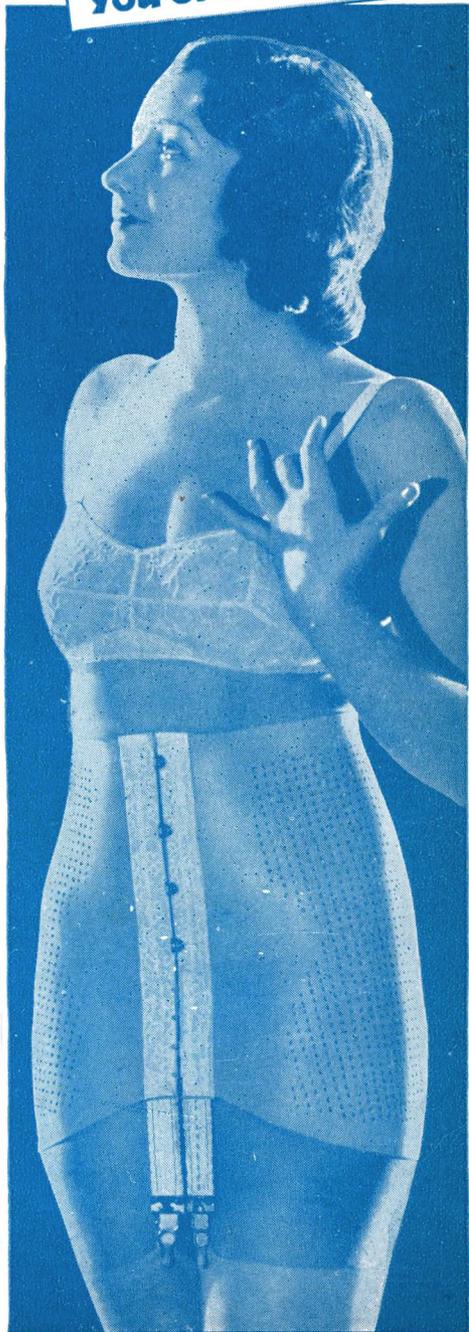
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WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
OR
IT WON'T COST
YOU ONE PENNY!**



Spicy

STORIES

Chuck full o' fun

November

1933



Volume III

Number 11

PEPPY STORIES

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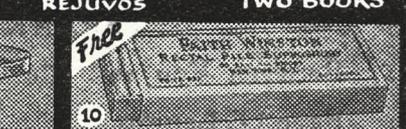
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FAITH WINSTON, Dept. DG 11, 122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Between You and Me!

Dear Editor:

Spicy Stories is the spice of life and believe it or not I never paid any attention to your contribution column.

I just read the one of February and am interested in Miss A. H.'s letter. I disagree with her about the girls' pictures being horrid because we men like a display of feminine charms.

I do believe that the magazine should give the girls a break with some masculine figures. Those girls that posed for the pictures on pages 30 and 45 of the February issue are a treat and a letter from them wouldn't be sneezed at.

If Miss A. H. wants a mannish picture I will be pleased to draw her one.

I believe man's philosophy of woman comes from contact in any manner, shape or form.

Yours truly,

Pete Roberts.

3705 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of *Spicy* for quite some time and still look forward to it.

I believe I enjoy Kay Carroll's work the most. But they are all good.

This is my second attempt to break the readers page. Of course I realize you must receive quite a number of such attempts.

I am free, white, 24, and anxious to hear from some of your girl readers.

Sincerely,

Jack Regier.

Care Gen. Del., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Editor "Between You and Me":

Just another ardent reader with a well-earned word of praise for your truly spicy magazines. They certainly are a bright spot in these trying times.

Would you kindly print this in your column as early as convenient as it is a request for Pen Pals, girls from 16 to 25 years pre-

ferred. I am 25 years old, 6 feet tall, slender build, dark hair and complexion, and gray eyes. Have been a sailor, aviator, professional baseball player and wanderer. Traveled extensively in U. S., Mexico and Canada and through Panama Canal. Can promise spicy and entertaining letters. I also write, having contributed to the waste paper baskets of some of the best known magazines in the U. S.

Thanking you and wishing you and your magazines every success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Walter W. Burnett.

4492 16th Street, Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:

Just finished reading September number and so enjoyed it. "Between You and Me" is a very fine department. I read every letter. I, too, think like "Maude C.", a few spanking stories or real experiences would be very popular.

Hope your magazine grows.

Mrs. J. E. D.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading *Spicy Stories* for the past few months, and I enjoy them very much.

I am a soldier way up here in the far north, and I wonder if you would put this letter in your "Between You and Me" section in your *Spicy Stories*?

I would like to correspond with some pen pals of your readers. Especially some girl that likes to write letters.

I am 21 years old, 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weigh 180 pounds. Have smooth dark hair and brown eyes. I will answer all letters, and exchange snapshots if they wish.

So come on girls, get your paper and pens out, and write me a letter.

Sincerely,

Pvt. John Felix.

Co. E, Seventh Infantry, Chilkoot Barracks, Alaska.

(Please turn to page 63)

“Business Before Pleasure”

BY
JEAN
MAXWELL



“Is . . . the . . . door . . . locked?” she asked.

THERE was a smile on the thin red lips of Alma Fantelle as she sat at her desk in The Fantelle Shoppe, reading a letter which lay on the blotting pad before her.

“Audrey Monroe must be undergoing a mental rejuvenation!” she thought. “Fancy her ordering an interior decorating job like this! . . . Her latest and most exciting gigolo must be putting ideas in her pretty head!”

The letter was postmarked at the Monroe summer camp in the Catskill Mountains, and it contained detailed instructions for the re-decoration of the city apartment that the Monroes occupied in the autumn, until, with the first snow flurry, they flitted to their winter home at Miami.

“Darling Alma:” the letter began. . . . All her feminine acquaintances were darlings to Audrey, and it made no difference whether the connection was a business or a social one. . . . She gushed, just the same!

“I am enclosing the keys to our apartment,” she wrote. “I would love to have you drop in there soon and look the place over, with a view to making any changes in fur-

nishings that your marvellous judgment may dictate before we return to the city the latter part of this month.”

“My marvellous judgment!” Alma snickered. “Audrey, you’re a born flatterer!”

She read on:

“You can do anything you like to all of the rooms. . . . The only thing I have to suggest isn’t really a suggestion, it’s a demand, and it is this: The bedroom, *my* bedroom, darling, must be done in the style of sweet Marie Antoinette’s boudoir. . . . I saw a picture of it the other day in a book of French memoirs, and I’ve been covetous ever since. . . . Do me a real bizarre bedroom, won’t you?”

Alma laughed outright. “Audrey wants to be loved in the atmosphere of a royal courtesan. . . . Her new gigolo must be a type!”

On went the letter:

“The bathroom must be done in black-and-gold, with beveled mirrors everywhere, walls, ceiling, floor, *everything!* . . . I read the other day that Patricia Reynolds, the movie star, has such a bathroom, and it intrigued me, it *really* did! . . . I must have one!”

Alma smirked. “I wonder what old Henry Monroe will say when he sees my bill? . . . He’ll probably say nothing, just tap Audrey on her perfumed shoulder and smile. . . . It’s great to have a husband who indulges the slightest extravagant whim of his wife, especially when he knows, or should know, that her

boy friends and girl friends are going to enjoy the result far more than he ever will!"

The letter closed with a torrential gush:

"I trust you, darling, very much more than I do myself, venturesome thing that I am. . . . I do, I mean, I really do! . . . You're such a darling! . . . I can scarcely wait until I see the wonderful way in which I know you are going to execute this assignment. . . . Yours, as ever, Audrey."

There was the inevitable postscript:

"Oh, darling, I almost forgot! . . . Henry says that you mustn't touch his bedroom or his library, because he is perfectly satisfied. . . . Just like a man, isn't it? . . . He *would* say that! . . . Well, I'm not satisfied with things as they are in my own rooms, so do a ducky job, *please!!!*"

Alma flicked the letter with a polished fingernail.

"Leave it to me, Audrey Monroe! . . . I'll make you gasp when you get back to town! . . . And my bank account will be enriched by a sizeable check from old Henry."

She pressed a button on her desk, and, to the boy who bobbed into her private office, she murmured nonchalantly:

"Tell Mr. Satterwhite I would like to see him at once."

She was smoking a cigarette, thoughtfully, when the young man she had summoned entered the room. He was immaculately garbed, tall, slim, a masculine fashionplate!

"Anything new?" he asked, sauntering over to Alma's desk. She tossed the letter across to him.

"I want to see your eyes pop open when you read that order!" she said.

Dick Satterwhite read. . . . His eyes only gleamed, but his grin was very broad as he muttered:

"Phew! . . . Another fat check from the Monroes!"

Alma laughed. "I'll say it will be fat!"

"But we redecorated the place only this spring!" added Dick.

"You know Audrey Monroe!" said Alma, carelessly. "She has everything done over every time she hooks a new gigolo."

Dick glanced at the letter again. "A Marie Antoinette boudoir, and a black-and-gold bathroom completely mirrored! . . . Audrey

wants to imagine she is a king's favorite, I guess."

"She can imagine anything she likes, Dick," remarked Alma. "And we'll give her something to rave about, won't we?"

Dick chuckled. "And we'll give Henry something to rant about, too, when he gets the bill."

Alma shrugged. "He won't complain! He lets her do just as she pleases, and why shouldn't he? You remember the apartment we decorated for one of his many sweeties not so long ago."

"It was a swell job, too!" replied Dick, proudly.

He selected a cigarette for himself, and hitched on to the desk, bending over Alma.

"We'll be able to take that winter vacation at Palm Beach, won't we?" he whispered.

His partner's seagreen eyes winked lazily, and she raised her face to meet the kiss that sought her tenuous lips, while a long, slender finger poked its way into the inordinately deep schism between plump breasts that hung on her torso like honeydew melons, clearly outlined beneath her silken blouse.

With a laugh, Alma drew away from him after the lusciously moist kiss had spent its breathless force, and she patted his cheek lovingly as she whispered:

"Certainly we'll run down to Florida, honey! . . . But, always remember, business before pleasure!"

He grinned again. "You're right, as always."

"We'll make out a list of purchases for that bedroom and bathroom," Alma went on. "She is specific enough about those two rooms! . . . Then we will run over to the apartment and take a look around the suite. There'll be plenty of things we can do in the way of new draperies and so forth to add dollar signs to the bill."

"Whether or not anything is needed?" smiled Dick.

"Audrey Monroe always needs new things!" laughed Alma. "New lovers, new decorations, new thrills!"

Dick seized her by the arm and pulled her over to a wide couch that stood between the curtained windows of her office.

"You work entirely too hard, Alma!" he

suggested. "On the strength of this order we surely can relax for a few minutes!"

She let him draw her down on the couch, his fingers fumbling with the catch on a lace brassiere while his other hand caressed the smooth warm skin of the thigh that peeped from above her gartered stocking.

Sighing, she gave him her lips, murmuring: "Is . . . the . . . door . . . locked?"

"Of course, precious!" he breathed, huskily, as their arms entwined passionately.

The breeze from the open window frisked Audrey Monroe's letter from the desk, and it fluttered to the carpet unheeded. . . . Silence reigned in the office, to be shattered by a soulful gasp and a tremulous moan as problems of interior decoration faded momentarily!

APPROXIMATELY three weeks later, Audrey Monroe stood in the doorway of her remodeled bathroom, uttering squeal after squeal of delight and clapping her hands. Her enthusiasm was like the gleeful exultation of a pampered child over the possession of a new toy, rather than what might be expected from a woman whose adolescent days were but a dim and distant memory of the long ago.

"Just too gorgeous for words!" she exclaimed.

Audrey had just arrived from her summer home, traveling alone to the city because Henry Monroe had decided that he wished a few more days of trout fishing and golf.

Ordinarily, Audrey would have remained in the country until he was ready to leave, but she couldn't contain herself when she received word from The Fantelle Shoppe that her instructions had been carried out and the redecorated city apartment was awaiting her occupancy. She had bestowed a wifely kiss on Henry's cheek, and, with a murmured: "*See-you-later-darling!*" she deserted the mountain camp, leaving her maid to attend to the packing.

Without pausing to remove her hat or gloves, she had passed through the rooms, noting various changes, artistic touches here and there, until she reached her own bedroom, which had been converted with the speed of a magic wand from a modernistic spot for sleeping and resting into the old-world charm of a Marie Antoinette boudoir.

Audrey's exclamations were enthusiastic enough as her restless blue eyes flashed over the ensemble, but it was when she stepped to the arch that now formed an alcoved doorway to the bathroom that her pleasure became spasms of ecstatic rapture.

The fixtures were of shining black marble, with gold trimmings, otherwise the room was paneled, ceilinged and floored with the glassy mirrors that she desired. Her own reflection came back to her from every angle of her glance. The sunken bathtub was a black splotch in the mirrored floor, giving forth the musical trickle of water constantly flowing in and out in the manner of a swimming pool.

"Divine!" gasped Audrey, then she giggled:

"I'd be satisfied to spend the rest of my days in here . . . with proper company, of course!"

Back into the boudoir she hurried, whisking off her gloves and hat as she walked, bringing to light the heavy mop of ashe-blond curls that were the result of frequent visits to a hairdressing salon. With Audrey, disrobing was a matter of only a few moments. She was never overburdened with clothing. Now she removed a pink linen tailored suit, a silken chemise, stockings and slippers, which left her unadorned save for the hugging clasp of the satin brassiere that performed the three-fold purpose of controlling, uplifting and pointing the voluptuous fullness of her breasts, twin promontories of rounded magnificence that sprang from the valley of her bosom and dominated her softly curving torso.

With the removal of that brassiere, the effects of a thrice-a-week massage and unremitting tender care could be seen. . . . The way in which such heavy globes of solid flesh were separately poised indicated that the sagging, drooping tendency of mature sinews had been thwarted by the expert toning and grooming of a masseuse's hands, plus the aid of oils and creams that kept the pink skin youthfully supple and firm.

Slipping her feet into satin sandals, she glided snakily through the portals of her bathroom, oval hips and blue-veined thighs mingling in seductive undulations, while there was a barely perceptible quiver to the jutting roundness of her breasts.

Audrey's ripe lips parted in a smile of

witchery as she stood at the edge of the sunken bathtub. . . . Her nudity seemed to be more nude in that mirrored room. . . . Dozens of times her soft contours were pictured, from every possible angle of vision, giving the impression that she was looking at a collection of photographs of herself.

"That's why some movie stars like this sort of a bathroom!" she thought. "They can see

it seemed, her hands were pressed to the yielding mounds of her breasts. . . . Rosy-hued nipples stiffened at her touch, and slowly her fingers traversed the firm solidity of the area surrounding each bud.

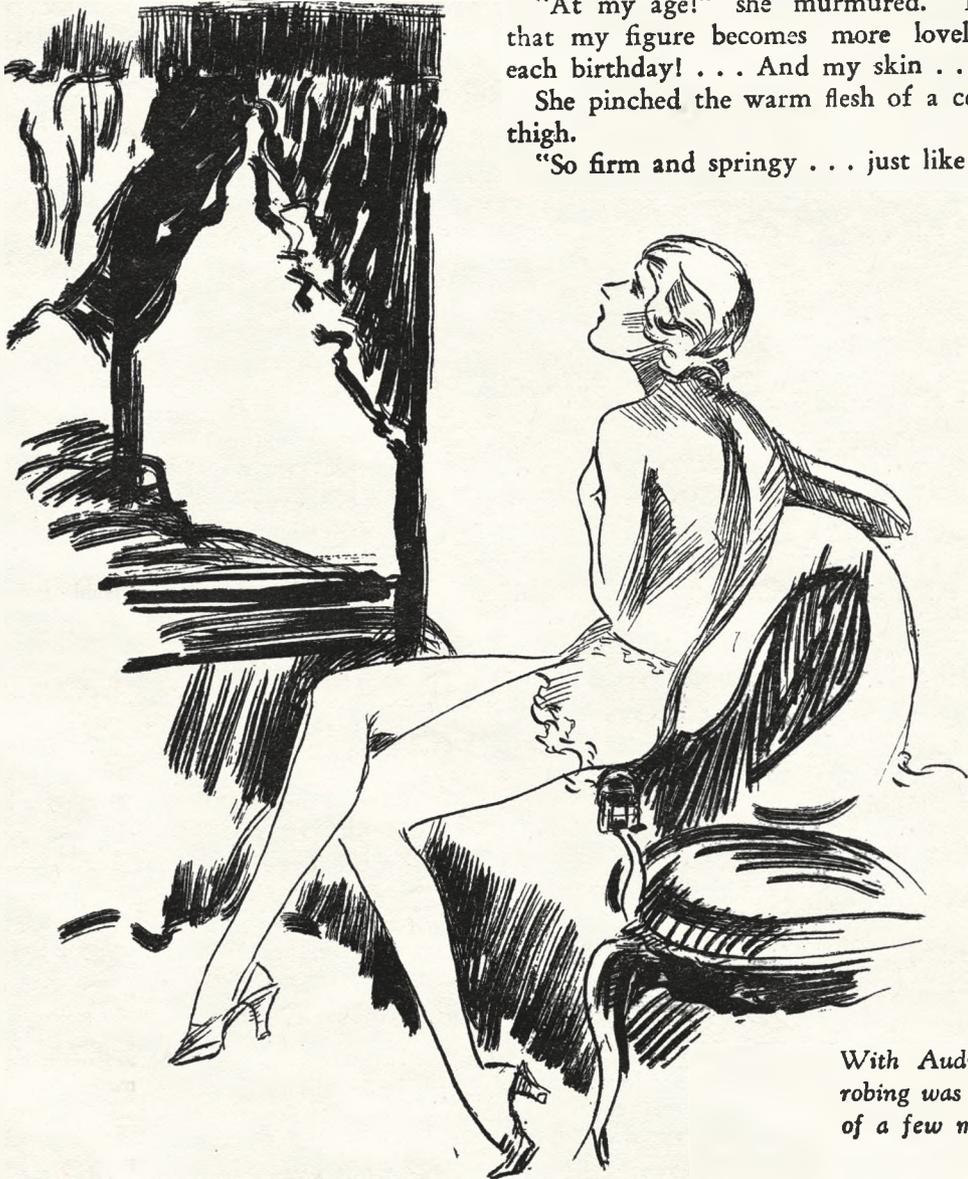
"Not many of them have what I've got!" she boasted. "And that's a fact!"

Up and down the silkiness of her skin her hands were now wandering, and she tingled to the contact of sensitive fingertips.

"At my age!" she murmured. "It seems that my figure becomes more lovely with each birthday! . . . And my skin . . . !"

She pinched the warm flesh of a columnar thigh.

"So firm and springy . . . just like a kid's,



With Audrey, disrobing was a matter of a few minutes.

themselves in such intriguing postures. . . . And I've heard that they actually have photographs taken like this!"

Audrey's eyes traveled from her toes to the curly crown of her head, and automatically,

I think. . . . But that's due to the masseuse at the beauty shop, I suppose, and not to me!"

Back to her breasts her hands flew.

"Look at these beauties!" she said, exultantly. "I don't know of anybody who has as

fine a pair! . . . Alice is ten years younger than I am, and hers hang down like long-necked gourds. . . . Betsy is a mere child when compared to me, and hers are shriveling already. . . . Virginia has a pair that are prettily shaped, but they're so small. . . . Hazel's are large, but, heavens, I've seen cows with more shapeliness. . . . Tessy is as flat as a pancake

time. . . . He's a nice chap. . . . He deserves a break once in a while. . . . Some evening at a country club dance I'll take a stroll with him on the lawn and introduce him to the delights of fondling that *is* fondling. . . . If he ever got his hands on these, Tessy would be out of luck sure enough. . . . But I'll just tease him!"

Then a thought zipped contrarily through her mind. "But maybe he doesn't like flesh. . . . He may prefer 'em flat. . . . If so, he's a fool, though they say there's no accounting for tastes!"

The rosebuds were now projecting their sweetness with ardent and thrilling crispness. Audrey plucked and tickled them until they were almost bursting.

She giggled mischievously.

"That little Polly Manton has a marvellous pair, but I'm old enough to be her grandmother! . . . When she grows up, she *will* be a beauty! . . . I must warn her to take care of them. . . . So many girls neglect themselves and lose the loveliness that nature lavished upon them. . . . It's a shame to see that happen. . . . I'll invite Polly to tea some afternoon and bring up the subject! . . . Maybe I'll even let her see herself in my mirrored bathroom, after a few cocktails!"

Audrey immersed her toes in the water. "So cool and refreshing!" she whispered. "The temperature is just right!"

Then her thoughts whizzed to Alma Fantelle. "She is certainly the wonder of the world when it comes to interior decorating. . . . And, thinking of figures, hers is the nearest approach to mine of any grown woman I know. . . . I wonder if she is as pretty undressed as she is when she is all dressed? . . . Alma and I should become better acquainted. . . . I think I'll ask her up this afternoon to thank her personally for the wonderful work she has done here, and I don't suppose she'll have any objection to a dip in this cool tub with me! . . . She likes cocktails. . . . And, speaking of that, I wonder if the supply of ingredients is exhausted? . . . I've been away all the summer!"

Audrey tripped out to the pantry and tiptoed to open the doors of a cupboard. There she saw many bottles of assorted sizes. An experienced eye noted labels and brands.



Her eyes traveled from her toes to her curly hair.

there, so flat that I don't believe her hubby knows what a nice breast feels like!"

Audrey laughed and winked at her reflection. "I must give him a play at mine some

"Plenty!" she whispered. "Alma and I shall have a cocktail party to dedicate my new bathroom." She laughed. "And, later, there'll be another with Philip. . . . He simply *must* see this gorgeous layout, and maybe he can be persuaded to relax beside this tub like a Roman noble of old! . . . I'll play the part of the slavegirl in attendance!"

Audrey's eyes sparkled. "That'll be fun!"

Into the tub she stepped, letting herself sink below the surface of the water until her ash-blond head was the only clearly visible part of her. But as she wriggled to let the tepid water caress her, the rosy buds on her breasts appeared above the water line.

"I must call Alma right away!" she thought.

Opening a tiny door built into the glass wall by the side of the tub, invisible unless one knew that it was there, and knew how to open it, she picked up a telephone receiver.

"Alma, darling!" she gushed, when a cool voice replied. "I don't know how to thank you. . . . It's beyond words. . . . I'm simply crazy about it and I want you to drop in for a cocktail this afternoon. . . . You know, just to wish me luck. . . . Okay? . . . About two o'clock? . . . Splendid! . . . I'll expect you, darling! . . . 'Bye!"

Audrey stretched out comfortably, causing little wavelets that lapped against the buds on her breasts.

"All the brainy women I know are like physical sticks!" she mused. "I've simply got to find out if Alma Fantelle is really as lovely as her gowns make her appear!"

Her hand reached out for the telephone again.

"Darling Philip!" she cooed. "I suppose he has missed me terribly! He doesn't even know that I'm back in town again!"

The "hello" of the masculine voice made her smile.

"Phil!" she murmured.

"Precious!" he replied. "Where are you?"

"In town!"

"Really?"

"Absolutely!"

"I'm aching to see you, honey!"

"So am I!" Audrey's flushed tongue caressed the mouthpiece of the telephone. "Can you come up this afternoon? . . . There's something I'll have to show you! . . . No, not two o'clock, darling! . . . Oh, just because! Make it four o'clock! . . . Fine! . . . Until I see you, here's a kiss!" She made a swishing sound with her ripe lips. "'Bye, and don't be late!"

Audrey placed the receiver on its base.

"It'll be a busy afternoon!" she smiled, moving her legs lazily under the water. "Very busy, indeed!"

ALMA FANTELE hung up her telephone and smiled cynically. Then she buzzed for Dick Satterwhite.

"You haven't sent that bill to Audrey Monroe?" she asked.

"Not yet!" he replied.

"Well, hold it!" she murmured. "I'm going to her apartment at two o'clock. . . . She wants to thank me in person. . . . She ran into town today to look at the place!"

"Does she like it?" queried Dick, eagerly.

"Silly!" whispered Alma. "She's so delighted that I may double the amount of the bill! . . . I'll let you know tomorrow!"



Christened Don Juan

BY

WALLACE J. KNAPP

DONALD KENNIGREW JOHNS sat in his shiny taupe roadster, watching the afternoon promenade from the campus toward town. To the array of ankles and calves he paid little attention for he was waiting for Peg Schuyler, leading light of Lowater College.

But before she got out of her class in the Botany Building, across the street came the wife of Professor Davila, her arms full of bundles. Especially Spring-like and lovely she looked, so that with a sudden inspiration Johns vaulted over the door. He approached her, bareheaded and with a light in his eyes that made girls believe he considered them the reincarnation of Helen of Troy and the Queen of Sheba, all rolled together.

"May I play chauffeur?" he suggested, letting his admiring gaze play over what was undoubtedly a beautiful body. The student body had frequently voiced its opinion that, even if old Pedro Davila let himself be bluffed in class, when it came to women, he knew his *senoritas*. And as one of the honor students in Spanish, Donald Johns had frequently met Mrs. Davila in Spanish circles and at her home.

"I *do* look like a truck wagon," she agreed, giving him part of her parcels.

He preceded her to his car and threw open the door, and then everything happened at once. A gust of wind snatched a notebook out of the back of the car. As he tried to seize it, he jostled the lady beside him who dropped one of her smaller packages. She caught it before it reached the ground, but something on her sleeve snagged the hem of her skirt, and unknowingly, as she reached over to put her load on the seat, she raised her scanty skirt high enough to reveal a pair of perfect legs, covered only to the knees by sheer hose. For a brief instant Don had a vision. Like a cocktail, it gave him a great hunger for more.

He ushered the flushed Mrs. Davila into the auto where her piquant turban over jet black

hair and sparkling black eyes made her look very adorable. Then he retrieved the wind-blown notebook. By the time he had gone around to his side of the car, she had settled herself in her seat, but by accident (or was it design?) that rebellious skirt had slipped sufficiently high to prove her modern enough to roll her stockings below her knees.

"How about going home through the lower campus?" he asked, and not waiting for either an answer or Peggy Schuyler, he slipped in the clutch, whirled the wheel, and was off down a side street.

Out of sight of everyone, where the road ran between arching elms, he suddenly rolled open the windshield. The air, sucking down into the car, billowed out the clothes of the lovely woman beside him. He put out his right hand to hold them down, only somehow it missed the dress entirely and rested on a beautifully rounded thigh that quivered at his touch.

She pushed her garments down over it, but for a moment left the exploring hand in place. However, as he tried to inch up higher, both her hands rushed to dislodge it. Johns did not insist. By now they had almost reached the main road. He swung into traffic, and a moment later the car drew up beside the apartment house where the Davilas lived.

"No. Don't!" she whispered as he began loading his arms with her bundles.

"Sure. I'll be glad to give you a lift."

"Not this time. Besides, what would people say?" Her voice was a little breathless.

"What's wrong about my carrying a few groceries up for you? And who would know it, anyway?"

"Anybody who saw your car outside."

"Then I'll park it around the corner."

She moistened her lips, then she shook her head. The hand that dropped over hers as she reached for the groceries lingered there a little while. At last with a hesitant laugh she roused herself. But so slowly did she move

that he was around on her side, helping her out, almost before she touched the handle.

"*Hasta luego*," he whispered. She was no Spaniard herself, but she knew he was promising to see her in a very little while. She just raised one quizzical eyebrow, thanked him for the ride, and went into the house.

With every evidence of nonchalance, the senior lounged back into his seat and let in

had replied in his squeaky voice and murdered English that "Eet would be emposee-blay," because there was a faculty meeting that afternoon. If he could not see el Senor Davila, why not content himself with la Senora Davila? If her actions a few minutes before proved anything, such a call might have its interesting moments.

With a quirk of his lips, he swung back,



He feasted his eyes on a curving back that made his mouth water!

the gear. Where should he go? It was now after three o'clock, too late to go back after Peg. And then another thought struck him. That morning he had tried to get an appointment for a conference with Prof. Davila, to see about writing a report instead of taking the last examination in Spanish, but the man

found a parking spot a block from the apartment, and left the car there. Then, pausing only long enough to get a large box of candy, he tucked it under his arm and passed through the same door that had swallowed her barely fifteen minutes before.

Up to her rooms on the third floor he

climbed unseen and knocked at the door. There was a wait of a long time. He knocked again. Finally the door opened slightly and he caught her sharp intake of breath as she recognized him. Behind him he heard footsteps ascending the stairs, so he pushed inside and shut the door noiselessly.

"But what—what—?" She no longer wore the jaunty turban and skirt. She had slipped into light blue lounging pajamas, sketchily covered by a blue and white kimono.

"You must have dropped this," he told her, holding out the box.

Almost in a daze she took it and felt of it, before she thrust it back at him.

"That isn't mine. You know it isn't. Take it and go."

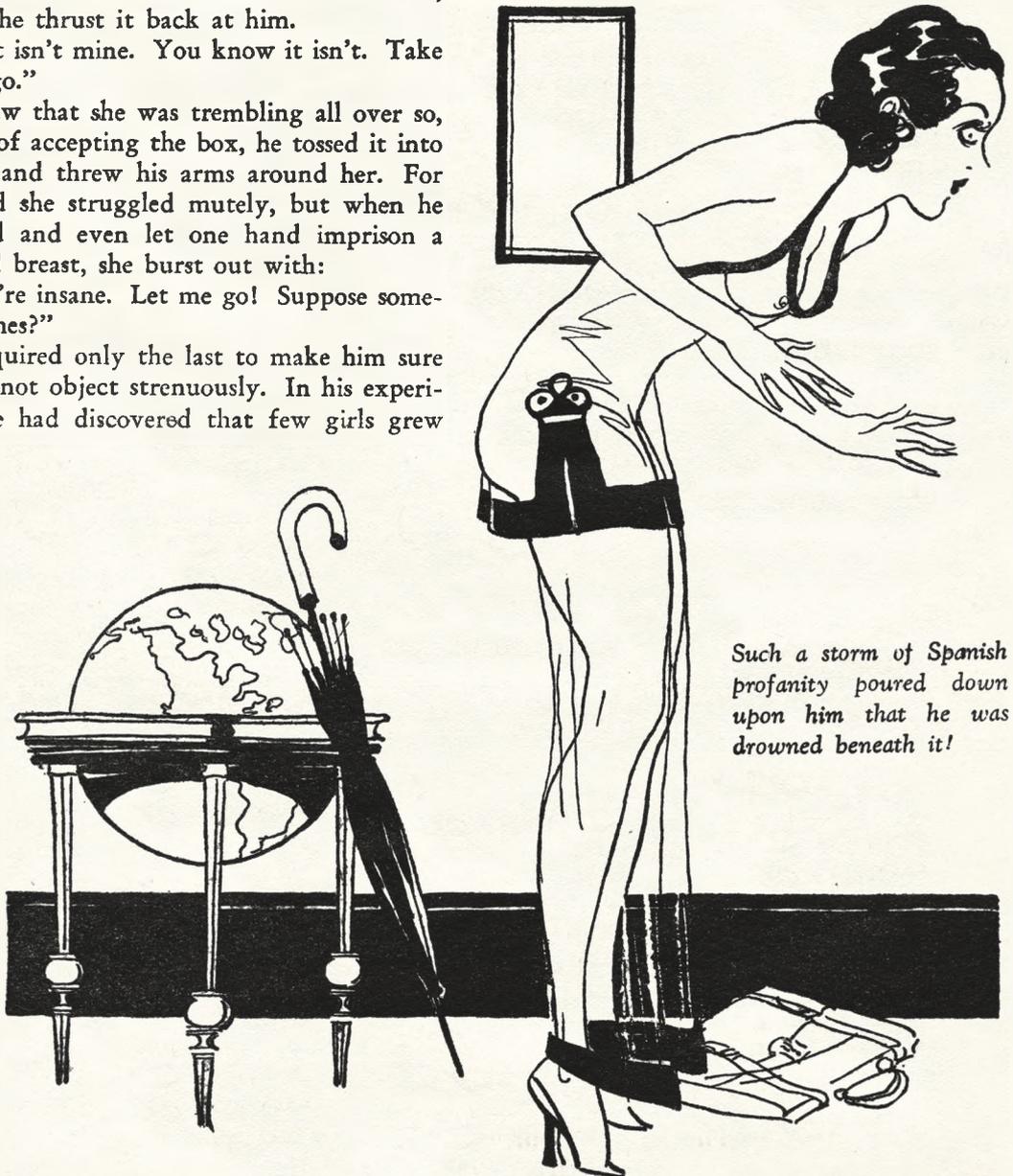
He saw that she was trembling all over so, instead of accepting the box, he tossed it into a chair and threw his arms around her. For a second she struggled mutely, but when he persisted and even let one hand imprison a rounded breast, she burst out with:

"You're insane. Let me go! Suppose someone comes?"

It required only the last to make him sure she did not object strenuously. In his experience, he had discovered that few girls grew

tremendously insulted if the lovemaking were sufficiently skillful.

"Don't be afraid, dear!" he whispered, his voice a little husky now. "No one will come. Lock the door and let's visit." Since he covered her mouth with kisses, she could not well answer, and when she made no objection, he reached out and thrust home the bolt. Then an agile hand dropped inside the pajamas. He felt her thrill, and only his restraining arm kept her from falling. After a delightful interval manipulating a firm breast, he picked her up and carried her over to a sofa.



Such a storm of Spanish profanity poured down upon him that he was drowned beneath it!

"It feels lovely," he breathed in her ear while his other hand was slipping the pajama strap off her shoulder. For a moment she fought him, but he conquered her with a kiss that found tongues battling until she surrendered. Like a veil pulled aside, the pajama fell from a conical mound of ivory, tipped

with a cherry already hard and outthrust, and so tempting that his lips dropped instinctively to pluck it.

He buried his face in the valley between her breasts, and then his mouth getting drier, he dared more. The pajama dropped to her waist.



"But this is madness!" she cried, pulling herself away. "Pedro will be home any moment."

"He has a faculty meeting after his last class." The knight errant could talk, even while his hands were exploring farther.

Suddenly, when he was within sight of victory, she seized her slipping garment and broke away from him. He followed, recognizing the room into which she had escaped as her bedroom. By the time he reached her, she had almost repaired the damages, but the battle began all over again.

Off one shoulder, down over a luscious breast, bidding farewell to a shell-like navel, slipping over a glistening hip, the light blue pajamas rustled softly as they reached the floor. And over them stood such a vision as he had never seen. She buried her face in her arms and pressed hard against the wall, as though trying to conceal herself, but as he ripped off his shirt so violently as to send a couple of buttons flying, he feasted his eyes on a curving back that made his mouth water.

In no time he was in the same Adam and Eve primitiveness that she was. He approached her and slowly, gently, turned her to face him. Then she pressed against him so that he could still see nothing of the charms of the front of her body. His hand dropped down her back, and gently patted the rounding surfaces he found.

Still she clung to him. He picked her up, laid her tenderly on the white counterpane of her twin bed, and stepped back to admire. But again she rolled over and he saw nothing but her back. Over he turned her, this time restraining her while his avid lips rained kisses upon her. And she, gasping, closed her eyes. When he could stand it no longer, he threw himself upon her.

Sharp teeth buried themselves in his shoulder. Frantic fingers clutched at him. Then a long, breath-taking sigh, and both relaxed.

"You were named wrong!" she whispered as she lay in his arms. "You should have been Casanova or Don Juan. Why, you are! Donald John, Don Juan. You are—"

Then came a violent pounding at the apartment door. Both leaped up. The newly christened Don Juan, perfect lover, threw his clothes on as quickly as any fireman ever

dressed. And the senora slipped into her pajamas.

There was only one way out of the apartment. All he could do was to hide in the bedroom until Mrs. Davila got rid of the visitor, so there he remained, putting the last finishing touches to his attire while she opened the door. And then his heart sank. He recognized that piping voice, that torturing of the English language. Pedro Davila had come home.

"But I thought you were—at a—a meeting, Pedro," the woman mumbled.

"It ees true, but I am verry eell. I could not to go. I want only that I lie myself in bed."

Donald Johns swallowed hard. It was all up! But the girl still used her brains.

"Come on into the kitchen, then, dear, and I'll make you some *yerba mate* to drink." From the sounds, she was even trying to pull him, but the man was stubborn.

"I want the bed."

Johns looked for a hiding place. There was the closet. The door wrenched open under his frantic hand. But something on the floor tripped him as he sought concealment. There was a metallic clatter and he fell headlong.

Before he could get up, the door crashed open again and Professor Davila glared down at him with so demoniacal an expression that Donald was terrified for the first time in his life. And such a storm of Spanish profanity poured down upon him that he was drowned beneath it and could not understand anything but a couple of "Sin verguenza!" the fighting epithet among Spaniards, and that, he surmised, was the mildest thing the frantic teacher called him. Donald learned what Spanish temper was.

"If you will let me explain," he began, trying to scramble to his feet, for he could not very well argue tangled in stockings, dresses, and shoes. But Pedro Davila needed no explanations. He had read too many of the triangle novels of his native literature to fail to suspect what had happened.

A man hiding in the closet, a tumbled bed. What need for words, after that?

"But you are jumping to conclusions," Donald tried to explain. "It was all very simple. You see—"

"I see I keell you!"

"What for? Because I did you—or rather Mrs. Davila a kindness?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I was in a store when she called up and wanted something in a hurry. The man could not deliver it at once, so I offered. And when I got here, she had been taking a siesta." He gestured toward the bed casually. "I brought them in and was just getting ready to leave when I heard somebody coming upstairs. I knew everything was innocent, but what would somebody think, seeing me come out of your apartments and your wife, in—well, like that, at the door? I stepped back and closed it. Then the knock." He was getting more fluent as he went along. He saw holes in his story, but he hurried on. "I hid in the next room till she could get rid of whoever it was, and it was you. So you see nothing happened. You wrong both of us if you think anything else."

Those Spanish triangle novels usually depict the detected villain breaking down and confessing. This was so different that the fiery Spaniard hesitated and looked again at the bedroom. Luckily Donald had seen one of his shirt buttons and was concealing it under his foot.

"Where ees that wheech you carry to here?"

"It's in the kitchen, dear." His wife spoke for the first time. "He brought it from Siegfried's."

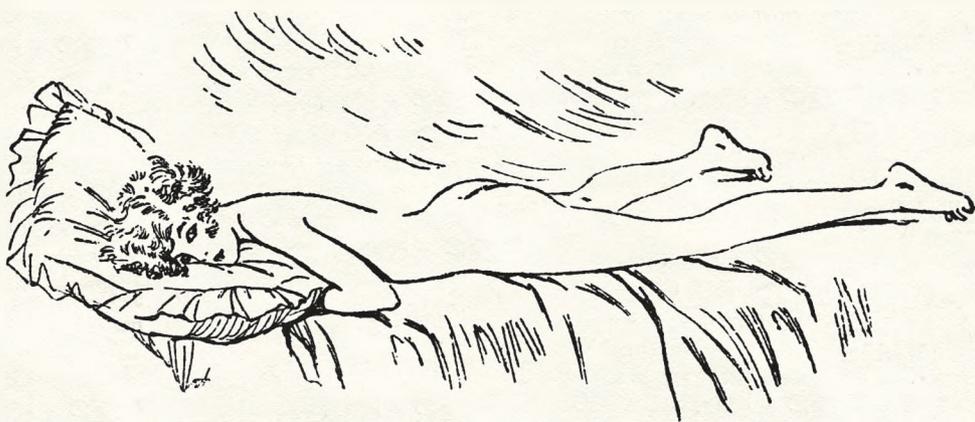
Again the Latin grunted. Whether he believed the flimsy story or not, Donald Johns could not be sure. Perhaps he believed because he wanted to. Anyhow,—"Eef I find you lie," he muttered, "I keell you!"

Donald Kennigrew Johns took that as his exit cue. Old Davila meant what he said. Lowater would certainly be a dangerous place if the jealous husband found out. And he was very likely to. If he happened to inquire about the senior's reputation, he would soon discover that Don Juan was a good name for him. And right then Johns made up his mind to go somewhere, anywhere. He felt cramped. Why not New York? Why not Europe? He had plenty of money.

"Goodbye," he said with a side glance at the lovely senora.

"Goodbye," she replied, "and—thank you." She added two words he could not distinguish. But as he raced down the steps, he was pretty sure she had again called him Don Juan.

Well, if she was satisfied, he was. The world was ahead of him that early day in Spring, and far horizons were calling.



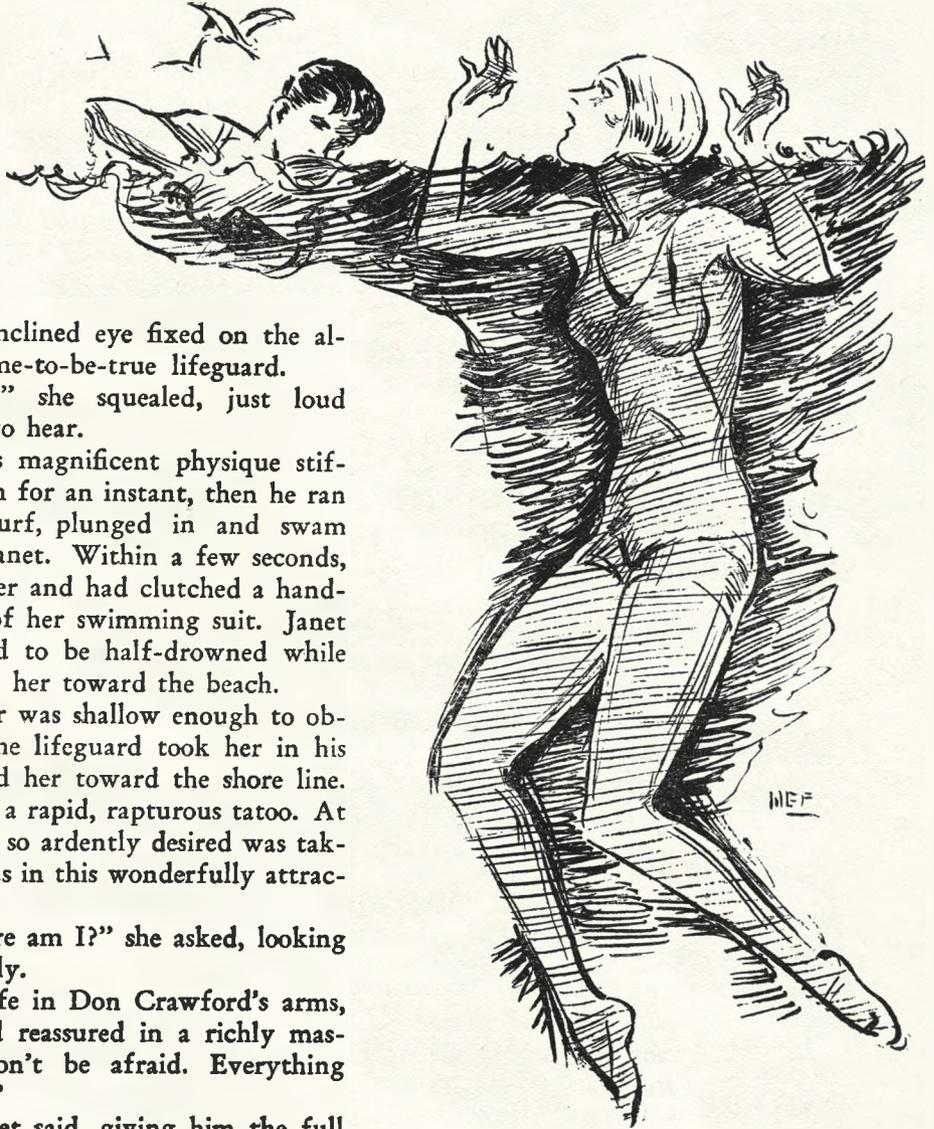
You Can't Make 'Em Good By Contract!

BY
ROBERT DUMONT

JANET floundered about in the water, cleverly imitating the struggles of a swimmer in distress. Meanwhile, she kept one

ened to her inclinations, she would have slipped her arms up about Don Crawford's neck and kissed him then and there. Instead,

"Help! Help!"
she squealed.



alert, naughtily-inclined eye fixed on the almost too-handsome-to-be-true lifeguard.

"Help! Help!" she squealed, just loud enough for him to hear.

The lifeguard's magnificent physique stiffened to attention for an instant, then he ran into the foamy surf, plunged in and swam rapidly toward Janet. Within a few seconds, he had reached her and had clutched a handful of the back of her swimming suit. Janet craftily pretended to be half-drowned while her rescuer towed her toward the beach.

Once the water was shallow enough to obtain a footing, the lifeguard took her in his arms and carried her toward the shore line. Janet's heart beat a rapid, rapturous tattoo. At last what she had so ardently desired was taking place—she was in this wonderfully attractive man's arms!

"Oh—oh, where am I?" she asked, looking about bewilderedly.

"Right here safe in Don Crawford's arms, girlie," the guard reassured in a richly masculine voice. "Don't be afraid. Everything will be all right."

"I'm not," Janet said, giving him the full benefit of her devastating eyes. "I—I feel so safe in your arms!"

Actually, Janet was entertaining much more hectic emotions. Her whole being was athrill with amorous impulses. Had she list-

she snuggled her head closer against his shoulder and sighed her happiness.

"You are so big—so strong!" she murmured, winking her eyelashes provocatingly.

Don looked down at her keenly, searching-

ly. A faint understanding smile curved his firm lips.

"I'll be off duty in half an hour," he said persuasively. "And I was thinking of going in my little coupe way out along a deserted section of this beach with a bite to eat and a bottle of *vin rouge* and some sparkling reading matter, to get away from it all. But since I've seen you, I've realized it would all be so dull and stupid by myself. Please say you'll come—before that crowd waiting on the beach get hold of us!"

Janet vacillated a moment. Then she recalled the purpose of her visit to the beach resort—an escape to some spot where she could spread whoopee uncurbed. And, too, those strong arms pressing her close to a broad chest were caressing, tantalizing.

"You may call for me at my hotel in half an hour," she finally said softly, little flickers of naughty promise in the depths of her eyes.

This madcap date with almost a perfect stranger was just about what might have been expected of Janet. There was something in her that clamored for adventure, amorously flavored, something that had a suggestion of playing with fire in it.

Perhaps because she was not yet quite nineteen, there was all that bewitching youth can impart in her dazzling smile. Auburn-haired, violet-eyed, with a straight little nose that would have made a sculptor crave to reproduce it, and a crimson little splash of a mouth he undoubtedly would have been wild to kiss, a figure that displayed stunning curves in a swimming suit, she had, almost overnight, with her first feature picture, made the movie fans all hot and bothered about her.

It may be that success and a fabulous salary went to Janet's head. Be that as it may, the parties she commenced throwing in her Beverly Hills mansion made even blase Hollywood gasp. Finally, though, when she landed in court as the result of a raid on a notorious night club, the producer who signed the paying end of her contract did more than gasp at the ensuing newspaper notoriety. He fairly bellowed.

Consequently, Janet had perforce to sign an agreement stating that the very next slip on her part would annul her contract, which catastrophe would have been rather disastrous for

poor little Janet. The silken caress of riches had become a necessity with her. She had fumed for months in drab loneliness unenlivened by the zip of whoopee.

And then, at last, she had been struck with what she had considered a bright idea. Why not slip away incognito to some gay spot and indulge her propensity for cutting up?

No sooner thought of than done. That was Janet's way. Within forty-eight hours, she was occupying the best suite in the ritziest hotel at Golden Sands with her trusted companion-secretary.

And within the next twenty-four, she had spotted Don Crawford. He was so good-looking that it gave Janet shivers up and down her spine to look at him. His brief swimming suit, upon which was lettered, *Lifeguard*, disclosed a brawny form of statuesque proportions, with bulging muscles that rippled under his coat of tan. On the screen, his face would have been his fortune, Janet felt certain, for the features were strong, masculine, in perfect proportion, his hair close-cropped and tawny, his eyes a piercing, flashing gray. A veritable super he-man!

It had been but a matter of minutes for Janet to land her man by pretending that she was drowning. . . .

The deserted spot along the beach to which Don took Janet proved to be all that could be desired in so far as privacy was concerned. From the oily swell of the ocean's gray-blue stretched sand dunes that terminated in thick woods.

They ran about, chasing each other about like playful puppies, then, tired, bright-eyed, they sat down to partake of the lunch Don had brought. Janet took one, two and finally a third glass of the *vin rouge* with her sandwiches.

Gradually a liting abandon began to flood through her. What did she care for that old producer and his stupid contract? Hollywood itself seemed a million miles away. What matter that Don was a mere lifeguard? Regardless of who or what he was, his hot, bruising kisses were rapture, his crushing embrace an ecstatic hurt. This was what she had yearned for during all those months of dull abstinence.

"Who are you? What are you, darling?"

Don breathed against the soft peach-bloom of her cheek. "You aren't just an ordinary girl! You know how to play the lover's role too well for that. You remind me of a white rosebud, but I know now that you're really a full-blown red rose!"

"I am living only for today, this wonderful hour, my precious!" Janet said tenderly. "Why should we go back into the yesterdays or look too far forward into the tomorrows? Kiss me!"

"Darling, darling—" Don muttered unsteadily, his torrid lips following hers as the flaming aureole of her hair sank slowly, submissively to the sand.

But at that instant, the noise of a car's engine beyond a clump of sand dunes caused them to straighten up from their embrace and listen intently. Voices soon became audible, one high-pitched and feminine, the other a deep, rich baritone.

Presently there emerged from behind one of the sand dunes a strangely assorted couple. The platinum-blonde slip of a girl was wearing a daringly brief green swimming suit, while the elderly, paunchy bald-headed man accompanying her was attired in a swanky one of red and white stripes.

Their behavior was, to say the least, kittenish. The girl would trip away over the sand, pursued by her companion. Ever and anon, she would stop, run around, and wait for him. Then he would shower her with kisses, on her slim shoulders, on the arched column of her throat, on the wanton crimson streak of her mouth. Very obviously, a good time was being had by all.

"It's the little public stenographer at the hotel!" Don whispered.

"That man with her—he mustn't see me! It would ruin me!" Janet gasped.

"Aha, a phantom out of your crimson past!" Don jibed.

"No, no." Janet explained impatiently. "He's the big movie producer who has me under contract. If he catches me out of Hollywood and way over here, mixed up in an escapade like this, it'll mean my finish! He made me sign to that effect!"

"Old meany!" Don commented, grinning. "Wait, let me get a snapshot of this before we slip away. It's too good to miss!"

He secured a small kodak from the things he had brought along and focused it for a snapshot at a moment when the paunchy individual and his fair companion were locked close together in a passionate embrace. Then he and Janet slithered away unseen among the sand dunes until they reached his car.

Janet was so furious she could have bitten a piece out of the windshield. Old Stronsby, of all persons, to pop down here at the beach resort! Did he suspect her and was he on her trail, she asked herself, all atremble with apprehension.

Now she must be extremely careful to tread along the straight and narrow. Indeed, she even considered immediate flight as the safest course. But she had fallen for Don from sky-high, and she hated to leave without experiencing the full bliss of his expert love-making. It was really Don himself, however, who decided the matter.

"I'm living in one of those little cottages up the beach. How about a nice, two-some dinner tonight—just you and me. I'll have some eats sent from one of the restaurants. And I think I can safely promise that that fat old satyr and his blondie plaything won't intrude on us this time!" he proposed.

"Simply marvelous!" Janet cooed. "Come for me at eight. I'll wear a veil so that old Stronsby won't recognize me."

That night, in Don's cottage, everything was like a beautiful dream to Janet. They ate the delicious dinner seated by a small table set before a crackling aromatic little wood fire in the wide fireplace. Only one tiny shaded lamp lit up the interior of the room eerily, seeming to bring them even in greater intimacy.

The meal over, the last sip of wine sipped, Don seated himself on the thick rug before the fireplace, and held out his arms toward Janet.

"Come, darling, let's look at the funny faces in the coals. You may see your future husband," he suggested enticingly.

"I already know what I'd *want* him to look like. I've seen his very image," Janet said meaningly. "Big and strong and unbelievably handsome."

Don chuckled and crushed her close. His clinging, possessive kisses covered her pulsat-

ing throat, her fluttering eyelashes, her tremulous, passion-bedewed lips.

"Only you and I here alone, precious," he said ardently. "It makes me feel as though we're the only two people in the world—a world in which we had been created only for love!"

Janet knew how he felt. She, too, was conscious only of a strong primordial, amorous urge toward this man. Outside the moonlit

Crooning exultantly, Don held her closer and closer in a frenzy of ardor. . . .

The first intimation they had that anyone was in the room with them was when the yellow swath of a flashlight limned them starkly. They sprang to their feet, startled, incensed. Don switched on the full lights.

"Well, Janet, you incorrigible madcap, I've caught you red-handed now! Your contract is off!" It was old Stronsby's snarling voice.

"Just a moment," Don said, stepping forward to confront the intruder. "It was just poor Janet's luck that you'd come down here



He would have been wild to kiss that little red splash of a mouth!

sea broke on the beach with a muted roar, which blended with the tumult of passion surging in her ears.

"It's divine being like this—just we two alone!" she breathed against his lips.

to see if you couldn't reconcile me to posing before your cameras, even though you knew that what I was interested in most was winning swimming championships, at the very time when she had come here for a little fun.

And another stroke of bad luck befell her, I guess, when you walked in without letting the—er—butler announce you!"

"I've warned her, and she's signed a contract to quit her monkeyshines," old Stronsby growled.

Don secured a photographic print from the table, the one depicting old Stronsby cavorting on the beach with his slim plaything.

Stronsby, *pere*, gaped like a fish out of water at sight of the print.

"But—but—" he floundered.

"That's agreed upon then," Don went on glibly. "Now, as to behavior in the future, I think I can answer for that. I know she'll be a good, faithful little wife after she's agreed to love, honor and obey—"

"Oh, Don!"

"Only you and I are here alone, precious!" he said.



"Couldn't this—er—possibly induce you to come to some kind of an agreement, dad? I imagine that if I took this picture to my step-mama, even though she's not so crazy about me, it would make her all hot and bothered," he drawled.

Stronsby stole out without another word. He was clever enough to know when he was beaten. And, besides, he was feeling decidedly out of place there while two lovers were exchanging their betrothal kiss with a fervor that embarrassed even him.





"Ever hear of the fellow who wasn't an engineer and yet—"

"Yet what?"

"He started a girl off on the wrong track!"



PRUDENT PETER THINKS THAT HEAVEN MUST BE A PLACE WHERE A GOOD GIRL DOESN'T HAVE TO YELL "STOP!"

Flapper Fanny told us she was out with a jockey last night.

"How did you know he was a jockey?" we asked her.

"Because," she said, "every time he kissed me he held on to my ears!"



"Did you hear about that nurse at the hospital?"

"No. What about her?"

"She gave a patient temporary relief and then went for the doctor!"



"Helen's calling her new boy friend 'Dissipation'."

"Why?"

"Oh, because he's beginning to tell on her!"



Slim: "My girl wants to know if it's okay for her to go out and get herself tight as a drum. What say you?"

Slam: "It's fine — as long as she doesn't faw down and go boom!"



Beautiful Bertha says she thinks it takes a lot of strength for a gorgeous girl to play strip poker all night long without a single let-down!



Last Fling

BY

EDNA HELENE CASTELLIC

GERALD WILLIS, fat, bald and fifty, charged angrily into an elevator in the Read Building, in San Francisco, barked, "Sixth floor," to the natty attendant, then scowled at a man who bumped his shoulder a little. Mr. Willis was in one of his periodical black moods that came every time his wife, and two grown daughters, asked for checks, as they had done this morning. They treated him, he thought, like he was the United States Mint instead of just a comparatively wealthy man; and, he would have told you at the moment,—an old man, and very tired, and through with life. And tender emotions.

And then the elevator chose to stop instantly between the fifth and sixth floors, flinging everyone rudely together. After Mr. Willis recovered his breath, and while the operator proceeded to fuss with some gadgets, Mr. Willis turned to apologize to whomever it was he had been made to walk on by the sudden halt.

And there he encountered a pair of black, long-fringed, dreamy eyes that were leveled directly into his, and the apology stuck in his throat. He was suddenly aware of jet black hair pulled tight against creamy white skin, and full, sensuously inviting lips smiling above even white teeth. Years dropped from Mr. Willis like faded leaves from a tree, and when she laid her hand on his arm,—well, it had been *years* since he had felt that warm, pulsating glow sweep over him.

While they stood thus, close together in the stalled elevator, life was reborn to Mr. Gerald Willis, and he was not exactly surprised to find himself suggesting they have lunch somewhere together; nor was he particularly astounded to hear this utterly ravishing creature accept his invitation. After all, wasn't there a sort of compelling fascination about a dignified, prosperous man of fifty?

When the stalled lift was finally persuaded to move again, Mr. Willis had forgotten the fact that he had started up to see his broker

on the sixth floor. He wasn't even sure he was entirely conscious. He felt, in fact, as though he had been enveloped by some glorious, mysterious magic, in a rosy, warm haze, where material things, like brokers, wives, daughters, and yes, check-books, were forgotten.

He floated on thusly until he found himself actually seated across from this lovely young woman in the seductive seclusion of a private, doored restaurant booth. Too, he was suddenly aware of her foot, which, he had noticed through his daze, was expensively shod, was touching his with a subtle, caressing movement, and his blood pressure raced up in nothing flat.

Time passed, as Time will; and he was back in his office trying to attend to business; but remembering only that he had promised to call on the black-eyed lady in her pent-house apartment that night.

When he remembered, too, the thirty odd years he had been faithful to his wife, he impatiently thrust the memory from his mind. After all, a man was entitled to live a bit. Wasn't he generous with his family? Wasn't he always writing out checks for them? Good fat checks, too, by golly! It was different with a woman. She was old at fifty; but a *man*

And so the argument went on with his conscience (only he didn't think of it in that way), far, far into the afternoon; and it was nearing five o'clock when he finally summoned the moral courage to phone Mollie, and tell his first serious, marital lie. A man from out of town, he explained, a big customer, etc., etc.

And he wondered why, when he replaced the phone, he was damp with perspiration.

Stopping at a florist's later, he bought roses, red roses; and a box of candy tied with a big bow, and started out for Jeanie's pent-house with all the studied nonchalance of a youthful Don Juan. The elevator boy grinned when he emerged from the lift. "You'll have to

walk up that short flight of stairs over there," he said. Then, with a wise wink, "and she'll be waiting for you in a black lace negligee." The elevator door closed abruptly behind him, and Mr. Willis was quite alone.

He stood, for a moment, in perplexed uncertainty regarding the place where the impudent elevator boy had been, then tossing the youth's remark aside as gawkish, stupid wit, he climbed the stairs, and with a heavenly sensation of young devilishness, pressed the bell.

In a moment the door was opened, and Jeanie stood before him, smiling, magnificent, in a revealing, clinging, *black lace negligee!*

For just an instant Mr. Willis had the insane, premonitory desire to run. Run fast! Then she had his arm, and against his own volition, he was being propelled into a pillow-bedecked room; where eerie-looking, long-legged dolls held sway. He studiously avoided looking at that lace thing that clung to her beautiful form, like paper to a wall. Somehow he managed to give her the roses, and the candy.

"Ooo!" she cooed, with pursed-up lips, "you are a darling! For all this, I shall kiss you, thus—like this." She did! Like *that!*

The floor went out from under Mr. Willis. The next thing he knew he had her in his arms, and was kissing the bareness of her white shoulders, and was thinking that up in this pent-house, high, high above the world was just about as close to Heaven as he'd ever get. Gone was the earthly world below. Gone was everything, except this exhilarating warmth that had flooded his being with fire, and made him believe that life, after all, was not all finished for him.

"The minute I saw you step into the elevator," she was saying, as she drew him down beside her on a divan, "I knew you were the man for me. Your distinguished bearing entranced me immediately." She slid her hand caressingly about his neck, and toyed with the short hairs on the back of his neck. That soothing movement made his spine crawl pleasantly.

Distinguished! Now, here was a woman who appreciated him.

"I'll mix a little cocktail," she said, and added with a naughty wink, "that'll put zip into you."

Mr. Willis grinned. "Why not?" He wasn't, in fact, a drinking man, but he guessed he could hold one cocktail without getting light-headed. She was smiling at him in a tantalizing way, while she deftly mixed a drink in a glass shaker that had cocky red roosters strutting over its surface. This was the life. This was a damned sight better than handing out checks to greedy women! Whoever coined the phrase, "it's the woman who pays" obviously, in Mr. Willis' opinion, had never been married. Or so Mr. Willis had found it to be from his experience. He remembered sadly that all his life he had handed out checks.

And now this exquisite, lace-clad creature was touching her glass to his with a startling little click. "To a warm evening," she toasted airily.

The amber liquid burned a path right from Mr. Willis' lips clear down to the very bottom of his tummy, and tears stung his eyes. He tried to be nonchalant. "Swell stuff!" he said.

"I'll say it's swell. Just off the boat," she assured him; and he wondered, for a minute, if that gleam in her eyes was amusement. But no, she couldn't have seen how poorly he downed that fiery drink. He was instantly reassured.

She snuggled up close to him, and pulled his arms around her. Her dusky eyes seemed to burn into his. "Tell me, sugar papa," she murmured in a low, husky voice, "where have you been all my life?"

The whiskey warmed his veins. "Gosh, Baby," he said deprecatingly, "you don't really think I'm that swell, do you?"

"Sweller!" She wrinkled her face up in what Mr. Willis thought was an awfully cute little way, to emphasize the word. "Honestly, you're just plain smooth-looking. You've got me completely floored. Absolute knock-out! I suppose you think I'm terribly brazen telling you how crazy I am about you, but . . ."

"I kinda like it," grinned Mr. Willis above his pouchy tummy. And wondered if all whiskey was that strong, and made you feel so sort of, well . . . *detached.*

The scantily-clad girl in his arms heaved a great sigh. "I suppose, though, you're married. All the nicest men are. It's just tough on a lonely girl like me."

Mr. Willis didn't want to tell her about



faithful, dowdy Mollie, but the drink had loosened his tongue, and the first thing he knew, he was telling all about Mollie, and even his daughters, and the way they were always shaking him down for money, and had, in fact, that very morning, been given generous checks by himself.

She was so sympathetic. Here was a woman who understood him. She poured another drink. "You poor darling! But you'll always find there are women in this cruel world who will just prey on the kindness of a good man like you."

He nodded, miserably. The second drink was sending a queer flush over him, and he was beginning to feel very strange. He frankly admired her svelte form. Something he would have shrunk from doing previous to those cocktails. In fact, Mr. Willis hadn't thought about forms in years. Mollie was kind of tied in the middle, like a sack of flour. But he spoke of Jeanie's form with a cast of desire in his eye.

"Like it, sugar papa?" she purred.

"Crazy about it, Baby. Now take my wife . . ."

"You take her," interrupted Jeanie, leaning toward him. "I don't want her."

That struck the now slightly giddy Mr. Willis as being a very, very funny remark, and he laughed uproariously, letting his hand slide down the expanse of her partly revealed back. "Nice little back," he cooed babyishly. "Gives papa nice l'il thrill."

Jeanie smiled crookedly, but Mr. Willis was too preoccupied poking his chubby fingers through the large, lacy holes in the back of her negligee, to see anything but the gleaming white flesh beneath the lace. He was not, however, too befuddled to be momentarily shocked, and a bit flattered, at the way his dormant youth was returning to him.

Suddenly he took the fascinating, warm figure in his arms, and kissed her passionately; kissed her as he had forgotten how to kiss a woman. "Baby!" he moaned hoarsely. "Oh, Baby, you've got me half-crazy!"

She lay back in his arms, soft, acquiescent, smiling through dusky half-veiled eyes. He held her close, fiercely. She coughed violently. . . .

The door to the apartment flew open, and a

man, tall, dark, and ominous, stood in the aperture, arms akimbo, brows pulled together, darkly menacing. "So!" he hissed.

Jeanie cried out, and jumped up from the divan, leaving Mr. Willis palpitating, and extremely frightened. "Who . . . who . . ." he stammered, "are you?"

"I'm this woman's *husband*. And for two cents I'd beat the hell out of you."

He was advancing in a threatening manner, as Mr. Willis unconsciously backed away, and looked, not unconsciously, around for a door through which he could escape. But there was none. Only that door that stood, now shut, behind the man who wanted to beat hell out of him. Mr. Willis dragged a large handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his perspiring face. Paradoxically, he thought, at that moment, of Mollie's fat, comforting arms.

However, he forced his thoughts back to the present situation, for the man was saying something that sounded like old-fashioned blackmail . . . "and unless you want your name, and the story of this evening splashed all over the front page of the morning paper, you'd better write me a check for a couple thousand."

"But . . . but . . ." blurted Mr. Willis, "I can't . . ."

"Oh, *yeab*? You can't do it, eh? O.K. brother, O.K. But don't say I didn't warn you. Now get the hell out of here!"

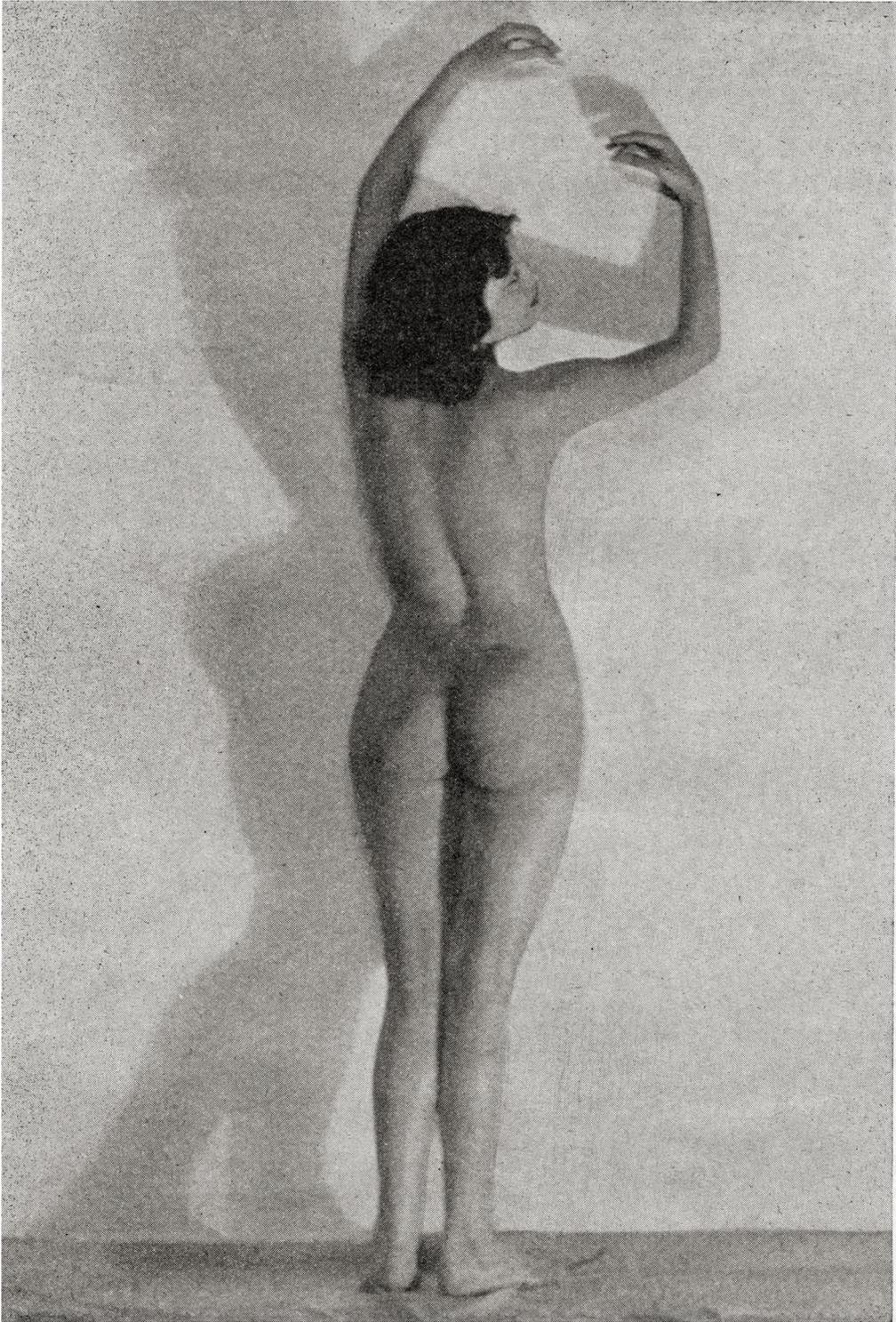
Mr. Willis knew this was blackmail. Saw as plain as the stubby, red nose on his face, the clever trap he had walked into. Just like some country lout. A feeling of revulsion swept him. Idiot that he was. Old fool! Thoughts surged with lightning-like speed through his harassed mind as he walked slowly, and dejectedly, toward the door. Gone was the fleeting youth that had, for a brief time, returned. Gone, that warm, pulsing ecstasy. He was just an old fool of a man. Very tired, and terribly through with life. He wanted nothing in the world right now but Mollie.

He turned to the door, and looked at the girl who had betrayed his trustfulness. Gone, too, was her fascinating loveliness. She was regarding him with a cold, sneering brittleness.

"Don't forget," she was saying to the man

(Please turn to page 61)





I'm Waiting For You!

BY

VIRGINIA TERRY

THERE were certain things, Wilbur decided, that could not be done by radio.

When he arrived at this conclusion, he was sitting in front of his own fireplace, listening to his own radio and drinking his own Scotch, which a friend of a friend of a friend of his was quite sure had originally come from Canada.

He had consumed quite a bit of the Scotch when he listened to the announcer of the *La Jolie Club* broadcast their nightly program, and with a wistful sigh and a deeply brooding melancholy Wilbur thought morosely of the complete frustration of radio audiences. They could hear, but alas, they could not see!

The announcer drew a word picture of Little Dixie Dolly of New Orleans with a graphic description that made Wilbur's nerves tingle. Through unlimited space, from a night club in New York to Wilbur's fireplace on Long Island, came *La Jolie's* message:

Radio friends, Dixie Dolly is with us again this evening—with a brand new song and a brand new costume. And by the way, speaking of costumes, don't forget that at the model's ball last spring, Dixie Dolly took first prize for the most perfect figure of the season—and does this costume only give you the opportunity to find out why she got that prize. Such legs—such hips—such—oob—

Radio censors would not permit the announcer to further elucidate on Dixie Dolly's charms, but Wilbur's imagination sketched in the details. From the hips, his mental eye traveled upward to firm, rounded hills of joy. Snow covered mountains with the coral kiss of the sun on each lofty peak.

The announcer signed off and Dixie Dolly began her song, "I'm Waiting For You." Wilbur poured himself another drink. The song went straight to his heart. He pretended to himself that she was singing just for him.

The idea fascinated him. He looked at the clock. It was just twelve-twenty. The night was young. The next *La Jolie* show would go

on at two o'clock. Plenty of time to run into New York and answer Dixie Dolly's "I'm Waiting For You" in person.

For the next half hour Wilbur hustled about getting dressed and getting fortified with several more drinks of his Canadian Scotch. By the time he climbed into his roadster and headed towards the city he had never felt better in his life.

So that, when Wilbur entered the *La Jolie Club* an hour later, he was somewhat surprised to find that the announcer had exaggerated the amount of mirth and gayety which, according to the radio broadcasts, simply bubbled over at *La Jolie*. It was a new club, and it looked as if it might have been a total flop had it not been for Dixie Dolly.

A few couples, too tight to care much, cuddled against each other in booths, a desperate gleam in their eyes—a gleam of determination to be happy and frivolous—no matter how painful. But Wilbur had not come to see the suffering guests. He had come to see Dixie Dolly.

He ordered himself a ringside seat. He ordered himself a ginger ale set up. He dug beneath his coat for a pint of his Canadian import. He flipped a roll of bills under the waiter's nose, under the captain's nose, under the nose of a tough looking bozo who might possibly be the owner of the club. And so, naturally, with the entrance of Wilbur *La Jolie* came to life as if by magic.

True to the announcer's promise at precisely two, Dixie Dolly made her appearance. As Wilbur had a ringside seat and the larger portion of the club to himself, it was not hard for Dixie Dolly to see Wilbur, or for Wilbur to see Dixie Dolly. It was, Wilbur told himself, with a warm thrill of pleasure, love at first sight.

She sang as before: "I'm Waiting For You." But this time Wilbur could see as well as hear. He watched the snaky rhythm of her body as she swayed to the low, minor, throb of the orchestra. Her bare legs, bronzed for the sum-

mer season, kept time to the music, though her tiny feet never left the dance floor. Her hips, smooth and perfectly contoured, undulated with a sensuousness that suggested plenty to Wilbur and sent stabs of fire through his body.

In a frenzy he gulped down some Canadian import (straight) and permitted his eyes to rest on the lines of her breasts as they molded into her body. Their soft pink tips were cov-

ered with a diaphanous drape which only enhanced their charm.

The perfect mounds of delectability were not white as Wilbur had pictured them in his Long Island home. It was late summer and the sun had turned them a glorious, richly tinted bronze.

Dixie Dolly finished her song with a final, jerky rhythm which made her inspiring curves quivers of ecstasy.



Wilbur motioned dumbly to a waiter. He scribbled a note on the back of his card and with a five dollar bill handed it to the waiter.

The next ten minutes were the longest Wilbur had ever spent. He took another drink (straight) to brace himself. Would she come? Would she be distant and aloof or would she—could he—well!!!

She came. She came in a simple gown of virginal white. Soft, flowing material enhanced her young, girlish charm. And when she sat down at his table, Wilbur, though he saw her through the rose colored glasses of Canadian Scotch, felt a hushed reverence for her simplicity. His thoughts seemed like a sacrilege as he studied the delicate oval of her face and the luminous darkness of her deep, brown eyes.

He asked, timidly, if she drank. It seems that she did, though not often. Only with men like Wilbur.

Wilbur felt flattered, but his flask was getting low. Out of consideration for Wilbur, who did not seem able to take care of himself, she consulted the tough looking bozo whom Wilbur had seen when he had first come in and who had been hovering in the background ever since. He did not look so tough now and Wilbur felt that he had misjudged the man entirely.

He looked kindly and a little sad, Wilbur thought, so Wilbur held out the glad hand of friendship and the man grabbed it and sold Wilbur some of his best private stock.

As Wilbur had guessed, he was the owner of the *La Jolie*, but what he had not guessed was that he was Dixie Dolly's uncle. He was a New York uncle too, who had brought Dixie Dolly all the way from New Orleans to model for New York artists and to sing in his club.

"Uncle" drank a round with Wilbur and Dixie Dolly and then he left them. Left them, Wilbur thought poetically, to watch the rising dawn of romance, alone.

Dixie Dolly moved her chair closer to his. With her girlish thoughtfulness she poured him a drink. A long, healthy, he-man sized drink.

Wilbur drank!

He felt a tiny hand steal into his and warm fingers cuddle in his palm. He felt his hand,

which now hardly seemed to be identified with the rest of his body, guided toward the sun-kissed mounds which had so recently quivered and vibrated before his eyes. His hands cupped their perfection and beneath the tender manipulations of his thumb the little nipples grew hard and firm, tormenting Wilbur with their aggressive eagerness for love. He drew her closer to him, and her moist lips parted and lay against his. The brittle hardness of her pearly teeth were tantalizing because they were a barrier to more love.

A soft voice whispered, "You will see me to my boat?"

"Boat?" Wilbur enquired hazily, "what boat?"

"But I sail at midnight for Paris where I am to study to be a great singer." It was well past four A. M. but Wilbur was in no mood to think of such things. But one thought registered in his consciousness—just when he had found the one woman in the world for him, he was about to lose her. "Oh, Dixie Dolly," he breathed, "please don't go."

But Dixie Dolly was adamant. Had not her uncle spent a great deal of money on her education? Could she disappoint him? But when she returned—or if Wilbur felt that he could follow her to Paris. Wilbur felt that he could and would and in the meantime Dixie Dolly assured him that there was another hour until sailing.

Wilbur drew her closer to him, determined to make the most of what time he had. She molded into his arms, pressed her body to him and her soft limbs rested against his, until Wilbur, with an inspiration born of desperation said thickly: "Let's go to the boat."

Her uncle accompanied them, much to Wilbur's disgust. He was grateful though, that Dixie Dolly had no luggage with her, for it was all he could do to manage himself.

Though Wilbur had crossed the ocean on more than one occasion, never had he seen anything so huge, so mammoth, so altogether beautiful as the lovely ocean liner on which Dixie Dolly was to sail. There seemed to be a great many men bustling about the deck. Too many men. Wilbur wished they would all go away and leave him alone with his Dixie Dolly.

Dixie Dolly seemed to know her way about





the boat, for she guided Wilbur with unerring certainty to her stateroom. A fact which registered with Wilbur but did not cause him any great mental upheaval.

He heard her close the door of her cabin stateroom. His vision was a little blurred, but not too blurred to know that he was once again alone with her.

She sat down on the edge of her bunk and patted it invitingly. He sat down beside her. He wanted very much to make love to Dixie Dolly but now that he was really alone with her, it seemed difficult to commence.

While he was struggling against his bashfulness, he felt soft arms entwine themselves about his neck. Taking courage, Wilbur sought eagerly for her mouth and found her lips warm and moist against his. Again her soft legs pressed to him. Wilbur's hands fumbled clumsily with the shoulder strap of her frock. Laughing at his stupidity she slipped the strap below her arm, and Wilbur found himself kissing the love giving hardness of her breasts.

The undulating motion of the water rocked the boat gently. Love enveloped Wilbur with a rosy hue. Soft hands soothed his taut nerves. A breath of ocean air blew through a porthole and cooled his hot forehead. And his own worshiping hands found the delights of Dixie Dolly's charms and lingered on each curving breast with a longing tenderness.

It was late afternoon when Wilbur stag-

gered on deck. The ocean liner had, somehow, changed. It had, in fact, shrunk to a cat boat. She boasted only one small cabin, and Wilbur found that he had been sleeping among ropes, iron pins, and an upset keg of screws and fishing tackle. Dixie Dolly was nowhere in sight.

When he first gathered his dis-associated thoughts he had a vague feeling that he should about now be seeing the Chalk Cliffs of England, for he was quite certain he had not left the boat. But instead of the English sky line, he saw before him his native Palisades.

He turned his back on Jersey. Before him the New York sky line swayed and dipped in the late afternoon sun. He tried to focus on one building, but even that did not help. A stranger, the only other soul aboard ship, as far as Wilbur could tell, stepped up to him and handed him a note.

Wilbur read: "Sailed noon today. Thanks for the donation. You carry a mean roll. The *La Jolie* was such a flop, Uncle and I are pulling out for Europe. And remember, if you ever come to Paris—'*I'm Waiting For You*'."

Wilbur leaned over the deck's rail and stared at the dancing waters of the Hudson. "I wonder," he said, after several long, thoughtful moments, "if there could have been anything wrong with that Canadian Scotch?"

He never found out.

NEXT MONTH . . .

“TRIXIE TALKS TURKEY”

By

FRITZI DUNN

**A story with a punch to it, that will
afford you many, many laughs!**

Don't miss it in the December

SPICY STORIES



This study offers an excellent contrast of highlights and shadows, which shows what can be accomplished in photographic art.

Double Deception

BY

BARAT LEWES

YOU'RE *sure* you'll miss me, Hale?"
"Of course, Ann! I always do!" Hale Comerford kissed his wife tenderly, gave her arm a final squeeze, and swung aboard the Pullman. How lovely she looked, he thought, as he turned to wave farewell. So gracefully smart in that tight leopard jacquette, setting off her still girlish figure. *This* trip, he vowed, he'd watch his step. But then, he had been vowing that every Sunday night for eight years, without much success. He was a "traveling" man—in more ways than one!

When he was with Ann it was easy. But once the train started whirling him away from home, he succumbed to his ingrained instincts. The sight of a curving bosom or a shapely knee was enough to start him on *safari* again!

The car was crowded, Hale noticed as he followed the porter down the aisle. Lucky he'd reserved his lower in advance. He dug out a coin when the porter stopped beside his seat.

"Hyah yo' are, suh—thank yo' suh! Oh, 'scuse me ma'am, disyeah gemmun has de lowah."

Observing his seat for the first time, Hale glimpsed a mannish green felt hat, huge silverfox neckpiece, and sage green tailored suit. The woman, who had been peering eagerly into the darkness outside, turned suddenly. She was pretty; she was young. Hale went into action immediately.

"Please don't move," he said with a friendly smile. "I'd just as soon ride backwards as not—besides, I'll soon be going to the club car."

With a nod of thanks she settled back and once more peered out the window, but not until she had fleetingly appraised the tall, well-groomed stranger who was to be her traveling companion.

In the dimness outside, Hale could see a man waving frantically. The girl waved back, and then, as the train began to move, pressed her lips impulsively against the glass. When she

drew away, Hale could see the print of a perfect Cupid's bow, outlined by the clouded place made by her breath. He felt his senses surge in response.

"Partings are always painful," he commented helpfully, presuming on the slight courtesy he had shown her. After all, since she had the upper berth, she should be riding backwards, according to Pullman etiquette.

She dabbed at her eyes, which had acquired little clusters of tears, with a wispy handkerchief, and then performed the inevitable rite with powder puff and lipstick. Hale, studying her quite openly, decided she couldn't be a day over twenty. Her snug tailored suit clung intimately to a figure that was plump without being matronly. Beneath the brief skirt peeped a provocative, dimpled knee. In adjusting his long legs he brushed lightly against it and found the contact intriguing.

"You wouldn't be so calm about it," she pouted after a moment's hesitation, "if you'd just left your husband for the first time!"

"Never having had a husband, I'm afraid I can't tell how I'd feel."

"Oh, you know what I mean! It's no joking matter!"

"I'm sorry. I suppose it must be tough for a brand-new bride."

"Oh, but I'm not!" she protested indignantly. "I've been married for three whole months."

"I see! Then I judge that your husband can't be a traveling man, like myself, or you'd have had that experience much sooner. Or have you been going with him on the road?" Hale's manner took all the impertinence out of his questioning.

"Oh, no—he's not a salesman! Quite the opposite. He has charge of the purchasing for his father's stores—Baker Chain Stores, you know."

"Gosh—then he must be Arthur K. Baker?" She nodded. "The very man I was most anxious to see in Cleveland. I represent the Titan Food Products, you see—and Baker's is

the one big outfit I haven't been able to sell. And you say he's in Chicago?"

"Yes, we drove here last week. My husband found his business would take longer than he expected, so I had to come back alone."

Hale introduced himself, and as their conversation became more personal, she suggested that he move alongside of her. It was "Hale"

he saw the conductor and the Pullman agent enter the car, "let me have your tickets. I'll hand them in along with mine." A plan was shaping itself in his mind.

Jill handed over her railroad ticket and the small yellow slip for her upper berth. He took them and held them with his own ticket and his pink, lower-berth check. But when the train officials came, he handed over only the



Cards were brought and the game began.

and "Jill" by now—he decided that if he couldn't exercise his selling wiles on his most desirable business prospect, at least there was nothing to prevent making himself agreeable to that prospect's most desirable wife.

"Oh, by the way," said Hale innocently as

two railroad tickets and the pink check—the yellow one had vanished! Jill, unsuspecting, was gazing out the window and missed this by-play.

Hale's next step was to excuse himself and see the porter privately. A crisp bill promptly convinced George that he knew nothing about the man and the woman having been strangers before they got on the train. One berth—the lower—was to be made up, with the upper left unopened. George grinned understandingly as he received his instructions.

A couple of hours remained before bedtime, so on his return Hale suggested to Jill that they visit the club car. A well-filled flask

in his hip pocket was an important link in his plans.

Jill, who had been idly leafing through a magazine, accepted promptly. She had taken off her hat and fluffed up her wavy black bob, and it made her seem more of a child than ever. Something in the way she leaned against Hale as they strolled back through the train convinced him that the little bride wasn't as blue over losing her husband as she had been at first. He thrilled to the chase.

The club car was crowded. Every place was taken except a cross seat at the end, which, with a facing seat and a table between, formed a nook for card players. One-half of the nook was already occupied by a stout, red-faced man and a languid blonde who were drinking from tall glasses.

"Do you mind?" asked Hale, stopping.

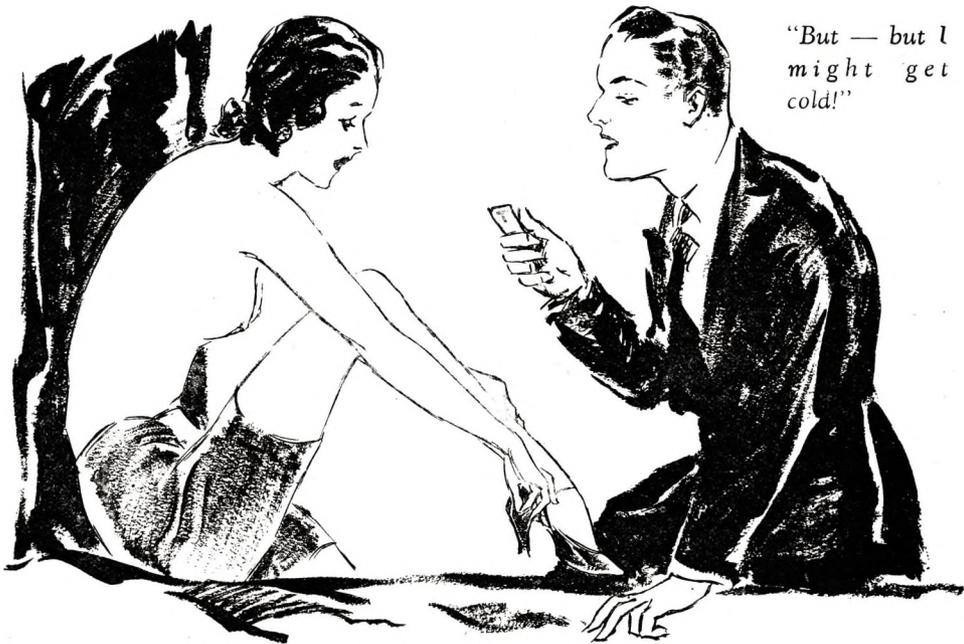
"Not 'tall!" cried the man cordially. "Sit down, have a drink. Ring that bell for the

thawing a little, "or Jack will fa' down—and Jill will come tumbling after!"

The ice having been broken, the steward was instructed to break some ice also, and soon everybody was feeling sociable. Someone proposed a rubber of contract. Cards were brought and the game began.

By midnight, Hale's flask was empty, as was an imperial which Gates had produced from his portly person. Little Jill, though woozy from the effects of holding up her share, had played an excellent game, and she and Hale were twenty bucks to the good. The foursome dissolved into two couples in the advanced stages of hilarity, and parted with assurances of undying affection.

On the way to their car, Hale had to put his arm around Jill to keep her navigating, and even at that they made slow progress. When they got to the darkened car, with its lane of green-curtained booths, Jill suddenly



"But — but I
might get
cold!"

steward. I'm Bob Gates, friend, and this li'l lady is my pal Ouida—"Wee' Gates, get it?"

"Righto!" laughed Hale, sliding in alongside the blonde as Jill took her place opposite. "And I'm Jack Carr, and this is Jill—Jack and Jill in other words. And we *didn't* come to get a pail of water!"

"Better be careful," advised the blonde,

remembered that she had an upper berth.

"My goo'ness!" she whispered, in order not to disturb the sleepers. "I don' know how I'm *ever* gonna climb upstairs into bed!" She giggled and lurched against him as the Limited took a curve in high.

The opportunity was too good to miss. Hale bent quickly and kissed her half-opened

mouth. She jerked back in surprise, but her scruples had largely disappeared under the mellowing influence of Hale's flask.

"That doesn't answer my question!" she whispered with a flutter of eyelids. "But it was nice!" She reached her arms up around his neck and drew him close. This time it was a real kiss—long, lingering, and luscious. No telling how long it might have lasted, had it not been interrupted eventually by a discreet cough at their elbow.

"Yo' berth is ready, folks!" It was the porter, holding open the curtains and indicating the white, neatly made bed. Jill sat down on the edge and closed her eyes sleepily, while Hale, with a wink, eased another bill into George's willing palm.

"Yassuh! Yas *sub!* Pleasan' dreams!" he chuckled as he departed.

"See, you won't have to sleep upstairs!" He indicated the closed upper berth and Jill looked at it in astonishment.

"But—I don't understand!" she exclaimed, but something in her manner told him that she wasn't as mystified as she pretended to be. He fastened the curtains, shutting them off in their own tiny world.

"Well," he said, cuddling her close, "I was afraid you might get lonesome, up there all by yourself. And besides, it's a chilly night!"

She sat silent for a moment, torn between loyalty to her absent one and the reckless longing inspired by his kisses, his thrilling good looks, and his liquid dynamite. But she didn't hesitate long. To object would make an awkward scene with the porter and the conductor, and probably mean getting this tall, handsome stranger into a jam.

By way of answering his unspoken query, she gently removed herself from his grasp and slipped out of her suit coat, revealing a sheer, sleeveless, low-necked blouse.

"I don't know whatever made you think I would consent to such a wicked, shameless arrangement," she whispered, as she peeled off the blouse, "but—but I do!" And off came her brassiere.

Hale grinned happily. "You're a peach! I was so afraid you'd be stuffy—and would I have had a time convincing the Pullman conductor that I held this out on him accidentally," he added as he produced the yellow

upper-berth check from his pocket.

"You've done that before," asserted Jill emphatically. "You'd never have pulled it so smoothly without previous experience."

"It's fun to be fooled—but it's more fun to know!" he countered. He had both hands busy, fondling the firm little mounds that nestled so audaciously on her creamy bosom. He had to kiss each of the sharp, red points that centered them, while Jill wriggled ecstatically.

"Ooh, don't—yet!" she whispered. "Help me off with this skirt!" Hale found the snaps and released them. Then he lifted her easily while she pushed the skirt down over her lithe hips. Setting her down, he pulled the brief garment off, exposing a pair of gorgeously moulded legs, topped by saucy, skin-tight, knit panties.

"My pajamas are in my suitcase, under the berth," she stated, slipping off her slippers and stockings, and finally, a little reluctantly, the panties, while Hale looked on greedily.

"That's an excellent place for them!"

"But—but I might get cold!" she objected, thrusting her fascinating little silhouette under the covers.

"Not a chance, Jill—not a chance!"

Five minutes later the berth was in darkness. And Jill was already firmly convinced that she was in slight danger of chillblains with this torrid, hot-fleshed man by her side!

ANN COMERFORD watched the Cleveland Limited pull out as she stood on the platform, her eyes quizzical.

"Just another traveling man's wife!" she murmured with a wry laugh. "I wonder just how much that man o' mine really *will* miss me!"

She walked out to the parking place and then paused in surprise. There stood two identical Buicks, one behind the other. She had to look at the licenses to tell which was hers. The one in front had an Ohio tag.

"Almost thought I was seeing double!" she laughed, getting into the rear Buick. She fumbled a moment with the ignition and then, with her toe on the starter, jerked back astonished. For the door had opened, and a man was getting into the car with her.

"Oh!" she cried. "W-what are y-you doing

here?" She switched on the dome light. Her uninvited guest was a stocky, good-looking young man of about her own age—twenty-five. He stared at her stupidly.

"Why—I might ask you the same question. This is *my* car." Ann, feeling his eyes upon her, was glad she'd dressed up to take Hale to the train. She saw his gaze drop to her lap and appraise her frankly uncovered silken knees. For convenience in driving, Ann always drew her skirt up above her knees—and the stranger wasn't missing a single curve! Not that she minded; she was rather proud of her long, slender legs.

"This happens to be my car," Ann said coldly. But her eyes twinkled merrily. She knew at once that he was the owner of the twin Buick—but the adventure had a spicy savor, and she determined to play it all the way. "If you don't believe me, look in that side pocket!" she added. He obeyed and drew out a state license card.

"Hale Comerford," he read slowly. "Well, I'll be damned! I mean—your car is an exact duplicate of mine. Sorry! I must be parked around close by."

"Perhaps that's it right in front," said Ann, regretfully. She was beginning to like the clean-cut young chap—and with Hale away, it looked like a lonely evening.

"You're right," he agreed, seeing the Ohio license lit up by her headlamps. "That's my car sure enough—I'm from Cleveland, you see! Sorry to have troubled you, Mrs. Comerford. Baker is my name—Arthur Baker."

"That's quite all—Say! Look! Your car is moving!"

Ann could just dimly see a figure crouched over the wheel as the motor of the car in front gave a sudden roar, and the machine whirled away from the curb. Baker jumped out and was shouting angrily.

"Come back here!" she called to him. "We'll chase it!"

He ran back and scrambled in as she started her engine and set out in hot pursuit of the thief.

"Isn't this exciting?" she demanded, taking the corner at full speed and heading north along Canal Street.

"Don't take any chances," he begged. "My car is insured—and I'd hate to have you crack

up, just on account of my silly mistake."

"Oh, but it was really my fault," confessed Ann, narrowly missing a taxi as she sped on. "I knew where your car was all the time, only I—I just wanted to have some fun."

And she flashed a smile at Art that sent his temperature up several notches. Thus encouraged, he moved over closer and slid one arm along the back of the seat. Ann, without taking her eyes off the fleeting tail-light in the distance, snuggled into the hollow of his shoulder.

"So you were just kidding me along, were



The drink was duly prepared and approved.

you?" demanded Art, tightening his arm and edging still closer. "Well, Mrs. Comerford, you know the old saying about playing with fire—"

"Ann, to you, *not* Mrs. Comerford! Why the formality?"

"Okay, Ann it is. But say, that name sounds familiar. Isn't your husband with Titan Food Products?"

"Of course. And you must be *the* Baker, of Baker Chain Stores." She burst out laughing. "That's one on Hale—here he's on his way to Cleveland to see you, right now, while I'm driving you around in my car!"

Art started to withdraw his arm, guiltily, but Ann reached back and held it. "Don't worry—he'll never know anything about it, silly!" she informed him archly.

The speed at which they were driving

forced gusts of wind into the car. Ann's lightweight silk skirt, already drawn up above her knees, billowed and flapped like a parachute, giving him unnerving glimpses of gleaming taupe chiffon hosiery held taut by frilly green garters, and occasionally a flash of pink, bare thighs. She pulled her skirt down a few times, but it wouldn't stay put, so finally she stopped trying. Art was sorely tempted. He tried to remember Jill, but it was no use. Succumbing to the lure, he reached over with his free hand and placed it on the nearer expanse of soft flesh. It felt warm and velvety. He explored further.

"Careful, Art!" warned Ann with an impish look. "I'm liable to forget what I'm doing and land you against a telephone pole!"

"It would be worth it!" he replied. His hand roamed even more boldly upward, while his other hand dropped over her shoulder and edged in at the open bodice of her sophisticated decollete dress. Gentle fingers curved around a mature, downy breast and toyed with its hard, upstanding, quivering nipple. Ann trembled a little at his fervid touch, and instinctively slackened the speed of the car.

"How can I do my work when you're giving *me* the works?" she protested, without making any effort to evade him.

"By the way, where is the car we're following?" asked Art indifferently. He had just found that Ann's dress was sufficiently low to permit it to be drawn down over the throbbing cushion he was caressing. He leaned over and seized the scarlet tip between his lips.

Giggling, Ann drove to the curb and stopped. "Oh, I lost sight of it, long ago! But seeing we were headed this way, I just kept on. Here we are at my apartment. You can come in and—and notify the police."

Art reluctantly released her and helped her out of the car. In the brilliantly lighted lobby of the apartment hotel she looked even more fascinating than in the dimness of the car. He followed her up to the Comerford suite, trembling with eager anticipation.

While Art was telephoning the police, Ann went into the bedroom to take off her wraps. She caught sight of her flushed cheeks and starry eyes in the mirror, and laughed excitedly.

"I may be a traveling salesman's wife," she

told herself, "but I think I'll close a few deals on my own, tonight!"

She removed her leopard jacquette and toque, then paused. "I suppose to get really into the spirit of the thing, I should be appropriately attired," she murmured.

Suiting the action to the word, she tugged off her slinky black dress and the diaphanous chemise beneath it. That was all there was to Ann's costume except for stockings, garters and slippers. These made such an entrancingly naughty contrast against her pink and white body that she decided to leave them on. She slipped into a vividly colored coolie coat, an unsubstantial affair ending halfway between her knees and hips, and tied at the side with a big bow. Its sides made a daring V that extended almost to her waist, and as she walked her legs forced themselves into view clear to her hips. Thus begarbed, she emerged a few moments later bearing ice cubes, glasses, ginger ale, oranges, mint, sugar and a bottle of choice Rye that Hale had been saving for choice customers.

Art gave a gasp of pleasure as he beheld her audacious costume.

"Wow—you're a knockout, Ann!"

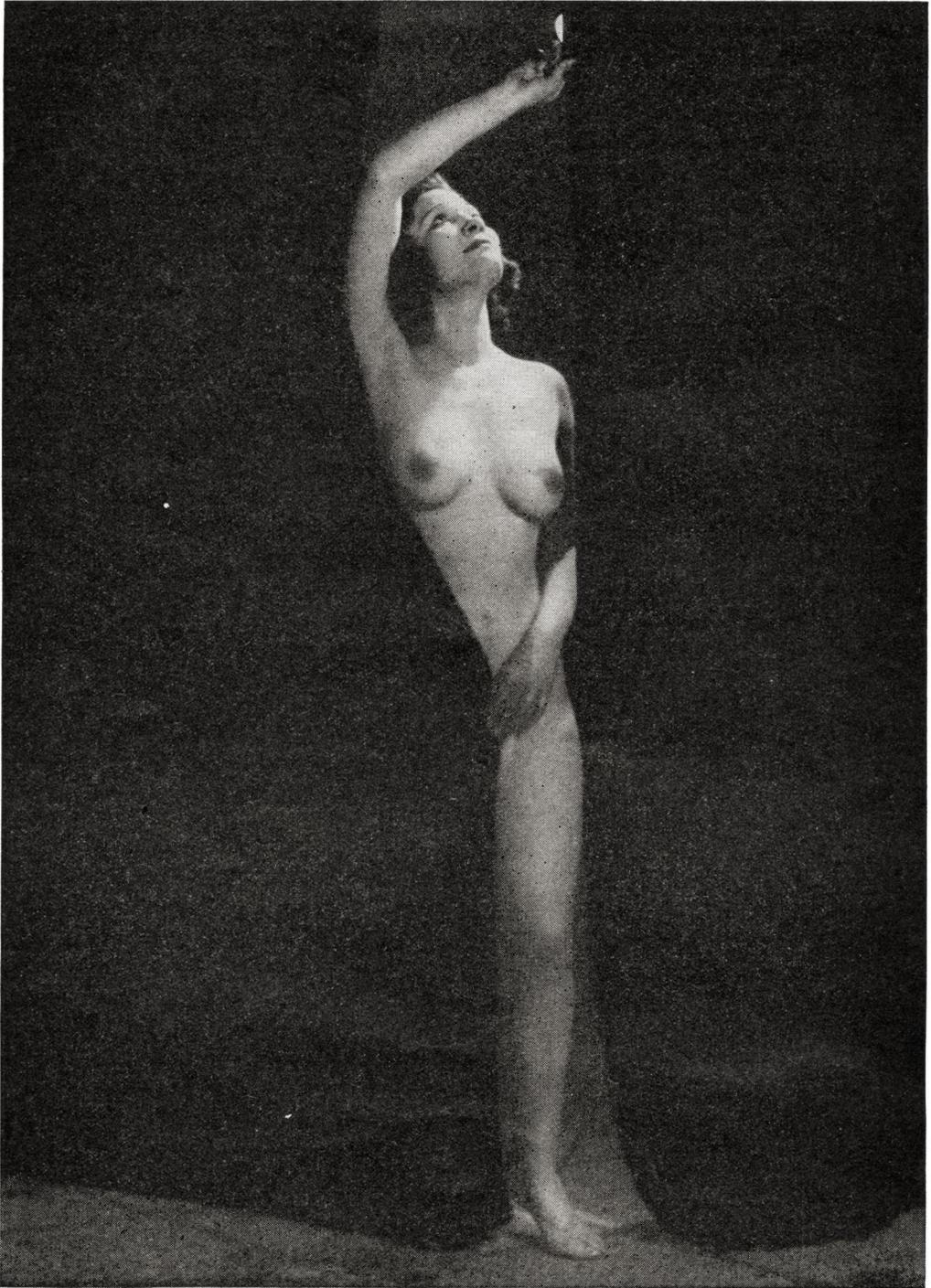
"And here are the knockout drops," she replied gaily, crimsoning at his candid admiration.

"I'll mix what we call in Cleveland, a Nickle Plate Special. One whistle and you start for New York!" The drink was duly prepared and approved. Then Ann, her civic pride aroused, concocted a "World's Fair Sky-Ride." About that time, Art discovered that the big bow which held the coolie coat together could be untied—and he proceeded to make use of his discovery immediately.

Had anybody been watching the Comerford apartment shortly afterwards, he would have seen the lights in the living room extinguished, while the lights in the front bedroom went on for a few minutes, and then they too were turned off.

Perhaps that explains why the desk sergeant at the Summerdale Police Station had to call three times before he finally was able to report to Art that his undamaged car had been found, abandoned, and was even then waiting for him at the station.

(Please turn to page 61)



“The Clothes Racket!”

BY

KAY CARROLL

STANDING before the wardrobe closet in her bedroom, taking an inventory of the garments that hung in serried rows, Harriet Denton compressed her pretty lips into a determined line, shaking her head dolefully as she murmured:

“I haven’t a thing to wear!”

The remark was more than a slight exaggeration! It really wasn’t true!

Feminine raiment in abundance was hanging there, daytime frocks, afternoon dresses, evening gowns, sportswear, negligees, pajamas, and there wasn’t a single bit of apparel that was not in perfect taste and in the height of fashion!

Nevertheless, Harriet sighed:

“If Kenneth gets tickets for that country club dance, I’ve simply got to buy a new gown!” She closed the wardrobe door.

The jingling ring of the telephone in the living room reached her ears at that juncture, and she hastened to answer it. Under the gaily flowered silk pajama that caressed her charms, delightfully rounded hips and proudly poised breasts quivered in unison with every mincing step in high-heeled slippers . . . as charming a brunette bride as ever essayed light house-keeping in an apartment off Pelham Parkway!

The “Hello!” that she spoke into the instrument was quickly followed by another exclamation:

“Oh, hello, Madge! . . . I was just about to call you!”

“What’s on your mind?” asked Madge Warner, reclining in kimono-clad ease on the couch in her own apartment not far distant. She had been wedded long enough to have graduated from the category of brides, but her blonde pink-and-white loveliness was still as unimpaired as a ripe, freshly plucked peach!

“The dance next Saturday night at the club!” replied Harriet. “Are you going?”

“Try and keep me away, that’s all!” Madge laughed. “You’ll be there, too, of course!”

“Ken wants to go!” Harriet selected and

lighted a cigarette with her unoccupied left hand. “Are you planning on a new gown?”

“Planning, yes!” said Madge. “But Ted is always talking about the depression and economy. . . . It’s going to take a little wheedling, but I hope to be successful!”

“I’m in the same boat!” declared Harriet. “Ken gives me a little dig once in a while on that subject, and I don’t want to appear to be *too* extravagant!”

“That’s because you’re a timid little bride!” retorted Madge, with a smile. “You’ll learn how to handle your husband, like I’ve learned how to get what I want from mine!”

“Well, we’ll see!” murmured Harriet.

“Kisses are better than arguments, darling!” advised Madge. “They say the way to a man’s heart is through his tummy, and I know the way to his pocketbook!”

Harriet laughed. “You blonde vamp!”

“A good dinner, with plenty of sweet kisses and all the trimmings for dessert!” Madge continued. “That’s my recipe! Try it, and you’ll be surprised at the results!”

“Thanks for the tip!” said Harriet.

“Phone me tomorrow, and we’ll make a date for a shopping trip!”

“You seem to be very sure of yourself!”

“Absolutely!” whispered Madge. “And don’t worry! . . . *You* will get that new gown, too!”

Two telephones clicked softly!

COMFORTABLY resting in his favorite easy chair, Kenneth Denton perused the sport columns of the evening newspaper, interestedly and critically soaking up all the “dope” on baseball and golf, his main avocations.

He was in the midst of an analytical article on the forthcoming golf championship when he heard a softly modulated voice enunciating a familiar request:

“Will you help me with the dishes, like a nice hubby?”

Harriet stood in the doorway of the living room.

It was a warm midsummer night, and she had tossed aside even the negligee that she wore when Kenneth came home.

Her tiny feet were shod with sandals, and gauze stockings were rolled below her rounded knees. Above, there was nothing except the eye-filling transparency of a sheer chiffon chemise, so scanty as to be only a flimsy excuse for a garment, and the consequent alluringly frank display of exotic brunette loveliness made Kenneth congratulate himself more on his acumen in his choice of a wife.

"Okay, honey!" he replied. "Just a minute!"

"I haven't a thing to wear!" she murmured.



Harriet tripped back into the kitchen, and the dishpan was rapidly flooding with hot water when Kenneth joined her, pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"You're a treasure to be willing to do your own housework for a while," he said. "I hope business picks up soon, so that we can have a maid again."

Harriet smiled lovingly.

"Don't you worry, darling! We'll make the best of things, and we'll be happy just the same, won't we?"

She slipped up to him, coiled her bare arms about his neck, and gave him her parted lips in a kiss in which a slow-motion tongue had an important role. It was the sort of kiss that makes two hearts beat faster, and transforms this troubled world into a rosy-hued heaven of endless delight!

Kenneth strained her to him. Her hair, the color of polished mahogany, glistened under the bright light, and her dark eyes shone like stars at midnight in a moonless sky.

"Oh, Ken!" she gasped, laughing. "Let me get my breath, you big caveman!"

Reluctantly, he released her. She was so cuddlesome!

"Now for the dishes!" she cried, gaily. "I'll wash and you can dry them, and we'll be through in no time."

Bending over the sink, the graceful curve of her back was most entrancing, flowing out

and over slim young hips that merged with thighs like columns of marble. In front, her chemise hid scarcely anything of brunette tints and lovely breasts with scarlet cherry knobs protruding toothsome from reddish-purple circles fading into the paleness of her skin.

"I certainly enjoyed that dinner tonight!" said Kenneth, wiping a cup and saucer. "You're a wonderful cook!"

"Thanks, darling! Glad you liked it." Harriet smiled covertly. "This kitchen was as hot as a furnace, but I don't mind doing anything for *you*."

In reality, there was a cool breeze blowing through the kitchen window early that evening, and Harriet was clad in exactly *nothing*, a few minutes after taking a cool shower, when she was preparing dinner! No wonder she was smiling!

"You're a little dear!" said Kenneth, kissing her again. "Never mind, my sweet. . . . I got tickets for that club dance, and we're going to have a swell time."

The announcement caused Harriet to laugh excitedly.

"That's great!" she exclaimed. "We'll certainly have one grand evening, depression or no depression, won't we?"

"You bet we will!" he replied.

Suddenly her face grew serious, and the dishrag paused in the midst of scouring a gravy bowl.

"Ken!" she murmured. "I think I'll have to buy a new gown."

His jaw dropped, and a slight frown creased his forehead.

"Well, honey, I wasn't planning on any new clothes right now, with business the way it is." He reached up to stack a soup plate in the china closet. "Won't one of your other dresses do for this occasion? It may be that you'll be able to splurge on new outfits in the fall."

A pout made her poppy mouth seem all the more kissable. "I don't know, Ken. . . . All my evening gowns are nearly worn to a frazzle."

What she meant by "worn to a frazzle" would have been difficult to discern with an examination of her wardrobe. . . . There were *two* evening gowns that had been worn only *once* before!

Kenneth didn't reply immediately. A side-wise glance showed her his anxious countenance, and, impulsively, she threw her soap-flecked arms about him.

"I'm sorry I mentioned it, darling! . . . It'll be all right! . . . I don't really need a new gown! . . . I'll wear my velvet ensemble!"

Her lips melted into his and clung tenaciously for a long minute before she broke away.

"You're a game sport!" he muttered, huskily.

"I love you, that's why!" she rejoined, coming up to his embrace again. "What's a little thing like a new dress compared with one of *your* kisses?"

The kitchen clock ticked away the minutes while the penetrating tenuosity of lip-and-tongue continued on and on! . . . That kiss might have lasted forever, but Kenneth discontinued it with the query:

"How much would a new gown cost, lovey?"

An arm was hugging her tightly around the waist, and a hand was fondling the upstanding youthfulness of a firm breast, its round little point as hard as a cherry stone in the center of his palm.

"It all depends!" she answered, smiling. "They cost as much or as little as one cares to spend, of course!"

"Do you think you could get one fairly reasonably?"

"There are lots of attractive bargains in the city!"

"Well, go ahead and see what you can do!"

Harriet pinched his cheek. "I won't do any such thing! . . . You're only saying that because you think I wouldn't be happy unless I bought a new gown!"

"No, sweetheart!" he said. "I want you to look as well as any other girl at the dance!"

"But I don't want you to feel that I'm a selfish and extravagant person!" She glanced up at him through coyly fluttering eyelashes.

"You couldn't be selfish!" he declared, squeezing her. "You're a perfect angel!"

"And you're the most marvelous and generous hubby who ever lived!" Her hands were flitting about him caressingly, stroking his cheeks and neck, tousling his hair, fussing maddeningly!

Kenneth caught her avidly in his arms, and

she relaxed against him. He rained kisses on her hair, her eyes, her piquant face and the throbbing indentation in her neck, inhaling the perfume of her intoxicating beauty.

Dishes were completely forgotten!

"You must get that new dress!" he murmured, between kisses that now were paying tribute to the beauty of cherry-nippled breasts. "Promise you'll go shopping tomorrow!"

"All right, darling!" she whispered. "If you insist . . . !"

She captured his lips and held them with her own for a breathless, ecstatic moment. . . . Then she murmured:

"Ken! . . . Carry me inside!"

IN THE WARNER apartment, Madge was finishing a late dinner with Ted. He pushed back his chair, replete with appetizing food.

"Delicious!" he remarked. "I wish you would make muffins as good as those all the time."

"Sometimes they turn out better than at other times!" she replied, smiling. "But I was particularly careful this afternoon, because I know how fond you are of them."

Rising, Ted said: "Don't bother with the dishes now. . . . Let's go in the living room. It's cooler there!"

"Why don't you take a nice shower and get into your pajamas?" she proposed. "We're not expecting any guests tonight."

She glanced down at the silk negligee that was draped loosely on her, and laughed: "I hope nobody'll decide to drop in! . . . I'm dressed for comfort, not company."

"You women are lucky!" grumbled Ted, good-naturedly, filling and lighting a briar pipe. "On a hot day you can run around the house with little on you but your skin."

"Occasionally nothing else but!" Madge giggled. "That was the way it was with me today, but I was careful to pull down the shades so that nobody would get a free show."

Ted was leaning against the dinette window-sill, puffing his pipe and admiring her loveliness in the flimsy negligee. She was still at the table, toying with the handle of a coffee cup.

"Pass me a cigarette, please?"

Ted obliged. Then she got up and, walking over to him, put both arms about him,

radiating into his senses the soft warmth of seductive curves.

"Aren't you going to take that shower?" she whispered.

"Right away!" he replied, his fingers moving up and down the smooth crescent of a back that was almost bare.

"You may kiss me before you go!"

The arrow-pointed tip of a very experienced tongue darted between his lips as her crimson mouth seemed to dissolve into his. . . . It was a lively organ, capable of playing a thrilling rhapsody!

Ted clutched her avidly, but she twisted out of his grasp with a siren smile and an emotional murmur:

"I'll wait for you in the living room!"

There, she lit only one lamp beside the couch, and, with the evening newspaper and her cigarette, she stretched out on the pillows.

The window was wide open, but not a breath of air appeared to stir the curtains. Unfastening the single frog which held her negligee in place, she let it trail off her until it hung in suspension from creamy shoulders. . . . It was her only garment!

The silvery blondeness of Madge Warner was a gift of the gods, not the result of persistent visits to the miraculous precincts of beauty shops!

Lying there, basking in the radiance of the lamp, all of her satin skin and devastating contours uncovered to catch the slightest cooling zephyr that might be wafted through the window, she was indeed a most glamorous vision!

Beautiful breasts, generously full and remarkably firm, were low and pendant enough to create the impression that they had *always* been on terms of intimacy with the crushing manipulation of fondling fingers, and the encrustations of pink coral adorning their reddened centers appeared to be ever hungry for the nibbling kisses on which they were accustomed to thrive!

Spreading the newspaper, she idly turned the pages, scanning the headlines of the news and studying the advertisements carefully. Plenty of enticing gowns were on sale, but the dollar signs loomed large on those she fancied!

"Ted must take the rubber band off the bankroll!" she mumbled to herself, as the

newspaper fluttered to the rug beside the couch. Then she started to blow smoke rings toward the ceiling, listening to the rushing sound of water coming from the bathroom.

Soon it ceased, and a tuneful whistle informed her that Ted was at the job of rubbing himself dry.

"I hope he'll be in a good humor when I break the news!" The smoke from her cigarette was forming weird patterns on the ceil-

could feel the subtle pressure of a lissom thigh insinuating its warmth through robe and pajama.

"How about a tall glass of lemonade, tinkling with ice and tingling with some of the contents of that bottle you brought home last night?" she proposed.

"That listens fine!" he replied.

Her deft fingers were loosening the knot on his robe. "Why wear this on a hot night?"



ing. "If not, I'll *put* him in a good humor!"

She glanced down at the flowing contours of breast and hip and thigh, gleaming pinkly in the lamp's shaded glow. "If I'm not worth a new gown *any* time, who is?"

She was smiling when Ted appeared, knotting the sash of his lounging robe over his pajamas.

"Nice and cool?" She caught him by the hand and drew him to the couch. The negligee was still more conspicuous by its absence than its presence, and when he sat down he

"Will you help me with the dishes, like a nice hubby?"

. . . Particularly when you look so handsome in your pajamas? . . . "

Pushing the robe from his shoulders, it fell to the rug. Then she forced his head on a pillow, made him stretch his long legs on the couch, and, patting his cheek, whispered:

"Now you just take it easy while I mix that lemonade for you!"

"Don't be stingy with the bottle!"

"Am I ever?" she laughed, her negligee trailing off her like the wings of a butterfly as she vanished, to return in a few minutes with two brimming glasses, frosty cold.

"Hmmm!" He smacked his lips at the first swallow. "Perfect!"

"Move over and give me a little room!" said she, placing herself beside him, then, after she had snuggled closely, she murmured in his ear:

"Say, blondie!" he protested. "Haven't you heard anything about a depression?"

"Certainly!" she smiled. "Here's a glorious one!" She guided his finger to a deep dimple enchantingly located above a kneecap.

"Here are mountains, too, if you care for them!" His hand had now been carried to the pendulous abundance of a heavy breast! . . . Ted kept it *there!*

"I can't afford new clothes now, sweet-



"You may kiss me before you go!" she whispered.

"This is the life, isn't it?"

"Grand!" he agreed, sliding an arm behind her where the inward curve of her back allowed it to rest delightfully. . . . Madge sighed and slowly sipped her glass.

It was Ted who brought up the subject that she wanted to discuss.

"All set for the dance?"

"I am, but my wardrobe isn't!" she answered quickly. "Can our bank account stand the shock of a new evening dress?"

heart!" he said, with an air of finality.

"Yes, you can, darling!" she whispered, kissing him.

"You know you can!" She kissed him again with a lusciously moist parting of lips.

"Sure you can!" Her voice was muffled as she spoke with her mouth moving around his lips, then there was silence for a moment! . . . The kiss that Madge was now giving him was well calculated to lower the resistance and heighten the pulsebeat of *any* man!

"Can't you, *really?*" It was the merest whisper, breathed rather than spoken.

"Must you buy a new gown?" he muttered, weakly.

"Oh, I *must*, darling boy!" she murmured. "I mean, I *really* must!"

The buttons of his pajama coat were giving way to her fingers. "I think it's too hot to be all buttoned up like you are! . . . Make yourself comfortable, darling, like me!"

He took her in his arms. "You're too sweet for words!"

"Sweet enough for that new dress?" she pursued.

"For *anything!*" he said. "You can have whatever your little heart desires!"

He bent his head to kiss in turn the pink prongs of brittle coral on bewitching breasts that were impatiently awaiting the impact of his lingering caresses.

"D-a-r-l-i-n-g!" she gasped, delightedly!

THE NEXT morning, Harriet Denton telephoned.

"I'm going shopping!" she caroled.

"We're going shopping, you mean!" retorted Madge. "Wasn't it a hot night?"

"Too hot for sleep!" said Harriet.

Madge started to say something in reply, but gay laughter drowned out the words!

The End



A new idea in fall fashions is to get yourself the latest copy of SNAPPY, curl up into a comfortable lounge-chair, and let yourself in for many hours of solid enjoyment. In the November issue you'll find such clever writers as Arthur Wallace, Tom Kane, Robert Leslie Bellem and a host of others who know their stuff!

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“Pleasure Mad”

BY

GRACE HOLMES

(Part Two)

SHE placed the telephone on its base and hurried back to her dressing table barely in time to be seated before Don strolled in, whistling.

the unexpected thrill of a swim in complete nudity!

Even now, as she undressed in the privacy of her own bedroom, she could yet feel the



*He came up behind her
and sought a kiss.*

“I thought I heard you talking to somebody!” he remarked, casually.

“Me?” she laughed. “You’re hearing things, darling!”

The Paxton’s apartment was shadowy in the deepening twilight when Peggy returned home from her speedboat adventure with Janet Boylan, and she was still glowing from

sensation of cool wavelets caressing her bare skin while her white body was slipping through the water.

Stripping off her tightly-fitted panties, she touched a thigh, then ran her hands quickly over her figure, exclaiming:

“That salt water always makes me feel so sticky!”

Her pretty nose was wrinkled in an expression of disdain. Peggy was a fastidious little person who disliked anything that might mar the smooth satin texture of her skin or subdue its fragrance.

"Clammy! . . . Ugh!"

Picking up a bottle of toilet lotion and a small silk sponge, she thoroughly saturated herself with its delicate scent.

After dabbing her dry skin with dainty pats of the sponge, she was adding a thin veil of powder when she heard the rattle of a key in the apartment lock and a cheery voice:

"Anybody home?"

Fred Paxton tossed his hat on the foyer table, and smiled as Peggy answered:

"Bedroom, darling! . . . Come on in!"

He put his arms about her soft slenderness the moment he entered the door, and bent his face to accept the invitation of her upturned lips and enjoy the taste of a warm tongue that seemed to delight in the intensity of such a kiss.

Highly polished marble could not be any smoother than her curving back as his hand slid downward, coming to rest on the yielding contours of slim hips!

"I didn't expect to be greeted like this!" he murmured, as their lips dissolved apart.

"Was it a pleasant surprise?" she whispered.

"Joyful!"

He wasn't content with the deliciousness of her mouth . . . His kisses rained on her pulsing neck and shoulders, swiftly descending to the crimson flame of pouting nipples that made her impertinently prominent breasts all the more provoking!

Peggy closed her eyes for a blissful moment, lost in the rapturous sensations that pervaded her! . . . Then she heard him say:

"Your skin is so sweet!"

She wriggled out of his arms, laughing:

"It wasn't so sweet a few minutes ago!"

"Impossible! . . . It's always perfect!" he insisted.

She beamed on him. "If you had kissed me ten minutes earlier, you would have had a mouthful of salt!"

"Explain yourself, girlie!" he said, removing his coat and vest.

"I took a swim this afternoon!" she reported.

"That's nice on a hot day!" he commented.

"It was thrilling!"

"What's so thrilling about a swim?"

She glided up to him, twined her arms about his neck and whispered excitedly:

"I had nothing on!"

He looked astonished. "What?" he said, incredulously.

"Positively nothing!" she declared, smiling and blushing.

"Where did this scandalous event take place?"

"In the Hudson River!"

He grinned. "I'll bet you were out with Janet Boylan!"

Peggy nodded. "She suggested it, and then she dared me to do it!"

"She would!" muttered Fred.

"And I felt devilish enough to take her up! . . . It was awfully cute, but I was scared stiff all the time!" Peggy continued. "You might make me a highball! My heart needs a stimulant."

"It should!" stated Fred, pretending to spank her. "My little Peggy is losing her bashfulness!"

She squealed at the love-taps he was administering to a bare flank. Grabbing his hands, she raised her lips, murmuring:

"Mix me that highball!"

Hugging her closely, the amorous heat of her supple body seemed to steep him in its fervent glow!

"The price is a kiss!" he said.

Her mouth fell open enticingly. "I'll pay in advance!" she replied. A teasing tongue peeped from between her pearly teeth, and Fred lost no time in collecting his fee!

When they broke apart, Peggy gasped: "I ought to get a wonderful highball in return for *that* kind of a kiss!"

"You shall have it, precious!" said Fred, releasing her. "At once, if not sooner!"

He hurried into the kitchen, where ice cubes, ginger ale, syphons of soda and excellent rye were in plentiful supply.

First, he filled a jigger and downed it straight!

"That's a toast to my Peggy, the sweetest little brunette in town!" He swallowed some ginger ale as a chaser. "Golly! What a kissing bug she grew up to be!"

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He poured another jigger full and gulped that, too! After chasing it with a mouthful of plain soda, he grinned:

"That one is a toast to Janet Boylan, the wildest as well as the most beautiful blonde in captivity! . . . And I've got a hunch that she knows a lot of fancy tricks in kissing, also!"

He was about to help himself to another jigger of rye, when suddenly he remembered the bargain he had made with Peggy . . . Dropping ice into the tall, thin glass he had set aside for her, which was already liberally spiked with rye, he watched the sparkling bubbles as he added the proper quantity of ginger ale.

charms, but somehow it had slipped to her waist, and when Fred appeared in the doorway he saw the exquisite curve of her lovely back, radiant in the rose-shaded light of a boudoir lamp.

She didn't hear him enter, and he tiptoed up to her, stooping to plant a kiss upon a dimple between her shoulder blades . . . She quivered at the moist impact of his lips, laughing nervously:

"Oh, Fred, darling!" she breathed. "You scare me to death when you creep up on me like that!"



Fred was marveling at the resilient softness of her figure.

"That's a highball!" he declared, marching back into the bedroom.

Peggy was making her dark eyebrows still darker with the aid of a pencil. She had thrown a negligee about her devastating

He slid a hand beneath her arm, enclosing the softness of a breast in his palm. "Anybody who goes swimming in the nude shouldn't be afraid of anything!" he said, kissing a black curl that nestled on the nape of her neck.

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"But here's your highball!" he added. "It's good for what ails you, makes you brave, and all that sort of thing!"

"Thanks, doctor!" she smiled up at him.

"Now I'm going to mix one for myself!" he announced, blowing her a kiss as he vanished through the bedroom door.

It was a powerful concoction that Fred prepared for his own thirsty delectation, and he sat on the edge of the kitchen table sipping it with keen enjoyment.

"I'll be darned!" he thought. "Swimming nude! . . . And in the Hudson River, of all places! . . . And Peggy, of all people! . . . She used to be bashful about dressing or undressing with *me* in the room . . . Boy! The kiss I got when I came in tonight! . . . It sure was one of those hot-and-bothered bits of what the highbrows call osculation!"

He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

"She never used to kiss like she did tonight . . . so willingly . . . so freely! . . . I always had to coax and search for that sweet little tongue of hers!"

He drank deeply of his highball.

"Well, bathing in the nude seems to have its good points!" He grinned knowingly. "The thrill lasts!"

He emptied his glass and sat there, swinging his legs, humming a song in happy contemplation of things that were amorous and kisses that were hotly responsive!

"That Janet Boylan is a ball of fire, I'll bet!" he mused. "Maybe I've been overlooking something! . . . She knows how to play up to a wisecrack, too! . . . She's going to be at that dance tonight, and I was kidding her about it! . . . I think I'll give her a ring on the phone just for fun and see what happens!"

Thus it came about that Janet's extension telephone in her bedroom rang while Don Boylan was taking his shower, and the ensuing conversation made Fred laugh when it ended abruptly with the whispered announcement:

"Here comes Don! . . . 'Bye!"

Fred strolled out of the living room, whistling and winking a sly wink, headed for the kitchen and the empty highball glass that he felt should be replenished, but he heard Peggy's voice from the bedroom:

"You seem to be happy!"

He changed the direction of his footsteps and popped in on her.

"Why shouldn't I be?" he retorted.

The negligee was now hanging from one shoulder, and she was bending over a bureau drawer, her hands buried in lingerie. He came up behind her, drew her up to him and sought a kiss, but no seeking was at all necessary! . . . Peggy's lips gave him everything!

"Phew!" he breathed. "Sweeter and sweeter!"

"You've had more than *one* highball!" she said, laughing.

"What's the difference?" he replied, carelessly. "Have you finished yours?"

"Look at that glass!" she rejoined. It was empty, except for a piece of melting ice.

"I'll make you another one!" he offered.

"Oh, darling, not now!" she said, shaking her head. "That was a three-in-one!"

His arms were tightening about her, and she let herself flow against him maddeningly.

"Give me another of those kisses!" he asked.

"Any particular kind?" she teased.

"Oh, you know . . .!" he said, his lips on hers.

Peggy complied with the request in a twisting manipulation of her mouth that made Fred's pulse beat with the rapidity of a machine-gun!

"Ohhhhhhhh!" she gasped, finally, lacing her arms around him. "We don't . . . have to . . . stand up . . . do we?"

"Certainly not!" he murmured, sweeping her off her feet!

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"At last I've got my dance!" he said, slightly increasing the subtle pressure of his hand on the incurve of her back, where the slashing vee of her evening gown allowed his fing-

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ers to come in contact with the velvet smoothness of her bare skin.

"What do you mean . . . at last!" she smiled. "This is the second one of the evening. . . . The first was with Don, as is customary. . . . I presume you had it with Peggy. . . . And the next is yours! . . . You haven't been treated so badly!"

"I only meant that every moment away from you seems to be eternity!" he murmured, ever tightening his grasp.

"Oh, this is so sudden!" she retorted, letting her hips flow inward tantalizingly. "How long have you been feeling that way?"

"Ever since I've known you!" he replied. "But I haven't had the nerve to show it."

Janet's laughter sounded like the ripple of a mountain brook over a stony bed. A golden curl tickled his ear as she brushed her cheek on his, whispering:

"How thrilling! . . . Fancy having a handsome young cavalier burning up for love of me, and not even suspecting it!"

"It's true, just the same!"

"You fibber!" She flashed him a glance from blue eyes that were beginning to sparkle with the triumph of conquest.

"Honest!"

"You're saying that because you've had too many highballs tonight, isn't that so?" Her lips were very close to his ear, and her tone was entirely confidential.

"I mean it!" he muttered, kissing the curl that was brushing his cheek.

"The way you're feeling now, you'd say that to *any* girl!" There was a throb in her voice. Janet was getting a tremendous kick out of this conversation while dancing. Not far away she could see Peggy being guided about the floor by her husband, Don, and she wondered what *he* was saying to her and what *she* was saying to him!

Fred was marvelling at the resilient softness of her figure. . . . Her pliant hips were molded against him, her voluptuous breasts were glued to his chest. . . . The breasts of any other girl might have been flattened by such close contact with his chest, but not Janet's! . . . It was impossible to flatten the wondrous globes that seemed to be on the verge of bursting from their very fullness and firmness, and their stiffening tips were disconcertingly prominent!

Blending with the bewitching sensation of it all was the fragrance of perfume, alluringly spiced with the warmth of Janet's blonde and lovely personality!

Fred didn't know that under her evening gown there was only the satin band of a garter belt! . . . Not even a chemise was between her dress and the gleam of pink skin! . . . And the absence of a brassiere gave him the benefit of all the unrestrained freedom of lush breasts!

He smiled as he heard her taunt him with the statement that he might say amorous things to *any* girl! . . . Maybe he would, and maybe he wouldn't! Anyway, at that moment he was dancing with Janet, and it was she who was the inspiration then!

The music of the orchestra was very slow, and in order to keep in time with it, it was only necessary to shuffle the feet and sway the body, which was all that *anyone* wanted at a Neptune Yacht Club dance!

"You're blessed with a wonderful figure!" he remarked.

"How do *you* know?" she whispered. "We've never sat out any dances together!"

"No, that's right!" he agreed. "But I can tell!"

"You don't know the half of it!" she said, giggling.

"I'd like to know!"

"Really!" she breathed. "Why don't you ever try?"

"I thought you might object!"

She laughed. "Haven't you heard the old saying: '*Faint heart ne'er won fair lady*'?"

The music was dying down.

"Was that hot lips that I felt on my cheek, or was it only one of my crazy dreams?" he murmured.

"What do *you* think?" she whispered.

"Shall we sit out the next dance?" he hazarded.

"Why not?" she replied.

They stood and chatted vivaciously with nearby couples until the orchestra struck up again, and then they nonchalantly strolled out on to the broad, crescent-shaped verandah of the yacht club. It was shrouded in darkness. There was no moon that evening, and only the pinpoint of lighted cigarettes, glowing

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and fading and glowing again, showed that it was occupied here and there!

Janet tucked her hand under Fred's elbow and led him to the railing. A few feet away, they heard the creaking of a rocking chair, and a glance told that the couple who shared it were far too engrossed with their hectic lovemaking to pay any attention to them!

To the right another couple sat with lips glued together in a kiss that was likely to continue forever!

"We've got company!" smiled Janet.

"So I observe!" replied Fred.

"We're not the only people who like to sit out a dance on a dark verandah!" she commented.

"Evidently not!" Fred produced his cigarette case. "Join me?"

"Don't light it here!" warned Janet. "There are lots of gossips in this club, and what they don't know won't agitate their tongues!"

"Well?" Fred looked down at her quizzically.

"Look!" she whispered. "At the far end of the pier! . . . See that light? . . . It's on the prow of my speedboat!"

"Is that just a remark, or are you suggesting a spot where a good cigarette may be lighted without any scandal being attributed to the incident?" Fred grinned, squeezing her hand.

"The cabin is small but very comfortable!" she continued.

"And plenty of room for two!"

"Absolutely!"

"What could be nicer?"

His hand slipped under the rounded softness of her arm, high up under her shoulder, where the perfumed nook of her armpit was damp and warm from the excitement of the dance. . . . And as they walked along the pier, his fingers searched for the nest of tight blonde curls that Janet not only permitted to bloom there, but which she cultivated with care!

Fred had glimpsed the attractive rosettes on more than one occasion, and now they felt like silk to his fingertips!

"What stars!" she exclaimed. "It's a gorgeous night, but I wish there was a moon!"

"Must you have a moon?" chuckled Fred.

(To be concluded)

(Continued from page 26)

at her side, "to have the reporter put in the part about him being my sugar daddy." She laughed harshly.

"Oh, sure," said the man. "That's the best part. And I'll describe just what I saw when I opened the door, and you know me, kid, what I didn't see I'll invent. I never disappoint my public."

The pair laughed heartily.

This was blackmail of the oldest order, to be sure, but what could a self-respecting man, with a fine wife like Mollie do in a case like this? Wearily, and in abject resignation, Mr. Willis retraced his steps to a small table by Jeanie's side, and from his inner pocket drew forth a check book. Pen in hand, he looked up bitterly. "How much?"

"Two thousand!"

Carefully Mr. Willis wrote the sum into the allotted space, and asked the man's name; then viciously he wrote that in, too, and handed the piece of paper to the man, who snatched it greedily.

Once again Mr. Willis walked slowly to the door. Damned slickers. Two thousand hard-earned dollars.

At the threshold he paused, and took one last, regretful look at the girl in the black lace negligee. With a sigh, and a shake of his bald head, he passed through the door, and down the stairs to the elevator.

Two thousand dollars! After all, handing out checks was nothing new to him, and that illusion of youth *had* been pretty warmly sweet while it lasted.

"Ground floor!" he barked at the grinning elevator boy.

(Continued from page 41)

"That was quick work," said Ann when she heard the news. "At any rate, I won't have a stolen car on my conscience!"

"Would it ease your conscience any if I told you," asked Art, "that I've decided to give your husband a full order on his line for all our stores? And believe me, if his goods measure up to the samples I had tonight, he'll have a permanent customer!"

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TREASURE CHEST

BY

DIANA PAGE

(Concluded)

"Well, suppose you're good at it!" he argued. "What'll you do when you've learned? . . . Get a job in the chorus! . . . And then what?"

Dolly didn't have a ready answer.

"Where do I get off then?" he went on.

She was silent. . . . Flashing through her mind were the words of Meyer Goldman: "A pretty girl with a figure like yours should go far on the stage . . . *with proper backing!*"

She had never realized, until that evening, what was really meant by "proper backing." . . . Now she knew! . . . It meant being subject to the pawing of avaricious hands, damp kisses from lips that bruised, visits to night clubs and apartments! . . . Those hands and lips would never be like Jerry's, tenderly loving!

She knew that there were girls who were willing to pay that price for advancement up the ladder of ambition or to satisfy their craving for extravagant pleasure and expensive gewgaws! . . . Some girls with husbands who idolized them were not above that sort of thing! . . . But the idea of "two-timing" a darling like Jerry was simply unthinkable!

She sighed tremulously, snuggling in his arms.

"Kiss me, Jerry, Kiss me!" she whispered, closing her eyes.

Many minutes passed as swiftly as a single second while her lips were silently demonstrating the passionate depths of her love for him, and when she tore her mouth away, finally, it was only to murmur:

"Jerry, darling! . . . *We could* get married!"

"Right away?" he exclaimed, grinning excitedly.

Her dark eyes shone with the joy of anticipation. "Is tomorrow morning too soon?" she smiled.

"Honey!" he blurted, hugging her breathlessly.

Dolly squirmed against him. "Kiss me, sweetheart! . . . I'm yours!"

He pressed his mouth hungrily to her lips, then paused to say:

"My treasure!"

She smiled thrillingly. "Your treasure chest, Jerry, all yours!" And twining her arms about him, she added: "Take me, darling, take me . . . tonight . . . now!"

THE MILKMAN, on his rounds at dawn, saw two figures that seemed to be blended into one. . . . He grinned, clucked to his horse, and muttered:

"Some folks forget they've got a home!"



(Continued from page 3)

Dear Sir:

I have only read two of your Spicy Story magazines but if the succeeding issues will be as good or better, you can count me as a steady reader.

I am a shipbuilder by trade, but with no work in the shipbuilding business I was forced to join the army. You have the most interesting stories I have ever read. The book is shipped by my folks in New Jersey out here to me. I am 20 years of age, 5 ft. 8 in., weigh 160 pounds. I would like to hear from some of your lady readers, and I also would appreciate their sending me their pictures. Won't you please print this in your next issue of Spicy or as soon as possible?

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

William G. Duff.

Dear Sir:

I have been a reader of Spicy Stories for years. I like your book very much but the only thing you don't give the girls any breaks. I think the girls would appreciate it very much if you gave some photos of men as well as girls. I'll be glad to correspond with girls on this subject or any other subject that is interesting. My name is C. W. Smith and my address is 1116 Jefferson Ave., Houston, Tex.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your Spicy Stories for a long time and can hardly wait from one

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month to the next. I liked *Dust to Dawn* in your September number very much, and say I enjoyed looking at the little lady with the cap and apron on, I'd love to have a wife like her.

I would sure love to hear from your girl readers, girls 16 to 35. Come on, girls, I enjoy receiving and writing spicy letters and exchanging snapshots and pictures. I will answer all letters and send some snapshots to every girl who sends me one.

I am 28 years old, 5 ft. 7 in., weigh 158, dark hair and eyes, and am a chemical engineer and travel lots in Cuba and South America and U. S. A.

Please, Mr. Editor, print this in your next edition of *Spicy Stories*.

I am, sincerely yours,
W. Carl Thiede.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading *Spicy Stories Magazine* for just three months and I think it is the best of your publications.

The portraits are all right, but it would be better to omit them and put a story or two in the pages that they now occupy.

The stories are fine especially those written by Louise Langdon and Diana Page.

I would like to hear from some of the girl readers about my age. I am 17 years old, and 5 ft. 11 in. tall. I will answer all letters.

Please print this letter in the "Between You and Me" section of *Spicy* as soon as possible.

Sincerely,
J. A.

Dear Editor:

Having recently arrived in this rather quiet city from abroad I came upon your publications. They are good in their way, although I must confess that your models are not of the best or at least their poses could be greatly improved on. The stories are mostly good and prove interesting.

I trust that you will find room to publish this letter very soon and that I will hear from someone of the fair sex. It is rather lonely in this country as I have found no friends that I care for.

Herbert Foster.

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Charles Atlas

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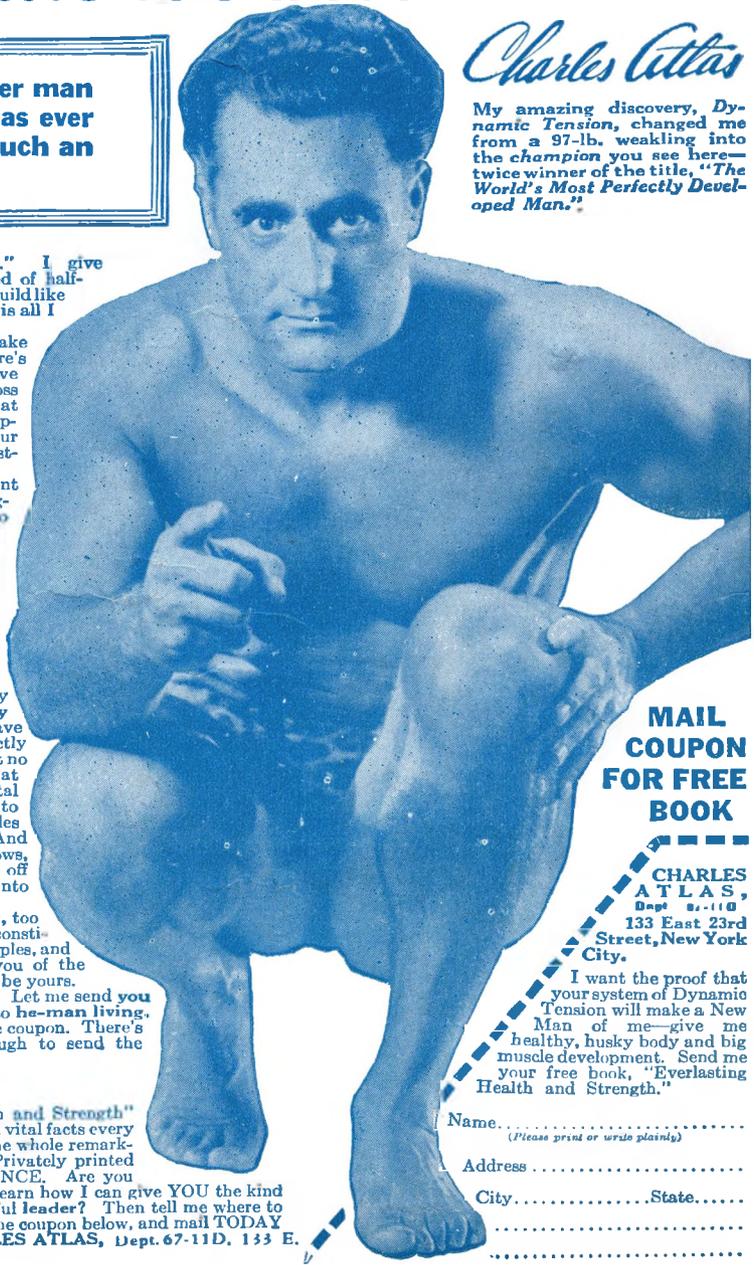
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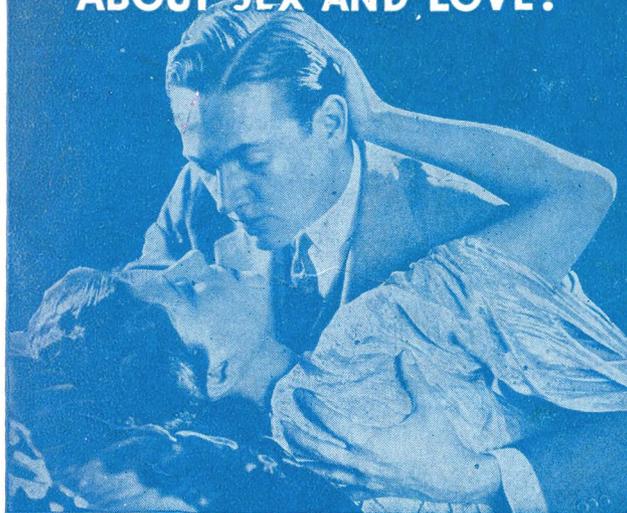
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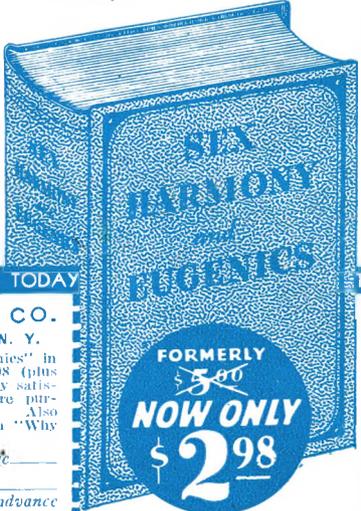
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