

# Carter Brown Lives

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CB is the most successfully Australian author of all time. His 170 novels sold over 100 million units but are now almost completely forgotten. The reason is clear. They were trash – the best trashy novels that money could buy.

In 1939, the Australian government banned the import of trashy novels from America. Sydney based Horwitz Publishing responded by sourcing their own Australian-made trashy novels. They recruited a copywriter at Qantas Airlines to write them. English born Alan Yates took on the pseudonym Carter Brown and became an international sensation.

All his novels were set in America, where the sex and violence would be more believable than in 1950s Australia. His detectives Al Wheeler, Danny Boyd, Rick Holman and Mavis Seidlitz solved murders from New York to California, facing gunmen and casual sex at every turn.

Reading all CB's works would take years, so I have picked out the best parts and put them all in one place.

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## The Passionate (1959) 1964 ed.

[6] “You think maybe some kids got himself a do-it-yourself doctor kit with real scalpel supplied, and he wanted something for practise?” I saw the look on Charlie's face. “Never mind just describe it.”

The phone rang at Charlie's elbow and he reacted violently. It kept on ringing while he looked at it the way I look at Marilyn Monroe in cinemascope. Twitching.

“You lift the receiver, it stops ringing,” I told Charlie. “It's one of the newer things.”

[7] “Maybe he's retired and got nostalgic for the smell of formaldehyde,” I suggested. Have you seen a psychiatrist lately?”

“Sure. A couple of weeks back.”

“What did he say?”

“Say?” Charlie's mouth dropped open. “He didn't say anything he couldn't he'd cut his own throat with a nail file. Why else would they bring him in in here [the morgue]?”

“I had to ask,” I said wearily.

[12] Brunhild bent forward over the coffin into the camera I wondered if Bruno had already used the axe on his assistant - she showed enough cleavage.

[19] Even the passionate blonde had departed sometime before I got back to my apartment in the early hours of the morning. She left a note, though. It said two words and somehow - written down - they looked even worse than they sound when somebody says them.

[20] “Your corpse, so cute in its coffin, is that of a man named Howard Davis. He was a pro tennis player but not good enough to be generally known. You know the type, always prepared to give the ladies of the club special and private tuition.”

[25] She wore a black silk shirt over tapered white pants, with a crimson sash around the waist. Her figure was as good as her twin sister’s, maybe a little better. There was something almost ruthless about the thrust of her high breasts against the silk of the robe - but then I wasn’t about to be hypercritical.

[26] “I hate to be sordid,” I said, “but Howard was murdered, and I am a cop. You can get yourself into a lot of trouble doing something like that.”

“Now you’re beginning to frighten me,” she said. “What will you do, Lieutenant. Handcuffed me, then take me downtown and beat me all over with a rubber hose?”

“That’s not very amusing,” I told her.

“It might be,” she said idly, “as long as the bruises didn’t show.”

[27] “The Howards of this world aren’t worth killing, Lieutenant; they should be left for the garbagemen to take away.”

[30] “The corpse’s name was Howard Davis. Maybe he was knocked off right after he arrived in Pine City, and maybe he wasn’t. If he wasn’t, he was staying someplace. So, let’s start on finding out.

I ignored the blank look on his face and pointed to the phone on the female monster’s desk. “You take the motels, I’ll take the hotels - and I’ll be in the nuthouse afore ye!

“Huh,” Polnik grunted.

“Motels,” I said impatiently. “You know – sawed-off hotels where you get a parking space instead of a living room. Passion pits with television.”

[31] The paradise motel was half a mile off the freeway, along a dirt road that led to the end of the world and by the time you got there you’d be glad they were doing away with the dump. The neon sign outside said, “Vacancy.” I stopped the car just inside the entrance and thought if this was paradise, I’d stop worrying about missing out.

[32] “Look, Lieutenant,” he answered patiently. “The only people who ever want to rent a cabin from me is guys with girls. Old guys with young girls, middle age guys with young girls and sometimes I even get a young guy with a young girl. But they all got a girl with ‘em. Why else would they come way out here to a broken-down dump like this?”

[35] As she walked, I caught the flash of a rounded thigh for a fraction of a second. Either she had a very long thigh or that split went even further than I’d thought. It made me wonder if she wore anything at all underneath, and that gave me all the zeal of a scientist, on the threshold of a new discovery, for bare, unadorned fact.

I sat down in a comfortable armchair and watched prudence build us a drink, but I got tired of watching after a few seconds. I could see her only from the waist up, the rest of her being hidden behind the bar. It was interesting, but not absorbing the

way that now-you-see-it-now-you-don't thigh was. A Manhattan brunette I knew once told me I thought too much about sex but she was wrong; I only react.

I looked around the room carefully. "You have a current husband?"

"One was enough," she said shortly.

"You make me breathe easier," I told her. "I was all set to go into my hotel-management-investigating-a-mysterious-noise act."

"You don't have to worry, Lieutenant," she said confidently. "We won't be disturbed."

"Fine." I raised my glass. "Here's to an interesting friendship, just so long as I don't wind up on top of your dressing table with you calling me teeny."

"I'll have to call you something," she said. "Calling you lieutenant sounds too formal. I feel I should be wearing a bra."

[36] Her green eyes were faintly amused as she looked at me. "I bet you think I'm trying to seduce you," she said.

"If you're not, my ulcer is going to haemorrhage," I said morosely.

"I also bet you think it's your fatal charm, your irresistible masculinity, as well," she added.

"I never question these things," I said modestly. "If I get a swollen head, I have to buy a new hat.

"With the sort of money I've got, I don't have to make much of an effort at seduction," she went on conversationally. "I have a choice of around ninety percent of the male population as a sleeping partner, whenever I'm in the mood."

[38] "I wouldn't give you a match to set yourself on fire," she said quickly. She thought about it for a moment. "Maybe I would."

[42] I walked into the bedroom and found her waiting for me, just inside the door, her back turned toward me. "Al," she said, "Catch the neck of my gown in your two hands."

I did as I was told. "Do you have a good grip?" she asked lightly.

"Fine," I said, "what are we playing?"

"Now rip!" she said tautly.

I ripped. The gown split down the back as far as the base of her spine, then slipped to the floor by her feet. I unclenched my fists slowly as she turned around to face me.

The pointed nipples emphasised the aggressive thrust of her breasts as they rose and fell quickly. Her hands reached and caressed my face gently. "After that first look you gave me, I would've been disappointed if it hadn't happened," she said softly. "And I don't even get Howard's purple heart out of this!"

She almost took me in her arms which is a reversal of roles I didn't care for, so I made sure she got kissed and not me - I got bitten.

[55] After both sides of the record, and three drinks, I decided to feel that even if life wasn't worth living, I might keep on, just for the hell of it.

She stood there with that permanent flame on top of her head burning brightly - a redhead who was real mad at me and couldn't think of words nasty enough to do her feelings justice.

[56] "Just call me doctor," I said benevolently, "and when you're not doing anything special, just call me.

"Are you drunk?" she asked harshly.

"No," I said, "but I can be persuaded. Are you going to ask me in or shall I just walk in?"

She crossed her arms under a bosom that didn't need their support and glared at me.

[57] If I hadn't been concentrating on that draped window, maybe I would have missed them altogether. The two large feet that protruded beneath the bottom edge of the drape, I mean. They were encased in a pair of highly polished Oxfords and I figured however forgetful a guy might be, he just doesn't leave his feet behind. So, with a triumphant follow through, I deduced that the rest of the guy was still there, behind the drape.

[63] Her hands slipped away from my shoulders; she fumbled at the catch that held her trousers at the waist. She peeled the skin-tight pants down from her waist gracefully, slid them over one foot, kick them aside with the other. Then she pulled the pagoda jacket over her head, tossed it to the couch.

She stood there a tall, slim, breathtakingly curved figure dressed only in a white bra and candy striped briefs.

"Is this the World of Suzie Wong," I asked wonderingly.

The fixed smile was still on her face. "Maybe you'll believe me now?" she asked softly. She turned her back to me. The view from the rear was as satisfying as it had been from the front. "Unhook me."

[65] The door opened suddenly and a woman stood there. She was in her middle thirties, a good figure and she'd been pretty once, but she'd rubbed up against life too often and it had sharpened her features a little too keenly. Her nose was too sharp, her lips too thin, and her eyes too suspicious.

"What do you want?" she asked flatly.

[68] "If you are withholding evidence, it's a criminal offence miss Davis," I said coldly. "If you know anything that has any bearing on your ex-husband's murder at all, it's your duty to tell us. If you don't then . . ."

"Skip it, Lieutenant," she said harshly. "I'll save us all some time. That routine might have frightened people twenty years ago, but not since television. Now everybody hears some actor playing a cop say that sort of thing three times a week on six different channels. It's kind of lost its punch. You cannot touch me, and you know it."

"Personally, I wouldn't want to."

"I'm not frightened of anything happening to me," she said briskly. "I'm not the sort of fool he was."

"What kind are you?"

[83] I pushed the swing door open and stepped inside. The door swished shut again behind me and suddenly the world was left to darkness and to me, as the poet said.<sup>1</sup>

The way I felt right then, if anything - anybody moved at all in the darkness up ahead I was going to let them have the contents of my .38 and, if it turned out to be Charlie Katz who moved, I was going to be embarrassed if not sorry afterwards. Not as sorry as he'd be maybe, but sorry.

[89] Prudence Calthorpe opened the door of her penthouse suite and looked at me with mild surprise. "You should have told me you were coming," she said lightly, "I would have boiled a cauldron.

"I see you're still a transparent witch," I said, "or maybe the word is bitch?"

She wore a nylon negligee over nothing and there was visible proof of that statement.

[99] They rolled over and over across the carpet, kicking, biting, scratching, pulling each other's hair and both of them screaming at the top of their voices. I stood it for as long as I could, but three minutes was plenty.

[107] "You know when I leave here, I'm going to see messenger John. Behind those innocent eyes, both of you are praying that I'll blow his head off - so you've done your best to help me. You've done your best to ready the knight for battle - or the lamb for the slaughter."

[113] "I wasn't thinking of you, Lieutenant," he said. "Your intelligence is rather high. I must admit you hide it very successfully under a rather crude veneer. I suspected an inferiority complex somewhere."

"I always wanted to be a bartender," I admitted, "but I never got the right education.

He smiled. "You see what I mean by the crude veneer, Lieutenant?"

### The Stripper (1961) 1963 ed.

Deadpan Dolores was a strawberry blonde with spectacular curves and she didn't believe in keeping them under wraps. How could she be connected with a screwy lonely hearts organization when she was the star attraction at a sophisticated nightclub? As soon as they saw her in action, weak men became strong, kings surrendered their crowns. And Lieutenant Al Wheeler almost forgot that he'd come to investigate murder!

[11] "It's real nice of you-all, honey chile, to tip me off," I said gratefully. "One of these days I'm going to do you a big favour, like picking my very own burial plot ahead of time, so you can go spit on it whenever you feel inclined!"

"I know you're kidding, Lieutenant," she said sweetly. "I mean, who would bury you - except the city sanitation department, maybe?"

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<sup>1</sup> Gray, Thomas – '*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*' (1751)

[15] "She's billed as the girl who says it all from the neck down," he smiled. "She's a stripper in a burlesque club.

"There comes a time in every man's life," I said in an awestruck voice, "when he's given his just reward."

"I sure hope I'm around when you get yours, Wheeler," Murphy sneered. "I'll do the autopsy for free!"

[16] I checked my hat because I was definitely in no hurry, then walked on to be greeted by the Maitre-D. He was a hairy, muscle bound character wearing a wrinkled tuxedo - and an alphabetical index of the world's dirtiest stories filed in back of his eyes.

[17] "We all have problems," I sympathised. "You got that repulsive face, and I got to see Dolores Keller."

"Sure, sure." He turned and beckoned for me to follow. "Right this way, Lieutenant."

We threaded our way through the tables, past the five piece combo who were playing the cha-cha-cha like they held a personal grudge against Latin America, through a curtained doorway and down a corridor to the dressing rooms.

[22] Then I got my first look at the receptionist in back of a big desk and all of a sudden my heart sang - a little off key maybe - but definitely sang!

She was brunette with a careless hairdo and a Tahitian suntan to match the sultry beauty of her face. When she looked at me, I saw her eyes were alert with a kind of primitive warmth - it was no trick to close my own eyes for a moment and see her poised on the bow of a lugger, figure silhouetted momentarily against the magnificence of a tropical dawn, then she dived cleanly into six fathoms of crystal-clear water to gather a few more priceless pearls for me, before breakfast.

[24] "Are you sure you're not a whopper?" she giggled.

Fun is fun but there comes a time to get down to business like the bridegroom said as he put away the Scrabble set on the first night of his honeymoon.

[30] "Dinner - my hi fi machine ---"

"Is situated inside your apartment, for sure," she said sweetly. "It comes with the intimate lighting, loaded drinks and freeform couch - right?"

I looked at her suspiciously: "Who blabbed?"

"It's all part of a general pattern," she shrugged gracefully. "If - just once - some guy would come up with an original idea for a date!"

"How about a burlesque show?" I asked with sudden inspiration.

She blinked a couple of times. "You know something, Lieutenant? I never did get to see a burlesque show - outside of muscle beach, anyway."

"It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity," I urged. "See it now with an expert, on the spot commentator - a guy who can point out that vital fraction of a second when a grind changes direction and is about to become a bump."

[37] "It was your own fault - if you hadn't screamed so loud, you wouldn't have bruised your larynx," I said reasonably. "I would have let you out of the apartment even if the janitor hadn't busted the door down. Did you figure me for a wolf or something?"

“Girl-eating tiger, more like!” She brooded over her memories for a few seconds. “That was a real expensive dress and it's never looked the same since, in spite of the invisible mending!”

“An understandable mistake,” I said with dignity. “The way I heard it, you said ‘Take it off,’ not ‘Take it easy!’ You should have spoken louder, Honey-chile.”

[39] “The deputy mayor owned some stock in that finance company,” Lavers said dolefully.

“Leave us hope he doesn't own stock in the insurance company that covered the finance company,” I shrugged carefully.

[43] “This is fine,” she said approvingly, “we should get a real good view from here.”

“I've got one already,” I said objectively.

An under-sized waiter served the drinks while the five piece combo played Gershwin like they didn't care who won. We ordered dinner and the food was lousy, but who goes to a burlesque show to eat? Then the house lights dimmed as the combo hit a rousing discord; the emcee bounced into the centre of the dais like a zombie who was getting his voodoo at cut rates. The gags rated even cheaper but mercifully he only had a five minute spot before the strippers took over.

[51] “Don't pay attention to Lena, Lieutenant,” Stern said anxiously.

“I didn't pay any attention to her act,” I said graciously, “why should I start now?”

[52] I turned around slowly, figuring that not even an Ellington record couldn't have made her breathless in so short a time - and right away - in no time at all - I was breathless too.

The black sheath - with its cute cut out top, flounce skirt and all - was draped carelessly over the back of the couch, and a sheer black nylon slip lay right beside it. Which left Sherry wearing a minute, strapless, black satin bra and matching bikini size panties.

She had her hands clasped behind her head and her eyes closed, her body gyrating gently in time to the music. What the bumps and grinds lost in professionalism they sure made up for in enthusiasm - and that Tahitian sunset did stretch as far as I could see, which was a hell of a long way.

[59] “I've got the lot?” I asked.

“I wouldn't push it too hard, Romeo,” Sherry said with clinical detachment, “or maybe you were talking about the files. If you were, the answer is yes.”

[60] Jacobs is a nice little guy - mostly - and I like everything about him except for those gypsy hands that keep wondering the whole time.” She made a face: “You know - clammy!”

“Geeze,” I said feelingly. “If I had been married to Sarah for as long as he had, my hands would be clammy too - along with my mind!”

[65] “I just can't figure out why you girls don't like me,” I said. “Sorry, it's not my fault I'm a cop. I had no choice - it was either that or work for a living.”

[66] The crisscross light lising talking suddenly until it looked like it would finish up embedded in her flesh but its tensile strength just couldn't match up to her lung capacity. There was a sharp snapping sound and the lace broke in about 3 separate places combat and it altered the whole shape of the swimsuit real fast. Instead of that V opening right down the front of her waist there was now a generously scooped U opening right down to her waist, My second guess was proved right - Lena was a very well developed girl indeed - and if I had a pair of pasties in my pocket I would have lent them to her right there and then.

[74] "Is it my fault you happened to be an exotic ravishingly beautiful woman?" I asked heatedly. Am I responsible for the long stemmed loveliness of your legs - the geometric perfection of the rest of your anatomy - the 100% plus desirability quotient? You have blame your mother and father if you blame anybody but not me - I'm strictly an innocent bystander!

[75] It was a cheering thought to keep me company on the way back to the city later. I wondered why I'd gotten this strong feeling about the kids death. Maybe because I was right there when it happened - that sounded like a reasonable answer and I'd have been happy to stay with it only I knew it wasn't true. The real reason why it happened had gotten so deep under my skin was because a girl called Patty Keller had died suddenly and unpleasantly - and nobody in the whole world gave a damn about it. back in my mind was younesi conviction that if it had happened to me, a guy named Al Wheeler instead of a girl named Keller, the reaction would have been about the same. So, somebody had to worry about the girl and I was elected - because if I didn't worry about her - who would worry for me?

[78] If you're a congenital liar, this kind of shock treatment could have therapeutic value," I said coldly. "But I don't think you are - my bet is you lied for good reason. Either you murdered the girl or you're trying to cover for somebody else. I'd think it over real fast. Because time is running out on you fast - any minute now it's going to be too late to tell the truth because nobody will believe it that whatever it is!"

[79] ? gave me a filthy look as I drew level and I figured that was typical of all the games. She could spend 10 years on a desert island with a whole detachment of marines and never get a second look even.

[80] "We all have the same dreams here," I said modestly. "Sometimes it frightens me - millions of guys sharing the same dream every night - with the same girl I bet. She's scared to go to sleep nights.

"If you're one of those millions I understand her problem," he grated.

[81] "A couple of interesting points," he rambled. "They can keep for the moment. What progress have you made today if any - I know I'm an incurable optimist, but I'm presuming you did do a little work for this office sometime - half an hour maybe - sandwiched in between a good a redhead and blonde?"

"Gosh sheriff!" I said admiringly. "I wish I could afford the right as you got - I'd have every case wrapped up before lunchtime yet.



[84] After I hit the bell a half dozen times I tried the door and found it wasn't locked. Sometimes there are advantages to being a simple-minded character like me.

[85] I dropped the note back onto the desktop beside a tall slender vase of Arum lillies - they seemed kind of appropriate - and I wondered if he'd thought of that before he pulled the trigger - and I doubted both premises.

[86] "The minister, the doctor and the florist," doc Murphy said happily. "We're all mostly concerned with birth, death and marriages. The happy and the unhappy triumvirate!"

"A man blows his brains out and the doctor gives us philosophy yet!" Sheriff Lavers said disgustedly. "You have a perverted sense of timing doctor!"

"You should remember," Sheriff Murphy said gleefully, "that it is mostly death that gives both of us a living."

[89] "Dolores Kelly," I said. "As I live in my dreams come true! How the hell did you get in here?"

She smiled lazily, "I told the janitor I was your cousin just got into town unexpectedly from Monice Montana, and he let me in. He also said you've got more cousins - . . ."

[92] "Maybe," I said. "How do you figure on helping me?"

"I'll do anything you say," she said eagerly, "Anything at all?"

"Don't tempt me," I told her. "Any doll I see who's built the way you're built shouldn't say things like that. Else you will find yourself shedding skin in no time at all."

[93] Back on the couch with fresh drinks the line of questioning didn't look any more promising than it had been. I sat in silence thinking but for a savage quirk of fate I could have been born with a kilt and spent a short blissful life blending Scotch for home consumption instead of export to the bloody Yanks.

"What you need is a change of pace, Al Wheeler," Delores said suddenly in a brisk voice. "Think about something else for a while - how are you making out with that sultry sex pot you had with you at the club?"

"Sherry?" I said. "Obviously she's got ambitions to become a stripper."

"My God," Delores croaked, "She needs help."

"Not much," I said complacently. "She has all the right equipment - last night she practised a little up here for a while - one try and she's almost a professional!"

"It needs a pro to pick a pro!" Her voice was frozen around the edges. "I can understand you being dazzled close-up and in your own apartment, naturally! You drool at the sight of any female taking off her clothes in your own living room of course!"

"I would not," I said matching her quick frozen voice with an iceberg quality of my own. "I also happened to be a pro - not in the same line of business, of course," I added hastily. "But I definitely have an eye out for that kind of thing.

"Sure," she laughed shortly, "Two eyes - both popping!"

[94] The forgotten cigarette burned down between my fingers as I watched spellbound. Her eyes were half closed and there was a look of something close to

rapture on her downcast face as her body performed the incredible, the unbelievable and the impossible.

Strike burlesque is for sex starved and lonely - a succession of erotic bumps and grinds that range from the body to the obscene - and finish up playing monotonous. But this was something I'd never seen before. A dance without the movements of a dancer apiana frank and sensual delight - the proud display over perfectly moulded torso controlled by an iron discipline. Maybe this was how they danced in the Pagan temple under the cruel and implacable eyes of their stone idols when the world was fresh.

[95] "Be my guest," I said bitterly then tossed the empty glasses over the back of the couch in a gesture more designed to leave me both hands free than to have dramatic impact in the old hat Russian style.

[96] "You mean your gonna put up a fight," I objected.

"Only for a little while - you could!" She pouted her full lower lip at me I tired very easily!

It was a lie. Oh, well – half-truth anyway. Sure, she didn't put up much of a fight but that jazz about her tiring easily - oh brother!

[101] "A lousy morning, huh Lieutenant?" Seargent Polnik said dutifully. "All that work wasted - it ain't right - there oughta be a law against some bum knocking himself off and leaving a note that does honest hardworking guys like us out of a job."

"Without doubt there are thousands of honest hardworking cops throughout the country," I observed coldly. "I don't think they include our Sergeant.

"It was just the phrase of speech, Lieutenant," he said vaguely. "I got hell from my old lady for being out so late last night and she wouldn't believe I was working the whole time."

[102] Like I was saying - the sheriff's real mad - says I'm just as bad is that no good lieutenant - you should forgive the expression lieutenant wasting his time on the taxpayers dime on a wild goose chase he says!

"Booze goose chase?"

"What the hell difference policar smoothly.

[109] I wondered fleetingly if a jury would bring in justifiable homicide if I shot him where he stood.

"I'm thinking, Sergeant. I might add Horsley even from Wheeler it takes a little time.

[111] I parked the Healey a little way down from the bird of paradise, in the first available space, then walked back to the bar. Inside it was one of those dimly lit elegant bars that cater for the executive secretary and different husband - different wife combinations. I felt like a blind man until my eyes but used to the gloom. Then I threaded my way around empty tables to a corner circular padded seat against the wall. A waiter who looked like he was working his way through the morgue so he could sleep nights in the graveyard without the other vampires sneering at him, took my order then patted away silently - on cloven hooves, maybe.

[117] "I told you once, Dolores honey, that it was your intelligence that appealed to me most of all about you," I reminded her, "You should have remembered that back then. Maybe you wouldn't have played it so awful dumb the way you did in the bar tonight. All that little girl jazz about cops with Tommy guns and tear gas surrounding the house - it was a clumsy way of handling it but then of course you couldn't have figured I was as dumb as I look."

[118] "If you don't ,I'll rip them off," I said casually. "Come to think of it, it could be more fun that way!"

Dolores had the dress pulled over her head almost before I finished talking. Then the slip followed and that left he strapless black bra and a pair of briefs. She shivered suddenly in the slight breeze that came in off the ocean, as I tossed her clothes and shoes into the back of the car.

"There it is, nature girl," I told her as I got back into the car. Here's your big chance to run barefoot in the breeze over turf and glenn!

"You dirty son of a bitch!" she said from between clenched teeth.

"Dolores - honey!" I said reproachfully as I started the motor again. "You always said you were crazy about poetry!"

[121] "Well," she sniffed, "If it isn't al Wheeler! You sure took your time about getting here."

"I would have made it a lot sooner," I said apologetically, "but your roommate was so upset the way you just disappeared, I had to comfort her.

"Jenny?" Annabel said suspiciously.

"There we were," I said nostalgically, "sitting in your apartment with me busy comforting Jenny and Jenny busy being comforted - the hours just flew by!"

"Alias Steve Lumas," I said brightly, "and speak softly of the dead."

"You killed him?" Her eyes widened as she stared at me in horror.

"What's the fun in being a hero if you can't leave a few dead villains lying around?" I said reasonably. "I'm glad you're here and he isn't involved in this."

[125] "We got the detail on John Penton, the late John Penton, I should say. It wasn't really so tough. It's turn the trove ro vac forced him to write the note for me, then kill him because turn couldn't have lived very much longer anyway and a bullet preferable to the gas chamber I always say."

[128] "You don't understand!" She said fiercely. "You're like the rest of them, homebound with the stupid sentimental morality that divorces human beings from any real contact with one another. In every city throughout the whole world there are millions of desperate, pathetic people, cut off completely from any real contact with any other human. The lonely, Lieutenant, are - .

"Legion!" I finished it for her. "I should have known that wasn't one of Delores' original phrases.

"That was why we started our happiness club in the first place," she said proudly. "To help the lonely, the lost and afraid little people of the earth! What could a stupid little moron like Patty Keller hope for in her life - nothing! I did her a kindness - a great and wonderful kindness. She went from the ecstasy of seeing her dreams start to come true - as she thought - into almost instant and peaceful oblivion."

"The girls who took your cruise left handed?"

All of them will only unafraid - why else would they come to us in the first place? None of them would find a decent husband. There are not enough men in the world to go around, let alone decent men! We sent them where they would enjoy contact with more men than they ever dreamed of in their wildest moments - we sent them where they could work for their pleasure and enjoy the most intermittent human contacts incessantly until —, her voice had been rising steadily as she spoke for a while until it finally broke into a high pitched scream.

[130] By the time I got back in the living room she was sat on the couch, her legs crossed carelessly so I could see their shapeless shapeliness a long way past the arbitrary hemline.

“I’m Jenny Carter,” she said calmly and took a deep breath that pouted her tight sweater enough to give opinion an inferiority complex. Annabelle won’t believe me anyway when I tell her it didn’t happen. So, I figured I might just as well come over to your place and have it happen.

I stared down at her bug eyed. She reached out a casual hand and took me off balance. So, I collapsed onto the couch beside her then she moved easily onto my lap and wrapped her arms firmly around my neck.

“Comfort me, Al Wheeler!” she said seriously. “I think I’m going to enjoy it.”

### The Sad-Eyed Seductress (1961)

[25] Her honey-blond hair was cut short, and she had an attractive gamin face with bold impudent eyes that appreciated the profile and felt my muscles for size, all at the same time. Her eyes even briefly caressed my crotch, and I could see a new speculation light up her eyes. The cloak dress was a snug fit that, clinging to her hips and pulled smooth over her thighs and pelvis. The top of it was cut low to reveal a stunning panorama of deep-etched cleavage and the rounded inner slopes of her up thrust breasts. The immediate Boyd judgment was that she could put her legs around me anytime she likes.

[55] I gave her a solemn look. ‘Topless I don’t mind,’ I told her in a serious voice. ‘Topless is OK, but bottomless too. Don’t you think it is a little bit too early in the day for that?’

[96] How do you stop a guy from suiciding? - threaten you’ll shoot him if he tries to kill himself?

### The Ever-Loving Blues (1961)

[124] My eyes dropped briefly to the smooth inner flanges of her breasts in the opening of her shirt, and thought, if I played my cards right, the situation between could be improved to everyone’s advantage of all concerned – namely the two of us.

‘It’s a little complicated,’ she explained.

‘Like making love in a canoe?’

## The Hong Kong Caper (1962)

[8] “Can't you think of anything else but sex?” Miss Dove smiled throatily at me. “Not while I'm awake,” I told her truthfully.

Her foot tapped a measured beat on the floor. “Will you be serious Andy?”  
“OK, Natalie, I'm my un-dove-like dove,” I said gently, “But I don't like it.”

[11] “Because you're the only man who can find it,” she said slowly. “You have quite a reputation here.”  
“You won't let me prove it,” I said regretfully.

[12] When I lit a cigarette to keep the new Stinger company, a smooth voice purred in my ear. It sounded like a tomcat that's just discovered the veterinarian only wanted to check its eyesight . . .

[15] “Anything feminine and well-rounded disturbs me violently,” I said. “Life is full of punctuation marks, do you ever think of that? A beautiful dame is always a question mark, but a cadaver is strictly an exclamation point.”

[18] I removed the gun barrel from a satin midriff. “I'm sorry,” I said. “I thought you were a creditor.”

“They told me Andy Kane would call the devil his brother,” she drawled. “They were right.”

“It's near 3:00 o'clock in the morning,” I said. “What are you selling, insomnia?”

[21] “When I operate,” I told him, “I operate alone. In my business, two is a crowd and three is a lynch mob.”

[22] She walked slowly across the room toward me with a lilting, Salome-like swaying movement, but I had no ambition to see my head wind up on a platter. She stopped when her rounded bustline collided with my chest, and kissed me full on the mouth.

Her sharp white teeth nibbled my lower lip and her fingers caressed the back of my neck. After a while she pulled away, and looked up at me with a smile.

“I like you, Andy Kane,” she said softly. “I like big men and I like you best of all. We could spend so much time together before we go look for the treasure - and then after we've got it - we will have all the time in the world to enjoy ourselves.

“You mean that?” I queried in a hoarse voice.

“I am offering,” she hesitated for a moment, heightening the effect, then gave it a big production, “everything I have!” She moved her gown with her hands to emphasise that it covered a lot of territory.

[34] *Life itself is so much more a precious gift than either a beautiful woman or great wealth can bestow. Be grateful for the gift of life and enjoy its flowering as does the Lily.*

[38] I rode the elevator to the penthouse and knocked. The door opened a few seconds later and Tess Donovan stood there. She wore a negligee and enquiring

smile and both looked as if they could vanish with the first puff of a breeze. I felt slightly regretful it wasn't the typhoon season.

[40] Two Chinese crowded into the room, one slamming the door in back of them. They both had knives in their hands and looked as if they knew how to use them; like they intended to give us a free demonstration right then.

There was a definite vacancy for a hero.

[41] Tess looked at me, her eyes wide. "Who were they?" She asked shakily. "I wouldn't admit to knowing them even if I did," I told her, "which I don't."

[43] She was still breathing quickly, and the rise and fall of the Roman Empire didn't excite me half as much as the rise and fall of her negligee.

[46] "Don't you wanna stay?"

"No," I said flatly.

"Well," her eyes half closed. "That's telling me!

"I'll see you in the morning," I said. "You, Corvo and five grand."

"The three of us will be here," she said. "I don't suppose it would interest you to know I could write you a list of guys who would give their right arms for me to say to them what I just said to you."

"What would you do with a bunch of right arms?" I said. "I'll bet all of them are left-handed, anyway."

[59] "I'm crazy about you, honey," I told her. "I'm crazy about the way you look, the way you talk, walk, eat, drink –"

"You didn't bother to come all the way out here just to be cute?"

"Cute?" I looked hurt. Do you realise it's because of you I can't sleep nights?

"If you're selling yourself as a great lover," she said coldly, "I'm not in the market right now."

[65] She wore a silk shirt and tight white shorts that hugged the curve of her hips like they were scared of getting lost.

[72] It was a certain cure for worry. Once Natalie kissed you, you didn't have time to worry about your worries - you just had to concentrate on Natalie. So, I concentrated on Natalie for five minutes and would have continued, but I got interrupted. I happened to raise my eyes for a moment and I thought the room had changed slightly.

The door which led to the bedrooms and bathroom had been closed. Now it was open and Tess stood in the doorway, an interested spectator. She was wearing a froth of lace bubbles that I guessed in the trade they would call a negligee. From where I stood, I couldn't see it served any practical purpose. It wouldn't keep the cold out and it didn't seem to be doing such a hell of a job in keeping Tess in. I just stared at her blankly, my mouth dropping open.

[76] "Feeling better," I asked her.

"I'm just fine," she said coldly. "Is that the way you always treat a lady? Knock them unconscious, bind them handed foot, and gag them in the bargain?"

"You were the first," I said, "But it's a technique with a future."

[99] The deck of the junk began to slide away and as we passed Leung, walking back to the tiller, I gave him my choicest Cantonese, doubting his ancestry in general and his mother in particular.

[114] "It is one of the refined pleasures of a man's life," he said seriously, "to kill another man!"

"That's a point of view," I said. "But don't say it out loud around a psychiatrist."

[128] When I got back from talking to Charlie in the kitchen, Tess was sprawled comfortably on the couch, a pair of my slacks in a crumpled heap on the floor in front of her. As near as I could tell, and I looked real hard, she was wearing a shirt – is all - and her long, graceful, tapering legs were a sight for my suddenly not-tired-at-all eyes.

"They kept on slipping down all the time," she said lazily. "So, I figured the hell with them!"

"It's a beautiful thought," I said sincerely.

[130] "Right!" She leaned her head against my shoulder and looked into my face questioningly.

"I mean, it wouldn't be fair for one partner to conceal anything from the other," I persisted. Her eyes followed my steady downward gaze for a couple of seconds, then a slow smile curved her full lips. She crossed her legs deliberately and the shirt rode up her thigh another couple of inches, revealing a delicate froth of black lace.

"No secrets partner," she said softly.

### Strawberry Blond Jungle

"If you're trying to make an obscene phone call, you're going about it all wrong. For starters you should call a girl. Or maybe you're a fag?"

"Maybe we can talk when you're finished with your sexual fantasies."

"I'm sorry you're late. I have a feeling one of us should apologise."

### The Coven (1971)

In which Lieutenant Al Wheeler uncovers a witches' coven to solve a murder.

[58] "I don't give a goddamn if you strip off all your clothes and stand on your head on the bar, just so long as you answer my questions."

[76] "I am not a man of violence or even action. Merely a spectator, a recorder of events and people. A painter who seeks to capture on canvas the emotions and actions of violence. Man's inhumanity to man! The essential beast that lurks below the surface of so-called civilization."

[124] She had them off in a jiffy, then her briefs, and once more she was splendidly naked. She smiled at me lewdly, then lay back on the couch, her legs parted, and her open slit a challenge to the best of men.

### The Creative Murders (1971)

[131] It was the sort of compact nubile body that set the imagination working overtime.

### No Tears From the Widow (1966)

[13] With one leap, my imagination saw her running naked along a deserted moonlit beach with me in hot pursuit, while the palm trees waved encouragingly as we sped by.

[27] She was the best reason I had met for a guy being dedicated to his office, and I told her that.

[42] She was desire personified and the ultimate challenge to masculinity, all wrapped in up in one package.

[53] He looked straight through me and said a whole string of four letter words that took care of my parentage and my future.

[54] Today the blouse was pink and the skirt oatmeal coloured but the curves underneath the both of them were just as pagan as the day before.

[62] “Even middle aged medicos like myself have been known to admire a woman’s body for reasons other than its perfect bone structure.”

[68] I could have cried just looking at the full curve of her thighs revealed by the shrinking hemline.

[69] “Tell me the truth about anything and in my recent experience it makes you unique.”

[72] The swing of her hips was a rhythmic prayer to fertility.

[73] The bra was mostly black lace clinging, with an obvious sense of failure, to the richness of her jutting breasts while the briefs, also mostly black lace, straddled the full sweep of her hips with the same sense of futility.

[74] She stepped out of the briefs and - even without the clamshell – she was Venus personified.

[94] “You . . . They haven’t invented a word for you – yet!”



[96] “You got the works last night. The rarest of steaks, the most imported of imported wines, the most delicate of candlelight, and the all of my all offered freely and with great expectation.”

### Hellcat (1962)

[57] A sudden deep breath billowed out of her white blouse like the proud canvas of a sailing ship – and now I knew why ships are presumed to be feminine – they, like Annabelle, have wonderful jutting curves.

[58] ‘Girls like I’il ole me are made to ‘preciate great big heroes like you, honey-chile.’

[58] I’d finally discovered the Lover’s Stone - which is the alternative to the Philosopher’s Stone if you don’t care much for heavy metals.

### The Clown (1973)

[90] She is obviously a queen among bitches, but then maybe her husband was a bastard to out-bastard all other bastards.

[91] ‘Hope springs infernal in the physician’s chest,’ he chuckled evilly.

### True Son of the Beast (1970)

[9] I sat down again and watched the slow rhythm of her curved bottom, the cheeks of which were ever so slowly meshing against each other, as she walked quickly to the door. It just wasn’t right, I figured sourly; giving a girl a body like that, then putting a real frigid mind inside her head. Or maybe it was worse than that. Maybe she was a dyke, and what a waste that would be. I sighed. Life wasn’t easy at times.

### The Mini Murders (1968)

In which Danny Boyd solves multiple murders in the world of high fashion.

[17] Libby Cathcart, I remembered from Freidel’s description, was a New York socialite. There was a worldly look about her that suggested to me that there must have been very little in life that she hadn’t tried, and that the number of lovers and strange beds must have been legion.

[23] ‘You always fight that dirty?’ Lenore asked in an interested voice.  
‘You mean there’s another way?’ I answered.

[26] ‘I’ve been waiting 30 minutes for you, Boyd,’ he said in a choked voice, ‘and that’s something I don’t do even for important people.’

'I wouldn't have figured anyone important would admit to knowing you, Art,' I said generously.

[64] They turned their heads and looked at each other for a while. The look that passed between them was explicit. It said men are moronic, why do we waste our time telling them things their poor brains can't comprehend?

I gritted my teeth and waited till their heads turned in unison toward me.

Every male over the age of 12 knows better than to argue with the kind of insane logic produced by the feminine mind. I opened my mouth a couple of times then managed to shut it without saying anything.

[66] 'Either one of us, alone, is the answer to any man's dream of paradise', Kitty gurgled. 'Imagine how it will be with two of us together! What are you waiting for Danny Boyd?'

To a cop, a friend is a guy you beat up with a rubber hose rather than a nightstick.

[70] The two of them would make a nice contrast, with Danny Boyd sandwiched in the middle, taking things as they came.

My mother spent most of her time sleeping with the servants. Even when I was small, I used to think of them as the Wednesday footman and the Friday chauffeur.

[83] You must give me your Manhattan address so I can come and throw stones through your windows sometime.

[87] She came willingly, pressing her body and thighs fiercely against mine. Her breasts squashed my chest, and my hands ran down to the waistband of her briefs, my fingers pushing them down over her buttocks. My fingers dug into her cheeks, and she ground her pelvis savagely against me, pushing my blood-engorged rod hard back into my stomach. She sank her teeth into my lower lip and I gripped the taunted cheeks of her buttocks even harder. Her teeth let go my lower lip and she pulled her head away, her dark eyes triumphant.

'Why Mr Boyd, I never suspected you had this strong sense of humour.'

'Under the circumstances, don't you think you should call me Danny?'

'I couldn't do that,' she murmured, 'My social circumstances only allow that level of familiarity with bellhops.'

'Your social position is about to become horizontal,' I told her. 'Unless you've got some other positions you would prefer.'

[87] Soon time had lost all meaning. Every movement of her tongue, her fingers, the moist feeling of her pussy against my body, plumbed new depths of sensation. Her legs and arms entwined, and her breasts filled my mouth. My fingers probed into the fleshy flaps and touched her clitoris.

[99] She lowered her voice to a throaty whisper. 'Danny! I just had a brilliant idea: why don't you spend the night in my room? That way, I won't be scared anymore and naturally' – she tried to look demure – 'I'll see you get your reward!'

I watched the rhythmic bounce of you nicely-plump bottom, given that extra something by the half jiggle, half shiver, that came on the offbeat, until she reached the doorway. Then she turned and gave me a brilliant smile.

‘Now, don’t you be late, Danny’

[102] I gave the plump pink and white cheeks a sharp slap, and with a frantic squeal she took off like a missile. Her head homed straight into Deborah’s midriff, so the next moment they were both sprawled on the floor again. She made no move to cover herself. Her breasts had fallen free of the robe, and the sight of her lying there was beginning to do things to me.

‘Why did you do that?’, Deborah asked.

‘He was being masterful,’ Kitty said, watching me with that soft expression in her eyes.

‘Why don’t we see just how masterful he is?’, she suggested to Deborah.

‘Why not? Let’s see how he really performs.’

[104] The sensation stirred more violently, then came in one unchecked rush. My teeth bit into Deborah’s crisp flesh, and with a startled yelp she jumped away from me. I could feel my burning seed spurting into the back of Kitty’s throat, but she still hung doggedly on while she drained every last drop.

[136] Kempton shuddered. ‘I still can’t shake that ghastly picture from my mind! You remember that dreadful woman shamelessly flaunting her bare buttocks at us?’

I could feel the hysteria slowly expanding inside me. ‘Polly Peridot?’ I could feel my lips curling into a huge grin. ‘He married Polly?’

‘I can only presume,’ Kempton said distastefully, ‘that her buttocks talked him into it!’

[137] ‘I bought a book this morning. It’s called *A History of Whores!* Your grandmother gets a whole chapter to herself. Did you know she was drummed out of the union because she wouldn’t pay her dues – insisted on paying in kind.’

[138] She took off her raincoat and if it hadn’t been mink-lined she would have gotten a cold. Underneath she was wearing a blue satin bra and a pair of curiously shimmering briefs.

‘You like your present?’

‘I don’t see it yet.’

‘The bra is probably confusing,’ she said in a kindly voice. ‘I’ll take it off.’

‘Is this a double-barrelled gift? I mean, do I get the top half of you now, and the rest at Christmas?’

‘The designer told me that if you didn’t have them off in under three minutes, you aren’t half the man I figure you are.’

### The Spanking Girls (1959), 1979 ed.

In which Lieutenant Al Wheeler solves a millionaire’s murder by exposing an imposter.

[22] She was wearing a miniscule black bikini. The top was making useless attempts to contain her well stack breasts. Because of the way she was lying with their legs spread apart, her tiny bikini bottom had been pulled down a couple of inches, so it was now delicately fringed by a neat border of tawny red pubic hair. She looked like an open invitation to rape.

[29] "I'm a model."

"What kind of model?"

"I guess it's because you're a cop you have to ask so many God-damned questions." She licked her lower lip slowly. "So, I modelled for porn magazines. It's easy work and it pays real good." She licked her lip again. "I'm starting to specialise now for the spanking mags. It's my best feature. My ass, I mean."

I looked at the full breasts, so inadequately covered by her bikini top. "I wouldn't say that," I said mildly.

"You wouldn't?" There was a sudden gleam in her eyes. Then she turned her back towards me and slowly peeled down her bikini bottom till it clung around her thighs. Then she leaned forward from the waist until her hands rested on the seat of a chair. She spread her legs apart, maybe a foot, and arched her bottom toward me. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,' some poet said, and he was dead right. Her bottom with a beautiful sculpture of concentric high rising curves and the way she was standing with her legs apart, I had a clear view of the neat cluster of tawny red pubic hairs nestled between her legs.

"Wanna change your mind?"

"I guess you persuaded me," I said, and cleared my throat carefully.

[43] "Why won't you make a pass at me, or offer me some loving comforting in my bereavement, or ask me out to dinner? You said I have a beautiful body and you sure as hell should know! So, why does my wearing glasses turn you off?"

"It doesn't," I said truthfully. "It turns me on. Glasses give a girl a kind of vulnerable - and mysterious - look. I like it."

"You're only saying that because it's true," she said in a profound voice.

[45] I walked into the apartment and closed the door in back. She wasn't wearing any clothes again, but she had brushed her hair. Now it lay sleek and shiny close to her scalp. I took a firm grip on myself and walk through to the kitchen. After I dumped the groceries on the table, I went back into the living room and found Jenny had disappeared. It didn't phase me any. I never quite believed she was real in the first place.

"Did you put the wine on ice?"

"It's red."

"But if you don't put it on ice, it will never turn white. I thought everybody knew that."

[47] "In the morning I'm going to be a sane and sensible little secretary again," she said, "and then I'm going to start worrying about who's going to pay Mandy's share of the rent, now that she isn't here anymore. But, tonight I'm going to be slinky and sexy in my erotic underwear, and even more so out of my erotic underwear. Don't you figure that's a good idea, Al?"

"I figure it's a great idea," I said with no originality, but great sincerity

[48] "If that's erect, Al, I have to tell you it's a disappointment. But if its only semi-erect then it promises a great deal."

"Oh, that's so much better, Al," she said. "I mean, that is something to tickle my tonsils with, isn't it?"

[65] "Mirror, mirror on the wall," I quoted. Who-

"- is the biggest bastard of them all," she finished for me. "All Wheeler, the goat in goats clothing! Three times around the jolly, jolly couch and it's every girl for herself. All I can say is I am thankful all that sordid kind of caper is behind me."

"There is absolutely no need to be chased around the couch first," I said. I have absolutely no objection if you just lie down on the couch right off."

[86] "You have a gift for vulgar expressions," she said. "But then you're in a vulgar profession, right?"

"I guess I am," I admitted, "but it's a tough life. Shooting jaywalkers and building up little old ladies. Blackmailing fags, and getting laid for free by the whores. It makes for one exhausting day, I'll have you know."

[98] "I always figured a citizen had rights," he said.

"Sure, he does," I said. "That's what's it's so nice when a citizen co-operates with a cop of his own free will. It kind of restores our faith in our fellow men.

"You're a real bastard, Lieutenant" he said, without any rancour.

"Who the hell wants to be an imitation bastard?"

[92] "I want it, Al," she said thickly. "Now!"

I came up behind her, slid my hands around her sides until they cupped her firm breasts, then gently flicked her rock hard nipples with my thumbs. She made a soft moaning sound and pushed her bottom hard against my shaft. I teased her nipples a while longer, then slowly slid my hands downward over the gentle curve of her belly until my fingers trailed the soft dampness of pubic hair. Then they caressed the wet lips of her vagina, which parted obediently, allowing my finger to slip inside. I freed her clitoris from its moist prison and felt it harden and elongate between two fingers. Her bottom gyrated frantically against me.

"No!" she moaned fiercely. "Now!"

[116] The receptionist had long black hair, dark brown eyes and looked like butter would sizzled in her mouth. I could only see the top half of her above the desk and it looked real good. The orlon sweater moulded her deep breasts and gave a special kind of emphasis to her pointed nipples.

"You're a cop!"

"One of the gentle kind," I said.

"I never knew there was that kind," she said.

[117] "You look like the kind of beautiful girl who could be a real help when I need to relax."

"In your apartment?" The pink tip of her tongue slowly licked her bottom lip again.

"Or yours," I said.

"A date with a cop?" she mused. "I'd be nervous, lieutenant. I bet nothing less than a real detailed investigation would satisfy you, right?"

"But you would have your rights as a citizen," I said quickly. "You could give me a detailed investigation, too."

She wrote quickly, then tore the page out of the notebook and handed it to me. "Maybe you should call that number when you feel it in an investigating mood," she said.

[142] You mind if I take a look in your bedroom, and thank you for the lovely dinner. I did enjoy the imported wine. She giggled suddenly. "I think I might have enjoyed it too much because I've suddenly lost all my inhibitions."

"I'll help you look for them later," I promised.

[143] "Don't you dare come bursting in here and take advantage of a poor, defenceless girl just because you can hide behind your badge! I know it's useless for me to struggle but I will. I promise you!"

I opened the door and walked into the bedroom. A completely naked girl was stretched out on my bed, her arms over her head and her wrists handcuffed together. I took a slow, deep breath as I looked at her beautiful body. Her full breasts were firm and her nipples stood out. There was a thick glistening fuzz of black pubic hair between the tops of her widespread legs that tapered down from firm, rounded thighs to neat, trim ankles.

"I'll struggle," Josie said breathlessly, "but I won't scream in case it disturbs the neighbours."

"That's real generous of you," I said. I sat down on the bed beside her and put my hand on her nearest knee, then ran it slowly up the inside thigh.

"Oh, you beast!" she said joyously. "You filthy fascist pig cop! You're going to rape me, aren't you? Just because you have me at your mercy and I'm completely defenceless!"

"You're absolutely right," I said happily. "I am going to rape you and rape you and rape you."

"Oh, you monster!" She let out an involuntary squeal as my fingers reached the lips of her vagina and gently caressed them. "But there's just one thing before you start, you unspeakable pig!"

"What's that?"

"Could you fix the handcuffs for me, please?" she asked in a little girl's voice. "I could only lock the one hand and it won't seem real unless they are both locked!"

### The Body (1961), 1969 ed.

In which Lieutenant Al Wheeler dismantles a call girl ring with the help of Jo Dexter, beautiful blonde divorcee.

[14] She wore a white uniform which made no attempt to hide the full generous curves of her figure. In fact, it seemed to be in full sympathy with it, clinging where it should cling to the most advantage, and molding where it thought a point could be better accentuated to advantage. The word haven made a dizzy left hand curve around the front of her uniform.

She stood there waiting patiently for me to recover from the shock. I guess it happened every time you met a guy she hadn't met before. She had to wait for him to recover from the stunned shock, then probably had to fight him off with a baseball bat once the recovery was complete.

[16] When she walked out of the room, the uniform was a poem in free movement. It was as satisfying from the rear as it had been from the front.

[20] Drusilla was dressed and ready for the street when she came down to the reception desk to meet me. She was wearing a light grey suit with a white nylon blouse. The kind of blouse that makes a man get out of hand.

[34] I walked across to the table and picked up her purse.

“Hey!” she said anxiously. “That’s my purse!”

“I didn’t think it was mine,” I said. “Black isn’t my colour.”

[43] “We’re going to miss you around here, honey,” she said pensively. “Like an old stain on the ceiling that been painted over.”

“Let’s not get sentimental sugar, it makes my mascara run.” I brushed past her desk, headed for the old man’s office. “Besides, its too early in the morning for bum jokes.”

“That’s no joke, sugar. That’s a prophecy.”

[49] “It’s like a zoo in here.”

I turned around to look at the speaker. She was tall. Thick blonde hair fell to her shoulders in metallic waves. Her body was ripe, lush. Swelling breasts showed over the top of her low cut dress; a small waist hinted at full hips, long shapely legs concealed by the fullness of skirt. Her eyes were a vivid blue - and when she turned them on me, it was like a physical impact.

She repeated, “It’s like a zoo in here, isn't it?”

“I’m sorry,” I apologised. “I was too busy looking at you.”

“Are you satisfied now?”

“I have gone as far as the eye can go,” I said. “I wouldn't say I was satisfied - impressed might be the word.”

“You can't be one of Eli’s friends,” she said. “They don't use words or more than one syllable.”

“I’m an acquaintance,” I said cautiously. “In a vague sort of way.”

She looked me up and down carefully. “I was going to leave early. I may change my mind. I’m Joe Dexter she said.

“Al Wheeler,” I said.

“We must see more of each other,” she said earnestly.

“I’ve been trying to see more of you ever since we met,” I said courteously.

“Only that gown gets in the way.”

“I see you prefer the bludgeon rather than the rapier as a technique.”

“Girls as outspoken as you,” I explained, “are either kidding or they aren't. The quickest way to find out if with a bludgeon.”

[55] Then Jo Dexter came back into the room. She was wearing a powder blue negligee, a fragile thing that looks like it would fall to pieces at the touch of a hand.

Fortunately, Jo herself didn't give that impression. She had gone into her room to get her breath back. She came back and almost took mine away!

[63] "Then there's the hereditary angle, of course. I could have been influenced into a life of crime by the fact that my mother was a poisoner and my father was a strangler. Boy! You should've seen them at a party. They would have killed you."

"And then there was my elder brother, of course. Never stole a dime until he was nine years old. Then he sort of broke out. Knocked over the National Bank in Chicago and got away with five million."

"Dollars?"

"Years - the judge was lenient."

[69] There is nothing like a blonde to decorate a kitchen. Jo stood at the stove poaching eggs while the percolator burred. She was wearing an ivory coloured sweater and a pair of black frontier pants. They call them frontier pants because they cover a lot of untamed territory.

[75] "What man could resist me?"

"You mean what man could you resist?" I told her.

Somebody pressed the door buzzer and spoiled the clinch we were about to fall into.

"Who is that?" Jo asked coldly. "Opportunity?"

"If it is, I'll tell him I've already got one," I said.

[80] "I have a cindered steak all ready for you," she said. "Do you take barbecue sauce with it?"

"I have to go out," I said. "But I'll be back."

"That's real nice of you," she said coldly. "Don't hurry on my account. You can drop dead for all I care!"

"Strictly business," I said. "As the travelling salesman remarked when he measured the farmer's daughter to see which size girdle he'd sell her."

[98] "We didn't take our eyes off her once, boss," Mack said. "Not for one second."

"You can say that again," Jo said bitterly. "I don't know why I bother to wear clothes!"

### The Passionate Pagan (1963)

In which a beautiful Chinese-Hawaiian girl tries to hire Danny Boyd to commit a murder and he ends up taking down a heroin smuggling ring.

[31] "Has it ever occurred to you, Miss Montgomery, that your life is misdirected?" I asked politely. Fooling around with bits of jade when you could be fooling barefoot through the grass in Central Park with me in hot pursuit."

The tip of her tongue made a brief sensual exploration of her upper lip. "It's been a long time since I met a genuine primitive," she said, more to herself than to me. "All that crude virility coupled with a not half bad profile. Do you own a tiger skin rug, Mr Boyd?"



“For you, I’d rent one,” I promised

“At least you don't sneak up on a girl,” she mused. “None of those furtive intellectual approaches like you must come up and see my mediaeval tapestries.” Her grey eyes raked across my face for a moment. “But expecting an intellectual approach from you, Mr Boyd, “would be as ridiculous a conception as a bilingual rabbit, of course.”

“I was wondering,” I said enthusiastically, “which came first, you or that neckline? You obviously can't have one without the other.”

“It worries you?” she asked icily.

“I guess it's all that naked virility,” I confided, “coupled with a not half bad body. Do you own a circular revolving bed, Miss Montgomery?”

A slow appreciative smile curved her lips. “Is it possible,” she murmured, “a smattering of intelligence to go with those muscles?” She arched her shoulders back and took a deep breath. For a dizzy moment there, I figured the scooped neckline wouldn't stand the strain. “I may make you my next project, Mr Boyd,” she said softly. “I confess I'm getting a little tired of antiques. Some research in the field of modern biological techniques might prove refreshing.

“So, take off your shoes and start running,” I told her.

“I have to secretary a little more. But don't go away, Mr Boy, I'll be back.”

[32] “You might ask around if anybody knows what happened to Jonathan Cook,” I said casually. “I'd hate to think that he had an accident or something. You know, one of those ridiculous things that sometimes happens to people, like he slipped getting out of the bathtub and slit his throat on the faucet.”

[34] “There's a couple of people who'd like to meet you and you'll have to be nice about it if I'm going to sneak out with you in a little while and play chase with you in the park.”

“Who could resist such an offer?” I said eagerly. “Then follow me,” she said, “and keep your eyes at shoulder level this time. What are you a Boy Scout or something? Rub your eyes together and start a fire.”

[40] I sat down on the couch and lit a cigarette. I open my mind a half inch and closed it tight shut again when I saw the fermenting mess of unanswered problems there. The hell with it. For tonight I was taking a vacation from trying to think.

The bedroom door suddenly opened wide and a moment later Judith stood framed in the doorway, a blue silk shirt overprinted with a swarm of multi-coloured butterflies came down to her hips then abruptly stopped and gave her along beautifully shaped legs a very bare look indeed, and if that shirt had been just one inch shorter I would have had no questions at all.

[63] “Lieutenant Harold Lee. He said he knew just the man to help me. This man is tough and clever and has no morals whatsoever. He said he would even kill a man without thinking twice, if he got in your way. So, I didn't doubt for a moment you will be pleased to get rid of Jonathan cook for me. Now I was so sure about it I couldn't wait. When I arrived at the hotel yesterday, I called cook right away and told him I had already taken out a contract with a professional gunman to kill him. I couldn't believe it when you refused this morning.”

[81] "I don't want to look at it your way," I smiled at him. "If I did, I'd most likely jump off the Brooklyn Bridge by tomorrow night at the latest. Why do you hate the whole world that way - you must be married or something?"

[85] "Except one thing," I snarled. "I figured you leapt into bed with me because I was a magnificent male specimen, and now I find out you only did because you figured I was a lousy blackmailer you had to keep occupied until the whispering creep arrived!"

The natural arrogance had returned to her face already and the narrow lower lip curved outward disdainfully. "You have it all wrong Nature Boy," she said huskily. "I only thought of you as a lousy blackmailer when you are on your feet. The rest of the time, well, why don't we call it the golden era of the Boyd dynasty?"

[87] "I knew he was a weirdo," she shivered, "but then there's a whole world full of weirdos right outside the window isn't there?"

[88] "Ah, you nomadic tribesmen," Judith said wistfully. "The way you fold your tents and steal away before the pool girl has had a chance even to spell your name right on a writ."

I finished my drink and got onto my feet, "I should be moving on -"

[114] "I've never had so much fun in one night me 10 years before!" she said bitterly. "What do you do for an encore, Mr Boyd, play tag with lighted sticks of dynamite?"

[106] "Even an accountant gets to appreciate a different sort of figure."

[111] Joes was quite enthusiastic about my return. She flung her arms around my neck and kissed me the way they used to kiss in movies before some clunkhead thought of censorship.

"Oh! You mean this" She plucked the towel recklessly. "I was hot."  
"Honey," I said gently, "you still are."

Donavan's Delight 1959 (1979 ed.)

[5] Definitely, I decided, a damsel in distress.

Why the hell else was she running barefoot through the grass? Barefoot! Bare assed, bare breasted, and the rest of her just plain bare. Well, not plain bare, exactly. More like generously bare when you get right down to it. Her long black hair streamed out behind her, and full breast bounced copiously with every stride. It was a sight to make sore eyes recover real fast.

[16] I left her in hicks is capable hands dash or by the look on his face every time he looked at her legs comma she soon would be dash and went out to the car.

[19] Under the tight pants are small but well rounded bottom bounced tightly if you walked away from me. It was a sight worth concentrating on for as long as it remains in view. I sincerely hope that he wasn't a lesbian, because it would be one hell of a waste. The house was very silent after she had gone. No \*\*\*\*\* came out of the hallway so I could trip over them. Then Lottie reappeared.

[73] "You have something special in mind, like a walk, or something"?

"Or something," I said.

I took her by the hand and walked upstairs to the master bedroom, which had large double bed. It didn't have quite the panache of a genuine full poster, but it was obviously built to last.

"It wasn't a very long walk," Gloria said in a demure voice.

"But look at the view I gestured toward the double bed. Fantastic isn't it?"

"You're crazy," she said. "You know that?"

"Like a fox," I told her.

I took you into my arms and kissed her, without hurrying. Then mouth opened and tongues probed and touched. She leaned the weight of her body against mine and her breasts were soft yet firm against my chest. My roving fingers found the zipper in her skirt and tugged it open. A sharp tug pulled it down over her hips, so it dropped to the floor around her feet. Then the fingers of both my hands slid under the elastic of her silk briefs until they cut the cheeks of her generous bottom firmly. Her hands suddenly became busy, too; unzipping my fly and freeing my erect shaft from its uncomfortable confinement. For a few seconds her fingers deftly massage then bent my rigidity forward until she managed to slide my shaft between the tops of her legs, squeezing it tightly, imprisoning it with ecstasy.

"Do you surrender, now that you're my prisoner?" she asked solemnly.

"Abjectly," I assured her.

"And unconditionally?"

"And unconditionally"

"Okay," she said. "Take off all your clothes and lie down on the bed."

She released her grip on my shaft, so I stripped off my clothes and lay down on the bed. I watched her peel off her silk briefs, revealing a glorious thatch of moist, reddish-brown pubic hair, then she chuckled wantonly the moment before she took a running jump onto the bed. I caught her with a breast-hold and a crotch-hold, and flipped her over onto her back. There was no need to pin her shoulders because she completely surrendered. And then there was only the steady rhythmic movement which obliterated the rest of the world - the small frantic gasp of delight - and the faint rasping sounds as her nails the right to my shoulders.

It sure beat the hell out of walking.

[139] Perched on either side of the over-sized double bed were blonde and a redhead, both naked.

"Rape," the blonde said determinedly.

We're counting on it." the redhead confirmed.

I stripped off my clothes quickly, and by the time I finished, both girls were lying on their backs on the bed, watching me with mild interest. I took a running jump onto the blonde and, a couple of minutes later, felt the redhead jump onto my back. The blonde yelped indignantly, then giggled suddenly a moment later.

"You're absolutely right, Trisha," she said happily. "Adding your weight does make an extra half inch at least!"

