



SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

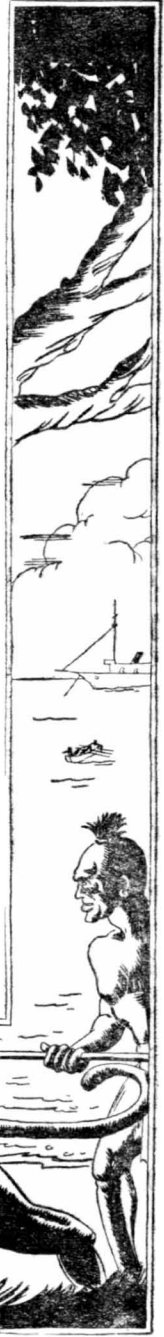
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AWN came swiftly over Britain's Central African Protectorate. Kurt Kermit, American explorer, arose and

added fresh mimosa-wood to the fire.

Headed back to Nairobi after a fruitless trek to Mt. Agoro in search of rumored emerald-deposits, the American was still many days' distance from the end of his journey. To his left lay the rush-grown banks of the Nile, where he had moored his dugout; to his right, the jungle's lush verdure marched in a solid green phalanx toward the far foothill plateaus marking the highlands of Kenya.

Abruptly, as he stirred coffee in a pot, Kermit stiffened. With the intuitive sixth sense that comes to those who spend much time in the world's far

places, he felt the approach of trouble. In the trees, overhead, the chatter of Colobus monkeys took on a different note.

Then Kermit heard a crashing of undergrowth. Could it be a lion? His

**By JEROME
SEVERS
PERRY**

BANTU



Deep in the heart of Africa a white girl's life is at stake. Kurt Kermit risks his life to save her and finds romance waiting!

for a loin-cloth engirdling her hips, her bared breasts danced with every stride. "Inkosi—inkosi! White man—save me—!" she shrieked in Swahili.

Kermit flung himself toward her. Then he saw the girl's pursuer—

The man was fierce, black, savage: a *Shenzi*. One of the untamed jungle aborigines that infested this district of the Protectorate. A huge, broad-shouldered, lithe-muscled beast of a man.

He burst out of the jungle, as if spewed forth. In his hand was a blow-



hand reached for his automatic. His eyes suddenly widened.

From a dim game-trail leading to the water's edge, a flying figure suddenly appeared. It was a girl—a dark-hued Nandi, from her features. Nude, save

JUSTICE

gun of bamboo. He raised it to his thick lips—

Kermit's automatic snaked out; he squeezed the trigger. But even as he fired, the *Shenzi* puffed out his cheeks. A tiny, dart went lancing to its target. The Nandi girl staggered, swayed, screamed.

But the American's slug had smashed a blood-smear hole in the *Shenzi's* skull. The man dropped like a felled log, lay still.

And now Kermit caught the native girl before she could fall. "What's wrong?" he barked in the dialect she had employed.

"Trouble—much trouble—in the compound of the *b'wana m'kuba*—one hour away . . . !" she gasped. Already her eyes were beginning to glaze.

KURT KERMIT'S face grew grave. *B'wana m'kuba* was the native term for the District Commissioner, British Resident in charge of this territory! That sounded bad. Kermit knew the Commissioner's name: Sir Landon Royce; but had never met the official.

"What sort of trouble? Speak quickly!"

The girl's lids fluttered. "Trouble . . . *b'wana m'kuba's* daughter in danger . . . yellow-haired girl faces death. . . !"

Kermit stiffened. "What is the white girl's danger? Speak?"

The *B'wana* Royce's daughter . . . Allene . . . in enemy . . . hands! Me . . . her maid . . .

"Me find magic glass; see your camp-fire last night. Me run to you for help . . . *Shenzi* follow trail, kill me. . . ." The native girl's eyes closed.

Kermit pressed a hand over her breast for a trace of heart-beat. There was none. The *Shenzi's* poisoned dart had finished her.

Lowering her body, Kurt Kermit went back to his camp; commenced packing.

He had no knowledge of the direction in which the District Commissioner's compound lay; but he was jungle-wise. He found the game-trail along which the black girl had come; picked up the marks of her passage.

An hour passed and the American found himself looking upon a gently-rising valley, carpeted by lush grass and centered with a crystal-clear lake. To one side of the lake rose the extinct crater of an ancient volcano, a crust of hard lava at its base. On the nearer lake-shore lay a Bantu village.

The village was a sprawled cluster of grass-and-mud huts. Beyond lay a clearing-compound containing a *dak*-bungalow and a corrugated-tin mission building. The *dak*-bungalow would be Commissioner Royce's residency, no doubt; and toward it, Kermit directed his steps.

As he passed through the single entrance in the thorn-bush enclosure surrounding the compound, he frowned. There was something decidedly queer about the compound and the native village nearby. No life stirred in any quarter. No chickens scratched in the mud; no pigs rooted in the filth. There were no children tumbling under the growing heat of the morning sun; no women shrieking and gossiping. And where the devil was the *askiri*—the British-trained native sentry—who should be patrolling in front of the District Commissioner's bungalow?

Kermit had the sensation of striding through a mirage—a place uninhabited save by ghosts. A shadow fell across his feet from overhead, and he looked up. He saw a flock of wheeling, dipping

vultures. His frown deepened. Vultures meant carrion—dead flesh.

AND then, suddenly, he heard a woman's shrill, penetrating wail of absolute terror.

It seemed to come from within the *dak*-bungalow. Whipping out his automatic, Kermit raced forward; gained the verandah. "Hello the house!" he roared.

Silence fell. Then, after a long moment, just as the American was about to shove his way through the bungalow's front door, it opened. He stared—

Stared into the dark, glowing eyes of a woman. A girl. A white girl.

She was brunette; and her sole garment was a loosely-draped kimono which fell open at the throat, disclosing more than a generous hint of rising, unbrassiered white breasts. A faint breeze stirred at the kimono's lower hem, revealing for an instant her bare legs and a hint of creamy thigh.

The American caught his breath sharply. The girl was lovely; beautiful. But there was a hardness about her; a dangerous glitter that warned him to beware peril ahead. Her face was a smooth oval; her lips were full, sensuous, crimson.

She looked at the automatic gripped in his right fist. An enigmatic smile came to her red mouth. "Well?" she challenged in a throaty contralto.

He swept off his pith helmet; bowed.

"Your pardon, miss. I'm looking for the District Commissioner—Sir Landon Royce. My name's Kurt Kermit. American."

Her smile widened into one of welcome. "How do you do, Mr. Kermit. My father is in his study. Will you wait a moment, please?"

Kermit started. Then this girl was

the Commissioner's daughter, Allene! But—but she wasn't blonde. Moreover, she didn't seem to be in any danger.

And what of the shrill feminine scream which Kermit had heard issuing from the bungalow a moment before? Why was the compound, the native village itself, so utterly devoid of life?

In the shade from a clump of umbrella-shaped *mimosas* at the front of the bungalow, Kermit waited as the brunette girl disappeared inside the house. Shortly she reappeared. "Will you come in, Mr. Kermit? My father will receive you in his study."

The American followed her through a cool corridor. He couldn't help noticing the smooth, rippling play of her thigh-muscles, through the thin silk of her kimono; couldn't help seeing the liquid sway of her hips as she walked. There was something of tigress about her, as well as of seductive femininity.

THEN he was in a comfortable, bamboo-furnished study. He saw two men looking at him. One—the elder of the pair—was seated at a desk. He wore a trimmed grey goatee, and his eyes were set close together. Beyond him, standing, was a younger man in cleric's garb.

The man at the desk spoke. "Mr. Kurt Kermit? I am Sir Landon Royce. My daughter Allene, here, tells me that you wished to speak to me. May I also present the Reverend Darx—curate of our mission here at Kagga Kajo."

Kermit nodded. They were a strange trio: Royce, his daughter and the dominie. The latter, despite his black habit, didn't seem in the least like a man of God. He had the jaw, the face, of a plug-ugly; and his fists were ham-like, battle-scarred.

And there was something peculiar

about Sir Landon Royce's accent. It didn't seem entirely British. There was an almost imperceptible trace of guttural slur to his words.

But of course that was all imagination, Kermit told himself. Maybe the sun had got him for a touch of fever.

He smiled. "I suppose I'm wasting your time, Sir Landon, just as I've probably wasted my own by coming here. You see, I'd had news you were in trouble; and I came to offer whatever assistance I might."

The goateed man looked startled. "Trouble? Here? What on earth gave you that idea, sir?"

"It was a native girl. She burst upon my encampment a while ago; told me your daughter, Allene, was a prisoner in the hands of enemies."

The grey-haired Commissioner scowled. "Utter, arrant nonsense, my friend! There's been no trouble here. The native woman must have been mad."

She told me your daughter was blonde, Sir Landon."

"Poppycock! You can see for yourself—Allene is brunette."

The dark-haired girl smiled lazily.

Kermit smiled back at her. "I've been taken in, of course. You can't blame me for investigating. Especially when I found your compound deserted—and heard a scream from inside this house."

"A scream? Oh—the parrot! Damned nuisance, that silly bird. And as to the compound being deserted—our natives are off on a meat-hunt. Er—by the way, Mr. Kermit. You must be tired after your forced march. Suppose you make use of my guest-room for a little siesta? I'll have my daughter bring you something to drink. Show him to his room, Allene."

Kurt Kermit nodded. "Thanks lots."

He followed the brunette girl back down the corridor. She opened the door of a room, conducted him inside. He saw a bed with clean white linens; a washstand with its pitcher full of inviting, clean water. "This looks like Paradise to a man who's been on the *trek* for the past two months, Miss Royce."

She shot him a quizzical glance from behind long, fringing lashes. "Make good use of it. One never knows how long it will be before another such chance comes along." She turned, went out of the room.

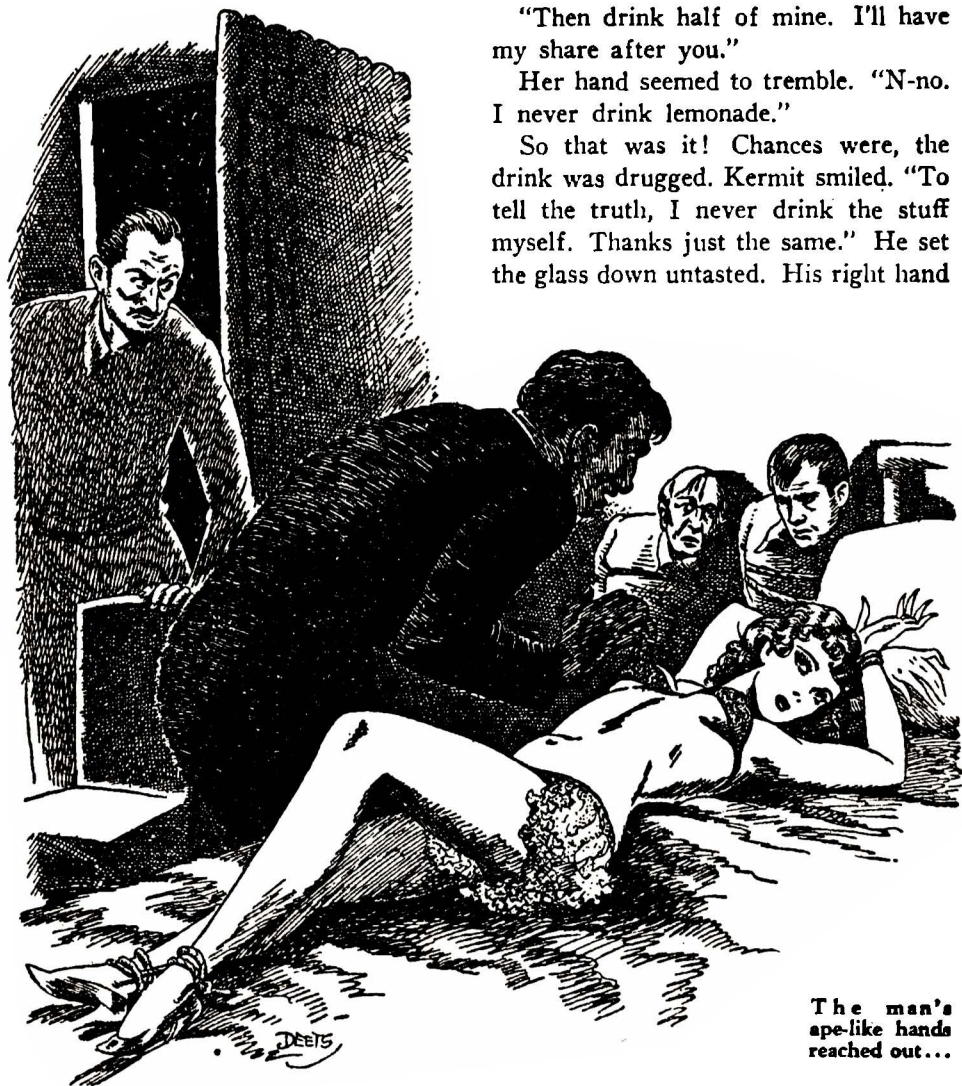
HE closed the door; sat on the edge of the bed. His eyes were narrowed thoughtfully. He knew he had stepped into something screwy; and he must watch his step.

In the first place, he was now convinced that the goateed man was *not* Sir Landon Royce, the District Commissioner. The man's faintly-foreign accent betrayed that much. Neither was that other chap, Darx, a real minister. No missionary ever had such a thuggish face. Moreover, the brunette girl was an impostor too. Because that dying native woman had said that Allene Royce was blonde . . . and Kermit knew the Nandi girl hadn't been insane; her words carried the ring of truth.

The American rested a hand on his automatic. Everything added up to one incontrovertible answer: knavery. The man who called himself Sir Landon Royce was a liar many times over.

It was an obvious lie that the natives of the village had all departed on a quest for fresh meat. On such a hunt, only the men take the trail. They don't take along their women, their children, their chickens and their hogs.

And that scream—which the fake Commissioner had claimed to be the



The man's
ape-like hands
reached out...

shriek of a parrot—had indubitably come from human lips.

Kermit's thoughts were interrupted by a knock upon the door. "Come in," he called pleasantly.

Into the room stepped the brunette girl. She bore a tall glass filled with a pinkish liquid. "Red lemonade to quench your thirst, Mr. Kermit," she smiled.

His brows rose. "None for you? Aren't you joining me?"

"N-no—!" she seemed startled.

remained comfortably close to the butt of his holstered Colt.

The girl looked at him queerly. Then she sat on the edge of his bed and smiled up at him. "I envy you this room. It's got the most comfortable bed in the house. Father insists on keeping it for a guest-chamber—the silly!" She threw herself backward, yawned luxuriously. Her arms stretched out over her head, drawing her breasts into taut twin pouts beneath her kimono. The garment

"Then drink half of mine. I'll have my share after you."

Her hand seemed to tremble. "N-no. I never drink lemonade."

So that was it! Chances were, the drink was drugged. Kermit smiled. "To tell the truth, I never drink the stuff myself. Thanks just the same." He set the glass down untasted. His right hand

pulled open a little, revealing the white valley between those intriguing mounds of flesh.

Kermit stared down into her languorous eyes, but he was wary; on guard. Even so, the sight of her partially-revealed feminine charms sent unwanted tingles through his being. It had been a long time since he had seen any white woman; a much longer time since his eyes had roved over one as gloriously-lovely as this brunette girl.

HE decided to find out just how far she'd go. But first he took one precaution. He unstrapped his cartridge-belt with its holstered weapon; slung it over the foot-post of the bed. If she made a move for it, he could forestall her. . . .

Grinning, he perched beside her on the bed's edge. "You're very lovely."

She stirred, and contrived to allow her kimono to come open a little more. Her breasts were half revealed now—curved and tempting. The sight stirred a surge of longing within Kermit's veins. Tentatively, he reached out and touched her bare arm.

She smiled lazily. It was a smile of coquetry, of challenge. She made no protest as his fingers strayed upward along her arm, reached the soft curves of her shoulder. . . .

"I . . . like you to do . . . that. . . !" she whispered audaciously.

For answer he grew bolder, drew her with the circle of his embrace.

Abruptly her arms were about his neck, drawing him down toward her. "Kiss me!" she gasped.

Dimly in the back of his mind he remembered that there was danger before him. But after all, his automatic was beyond her reach; and besides, a rising, throbbing beat was beginning to

pound like a jungle-drum through the American's being. In the unexpected grip of that urge, he forgot all thoughts of peril—

He glued his lips to her mouth.

She clung to him, her entire body a living, writhing flame that ignited answering conflagrations of sensation in Kermit's veins. He could feel the pulsing softness of her breasts urgent against his chest; the sultry heat of her breath against his cheek. Her ardor was feminine—yet demanding. . . .

Caught up in the typhoon of excitement which her charms engendered, Kermit failed to hear his room's door being softly opened. His intuition was dulled and numbed by the flames that seethed in his body. . . .

Then, suddenly, he heard a sound behind him; a stealthy footstep. Simultaneously, he beheld a queer glitter in the brunette girl's eyes as she darted a glance over his shoulder. His senses suddenly recalled to alertness, he sprang back—

The girl tried to stay him; tried to lock her arms about his neck and hamper his movements. He raised a palm, slapped it viciously across her pale face. Then he pivoted. "Damn—!"

The fake missionary, Darx, was almost on him—and the man held an up-raised hardwood cudgel!

There was murder in the fellow's evil eyes; hatred on his contorted thug-gish features. His bludgeon swished down in a savage, vicious arc—straight at Kermit's skull.

The American ducked; threw up an arm to parry the murderous smash. A stabbing agony lanced upward toward his shoulder as the club caught his fore-arm. And then, feet spread wide and fists balled, Kermit waded in.

He fainted with his damaged left;

drove a raging right upper-cut to the man's teeth. Darx staggered backward, spat a bloody froth of curses. Again his cudgel smashed downward. Kermit leaped aside, avoided the blow. Then once more he bashed his hard knuckles against his assailant's jaw, putting every ounce of his splendid, muscular strength behind the trajectory of his fist.

Darx went down.

The American plunged at his fallen enemy; leaned over him. It was a suicidal move. Even as he stooped, he heard footfalls behind him—

He tried to whirl. Too late! He saw that the goateed man had entered the room; was smashing at him with a clubbed Webley automatic. Kermit tried to side-step, to parry this new attack; but his movement failed. The up-raised weapon thudded down on his unprotected skull. A blinding hell of pain coursed into his brain, stabbed him with white-hot fires. He felt darkness closing in upon him, smothering him.

Kurt Kermit tried to fight off the seeping unconsciousness that claimed him; but the task was hopeless. Again came the murderous impact of gun-butt against his skull. He closed his eyes, slumped to the floor in sudden, complete obliteration. . . .

WHEN Kermit regained his senses, he was trussed hand and foot; and his pain-bleared gaze revealed to him that he was in a small room, windowless and containing but one closed door.

His thoughts reeling dizzily, he struggled to sit upright on the floor. He propped his shoulders against the wall; looked about him once more. Then he stiffened in astonishment.

He was not alone!

There were two fellow-prisoners in the room with him—a man and a girl.

The man was elderly, bald; a deep cut ran across his head from crown to temple. He was tightly bound.

Beyond the wounded man lay a girl; and when Kermit saw her, an electric tingle raced through him. She was young, lovely, gloriously blonde. She, too, was fettered. Her long yellow hair streamed down over her bared shoulders and half nude, firm little breasts. Her frock had been partially ripped from her slender body, leaving her clad in nothing but its tatters and wisp-sheer panties of tissue-thin chiffon. Her legs were milk-white and softly-contoured and enchantingly feminine. Her small, delectable breasts were rounded cones of perfection. But there were perceptible bruises on her shoulders, everywhere on the exposed girl-flesh. . . .

Kermit found his voice. "What—what's the meaning of all this?" he demanded weakly. "Who are you people? What's been going on?"

The elderly man stirred feebly against his fetters; strove ineffectually to free himself. "I—I am Sir Landon Royce, Resident Commissioner for this district," he answered in a dim voice. "And this is—my daughter—Allene—"

Kermit nodded grimly. "A goateed man claimed to be Sir Landon; a brunette girl, his daughter. And that other chap said he was the mission minister!"

The real Sir Landon groaned. "They are murderers—all three of them! They arrived here at the compound last night. They killed our mission curate, threw his body to the vultures. . . ."

Kermit's eyes narrowed. That would account for the carrion birds he had seen wheeling overhead when first he had come to the deserted settlement.

The British official groaned again. "They—they have been trying to wrest

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BANTU JUSTICE

{Continued from page 93}

information from me, regarding a certain diamond-deposit in this vicinity. The goateed man's name is Fleishmann—a German bushwhacker whom I suspect of being a secret agent sent here to the British Protectorate to stir up trouble among the natives. Darx is his assistant—and escaped convict. The brunette girl is a common waterfront woman.”

KERMIT took up the story: “Then, this morning, Fleishmann was all set to torture information out of you when I showed up? That would account for the scream I heard. It was your daughter?”

“Y-yes. I screamed—” the yellow-haired girl whimpered. In her blue eyes was the mirrored remembrance of terror.

The American's jaw jutted. “My arrival scared Fleishmann and his friends. They wanted to fool me—trap me. I was wise to them . . . but they licked me, after all!” Then his eyes glittered vengefully. “By God, I'm not through yet! I'll get loose somehow; and then I'll—”

“You'll do nothing, my inquisitive Yankee friend!” a voice snarled from the room's doorway. The door was punched open. The goateed Fleishmann strode in, followed by the fake curate, and the brunette girl.

The Nazi agent leaned over Sir Landon Royce; kicked at him sadistically. “Are you ready to tell me the location of that diamond deposit?”

“No! That deposit is British prop-

erty!” the official shot back in a sudden show of valor.

A sneer crossed Fleishmann's bearded, oily lips. “Very well. Unless you tell, you shall have the extreme pleasure of watching some very unpleasant things happening to your daughter!”

Allene Royce wailed in fear. Fleishmann lifted her, flung her upon the bed. Then he turned to Darx. “Go ahead, my good companion. Do with her as you wish. . . !”

Kurt Kermit felt red rage boiling up in his heart. He saw the thug-faced Darx go to the golden-haired girl, lean over her. The man's ape-like hands reached out; commenced to fondle the shrinking form of the terror-stricken, helpless girl. Loathsome fingers bit into her cringing flesh. . . .

Then, as Darx's breath came faster, his intentions became plainer, Sir Landon Royce cried out. “No—no! Not that! I'll tell the location of the diamond-deposit—!”

Allene darted a pleading glance at her father. “Daddy—you mustn't tell! If you do, they'll have the information they want; and then they'll kill us all! As long as you don't tell, they must keep us alive. . . !”

Kermit's heart pounded in his heaving chest. The girl's bravery was greater than her dread of the shame and humiliation she was about to undergo. She was willing to allow Darx to . . . defile her . . . rather than risk the death of her father. . . !

“You damned fiends!” Kermit roared out. He struggled against the ropes

that trussed him, while insane hate seethed in his soul.

As he twisted at his fetters, hope leaped into his veins. A knot had slipped a little! Again he renewed his efforts. But meanwhile, the thug-faced Darx was pawing at Allene, brutal fingers pinching her bare shoulders . . . stroking her shrinking flesh. . . . His lips were lowering esuriently, evilly, toward her blood-red mouth. . . .

AND then, suddenly, there came a sound from the outer compound: a wailing, keening uproar from a hundred native throats. The goateed Fleishmann swore harshly. "Those *verdammte* natives—they have come back! We must frighten them away again!"

Like a flash, the Nazi and his two evil companions dashed from the room. Outside, dusk was falling with African swiftness. And the outer uproar was growing louder.

With their captors gone, Kermit and Sir Landon and the golden-haired Allene were once more alone, unguarded, in their prison-chamber. The American knew he must work fast if he were to do anything to save the English girl from humiliating degradation. . . . Again he started struggling against his gyves. He exerted every pound of his strength against the knots. Sweat poured into his eyes. . . .

A knot slipped again. He fought at it; twisted his wrists savagely until the ropes cut into his flesh and blood dripped from his fingers. Then came a surge of elation. His own blood dampening the knots, had made them and his wrists slippery! The rope was loosening!

With one more savage tug, he had his hands released!

Now he leaned over, worried the

bonds about his ankles. At last his legs were free. He stood up; beat his palms together to restore the circulation. Then, like a wild man, he leaped at the bed.

It was the work of only an instant to free the golden-haired English girl. He lifted her in his arms, set her on her unsteady feet. For a moment she clung weakly to him, so that her yellow hair was in his face and her lovely breasts close to his chest. A thrill shot through Kermit's veins at the intimate contact. But there was work to be done!

He turned, unfettered Sir Landon, helped him upright. "What now. . . ?" the British official whispered weakly.

"Escape!" Kermit rasped back. He made for the window, opened it. In an instant he was outside; was aiding Allene and her father into the night.

Even as they gained the compound, a new sound came to Kermit's ears: a concerted shriek of terror from beyond the compound. The American stared across the clearing; and his eyes widened in understanding.

Just across the lake, on the face of that extinct, lava-encrusted volcano, there was a shimmering white square of ghoulish light. Moving shape stalked across that luminous square—

"Movies! A portable cinema outfit!" the American whispered. "So that's how Fleishmann scared the natives away, so that he could have a free hand!"

"Y-yes. . . !" the British commissioner whispered.

"Then come on! That swine and his friends are over there by the base of the volcano, somewhere. That's where they're operating that movie-projector! We'll catch them before they know what's happening!"

As he spoke, Kermit broke into a loping run around the lake's edge. Behind him, he could hear Royce and his daughter desperately following. Weaponless, with only his two hands with which to fight, Kermit had no thought of personal peril. He knew only one thing: that he must capture and destroy Fleishmann and that evil Darx, who had dared lay bestial fingers upon Allene Royce's fair flesh. . . .

THEY were at the base of the extinct volcano now. Kermit saw whence the motion-picture was being projected. The square of light emanated from a brilliant glow of illumination at the mouth of a dark, ominous cave—

The American explorer smashed him—

self vengefully at that black orifice in the side of the crater. Fists balled, eyes narrowed to gleaming slits of fury, he plummeted into the cavern. He spied the portable movie-projector with its sputtering carbide light; saw Fleish-

The bludgeon swished down viciously.



mann, Darx and the brunette woman leaning over the machine—

"Now, you rats!" he roared in a mighty, thunderous voice. And he hurled himself at his enemies.

His attack was unexpected. Before the bearded Fleishmann could realize what was happening, a hammer-hard fist sent him slumping into unconsciousness. And as the Nazi agent fell, his skull

struck against a projecting nodule of black, unyielding lava. There came a dull, sickening sound as the German's head was split wide open. . . .

And then the brunette girl hurled herself at Kurt Kermit—scratching, clawing, shrieking waterfront oaths. He

tried to fend her off. Somehow, the carbine-lighted movie projector was overturned. A brilliant white flash of light spewed upward. Flames licked hungrily at the wooden table upon which the cinema machine rested. The cavern was suddenly a flickering inferno of flame-shadows.

Kermit leaped away from the hungry fires that almost scorched his face. Then, ominously, he heard a growling, savage roar from the mouth of the cave. He wheeled—and saw a knot of grim-faced natives belching into the chamber!

“The *juju* is broken! Slay the white magicians!” came a concerted Swahili shout.

The American’s heart sank. These black Bantus, freed of their fear of Fleishmann’s movies, were closing in to attack! And in their unintelligent frenzy, they might seek the lives of innocent as well as guilty!

His heart in his throat, Kermit sprang to Allene Royce’s side. His arms swept about her protectingly. He saw her father facing the approaching natives; addressing them in the native tongue. Then, suddenly, he saw Darx and the brunette girl make a leap for the cave-opening in a desperate attempt to escape.

But even as the fake missionary made his move, the blacks were upon him. Assegais flashed in the flame-light; and the thug-faced man went down shrieking, his breast impaled by a dozen spears. And now the yelling natives had pinioned the brunette girl; were bearing her out of the cavern. . . .

In the distance, her screams rang out. . . .

“God!” Kurt Kermit whispered. “Do you suppose they’ll—”

Sir Landon Royce nodded. “They’ll have their way with her; then they will

kill her. It is what she deserves; I shall not stop them!

But we ourselves—are they like to come back and attack us?"

"No, my American friend. Those are friendly natives; and what they have just done, was done to aid me and my daughter. We are safe, now. Thanks to you—and to jungle justice!"

KERMIT was still holding Allene Royce in his strong arms. Suddenly he described a glint in the wall of the cavern. He stared. It was a lava nodule projecting from the side of the cave: the same lava-nodule upon which Fleishmann's skull had been split. In that impact, the nodule had cracked open a little; and in its black depths gleamed something that reflected the fire-light—

"Diamonds!" the American whispered.

Sir Landon nodded. "This is the diamond-deposit whose location Fleishmann wanted. And now that you know of it, Mr. Kermit, I would like to invite you to stay here with my daughter and with me; help us work the claim in the name of the British Government, on a share basis. . . ."

Against the American's stalwart form, the golden-haired Allene Royce cuddled close. She looked up into his eyes, and her breasts were thrillingly close to his encircling arm. "~~Please—stay—~~" she whispered.

A smile crossed Kermit's lips as he read the half-promise in her steady gaze. "Yes," he whispered softly, as he drew her closer. "I'll stay—always—with you!"

