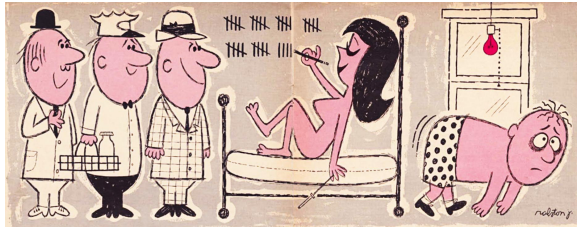


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Matin' Place

By Grace Salacious [Donald E. Westlake]

Herewith a frank satire on a national best-seller which is either a soap opera or a souped-up soap opera or an American classic—depending on when was the last time you paid a visit to your analyst

AS Amanada Hotbottom crawled sexily from her orchid-colored foam rubber bed, stretched sexily and slithered across her boudoir to her sexy pink chambre du toilette, the sun was rising sexily into the sky over seething, sexy Pooton Place. Scudding clouds, shaped like delicate figures in French postcards, sensually crossed the boiling sky. Below, the hot, wet-lipped silence was broken by the panting of dogs in heat. Hot, vital day had come to Pooton Place.

Amanda paused in her voluptuous crossing of her lavender bedchamber and gazed hungrily downward through her long, curved sexy lashes. At her feet were a pair of plaid shorts. As she bent to retrieve them, her rose-colored robe parted, exposing her firm, soft, erect drooping mammaries.

Amanda inspected the garment in her hand. The Ivy League narrow fly, she noticed. Stenciled across the seat, just below the buckle, was the legend, "Finder please return to Stephen Hotstud, 69 Pooton Place."

Amanda laughed a rich, vibrant, sexy sound, "Old Stephey," she said aloud, in her throaty, husky, sexy voice. "Forgot his shorts again." She tossed them onto the nearest love seat, making a mental note to drop them off at Stephey's on her way to market. Then she continued her swaying movement to the next room.

After a quick bath and a breakfast of pomegranates, bleu cheese, Moselle 52 and Spanish Fly, Amanda amused herself for a while by standing nude near the kitchen window, winking at poor Herman Driedup, the pitiful little accountant who lived next door with his battle-axe wife, Briseis. Then, the front doorbell chimed, the opening notes of Bolero. Amanda hastily donned a flesh-colored bandaid and swayed sexily through the house to the door.

It was Stephen Stallion, the laundryman. "Got the laundry here, Miss Hotbottom," he said, staring at her bandaid.

"Bring it right in," she murmured. She moved sexily into the parlor, as the laundryman followed, bent under the weight of a full laundry bag, shaped vaguely like a phallic symbol.

"Cheez," said the laundryman, dropping the bag, "you sire use a lot of towels."

Amanda laughed lightly, a sound of sexy bells. "I'm very clean," she confided with a sexy simper.

"Yeah," agreed the laundryman. "You must be."

"Drinky?" invited Amanda.

The laundryman wiped his brow. It was hot in the parlor, seething, boiling. "Not on duty," he said.

"Oh, come on," Amanda coaxed him. "Just a little?"

"Well, all right. Just a little."

They shared an intimate, hot martini.

Amanda's eyes strayed to the laundry bag, shaped vaguely like— "Come upstairs," she suggested. "I'll pay you."

Later, after the laundryman had left, Amanda went back to the kitchen window to tease Herman Driedup a bit more. Herman, clipping hedges, squirmed uncomfortably in the hot, seething, broiling, sexy heat of the sun. Erratically, he clipped the hedges and, when he was finished, they were shaped somewhat like the form of a reclining sexy woman. Finally, with an oath, Herman hurled his clippers away and dashed across the yard. He stumbled, glazy-eyed and panting, into Amanda's kitchen.

"Why, Hermey," cooed Amanda.

"I don't care," he panted. "I've got to—I've got to—" He fell at her feet and nibbled her toes.

"Hermey, be careful. You'll get nail polish in your stomach."

"I don't care," he mumbled around her big toe. "I've got to—I've got to—"

Then Briseis Driedup was standing in the doorway. "Herman!" she cried.

Herman shrunk into himself, Amanda's toes forgotten. Covering like a dog in heat he crawled, slithered, crept, slunk out of the kitchen, Briseis glowered, "Hussy!" she hissed.

Amanda chuckled sexily. "I love life," she said, putting nasty old Briseis Driedup in her place.

Then, the doorbell rang again, the opening notes of Bolero sending a quick electric flash through Amanda's soft, firm, slim, plump body, and she turned and dashed to the door.

It was Stephen Hotstud, a pained expression on his strong, broad-jawed, level-eyed, sexy face.

"Stephey!" cried Amanda. "Come in!"

Stephen entered, "Amanda," he mumbled, in his deep, husky, sexy baritone,

a voice that caused vibrations to run through Amanda's golden, full, sexy body. "Amanda, your bandaid is slipping."

"Oh, thank you," she murmured, leaning against him. "It must be the heat."

"I wouldn't call so early," Stephen told her, "but I seem to have left my shorts behind, and I do need them. These corduroy knickers, you know."

"Of course," whispered Amanda. "Come upstairs. I found them this morning. They made me think of you."

Later, after Stephen had left, walking much more easily now, Amanda sat at her kitchen table, making out her shopping list. She needed pomegranates, she needed bleu cheese, she needed wine and, oh yes, she needed a new red bulb for the front door.

As she completed her list, she looked out the kitchen window. Briseis Driedup had nailed her husband to the garage door. He was squirming and writhing, pitifully, pathetically, sexily. Amanda watched him for a moment, then remembered she wanted to go to the market. Still she watched him. She could always go to the market after the mailman had come. •