



# SPICY- ADVENTURE STORIES

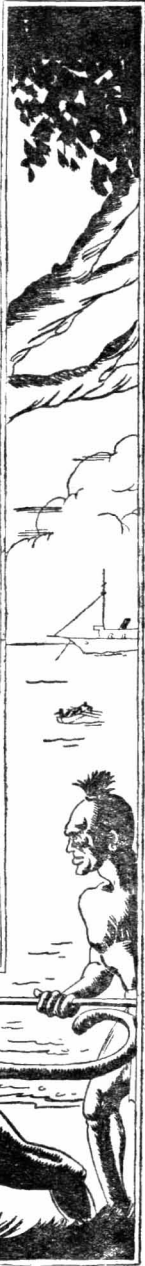
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# Queen of the



While the Indian held the javelin, his hands were skillfully bound.

*Lady Godiva in the jungle! It couldn't be so, but, where his surveying transit pointed through the jungle, that was what met Bush Wyman's eye!*

**B**USH WYMAN straightened up his six feet of sinewy body from his transit and jerked a bandana handkerchief from a pocket. He mopped the perspiration from his sun-tanned face and looked along the straight cleared path that his crew were cutting through the jungle.

He stooped and placed his hard gray eye to the instrument again. His muscles tensed. Through an aperture in the verdure the gleaming figure of a girl on horseback flashed before the lens. Wy-

# Flaming Arrows



By  
**FRANK E.  
MARKS**

man swung the barrel of his transit, tried to follow the apparition. The matted vines cut off his view. Then he saw her again as her black mount picked its way across the field of his vision. Bush Wyman's blood surged. The girl on horseback was practically nude!

The telescope brought her close. She had reined in her horse and was looking in his direction. Every detail of her glorious youthful body stood out clearly against the green background. Her slender body glowed with the whiteness of marble. Her thighs, clear-cut, over the black steed, were as matchless as sculptured alabaster. Her breasts would have done justice to a statue of Venus.

Her hair was golden, wavy, like the autumn wheat Wyman remembered back home in the States. And then, as he

stared breathlessly, the girl jerked the reins with her rounded arms. Horse and rider were swallowed up among the giant orchids and trees.

WYMAN stood up, gazed toward where the girl had disappeared. Suddenly, his body went rigid. Something vivid, like a fiery eye, whirred through the jungle leaves. It came with the speed of a comet. Bush Wyman ducked. The flaming object whizzed by his ear. He turned, looked toward the corral behind him. A burro reared on its hind legs, pawed the air with its front hoofs, whinnied, and fell to the ground.

A stableman ran to the fallen animal. The man's eyes bulged. He turned an ashen face to Wyman, shouted, "My God! Look at this!" Wyman strode to the fallen burro. It was dead.

"See what killed him?" the stableman asked.

Wyman stooped. Half the length of an arrow was embedded in the animal's chest. The forward end of the weapon had been smeared with asphalt, set afire before it had been sprung from the bow. The portion of the shaft projecting from the beast terminated with a red feather.

"Indians!" the excited mule-tender exclaimed. "None of us are safe in this damn' jungle!"

Wyman's sharp eyes saw a wrapping near the feathered end of the arrow. He opened his pocket knife, cut the fine cord that bound it to the cane rod. It was a small square of white linen paper. On it there was a message written in English on a typewriter. It read: "If you do not want to meet the same fate as your burro, come no farther." There was no signature.

Bush Wyman handed the slip of paper to the startled man beside him. "Vene-

zuelan Indians don't use English so fluently, Joe," he told him. "Neither do they have typewriters."

He took a map from his field book, spread it open. "See here," he pointed. "This is Lake Maracaibo. At the south end of it is where we unloaded the Mammoth Oil Company outfit from the steamer. We have to get the machinery through the road we're building." Wyman traced his pencil lower, inland. "This round circle is the asphalt bed reported by the airplane survey. We expect to find oil thereabouts.

"So what?" Joe wanted to know.

"You remember that other gang—the Shale Oil Company? They started two months ahead of us; took another course."

Joe nodded.

"It's my hunch they're trying to throw a scare into us, hold us back until they file on the property themselves."

"And send a note like that?" Joe asked. "It don't look like the real thing if they want to make us think it's Indians."

Wyman hunched his shoulders. "That dead burro is real enough." He left the burro keeper, went to the forward end of the cleared line where the crew was hacking at the rank vegetation. He spoke to the foreman, "Go back and run the instrument for me this afternoon. I'm going to do a little scouting ahead."

"Okay, chief."

WYMAN picked up a machete, went forward to the end of the cleared trail. He plunged into the thickness of the jungle, followed a narrow stream. Huge pitcher plants slapped his perspiring face. He slashed at them with his blade, hacked at their tough stalks, tore through the towering ferns as he trudged along the ravine.

Gay-plumaged macaws chattered in the mangrove trees above him. Monkeys with grotesque white faces gibbered from the branches. The curious bellbird sounded its solitary note; a single ring, like a gong.

Monstrous bats sailed toward Wyman's head. He struck at them. They darted upward, screeched with a sinister sound. Fat frogs croaked, jumped into slimy holes under Wyman's feet. He plodded on.

His mind dwelt on the girl he had seen through the telescope of his transit. That she had something to do with the death of the burro he was certain. Maybe the rival oil company had used her in a scheme to frighten his men. Could she be a white Indian? Wyman had read of such a tribe that lived in Venezuela's interior.

Slicing at the matted vines, ripping into the interlaced barrier that was like woven wire, Bush Wyman reached a clearing. He sat down on a mossy rock. He found a damp cigarette paper in his pocket, rolled some tobacco into a cylinder and lighted it. He blew a fog of smoke into the still air.

Abruptly, Wyman crouched, sprang to his feet. Something had swished the air behind him. Wyman wheeled. He faced a man whose descending arm wielded a club. In that split second Wyman raised his machete. The bludgeon crashed on the blade. The outer end of the club was lopped off. But the portion that remained in the man's hand furrowed down Wyman's chest, tore viciously into his flesh.

Wyman winced, felt the rapsing pain of his lacerated skin. He plunged at his attacker, raised his blade, brought it down on the man's skull. His opponent's head split like a cocoanut.

Wyman stared at the man he had

killed. "A white Indian!" he gasped. The native was bare save for moccasins and a breech-clout. His hair was like coal; his cheek bones high; mouth large and sensual.

Yells split the air as Wyman backed against a big tree. He shifted the machete to his left hand and jerked his revolver from its holster. It seemed as though every rock had come to life. Heads and shoulders of white natives appeared everywhere.

Wyman's gun spewed fire, cracked resonantly through the canyon. An Indian slumped behind a ledge. Bush Wyman's weapon spat flame at the uncoming horde. Then the hammer of his revolver snapped uselessly against an empty shell. He jammed the gun back into its holster, and raised the machete as the white Indians closed in a semi-circle about him.

**A** GIANT of a man stood out in their midst, watching his tribesmen. An Indian took an arrow from his quiver. The giant sprang to the native, jerked the arrow from his hand, threw it to the ground. The native made no further attempt to use his deadly darts.

Like a soft-footed puma, another white brave advanced. Wyman waited until the man was in striking distance and then slashed with his uplifted machete. The Indian sidestepped the descending blade. Wyman stumbled from his own momentum, went to his knees. He scrambled to his feet, punched out with his left fist. It landed on the jaw of the native. The man dropped backward into the muck.

Wyman's machete cut the air as another Indian approached. But the powerful hands of a man from behind clamped his arms, kept the long knife from falling. The throng of yelping natives

closed in, pinioned his legs. Wyman was dragged to the earth.

With lightning swiftness, the Indians jerked Wyman's arms behind him. Native rope was tied around his wrists. He was pulled to his feet; stood between two muscular men. They held the points of their javelins against his sides. The giant Indian who seemed to be the leader came up to his captive. He took the cartridge belt and revolver from Wyman's waist.

And then, to Bush Wyman's amazement, the leader spoke in English, "Follow me!" he ordered. The big native started forward. Wyman was prodded into action. The two guards hugged closely.

Bush Wyman was led over a trail through the forest. They cut across arroyos, plodded over knolls, slogged along the soggy bed of a stream. At last they climbed a precipitous rise, reached the top, halted. Wyman's eyes swept the valley below. It was a cleared area under cultivation. In the distance, a village sprawled. Thatched-roofed huts squatted in winding roads. The band descended the hill.

Wrinkled old men stood with open mouths; naked children gaped; squaws stared as the band reached the village and passed along its narrow street. From doorways hung with matting, young girls, white-skinned, peeped out shyly. Wyman's blood quickened as he caught glimpses of their flashing thighs, their nubile breasts and lithe bodies.

**A**T THE far end of the road, the leader who had spoken English, stopped. A large structure of bamboo stood back from the street. It was a two-story house. The upper section projected over the first story and had a veranda that skirted the entire building.

Brightly-colored flowers and pampas grass grew luxuriantly in the garden.

The giant leader looked up toward the veranda. Wyman's eyes followed his gaze. A door opened. A girl walked to the rail of the portico. She was nude except for a girdle of dried twisted flowers and a necklace of fresher blossoms that sheltered her breasts. Her whole body was a symphony of breathtaking loveliness. Golden hair caressed her curving shoulders. Wyman gasped. It was the girl he had seen through the telescope of his surveying instrument. And she was not an Indian!

The girl stared steadily at Wyman. She spoke something in the native dialect. The leader of the Indians bowed as she went back into her room. He gave an order to his tribesmen. They turned, left. The giant chief clapped a hand on Wyman's shoulder, gestured toward the outside stairway. Captive and captor entered the blossoming grounds. Wyman went up the steps.

He was led to the other side of the veranda. It overlooked a vast plain. Shining in the late afternoon sun, a black lake of asphalt glistened. The big native motioned to a crude chair. Bush Wyman sat down.

With the smoothness of a white swan, the golden-tressed girl appeared from another doorway. She walked to where Wyman sat on the edge of his chair. Her azure eyes surveyed him from under long lashes. Every detail of her lissom body was now within his reach. Her breasts rose and fell with a fascinating movement. Her rounded shoulders were a perfection of curves that swept gracefully to her perfect waist.

She sat down in a reclining chair opposite Wyman and clapped her palms together. A white Indian girl came out onto the veranda. She too, was nude

save for a wispy girdle. The native girl's breasts were pear-shaped and drooped slightly. Her dark eyes bored at Wyman. A hibiscus blossom was entwined in her coal-like hair. Her crimson lips parted in a smile.

The yellow-haired girl spoke to the giant native alongside of Wyman. The big native turned, walked across the

veranda and disappeared through a doorway. The white Indian girl picked up a palm leaf, waved it over the golden head of the reclining girl. The blonde riveted her blue eyes on her captive.

Wyman was too late. The flaming arrow flew straight for Tatina's breast.



She spoke, "So, Mr. Wyman, you didn't heed my message!"

Wyman straightened, jumped to his feet. "I don't just get this set-up!" he flared. "But if the Shale Oil Company think they can scare me away by having you shoot arrows and kill my burros, it won't work!"

The girl leaned forward. Her eyes widened. "Is that what you think? You're wrong. That's more of your civilized greed!"

"Then what's it all about? Who are you? Why are you here?"

"You might not understand what it is about. My name is Marjorie Packard and I'm here because I like it!"

"You know nothing about the Shale Oil Company?"

"I know they are prospecting another field," she answered. "They won't come through our village."

Wyman's tone softened. "Would you mind untying my hands?"

The girl who had called herself Marjorie Packard spoke to the dark-haired girl. "Release him, Tatina."

**T**HE white Indian maid went behind Wyman. Her fingers picked at the strands that bound his wrists. Her warm body was close to him. He felt soft skin brush his back, heard her deep labored breathing. At last, she freed his arms from the bonds.

The golden-haired girl spoke to Tatina in the Indian tongue. The maid arched her brows and left. In a few minutes she returned with a pitcher and clay cups, filled them, handed one to Wyman. He tasted the drink, smiled, and downed it. Marjorie set her cup on a low table.

"You may go now, Tatina," the blonde girl said sharply. The dark-haired maid left.

Alone with Marjorie Packard, Bush

Wyman drew his chair by her side. He feasted his eyes on her beauty. "How long have you been here?" he asked.

"I was born here," Marjorie answered. "My father was an anthropologist. My mother died first. Before my father passed away, he made me promise to go to the States to be educated. I did."

"And why did you come back here?"

Marjorie's eyes flared. "Because I was sick of your civilization, your greed, deceit! Here, we are free, peaceful. I learned of you and your oil company. You are coming here to destroy our homes, our farms; put up hideous derricks; drive us away!"

"But, my dear, I'm afraid you can't stop progress by shooting arrows at us."

Marjorie didn't reply. She looked helplessly at Wyman. He saw her eyes mist. He dragged his chair closer, put his hand on her shoulder. The contact with her bare flesh made tingles shoot through his veins. He felt the girl's body tremble, saw the color steal over her face. He leaned over her, put his other arm around her glowing body.

The golden-tressed girl gasped. Slowly, her arms crept outward, circled his body. Wyman's head lowered. Impulsively, feverishly, his mouth clamped over her moist ruby lips, lingered, hard.

Abruptly, she twisted from Bush Wyman, sprang to her feet. Her white body was flushed pink. Her eyes flared. "You shan't do that to me!" she flared. "I won't permit it! Once, in the States, I trusted a man like you. That's why I returned here." She clapped her hands. The giant Indian and the native girl, Tatina, came back to the veranda.

Marjorie snapped an order. The Indian chief thrust the tip of his javelin close to Wyman's chest. "Put your hands back of you!" he commanded. Wyman



obeyed. Tatina went behind Wyman. She securely rebound his wrists.

The golden-haired girl gave another order. The big Indian prodded Wyman toward the stairway. Wyman looked back at Marjorie. She stood like a statue, motionless, expressionless.

**WYMAN** descended the stairs to the garden below, the Indian chief at his heels. Another tribesman joined them. Wyman was marched down the road, toward the shore of the asphalt lake. They came to a log shack set among the trees. The chief pulled open the portal, thrust Wyman inside. He pointed to a cot. Wyman sat down. While the giant Indian held his spear against Wyman's side, the other native bound his ankles. The chief and his tribesman left. Wyman heard the sliding of a timber on the outside of the door.

He put his eyes to a chink between the logs of the wall beside his cot. The fiery edge of the tropical sun was dropping below the horizon of the asphalt lake. He looked at the meager furnishings of the room. He strained at his fetters. The ligaments of his muscles stood out like thongs but the fiber bonds held.

Blackness gradually enshrouded his prison. Not a sound broke the stillness. The air was dank. Sweat streamed into his eyes from his futile efforts to free himself. A listless sensation stole over him. He shook his body, tried to free it from a lethargic feeling that was overpowering him. A gray haze was swimming over his eyes in the darkness. He felt drowsy. His shoulders slumped. Vainly he tried to hold open his fluttering eyelids. But they were heavy, like velvet curtains, and closed.

**BUSH** Wyman awoke from the sound of a grating noise at the door of the hut. Someone was outside. He raised himself to the edge of the cot. The timber that served as a huge bolt was being slid back. The barrier creaked as it was pulled outward. Wyman made out a shadowy figure that slipped noiselessly into the room.

Bare feet padded across the floor. In the darkness, Wyman felt a bare arm encircle his neck. Hot breath fanned his face. Moist lips brushed his ear. "It's Tatina!" a voice breathed.

Wyman shook his head to clear it. He yawned, breathed deeply. "I couldn't keep awake," he said.

"That drink you had put you to sleep," Tatina replied.

Wyman's muscles tensed. "Drugged, eh?" he snapped. "Why did you come here?"

"To warn you. I overheard Atabapo, our chief who captured you. He has talked to our men. They are going to kill you!"

"For what?"

"Because you bring the oil company. Atabapo told them you would take the lake of death; asphalt, oil, our golden queen calls it. The lake is sacred to our people. They are buried there. It saves their souls!"

"Does your golden queen know they plan to kill me?"

"No," the native girl answered.

"Thanks for warning me, Tatina. But I'm afraid it's too late. I can hardly move!"

The girl sat down on the cot. She crushed herself close to Wyman. He felt her hair caress his face, her warm cheek against his own, her burning lips on his ear. "Am I not desirable, American?" her voice was deep, husky.

*(Continued on page 114)*

## Queen of the Flaming Arrows

[Continued from page 93]

A thought flashed through Bush Wyman's mind. "I could tell better if I wasn't tied up," he told her.

Wantonly, the girl dropped across his lap. Her warm flesh sent thrills through his frame. For a moment she lay still, breathed audibly through her mouth. She sat up, perched herself boldly on his lap. Her arms wound around his neck. She whispered, "If I untie you, American—will you love me?"

Bush Wyman's pulse leaped. "Try me and see," he answered.

**T**ATINA slipped off his knees, crept over the cot to his back. She tugged at the cords that bound his wrists, bit them with her teeth. The strands loosened. Wyman jerked his arms free. The native girl slid to the floor, picked at his ankle bonds until the knots were untied. Wyman stood up, took a few steps around the room. He returned to the cot, sat down close to the girl.

She moved closer to him. He put an arm around her bare shoulders, drew her tightly. His other hand strayed over her throat, down her shoulders to her waist. She gasped. Tatina pressed her hands over his, crushed his fingers. Her body tensed.

She threw herself backward, dug her nails into the back of his neck, pulled him down. Her hot breath was like desert air on his face. He lowered his head to her wet lips. Tatina sighed in the depths of her throat, held him vise-like. Her mouth bruised against his.

Suddenly, Bush Wyman straightened

from his relaxed position. He sprang to his feet. Tatina jumped. Long flickering bands of yellow light danced through the partly-opened door.

Tatina grasped Wyman's hand. "It's the men—the ones Atabapo talked to. They're coming for you, American!" She pulled Wyman to the door.

The native girl led him to a path at the rear of the shack. She stopped, pointed. "Follow around the black lake, American!"

Wyman ran through the darkness, kept close to the asphalt bed. He could hear the distant shouts of the natives back in the shack from which he had just fled. He came to the back of the two-story house where he had talked with the golden-haired girl, Marjorie Packard. There was a light in one of the upper rooms. And as he looked up, his blood went icy. A scream had knifed the night air.

Wyman vaulted the low fence to the garden. He went cautiously up the outside stairway. Treading softly, he advanced along the veranda, came to a door that was screened with a fiber hanging. He peered inside. His flesh crept.

Marjorie Packard was clamped tightly in the arms of the muscular chief, Atabapo. She was beating her fists against his chest. She bent backward, tried in vain to escape. She twisted her half-clothed body, tore from his grasp, backed against the wall. "Don't touch me, Atabapo!" she screamed. "I'll have you killed for this!"

The Indian chief scowled. "My people no longer obey you. Already I talk to them. They kill the American tonight!"

Bush Wyman saw Marjorie's eyes widen with fright. Her mouth opened. She went chalk white. "No harm must come to this white man!" she flung.

Atabapo advanced toward the cringing Marjorie. "There is still time to save him." He smiled wryly.

"Then do it—hurry!" the yellow-haired girl spoke breathlessly.

The Indian chief's eyes glistened. "Atabapo promise if—" he hesitated, stared avidly at the girl's milky body.

"If what, Atabapo?"

"If the golden queen be my wife—like I read in your books!"

**M**ARJORIE'S body went rigid. She looked blankly at the chief who demanded his reward—like the men of civilization. Her figure was as motionless as a statue. Her lips parted slowly. "All right, Atabapo. I promise. But first you must free Wyman, see him safely back with his people."

Atabapo shook his head. "I want you first, now!" He went to her, put his sinewy arm around her slender waist. His right hand drew her irresistibly. Marjorie's finger nails dug into her palms. She didn't move. Her face was colorless, resigned. Atabapo's head lowered toward hers.

And at that moment Bush Wyman hurtled his body through the doorway. His iron fingers tore into the native's naked shoulders, pulled him backward with mighty force. Atabapo crashed to the floor, murderous rage flaming from his obsidian eyes as he recognized his attacker.

The native chief got to his feet with the swiftness of a plunging hare. His hand went to his loin cloth. A knife flashed. Marjorie screamed. Wyman hunched his broad shoulders. The Indian leaped like a tiger, swung his blade in a vicious trajectory. Wyman sidestepped, thrust out his foot. Atabapo tripped, sprawled on the floor.

Wyman dived after him. The Indian

twisted, got his shoulders squared and raised his blade as Wyman landed. The sharp edge of the knife sliced along Bush Wyman's arm, cut the cloth of his shirt. Blood soaked the flannel. Wyman ground his jaws together, clamped down with both hands, pinioned the wrist of the native.

Atabapo rolled his powerful body, carried Wyman over with him. Bush Wyman clung tenaciously to his adversary. Wyman's head cracked against the partition as they struck the wall. His grip loosened on the Indian. Atabapo jerked free, got to his knees, struck down with his dagger. The steel went through Wyman's sleeve, jammed into the floorboards.

Wyman ripped loose from the knife, came to his feet. His fist shot out with a mighty swing. It fetched up with crushing power on the native's mouth. Crimson drooled from the man's shattered teeth. He staggered backward, tripped, went down, lay inert.

Sandaled feet pattered on the stairway outside. They raced along the veranda, came to the doorway of the room. Wyman's eyes riveted on a half dozen Indians who stopped at the threshold. Red fury possessed Wyman. He crouched, doubled his huge fists as the forward native drew a murderous-looking knife.

**A**S Bush Wyman, nerves edged, waited his chance, a gap opened between two of the Indians at the door. A figure glided between them, darted into the room, to Wyman. It was Tatina, the native girl who had released him in the cabin. She poked a revolver in Bush Wyman's hand, spoke breathlessly, "Your gun, American! I found it—loaded it for you!"

As Tatina spoke, there was a whir-

ring sound. A shaft with a burning eye—a flaming arrow—such as had killed the burro, sailed into the room through a window. Bush Wyman reached out for the Indian girl. He was too late. The deadly shaft plunged into Tatina's naked breast. She sobbed, sank. Scarlet rivulets trickled over her white skin.

Wyman backed up against the wall. His revolver spat. The forward native crumpled, dropped. Yellow fire from Wyman's weapon belched at another Indian. The man stopped as if petrified, fell. Wyman fired toward the door. A slug tore into a native's arm. Terror suddenly seized the Indians on the veranda. They turned, fled down the stairway. Silence fell in the room.

Wyman ran to the dying Tatina. She looked up. Her weary eyes fluttered. Her lips moved slowly, wistfully. "You—you're nice, American," she murmured.

Bush Wyman leveled his gun at the prostrate chief. Marjorie ran to Wyman. Her eyes were wet. "Don't kill Atabapo!" she pleaded. "Let him live—rule his people. I have taught them too much of my civilization. I—I don't belong here."

Bush Wyman put his arm around the golden-haired girl. "You mean you will go back with me?"

Marjorie looked steadily into his eyes. Her face flushed. Her breasts throbbed provocatively. She nodded. "If you'll take me, Bush Wyman."

Wyman clasped her quivering body, pressed her tightly, felt her warm against him. Her firm breasts mashed on his chest. "I want you forever, my darling," he said.

Marjorie reached up with her rounded arms, drew down his head. She turned up her moist lips. Bush Wyman's mouth closed over hers. . . .