

SWEET CHEAT

by BERYLE BERLE

*Love was just a crazy game to this little traveling salesgirl
until a farmer's son stepped in and taught her the rules*

A COMPLETE TWO-PAGE NOVEL



"And you ain't thrilling me nor fooling me neither."

CHAPTER I

A CAR zoomed out of the night. It zoomed back in again.

CHAPTER II

BELINDA sat before her dressing table. "You're beautiful," she said to the vision in the mirror. "Thanks to Camay," said the vision in the mirror. This was Belinda's big night. Ronnie Carleton, tall, handsome, millionaire, was taking her to the pictures. Belinda was a salesgirl in "Pa" Carleton's department store.

"Be brave," she told herself. "He's fast, but he don't neck." The doorbell rang. She ran downstairs,

a picture of loveliness in her \$1.89 evening gown. There stood Ronnie. He smiled, caressing her arm lightly, and they went zooming off into the night.

CHAPTER III

THE co-feature was on when they got to the "Palace."

CHAPTER IV

THE co-feature was still on.

CHAPTER V

"MY, this is a long co-feature," murmured Belinda, nestling her head in the crook of Ronnie's elbow.

CHAPTER VI

THEY were supercharging through the night in Ronnie's streamlined, 129.7 horsepower, V-21. The co-feature was still on at the "Palace." Belinda took her eyes off the speedometer and looked out the window. "Ronnie," she cooed, "we ain't going home like you promised."

"Don't you bother your pretty little head about that, my little plum tart," he reassured her. Belinda wasn't very reassured. She ruefully examined her feet. Those pointed French heels wouldn't stand up very well if she had to walk home.

"Give me strength," she prayed to herself.

The car stopped with a jerk. The moon hung like a huge yellow platter above them. Romance was in the air, dripping off the trees and running down her back.

Ronnie had his arms around her. She heard him gargle, "I love you. I love you. I love you." Then he spat out the words in an emotional, guttural staccato, "I love you. I love you. I love you." She put her lovely fingers in his eyes and pushed him away. "You don't love me," she retorted. "And you ain't thrilling me nor fooling me neither."

He drew her tighter. She weakened. She said to herself, "He does love me. Oh, joy!" She weakened completely and fell towards him, raising her red, young mouth to be kissed. Convulsively they grasped each other tight, hungry lips seeking hungry lips. She was so happy in his masculine bear-hug. Her eyes were working very fast to keep the tears from spilling. In vain. A fat crystal tear oozed out of the corner of her eye and rolled down her fresh, young cheek. She cuddled closer to him and whispered softly, "Ronnie, got a towel?"

They sat thus in a trance for hours that seemed like minutes. Then a voice loomed out of the darkness and interrupted their bliss. "This is my trance," it said. "May I cut in."

Belinda jumped out of the car and sought the owner of the voice. "I mustn't faint," she thought, "I mustn't cry. Not here. What *can* I do?"

CHAPTER VII

THE owner of the voice was a handsome farmer lad. One look at him and she knew she had never loved Ronnie. "I hate Ronnie. I hate him! I hate him!" she cried. She didn't know the newcomer's name. She didn't care, because, "She

loved him! She loved him! She loved him!" she told herself over and over again.



"You're beautiful" she said.

He took her back to the barn. Passionately she threw her arms around him. The smell of barnyard from his hot body thrilled her. She gasped, "Darling, I want you! I want you so! Hold me tight. Hold me, close, farmer boy!" She raised her red, young lips to be kissed.

She felt herself go limp in his embrace. She hesitated. "*Do* you love him?" she asked herself.

"Sure you do," he said, as if divining the purport of her secret query.

"What if I do?" she muttered. "Want to make something of it?" Biting and scratching, she shoved him backwards into a horse trough.

Moments later he emerged dripping and resilient from the invigorating water.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"My name's Belinda. I'm a traveling salesgirl for Carleton's Department Store," she said in dulcet tones, cooling her wrath in the horse trough.

"I'd say your name was Wildcat, but I likes the likes of you. Come here, Wildcat." He drew her into his arms. She didn't resist. "Together we'll write our story," he sighed, looking deep into her crystal throat and catching tantalizing glimpses of the mysteries that lay beyond.

NEXT MONTH

READ

"SWEET CHEAT"

a NEW complete, two-page novel

by Beryle Berle