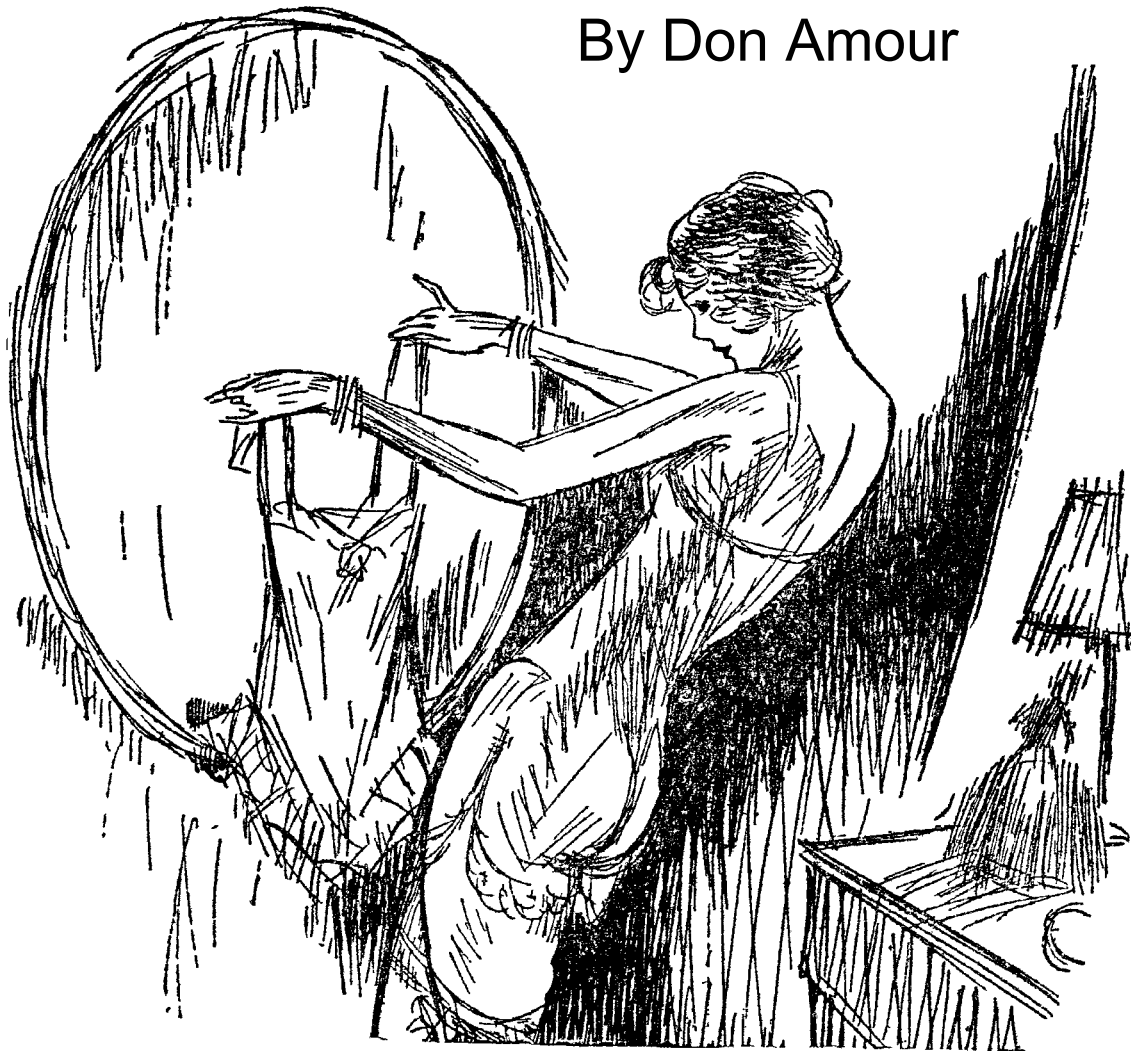


# NAUGHTY NIGHTMARES

By Don Amour



It was fortunate for Robert Spencer that his parents, while abroad, met a family named Cartwright. Robert was not with his parents in Europe, therefore did not know the Cartwrights had a grown daughter named Corda. He was at home, however, when she came for a brief visit, and he promptly fell in love with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were excellent hosts. They gave the young lady the best guest chamber in the house, a luxurious room right across the hall

from the chamber occupied by Robert. And was he delighted? He had never before been so well pleased!

Corda was twenty-one, and beautiful; Bob was twenty-four, and handsome. Something was bound to come as a result of their close association. It was a case of youth calling to youth, and being answered in the inevitable way....

On the second night of Corda's stay at the



house, when bedtime came, Robert accompanied her upstairs and escorted her down the hall.

“Good night—dear!” he whispered, pressing her soft hand. “You are the most wonderful guest this house has ever known!”

She warmed with rare pleasure, and her lips parted in a grateful smile. Gently, she withdrew her fingers from his grasp, and glided to the door of her room. Hand on the doorknob, she whispered back over her shoulder:

“Thank you, Bob—and pleasant dreams!”

Both stared raptly—and some sort of telepathic thought communication seemed to pass between them. Both sighed and

entered their respective rooms.

Hearts throbbing, nerves tingling, minds seething with erotic thoughts, they prepared for bed....

**B**OB’S memory was working like a motion picture projecting machine, flashing before the eye of his mind, as upon a silver screen, mental moving pictures of things seen and remembered; and through the kaleidoscopic panorama, as in a photoplay, moved the beautiful face and figure of Corda, his leading lady.

As she appeared upon her arrival, leaning forward from the front seat of the car, hand extended in greeting, daintily slippered foot at the end of silk-dressed calf, reaching out and groping for the step; lips of coral red parted slightly over even, white teeth, dark eyes slight with pleasurable anticipation, breasts trembling slightly in the low front of her garment.

As she had appeared later on the tennis court, snow-white shorts exposing lovely legs almost to the hips, their lush calves and strong thighs flashing in the sunlight; hips swaying as she ran, breasts bobbing as she leaped, bare arms gleaming as she swung her racket at the ball....

As she appeared at dinner, cool and calmly poised, stunningly beautiful in backless evening gown, arms and shoulders rising from the décolletage like fluid statuary, their smooth, satiny skin as white as living marble....

As she appeared while ascending the stairs with him, dark head slightly inclined, lips curved in a faint

smile, thighs softly "swishing" in the clinging sheath of her gown....

And as she appeared when bidding him good night, cheeks suffused with a delicate rose pink, eyes burning deep into his, conveying a message unmistakable....

Robert stepped from his shorts and reached for his silk pajamas. Into his mind flashed a picture not quite a part of the program, but born of imagination stirred by keen desire. It was a vision of Corda as he fancied she must appear attired only in her lingerie!

For a brief instant, he envisioned her, saw her slowly strip down the single garment and then, heaving a deep, heartfelt sigh, he slipped into his pajamas, snapped out the light, and threw himself upon the bed.

Stretching sensuously, he relaxed and closed his burning eyes....

**C**ORDA was against the closed door of her room, breathing excitedly. Her moist, red lips were parted over gleaming teeth, and the rose flush of her cheeks had deepened. One hand lay against her breast, as though to calm her throbbing heart.

"Oh, he's grand!" she whispered to herself. "I adore him!"

Then, turning to the dresser, she sank down upon a chair and began to disrobe.

The light fell kindly upon her slender ankles and lush calves as, raising her gown above her knees, she slipped off her dainty slippers and unfastened her garters. It shone on a round, dimpled knee and illumined the under curve of one faultless thigh, as she crossed one ankle upon the opposite leg. It brought a satiny lustre to her white flesh, as she stripped down her long silk stockings.

Rising, she unfastened her backless gown, and with a wriggling, writhing movement, pushed it down over her swaying hips, stepping barefooted and attired only in lingerie. Her breasts, so lush and firm trembled in their filmy brassiere, as she turned to put the gown away.

"Oh, he's swell!" she whispered, removing the silk brassiere. "He's a darling!"

The next instant she had wriggled out of her panties, and was standing nude in the bright light.

For just a moment, she was sorry there was

nobody but herself to see and appreciate the beauty reflected by the mirror. Too bad Robert wasn't here! She wondered if he, too, was preparing to retire, and if his mirror was as kind to him, in a masculine way, as hers was to her, a woman. Tall, broad-shouldered and stalwart, he would be remarkably well developed physically, she mused.

For a brief instant, she permitted herself the naughty luxury of a hectic fancy, then blushed a vivid crimson that brought a rich glow to her entire body. Sighing, she hastened to don her thin nightie, in a futile attempt to cool her burning blushes.



Snapping out the light, she reclined upon the luxurious bed. A shiver of pure rapture rippled deliciously through her, and encircling the pillow with one bare arm, she nestled down to sleep....

**T**HE interior of Bob's chamber was almost wholly dark, except for a broad shaft of starlight that slanted in through the window and fell obliquely upon the floor....

He had been in bed a short time when a faint sound drew his attention to the door, and he saw it opening slowly inward, as though being pushed by unseen hands. From a narrow crack, the opening gradually widened, as the door swung slowly around, and in the opening, with the light from the hall at her back, appeared a woman!

Corda!—attired in a long silk nightie so transparent of texture that it appeared as a veil of mist draped upon her shoulders. Her bare arms were reaching out stiffly in front of her, in the groping attitude of a somnambulist. Could it be possible that Corda walked in her sleep?

Robert gasped as he glimpsed her; then almost held his breath, electrified by the shock to his soul and senses.

The light in the hall made of her a thing of beauty unsurpassed, a creature of incredible allure. Through the silk mist that enshrouded her, her body was clearly visible; not in natural flesh tones, but in opaque shadow, darkly alluring, mysteriously beautiful. Its curves and contours were vividly outlined; its long, tapering legs, columnar and slightly parted, were delightfully noticeable.

She paused a moment, as if probing the interior, then stepped noiselessly into the room, and closed the door behind her.

With the light in the hall shut out, the corner of the room was now in darkness. Robert could scarcely discern the vague white blur that was her nightgowned figure. But his keen ears detected a faint, rustling sound, such as would be made by legs rubbing against a loosely draped garment, and he knew that she was moving forward in the dark.

Presently, her bare feet glided into the shaft of starlight that slanted obliquely across the floor. Again he saw her exposed in daring silhouette, her body now appearing darker by contrast to the silvery light, her nightie floating about her like a

fleecy mist. And he saw that she was stealthily creeping toward the bed in which he lay.

Involuntarily, he rose upon one elbow, and respiration came in short, stifled gasps. His heart thumped excitedly, and a fine dew of perspiration stipled his brow. As though entranced, he watched the subtle undulations of her waist, the steady forward strides of her legs as, alternately, she placed one foot before the other. And he was fascinated, as a trapped bird is fascinated by the hypnotic movements of a snake.

The dark shadow grew larger, until it seemed to tower above him, shutting out the starlight, imprisoning him in warm, scented darkness, barring all means of escape. He felt the woman's sensuous warmth, smelled her exotic fragrance—sensed that she was leaning closer, hovering over him as the embodiment of some destiny or impending fate.

He gasped weakly, and fell limply back upon the pillows, overcome by sheer emotional excitement.

A faint creak of the springs informed him that the woman had seated herself upon the edge of the bed; he felt the yield of the mattress beneath her weight. He saw the shadow-shape of face and head framed by tousled, wavy hair, and knew that she was leaning slowly toward him, open arms reaching to enfold him in their ardent embrace.

Her large, dark eyes, fringed by long, curling lashes and glowing with flames of smoldering fire, gleamed possessively from the shadows. And as they came closer, they seemed to grow larger deeper, blacker—almost terrifying!

Then her soft, warm arms enfolded his head, twining like clinging vines' about his neck. He heard the fervent pounding of her heart beneath velvety skin, and was almost suffocated by the intoxicating fragrance that rose from her bosom.

He threshed wildly, attempting to break her vampire hold. There was a red haze before his eyes, a roaring sound in his ears. His frightened scream ended in a stifled moan.

He came up panting for air, like a drowning man rising from the depths for the last time. He awoke and found himself kicking at the bedclothes, his trembling body bathed in perspiration—

“God, what a dream!” he groaned, mopping a damp and burning brow. “And Corda—what a

woman!"

Rising shakily, he moved to the window, raised it and leaned upon the sill, staring out into the calm, breathless night. The cool air fanned his fevered face and blew delightfully through his thin pajamas. The bright, gleaming stars seemed to be winking naughtily at him, as though enjoying a secret it did not possess.

He laughed hollowly, and turned away to light a cigarette....

**I**T seemed to Corda that she had scarcely closed her eyes—she sensed in the room a presence other than her own. Some indefinable instinct—

She felt a burning gaze upon her, staring down at her recumbent figure. It was the stare that both caressed and violated; it gave intense pleasure, yet also inspired fear. She wondered if the bedclothes completely covered her, if the bottom of her nightie had crept upward, exposing her legs, during the night.

Then she gave a violent start, and her heart almost popped out of her mouth, as she felt a hand upon her shoulder. Instinctively—for she dared not open her eyes—she knew that it was a man's hand! Yet she was glad! Her soul sang a little song of rapture. For she knew that the man was Robert, whom she loved and adored!



*Corda finally nestled down to sleep....*

perhaps sixth sense—whispered that she was not alone. It was silly, of course—absurd; yet the feeling persisted.

She lay very still and quiet, keeping her eyes closed tightly. The silence frightened her. She breathed in quick, short gasps. Her heart hammered against her ribs with the rapidity of a steel riveter. Her blood raced swiftly; a series of delicious thrills coursed through her tingling nerves.

Presently, her straining ears detected a sound like that of deep breathing, and she was conscious of somebody creeping up close beside the bed.

The hand caressed her bare shoulder, then grasped the top of the coverlet and began to fold it back from her body. She felt cooler air creeping downward, inch by inch, and presently, felt it ticking the soles of her bare feet. She knew she must be greatly exposed, yet she made no effort to rise or cry out. She seemed to be floating in a state of dreamy, blissful stupor, awake only to the miracle of unusual sensation.

She heard the faint creak of the floor, as the intruder moved cautiously here and there; heard the gentle sigh of his excited breathing. A rich wave of warm desire surged through her,

suffusing her tingling body with electric thrills. She gave a tremulous little sigh, and hugged her pillow closely.

She endeavored to remain as quiet as possible, too, lest she frighten her lover away; and he, apparently, moved with equal caution, lest he rouse her from slumber.

Yet, presently, she felt the touch of his hand again, and moved her by an impulse she could not restrain, she caught the hand in her own, and pressed it hungrily to her lips!

How strong and warm it was! How she burned at contact with the muscular fingers! She kissed it avidly, again and again!

She was drifting in a state of dreamy, drowsy languor, when the hand suddenly jerked from her grasp. Amazed by the inconsiderate act, she rose erect, opened her eyes, and drew back to deliver a stinging slap. Then a low cry burst from her lips—

For there was no man beside her. She was alone in the room! The coverlet had slipped to the floor, and her pulsating, passion-stirred body was being fanned by a cool breeze that blew in the open window!

“Oh, Robert!” she moaned, “why couldn’t you have been real?... You, and your adorable hand!...”

Stifling a sob and turning it into a shaky laugh, she slid her bare feet to the floor and rose, permitting her nightie to fall loosely into place.

She stood a moment, breathing deeply, then crept on bare feet to the door, opened it and peered into the hall....

**I**T must have been fate, or some magic of telepathic thought communication, that brought both Corda and Robert out of dreamland about the same time. They opened the doors of their respective rooms almost simultaneously.

When Corda glanced up, she saw Bob in his pajamas; when Bob turned his head, he saw Corda in her nightie!

“Corda!” he whispered.

“Bob!” she breathed.

Then both were silent, staring across the hallway, each at the other. In their staring eyes was mutual admiration, coupled with expressions of intense yearning—the desire to fulfill the stirring dreams they had just experienced.

Corda’s cheeks were scarlet, her dark hair tumbled in disarray about her face; her eyes glowed with smouldering fires, and her lips were loosely parted. Bob was flushed and disheveled, the half-smoked cigarette still dangling from his mouth.

It was Corda who first found voice. “What is it, Robert?” she asked. “What has happened?”

Bob looked suddenly confused. “Oh—why, I’ve been having a nightmare,” he said embarrassedly. “I couldn’t sleep!”

Her eyes grew large and warm with comprehension. A faint smile curved her parted lips. “I know what you mean,” she whispered. “I have been dreaming, too!”

“Of me?” he teased.

She nodded.

“Really?”—in pleased surprise. “And I was dreaming of you!... Wouldn’t it be fun if each knew what the other dreamed?”

“I know something better than that,” she breathed, advancing a step toward him.

“What?” he asked, moving out into the hall.

Somehow, their groping hands met and clung; he drew her soft, yielding body into a tight embrace.

“Let’s make our dreams come true!” she whispered eagerly. “We won’t sleep a wink if we don’t!”

“Corda!” he whispered huskily, “you’re wonderful!”

Then grasping his hand firmly—the hand that, in her dream, had caressed her so intimately—she drew him through the doorway of her room, and silently closed the door!...