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These short-stories do not have an "editor-in-chief". Many individuals contributed to different sections in a story. So it is possible that some questionable images "slipped through the cracks". If any image is judged to be illegal by a newer law, please contact kelli@hotlegsinlove.com and it will be removed.

All of these images were retrieved from "free" public (i.e., non-paysite) websites including Google. Some have a massive collection from fake-celebrity-sex to BDSM to incest to bestiality images [such as 8muses.com]. The assumption was that if these somewhat-realistic images were illegal, the legal authorities would have had them removed a long time ago. But they are still there and so they are being used here and saving you a lot of web-surfing time.

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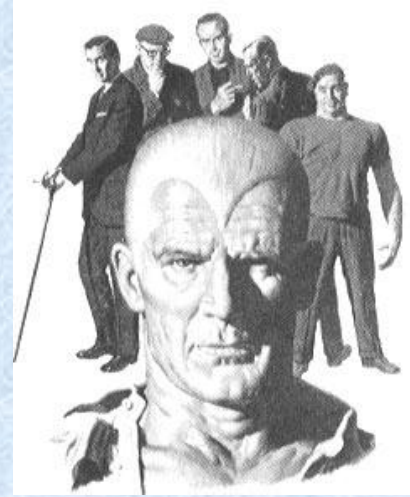
and especially if you are under 21 years of age --

DO NOT READ FURTHER .

Doc Savage #022XXX - "*The Annihilist*"

by Lester Dent - December/1934

(**XXX** material added by kelli@hotlegsinlove.com)



XXXXXX Not For Viewing By Anyone Under 21 XXXXXX

The dread Annihilist was slaughtering the criminals of New York in wholesale lots. Hundreds of men were found mysteriously murdered, victims of the hideous pop-eyed death. The finger of suspicion pointed directly at one man -- Doc Savage himself!

*Even as the **Man of Bronze** scrambled to solve the terrifying enigma, the invisible assassin began to play havoc with one of humanity's most important secret defenses -- Doc Savage's legendary crime "**College**". (with **Patricia Savage** !)*

THE PERILS OF PAT SAVAGE



<http://www.hotlegsinlove.com/PSXXX.htm>

XXXX This is a 'X'-rated version of the original novel. **XXXX**

The Perils of Patricia Savage

modified by kelli@hotlegsinlove.com

****** Not For Viewing By Anyone Under 21 ******



Thanks to Blackmask.com , Worldlibrary.net , Munseys.com and the other websites who previously converted these Doc Savage paperbacks into electronic format. They were used as the base for inserting the **XXX** material.

The Adult **images** that accompany the **XXX** material were from free public sites such as LuxBabes.com , Twistys , HotPornstars , Richards-Realm.com , and Celebritiesmix.com .

The fantasy **XXX** material was in part created by inspiration from Rebecca at RebeccaHAP.com and those wicked and talented **BDSM** erotic artists at DoFantasy.com and 8Muses.com .

note: to skip to images of **Pat Savage In Peril**, do a <Ctrl>-F (Find) on **XXXX** .

I -- The *Pop-Eyed* Dead

John Henry Cowlton was the first *pop-eyed* dead one.

Cowlton was a young man who had inherited money. The newspaper reporters -- writing his obituary the next morning -- called him a Park Avenue playboy.

Cowlton was found in his penthouse gymnasium. Because the gym windows were open and it had been a cold night, his body was frozen only slightly less hard than a rock. There was no mark on John Henry Cowlton's athletic body. But there was a very *peculiar* thing wrong with his eyes.

John Henry Cowlton's eyes were protruding completely from their sockets. And for no good reason that the coroner could find. They were quite *horrible* those eyes!

Everett Buckett was the second *pop-eyed* dead one.

They found him in his limousine which he drove himself. Buckett was a Wall Street operator whose machinations had sometimes moved others to call him "Old Bucket of Blood". He was worth upward of 40 million dollars.

There was no mark on his body. But everyone who saw his corpse noted the way **the eyes stuck out**. Not only was this *horrible* to look at but it also gave the undertaker considerable trouble.

Of course, Everett Buckett's death was connected with that of John Henry Cowlton on account of the eyes. But the catch was that there was no other connection between the 2 men as far as any one knew. They had not even been acquaintances.

And certainly no one could connect "Nutty" Olsen with Everett Buckett, Wall Street wolf and John Henry Cowlton, Park Avenue socialite. Nutty Olsen was the next victim.

They found him in his cheap, filthy room with his **eyes** all *a-pop*. Nutty had been in numerous jails and he had a long police record. He was known as an utterly bad character. It was even suspected that he had murdered his mother because the old lady had once turned him over to the police. But this had never been proved.

All of these deaths were in Manhattan.

The next one was in the Bronx. By this time, newspapers had started putting the *pop-eyed deaths* on the Front page. And people who had nothing else to do were wondering if some new and mysterious disease might not have sprung up.

The Bronx victim was a lawyer, noted as a very honest man. He had a large family. They heard him screaming in his room. When they reached him, he was spread out on the floor with **his eyes sticking out**.

The tabloid newspapers began to turn handsprings. They ran big headlines. And the more timid citizens of New York began to look into mirrors frequently to see if anything was wrong with their eyes.

The thing was not a joke. A fifth and sixth man were found dead. One was a comfortably fixed insurance man and the other a down-and-out hanger-on in a pool hall. Their **eyes** were not pleasant things to look at. The seventh was a professor in the city's largest university.

There was no conceivable connection between any of these men. ***But they all died with their eyes sticking out!***

Urged by the mayor, the police department sent to Chicago for a specialist in strange diseases because none of the victims showed the slightest mark on their bodies. The conservative New York papers became as wild as the tabloids. They did their best to worry everyone.

Certain unnaturally timid persons began to go south to Florida earlier than they had intended. Others went to Europe. Those who had country homes paid them a visit. So far, it was only the timid who were worried.

But before long, everyone was to feel the *terror* of it!

They thought it was some new disease. They were wrong. Just how hideously wrong, no one had yet realized. The secret of the whole thing started coming out after what happened at the Association of Physical Health.

In the Association of Physical Health, there was a frosted glass inner-office door which bore the legend:

Dr. J. Sultman, President

Behind the door, a man yelled hoarsely: "*I won't do it! No!*"

There were *scuffling* sounds and a **thump** as if a chair had been upset. Rattling of the doorknob indicated some one was trying to get out.

In the big outer office, stenographers stopped typing. The flashy blonde on the phone switchboard ceased chewing gum and opened her lips.

The small man sitting in one of the leather chairs reserved for customers lowered his newspaper against his chest and looked over it, then shifted the paper so that his hands were concealed between it and his chest.

The small man had long oily hair and bleak blue eyes. His clothing was extremely conservative.

"Let me out of here, you damned fiend!" roared the voice back of the door.

Then the frosted glass panel broke with a ***jangling*** explosion! The man on the other side was beating it out with his fists. When he had a large opening, he threw a light-brown topcoat over the jagged edges and vaulted through. He did not bother to recover his coat but plunged toward the elevators, breathing heavily with ***horror*** on his face.

The man did not look like one accustomed to violent physical action. He was portly with ruddy cheeks and his head was almost bald. He had long-fingered, capable hands which were also unusually smooth-skinned.

The small man with the newspaper stood erect hastily, let the paper fall, and showed an **automatic pistol** which it had hidden.

"Wait, brother!" he said.

The portly man looked at the gun ... veered sharply to the left ... and slammed himself down in the shelter of a long leather divan.

"Help!" he roared at the top of his voice. *"Police! **Help!**"*

The small man's mouth twisted, giving his face a cast of extreme ***Evil***. He aimed at the divan and began ***shooting*** -- the gun convulsing and jumping with each ear-shattering report!

Stenographers screamed; nurses began running; and the blonde telephone girl swallowed her gum and tried to crawl under her switchboard.

When the small man's automatic was empty, he snapped a fresh cartridge clip into the magazine with the skill of an expert gunman. Then he ran around behind the divan.

The portly man was a limp heap, leaking ***crimson*** in several places for the bullets had driven through the leather and upholstery of the divan.

The small man shot once more deliberately and his victim's head jarred as a small blue hole appeared a little above the eyes. Then the killer ran for the stairway beside the elevators.

He reached the first stair landing. There he stopped ... *began to writhe about* ...

... and ***shriek!***

Between yells, the killer gnashed his own lips so that ***scarlet*** ran down over his chin and stained his necktie and shirt front. He doubled over as best he could stamping his feet slowly, then threw back his head.

When his head was back, the *strange* thing happening to his eyes first became apparent. It looked as if something behind the orbs was slowly forcing them **out of their sockets!**

The small man fell down on the landing and his gargling noises weakened until before many seconds had passed he was silent. He ceased to breathe but his body still retained its grotesquely stiff posture.

His eyes were all but hanging out of their sockets!

There was only one flight of stairs to the street. Heavy feet pounded these, mounting. 2 policemen appeared -- hands on hip holsters -- and saw the body of the man on the landing.

"I'll be damned!" gasped one officer, impressed by the dead man's ***popping eyes***. "Whatcha know about that? The 8th one!"

They went on up the stairs and entered the big reception room of the Association of Physical Health. There was much excitement. One of the stenographers fainted.

The 2 policemen shouted down everyone and gave orders that nobody was to leave. One took up a position at the elevators after ascertaining there was no back door. The other cop made a brief inspection of the portly man who had been shot to death behind the divan.

One of the dead man's arms was outflung. The wrist was encircled by a shiny metal band which the policeman at first mistook for a wristwatch -- only to learn on closer inspection that it held in place a round metal disk which bore an inscription that read:

Should anything happen to this man, notify Doc Savage.

"Hell's Bells!" gulped the officer and ran for a telephone.

The blonde operator was too nervous to put up a connection. So the policeman did it himself, fumbling clumsily with the board.

"Doc Savage speaking" came over the wire.

The **voice** which had answered was one so unusual that the officer was startled into momentary silence. There was a remarkable **depth** and **Power** to the voice. A quality of capability which even the shortcomings of telephonic reproduction did not mask.

"There's a man dead here," said the policeman. "On his wrist is an identification tag asking that you be called if anything should happen to him."

"What is the number on the back of the tag?" Doc Savage asked.

The officer went over and examined the tag, finding a number he had overlooked the first time. Then he came back.

"23," he said.

The policeman waited for some comment ... then a bewildered expression overspread his flushed features. He absently put a finger up and rubbed an ear as if that organ were playing him tricks.

*He was hearing one of the strangest sounds ever to come to his attention. It was a weird **trilling** this note, having a fantastic rising and falling cadence yet adhering to no definite tune. It might have been the product of a faint wind through the cold spires of an ice field. Or it might have been the sound of an exotic tropical bird.*

The note ebbed away as mysteriously as it had arisen.

"I shall be there shortly," Doc Savage said. There was no trace of emotion in his unusual voice.

The policeman hung up and breathed: "Whew! Something about that guy gets you! Even over the telephone!"

The other cop who had come over and heard the last of the conversation demanded: "Who is this guy 'Doc Savage'?"

The first officer looked dumfounded.

"You serious? You ain't kiddin' me?"

"Oh, I've heard gossip about him," said the other. "But nothing first-hand. What's the dope on him?"

"He's probably the most unusual bird alive," said the first officer. "He's the biggest and strongest man you ever saw. And he's a whiz! He can do anything. Electricity, Chemistry, Engineering -- he knows all about 'em all!"

"What's his business?" demanded the other.

The first policeman shrugged. "High **adventure**, I guess. He likes *excitement*. And he goes around getting people out of trouble. What I mean is he tackles things on a big scale. He saves thrones for kings and stops wars. That's his caliber."

The cop who was asking questions said: "He has 5 birds who help him, hasn't he?"

"Yeah. Scientists, electricians, and so on. Each one of the Five is a top-notch specialist in some line."

The other policeman nodded at the body, then at the telephone.

"How come you called him?"

"That identification disk."

"I know. But that's business for Inspector Hardboiled Humbolt. He won't like it -- your calling this Doc Savage."

"I don't give a damn!" said the other officer. "This Doc Savage has done more good for the World than any other 10 living men you can name. Yeah and any 50 you can name!"

"Hardboiled Humbolt is gonna lay an egg because you called Savage," grunted the first cop. "You could call the President and the Governor and the Marines and Hardboiled would still kick! He likes to run things."

"Let him lay the egg," snorted the other policeman.

They went out to stand guard. Down in the street, the caterwauling of a police siren was becoming louder.

The roadster had a long wheelbase. But it was not flashy and there was nothing particularly outstanding about its appearance.

Only close inspection would have shown that the body was molded of armor plate and the tires were filled with sponge rubber which would not be affected greatly by bullets. The glasswork was also of bulletproof construction. The machine was fitted with apparatus for laying either smoke or gas screens.

Under the hood, a siren whined softly.

It was hard to say whether it was the whining of the siren or the appearance of the remarkable bronze man at the wheel which caused traffic to be parted with alacrity. The siren was the type reserved for police squad cars. Furthermore, the license plate consisted simply of 3 letters and a number -- **DOC1**.

More than a few persons on the streets recognized the **Bronze Man**. His picture was often in the newspapers. His name was mentioned even more frequently in the prints.

"**Doc Savage!**" someone said.

There was a small stampede for the curb to get a glimpse of the **Bronze Man**.

The roadster was a large one -- a car in which an ordinary large man would have seemed small. But the **Bronze Man** had the build of a **giant** even in the open machine. Tremendous muscular strength was apparent in his *cabled* hands and in the vertical muscles in his neck which were like hawsers coated with a veneer of *bronze*.

This *bronze* hue was the *giant*'s motif throughout, his unusually fine-textured skin having a *metallic* hue imparted by long exposure to intense sunlight. His hair -- straight and fitting like a metal skullcap -- was of a *bronze* only slightly darker. The quiet brown of his business suit added to the symphony in metal.

Perhaps the eyes of the **Bronze Man** were the most impressive thing about him. They were weird -- almost *fantastic!* -- eyes like nothing so much as pools of fine *golden flakes* continuously *stirred* by tiny winds. In them was a *hypnotic*, compelling quality.

The *Man of Bronze* wore no head covering and his eyes roved ceaselessly, seeming never to devote attention to the driving but rather to the streets through which the roadster passed. In spite of the seeming inattention, there was an expert ease about the way he drove.

He reached the building which housed the Association of Physical Health ... drew to the curb ... and switched off the engine. Little more than the sudden death of the ammeter needle indicated the motor had stopped so silently had it operated.

The **Bronze Man** drifted a *metallic*, muscle-cabled hand under the dash and touched a switch. Soft static *crackle* began coming from a radio loudspeaker. He brought a hand microphone to view.

"Monk ... Ham," he said into the mike.

A voice that might have belonged to a small child came from the radio speaker.

"We're only a few blocks away, Doc," said this small tone.

"Ham with you?" Doc questioned.

"The shyster? Sure, he's along."

"Watch the outside of the building." Doc Savage directed quietly.

"Sure," said the child-voiced "Monk. *"What do you know about this Association of Physical Health?"*

"It is a concern which makes a business of giving physical examinations," the **Bronze Man** replied. "A physician named Janko Sultman is the president and principal owner."

Monk asked, *"Any idea what this means, Doc?"*

"None whatever," said the *bronze giant* and switched off the radio transmitter-receiver equipment.

He could hear the murmur of puzzled voices as soon as he entered the building. A police medical examiner was inspecting the body of the man who had died *pop-eyed!* on the stair landing. He bowed with marked deference when he saw Doc Savage.

"What killed him?" Doc Savage queried.

"I haven't the slightest idea," the Medical Examiner said promptly. "It has me stumped. But he's like the other seven."

The **Bronze Man** said nothing but knelt beside the dead man, his intention obviously being to make an examination.

There was a pounding of feet on the stairs coming down from the 2nd floor above. Doc Savage did not look around.

The newcomer was a burly man almost as large as Doc Savage. He had very large feet which were encased in canvas sneakers. And he walked as if his feet hurt him. His face gave the impression of being composed mostly of jaw.

He slammed a hand down on Doc Savage's shoulder. The hand was red and bony with a skin that looked as tough as rhinoceros hide.

"What-the-hell are you doing?" he growled. "Get away from that body!"

The beefy man kept his hand on Doc Savage's shoulder as the **Bronze Man** stood erect. Then he shifted his grip to Doc's arm. A slightly blank look overspread his bulldog face as he felt the hardness of the arm beneath.

The next instant, blankness became *amazement* as the **Bronze Man** plucked the hand off his arm, accomplishing the feat with apparent ease.

The burly man peered foolishly at his wrist which bore pale grooves where the **Bronze Man's** fingers had reposed momentarily. He wriggled the fingers and seemed surprised that they functioned.

Then he rumbled angrily, shook his arm up-and-down, and a shot-filled leather blackjack dropped into his hand. Evidently it had hung on a hook or rested in a shallow pocket in his sleeve.

"Tough guy, huh?" he growled.

"Don't be a fool, Hardboiled!" the medical examiner gulped. "This is Doc Savage."

"I know who he is!" "Hardboiled" rumbled. "He's the guy who goes around mixing in other people's business. And guys who try to buck him have a funny way of disappearin'!"

The Medical Examiner said: "Doc Savage has an honorary commission as 'Inspector' on the police force.

"Yeah, I know," Hardboiled growled.

Then he leaned forward and tapped Doc's chest lightly with the end of his blackjack.

"Listen!" he said. "I been intending to get around to you, only I've been too busy. I've heard a lot about you and we know each other by sight. You may know I'm a tough cop. That's what the papers call me, damn 'em! I know you're the '*Man of Mystery*'. People try to kill you and you do things to 'em and the Law never hears about it.

"I don't like it! From now on when anybody takes a shot at you, you call a cop and he'll handle it! Do it like anybody else does."

"In other words, have the police fight my battles?" Doc asked.

"Call it what you want," Hardboiled scowled. "There's laws to take care of crooks. And another thing: Behave yourself and you won't have any battles to fight."

Doc asked dryly: "You have a faint suspicion that I am a 'crook'? Is that it?"

Hardboiled glared!

"When I have suspicions, they're not faint!" he yelled. "I come out with 'em."

Doc said: "Suppose you come out with them now."

The beefy Inspector's leather sap swung for emphasis!

"I think you do things outside the Law!" Hardboiled roared. "That makes you subject to arrest. There are laws to punish criminals. And don't feed me that hokum about them not being punished in this day because they are! Let the Law take its course."

Doc said: "No one is disputing that"

Hardboiled put out his jaw.

"I've heard that you set yourself up as Judge, Jury, and Penitentiary all in one," he rapped. "Now that stuff don't go! You make one slip and I'll clap your pants in the holdover so quick your head'll swim! If there's anyone needs arresting in this town, that's my job! I do it. And I don't stand for anybody meddling with my job!"

Doc murmured without expression: "Very clear."

Hardboiled got his jaw out farther.

"Now I want civil answers to plain questions out of you. There has been 2 murders here. One of them the 8th in a damned mysterious chain of deaths that's beginning to get everybody all bothered."

"I see," Doc said.

"Go upstairs and take a look at that other body," Hardboiled directed. "Maybe you can identify it."

The Medical Examiner managed to work close to Doc Savage's side as the **Bronze Man** mounted the stairs.

"This Hardboiled is a character," he said. "He would insult the President. He's a leather-skinned cop of the old school. And he's been doing wonders at cleaning up Manhattan since they put him in charge. He's got a phobia for sticking to the letter of the Law' where police duties are concerned."

"I have been following Hardboiled's record," Doc Savage said quietly. "The man is just what Manhattan needed."

The Examiner chuckled. "Hardboiled was canned by a previous administration for knocking the mayor down when they got in a quarrel over one of the mayor's friends breaking the speed limit. He's some character! His feet always hurt him. Maybe that's what makes him so grouchy."

Hardboiled Humbolt strode over to the body of the portly, bald man who had been shot to death and demanded of Doc Savage: "Who is he?"

"His name," the **Bronze Man** said, "was Leander Court."

"What was his business?" Hardboiled asked.

"He was a scientist and surgeon."

"How'd he hook up with you?"

*The **Bronze Man**'s **flake-gold eyes** seemed to acquire strange lights.*

"What do you mean?"

"How come he was wearing an identification tag asking that you be called if anything happened to him?" boomed Hardboiled.

"That, I shall not answer," Doc Savage said.

Hardboiled glared. "Say! didn't that lecture I just gave you take effect? You cooperate with me or else you get in some trouble!"

He shook his sap down out of his sleeve.

The Medical Examiner yelled: "You're making an unmitigated fool out of yourself, Hardboiled!"

Hardboiled scowled and growled: "I don't like the methods of Doc Savage. And I don't give a damn who knows it! He's gonna answer my questions. There's some motive behind this killing and I want to know what it is! I want to know why the other seven were killed."

"I can assure you," Doc Savage told him, "that I have not the slightest idea why Leander Court was killed. Or the other seven either."

"All right!" snapped Hardboiled. "Now why was he wearing that identification disk?"

Doc Savage ignored the question.

"Just exactly what happened here?"

The Medical Examiner who was embarrassed by the attitude which Hardboiled Humbolt had taken said: "The dead man -- Leander Court -- arrived about an hour ago according to the reception girl. He said he had an appointment with Janko Sultman -- the president of the Association of Physical Health -- and she directed him to Sultman's office.

"He was in there some time. Then he began yelling stuff about not doing something and demanding to be let out. He broke the glass out of the door and climbed through. Then the man dead on the staircase downstairs shot him."

"When did the man downstairs appear?" Doc Savage interjected.

"Shortly after Leander Court arrived," said the Examiner. "It looks as if the man followed Court here."

The **Bronze Man** nodded. "Then what?"

"After he shot Court, the man fled," explained the Examiner. "He ran down the stairs, got to the first landing, had some kind of a fit and died. That's as near as we can reconstruct it."

Doc Savage waved at the office.

"Who was Leander Court yelling at before he broke out of the office?"

"That," said the Medical Examiner, "is a mystery."

"What do you mean?"

"There was nobody in the office!"

Doc Savage swung over to the door and glanced through the jagged aperture where the frosted glass panel had been broken out. The office beyond was plainly furnished, the opposite wall being perforated with one window. There was certainly no one inside. He tried the door. It resisted his efforts.

"The lock is peculiar," said the Examiner. "It is a spring affair that has to be unlocked from either side with a key."

Doc Savage questioned: "You are sure that no one left the office during the excitement?"

"They would have had to climb out," said the Examiner. "Someone would certainly have noticed."

The **Bronze Man** glanced through the door again. The window was fitted with a substantial lock and this was fastened. No one could have left by that route.

"Very mysterious," Doc Savage said.

"Not any more mysterious than your not wantin' to tell us why Leander Court wore that identification tag," Hardboiled Humbolt interjected sourly.

"Vot t'ings is happen here?" a strange voice demanded loudly.

XX

Later ...



*... Pat Savage is in **TROUBLE!***

II -- The Mystery Quest

The man who had spoken was a bulky fellow with upstanding frizzled hair and a ludicrously small mustache. He wore an exceptionally loud checked suit which, however, seemed entirely in keeping with his unruly hair.

"You pol-eezmans, vot you do here?" he demanded.

Then he glimpsed the body of Leander Court and gulped: "Dot man! Who shot him?"

Hardboiled Humbolt shouldered forward and demanded: "Who-the-heck are you?"

The officer at the elevator called: "He said he was Janko Sultman, the president of the Association of Physical Health. I thought I'd better let him in."

Doc Savage asked abruptly: "Sultman, why did Leander Court come to see you?"

Janko Sultman looked puzzled. He made a tripod of the thumb and 2 forefingers of one hand, then reached up and absently massaged the top of his head.

"Leander Court," he murmured. "I am sorry, genteelmans, but dod name I not hear before. Never."

"Ever see him before?" the **Bronze Man** asked and indicated dead Leander Court.

Sultman shook an emphatic "Never!"

Scowling at Doc Savage for monopolizing the questioning, Hardboiled Humbolt strode forward so that he was between the **Bronze Man** and Janko Sultman.

"The telephone girl says Leander Court came in and said he had an appointment with you and was to wait in your private office!" Hardboiled rumbled.

"Dot mystifies me," said Sultman. "Der man I have never seen before, believe you me."

Hardboiled shifted his sneaker-clad feet as if they hurt him and said loudly: "Nobody seems to know a thing around here ...

... except you!" He glared at Doc Savage.

The **Bronze Man** nodded at the door from which the frosted glass was broken. "Mind if I try something?"

"Some of this snappy scientific detective stuff I hear you're so good at?" Hardboiled growled.

"Something like that," Doc admitted.

"All right," Hardboiled told him. "But before you start, let's get one thing straight."

"What?"

"You're under technical arrest on a charge of concealing evidence!" said Hardboiled.

Everyone except Doc Savage looked extremely surprised. The *bronze giant* asked quietly: "Just what sort of evidence am I hiding?"

Hardboiled jabbed a hand at plump Leander Court's bullet-riddled body.

"Why is this guy wearing that identification disk?"

Seeming not to hear the question, Doc Savage said: "Let's look over the office where Leander Court waited."

Hardboiled swore and growled "You're gonna find I'm not a healthy guy to kid along, Big Fellow!" and led the way into the office from which Leander Court had smashed his way.

From a pocket, Doc Savage drew a small metal canister which had a perforated top. He twisted the lid so that the perforations were open, pepperbox fashion.

Next, he pulled the shades over the locked window, causing gloom to descend upon the room. Outside, it was late afternoon of the first chilly day of fall.

Tilting the container, Doc Savage shook it. *Liquid flame* seemed to pour out and settle to the floor. The stuff was a powder which *glowed* like phosphorus.

Settling upon the floor, the stuff ceased to glow except for certain spots which bore the shape of footprints.

The tracks showed where a man (they were unmistakably a man's footprints) had come into the office and occupied a chair. From the chair, they led to a stand which held a telephone and from the telephone back to the door. From telephone stand to the door, they were farther apart as if the man who made them had been running wildly.

Doc Savage lifted the telephone receiver ... listened a moment ... and replaced it on the hook.

"An outside line which does not go through the switchboard," he said. "That explains it. Leander Court was waiting here when he got a call. He became excited, cried out, and burst open the door in order to get out of the office."

"Nuts!" said Hardboiled Humbolt. "No man could be started off yelling by a telephone call."

Doc Savage replaced the metal canister in a pocket.

Hardboiled pointed and demanded: "What is that stuff, anyhow?"

"A powder which *fluoresces* -- or glows -- when exposed to the air," Doc Savage explained. "The slightest disturbance by shifting the particles which compose the powder causes them to expose new surfaces to the air, which in turn glow."

"But what made the tracks appear?" persisted the tough sleuth.

"The weight of Leander Court as he walked over the rug compressed the fibers," Doc elaborated. "Those fibers are still straightening although by only microscopic degrees. But the movement is enough to disturb the powder, causing it to glow and mark the footprints."

"Well damn me!" Hardboiled growled. "And I thought they had you overrated."

There was a *spanking* sound from the window. Glass particles geysered like tiny jewels.

Janko Sultman -- president of the Association of Physical Health -- bawled out loudly and hideously and fell to the floor.

A wriggling red stream came out of his frizzled hair, puddling on the carpet.

Hardboiled Humbolt jumped fully a foot in the air ... roared "***Somebody shot 'im!***" ... and ran for the window. He banged the panel up and leaned out, a hand fishing under his coat.

The gun he brought out was not the regulation service revolver but a lean-snouted .22-caliber target pistol. He balanced this in a hand as his eyes roved the street.

"Car going down the street," he growled. "But the shot wasn't fired from the street. And the gunman hasn't had time to get to a car!"

"What kind of a car is it?" Doc Savage questioned.

"Gray coupe," snapped Hardboiled.

He hauled back out of the window, bolstering his unusual weapon, and bounded for the door.

"You stay here, Savage!" he yelled. "You're still under arrest!"

Hardboiled plunged out through the door, taking ungainly leaps as if he were traveling on a hot surface. His gait and the canvas sneakers which he wore indicated he must have a bad case of corns.

Doc Savage was at the window and he watched steadily for some moments.

Then he backed away ... stood over Janko Sultman ... and looked at the small round hole which the bullet had made in the window. It was on a line with the top of the building across the street.

"Strange there was no sound of a shot," said the Medical Examiner.

The *bronze giant* did not reply but bent over and parted Janko Sultman's frizzled hair. Then he <slapped> Sultman's face with sharp *stinging* force!

Sultman groaned, stirred, and shortly afterward was sitting up, his hands malting aimless gestures. His eyes were cloudy.

"Boke," he mumbled thickly.

"Who is Boke?" Doc Savage asked.

The cloud went out of Janko Sultman's eyes and he held his head with both hands.

"Joke," he groaned. "I say dot bullet no joke! I guess you not understand right."

"Why should anybody try to shoot you?" Doc Savage asked sharply.

Sultman held his head and wailed: "I do not know. And dot is the truth, sure enough!"

Doc Savage went out into the reception room without saying anything. He found fresh excitement had arisen with 2 of the stenographers screaming hysterically and the blonde telephone girl telling everyone loudly that she was through.

"No telling who will get shot next," she wailed. "I'm through with this place! *I'm quitting!*"

Doc Savage went to the elevator. But a policeman stopped him saying: "I'm sorry. But Hardboiled ordered you kept here."

The **Bronze Man** nodded and then roamed with apparent aimlessness over the offices. He peered into numerous small rooms where patients were examined and passed nurses and physicians without a word.

Down in the street, police sirens were wailing.

Doc Savage entered a washroom, closed the door, and opened the tiny window. It gave into an air-shaft. There was no door at the bottom of this and no fire escape.

The **Bronze Man** slid outside, negotiating the small aperture with a startling ease.

Had there been 100 observers, fully 99 of them would have sworn that not even a cat could climb the sheer wall! But the *metallic giant* went up in uncanny fashion, supported by the corded **strength** of his fingers and the shallow grooves between the bricks.

Reaching the top, he traveled over rooftops until he found a skylight, below which an artist painted. Surprised, the artist made a long smear on his painting as a **giant Man of Metal** smashed the skylight and dropped lightly at his side. While the artist stared open-mouthed, the **Bronze Man** walked out.

Coming to life, the artist yelled: "Hey! I'll give you \$100 to pose for me!"

There was no answer and the artist acing out found no one. Grumbling disgustedly, he returned to stare at his picture which was a partially-completed study of a **Herculean** male figure supporting a certain well-known automobile. It was an advertising poster.

"What a model that fellow would have made!" the painter groaned.

A uniformed patrolman loitered beside Doc Savage's roadster where it was parked in the street. His manner showed plainly that he had been posted there to watch the car. He twirled his club and walked around-and-around the machine, scrutinizing it closely. It had dawned on him that the car was no ordinary stock vehicle.

From behind him (from a door somewhere, it seemed), a harsh voice called: "*Never mind the car! Go down and help the boys look for that gunman!*"

The officer saluted briskly and departed. He thought he had recognized the tone as belonging to Hardboiled Humbolt. He rounded a corner ... took a few paces ...

... and came face-to-face with Hardboiled Humbolt in person.

"Dang it!" exploded the patrolman. "How'd you get here?"

"Whatcha mean?" growled Hardboiled.

The patrolman waved his club. "You just told me to leave the roadster. You were back there somewhere when you called."

"The hell I was!" Hardboiled yelled and ran for the corner. Sloping around it, he drew up and began to swear.

The roadster was gone.

"You lunk!" Hardboiled accused the policeman. "I told you to watch that machine!"

"But you told me to leave it too," declared the cop.

"I did not!" Hardboiled growled. "Are you calling me a liar?"

"No," said the patrolman prudently. "I must be crazy."

A few blocks distant, Doc Savage tooled the roadster through the late afternoon traffic. He was a man of a myriad accomplishments, this **bronze giant!** Among other things, he was a skilled **voice mimic** and *ventriloquist*. It had been a simple matter to imitate Hardboiled's gruff tone and get the patrolman away from the roadster.

From time-to-time, the **Bronze Man** leaned over and spoke into the radio microphone, calling "Monk ... Ham" but getting no answer.

The apparatus operated on a short wavelength and compact though it was, it had power enough to communicate over a number of miles -- even through the highly unfavorable conditions set up by the towering buildings of the city.

Doc called again: "Monk ... Ham ..."

The child-like voice of Monk said "*On deck, Doc*" from the loudspeaker.

"Did you manage to trail the sniper?" Doc Savage asked.

"Sure," Monk answered. *"We've got him spotted. He's in a taxicab going down Broadway."*

"Don't lose him," Doc Savage requested.

The **Bronze Man** now wheeled the roadster to the right and shortly afterward was traversing the rich canyon of Park Avenue, passing towering apartment houses which housed more wealthy persons per block than perhaps any other thoroughfare in the World.

Shortly afterward, the roadster pulled up before an elaborately modernistic structure situated in the most exclusive section of the avenue. 2 doormen in resplendent uniforms bowed Doc Savage inside. The **Bronze Man** entered a reception room where he was met by an exquisitely gowned redheaded young woman who politely inquired his business.

"I want to speak to Pat," Doc said.

The titian receptionist was a beauty. *But she was completely overshadowed by the young woman who soon put in an appearance!*

This young woman was tall, had an exquisite form, and wore a stunning gown. The striking point about her appearance was her wealth of *bronze* hair. It was almost the same hue as Doc Savage's hair. She looked very regal in the long, trailing gown.

Several males of varying ages waiting in the large, sumptuously furnished reception room *sighed* as they saw the *bronze*-haired vision.

"Hello, Pat," Doc Savage said.

Pat asked: "Well, who's trying to kill you now?"

*'Pat' was Patricia Savage, cousin to the **Man of Bronze** Doc Savage. Pat liked **excitement** and had long ago sought to join the unusual group of 5 assistants with which Doc Savage had surrounded himself.*



(<http://www.hotlegsinlove.com/AnnaXXX.htm>)

*Considering association with himself too dangerous, Doc had refused to consider it. But the **Bronze Man** still frequently employed Pat's aid. Between adventures, Pat devoted herself to running this combination beauty parlor and gymnasium which catered to the very rich. Financially, she was very successful.*

"Want to help me?" Doc asked her.

"That," laughed Pat, "is equivalent to an invitation to be shot at, stabbed, drowned, beaten up, and no telling what else! *{laughing}* But sure, I'll help you! Who are we fighting?"

"So far, the whole affair is strange," Doc told her. "A gunman killed Leander Court. Then the gunman had a fit and fell over dead with his eyes protruding. The way he died was very *mysterious*."

"Do you know what caused the *pop-eyed death*?" Pat asked.

"No," Doc told her promptly.

"Then it must be mysterious," Pat murmured. "What am I to do?"

Doc Savage gave a brief synopsis of all that had occurred.

"Janko Sultman's business is running the Association of Physical Health," he finished. "I want you to scout around there and see what you can turn up."

"Any suggestion about how I am to do it?" Pat asked.

"Use your own excellent judgment," Doc told her. "But watch out for a tough cop called Hardboiled Humbolt."

"I've been reading about him in the newspapers," Pat smiled. "The new mayor put him in charge of Manhattan to clean up. They say that this alone was enough to scare half the crooks out of town. He must be a rip-snorter!"

"He is all of that," Doc agreed. "He has already placed me under arrest."

"Goodness!" exploded Pat. "What for?"

"He endeavored to bulldoze information out of me," Doc said dryly. "Unluckily, he wanted to know something that could not be divulged."

"What?"

"He tried to learn what connection Leander Court had with myself," Doc Savage said.

Pat's features suddenly became grim.

"Listen, Doc, do you think someone could be trying ... "

"It's too early to tell," the **Bronze Man** said. "And I've got to be moving."

The armored roadster carried the **Bronze Man** south quietly and swiftly. He switched on the 2-way radio apparatus and Monk's small voice began coming from the speaker making explanations.

"Me and Ham were in the street when we heard the noise of a silenced rifle and heard the bullet hit the window," Monk stated. "We decided the shot must have come from the roof, and we reasoned the gunman would come out in the next block. So we barged around there and sure enough a lad pops out. He's a thin-looking egg with a face like one of them old Salem witches. He dived into a cab. It's him all right. He's got his guns in the trombone case."

"Where are you now?" the **Bronze Man** inquired.

Monk replied with an address far downtown.

Doc Savage angled over to the west side of Manhattan Island ... took the elevated express highway which led southward ... and eventually came out on Canal Street where there were numberless trucks, taxicabs, and a few horse-drawn drays.

An excited squeak, Monk's small voice jumped out of the radio.

"The sniper is gettin' out of his hack!"

"Keep a line on him," Doc requested.

"Okay," said Monk. "The bird has gone into a department store across the street."

"Sure you can watch all entrances to the store?" Doc asked.

"You bet!" Monk's small voice was confident. "We've got our heap parked close to the corner. The guy must have gone into the store to buy something."

The next few seconds produced no more direct communication although Doc Savage caught a number of sarcastic exchanges between the small-voiced Monk and his companion Ham who had a well-developed orator's voice. The two seemed to be on the verge of a fight.

Doc Savage ignored the verbal hostilities. Monk and Ham always seemed on the verge of a fight. No one acquainted with the pair could recall one of them having addressed a civil word to the other. They squabbled continuously about anything and everything. But they were actually the best of friends who would sacrifice everything for each other.

The **Bronze Man** devoted his attention to working through a fleet of drygoods trucks which were evidently bound for retail centers adjacent to New York City.

Unexpected and explosive, Monk's small voice croaked out of the radio speaker.

"Hey, you! What's the idea?"

A very brittle and totally strange voice said: *"You two mugs have been shaggin' the wrong guy!"*

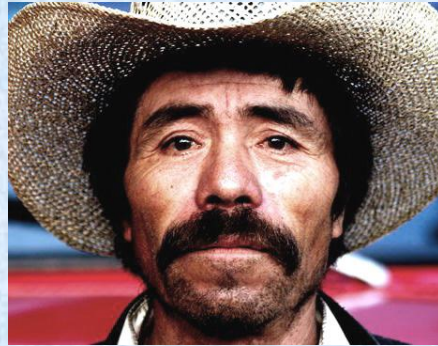
Doc Savage listened intently to the radio speaker.

Almost at once, a loud <snap> of a sound came from it.

And after that, a shrill oscillating *whine* -- a mournful, hair-raising wail which indicated something had happened to the transmitter in the car occupied by Monk and Ham!

XX

Very Soon ...



III -- The Boke Meeting

The gunman was very lean with dreamy blue eyes and an extraordinarily long chin which swung down and out to attain the contour which artists like to give to the features of *witch* drawings.

He had used his trombone case to smash in the front of the box which held the transmitting-and-receiving apparatus. His other hand (the left) juggled an automatic pistol which seemed composed mostly of barrel.

Monk tolled one eye at the department store across the street and growled: "How'd you get out of there and come up behind us?"

The witch-faced man held his weapon below the level of the door where it was out-of-sight. That was fortunate because many of the pedestrians who passed turned to stare at the coupe and its occupants. Monk was undoubtedly the magnet which drew their attention.

Monk's physical appearance was startling. Perhaps 3-out-of-4 citizens who passed were taller than Monk. He weighed in excess of 250 pounds; was nearly as tall as he was broad; and had arms some inches longer than his legs. He had a leathery skin furred with hair that looked like coarse, rusted steel wool. His face was almost incredibly homely, the mouth being far too large.

"Sap!" said the gunman. "That department store has a branch on this side of the street. A tunnel under the street connects the 2 buildings."

Monk <blinked> his small eyes and looked unutterably stupid. Which showed how deceptive appearances can be for 'Monk' under his full name of Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Blodgett Mayfair was known as an industrial chemist whose ability was that of a *wizard*.

The man with the automatic looked at the other occupant of the car -- 'Ham'. Major General Theodore Marley Brooks (the name that Ham was formally designated) looked like a gentleman who might qualify as a perfume salesman or a male clerk in an exclusive feminine shop.

He was a wasp-waisted man with the large mobile mouth of an orator and a pair of brightly intent eyes. His garments were sartorial perfection from creased afternoon trousers to gray derby. He held a thin, plain black cane across his knees.

Ham was also a gentleman who belied his appearance, being one of the most astute lawyers ever to acquire an accent and a degree from Harvard.

Looking puzzled, the witch-faced gunman shook his head slowly but did not divert the menace of his automatic.

"I don't get this," he growled. "Are you two guys laws?"

Ham said in an aggravating, drawling accent: "Really old fellow, you do misuse the English language dreadfully."

"Horse collar!" said the man with the gun. "Why'd you two tail me?"

Ham began: "My dear chap ... "

Then he stopped and watched the other.

The gunman was wearing a topcoat of some furry gray material and he stepped back, burying his gun in a pocket of the coat. It was chilly on the street and perfectly natural that a man should keep a hand in a pocket.

"I'll let Boke talk to you," he said. "Let's stagger along."

"Huh?" The homely Monk <blinked> small eyes.

"Get a move on!" advised the other.

"Who's Boke?" Monk demanded.

"We're going for a walk," the man said.

The witch-faced fellow now opened the car door, stepping back with it as if performing a polite service.

But he kept his eyes high, watching the faces of Monk and Ham and their hands. When they got out of the coupe, he fell in behind them and murmured: "Up the street. Boke's joint is close."

They walked several paces with the chilly Fall air pulling breath steam out of their nostrils. A few chill particles of snow (more like hail than flakes) *crunched* out whitely on the sidewalk.

With his chin down in his collar as if cold, Monk said 3 loud words in an absolutely unintelligible dialect.

The gun wielder growled: "Cut it out whatever you're tryin' to do!"

Then the man gave a mad leap and *squawled* out in **agony**!

Monk moved with a speed which indicated he had expected the happening and had set himself. He lunged, both big hairy hands cupping down on the pocket which held the witch-faced man's hand and gun!

Reaching their objective, Monk's paws closed and wrenched. The whole side came out of the man's gray coat. They began to fight over the wad of cloth, hand and gun. The trombone case dropped.

Ham had tucked his black cane under an arm. He snatched at it now, gave the handle a twist, and it pulled apart -- disclosing that it was a sword cane. At the tip and for a few inches back, it was coated with a substance which seemed to have a mucilaginous quality.

Manipulating the sword cane with an expert ease, Ham inserted the daubed tip perhaps a half-inch under the shoulder skin of their foe.

The results were remarkable.

The witch-faced man stared ... turned to see what had pricked him ... then began to look dazed. His endeavors to use the gun in spite of Monk's restraining clutch became feeble. Eventually, he seemed to go completely asleep. It was only the support of Monk and Ham which kept him erect.

At that point, there was a series of satisfied *grunting* sounds at their feet and -- for the first time -- the 2 men looked at the animal which had made the conquest possible. This was a **pig**!

"Not bad, Habeas," the pleasantly ugly Monk grinned.

'Habeas Corpus' -- the pig -- was Monk's pet. It was as freakish an example of the porker species as Monk was of the human race. Habeas had the legs of a dog, a thin, gaunt body and a pair of ears which might have doubled for wings.

Monk expended most of his spare time in training Habeas with the result that the pig had some unique capabilities. Doc Savage and his 5 men when wishing to consult each other in a tongue which eavesdroppers could not understand used the speech of the ancient *Mayans*, the civilization which once flourished in Central America. Probably not half-a-dozen men in the civilized World outside of themselves could speak and understand the language. Monk had taught Habeas to obey commands given in *Mayan*.

On the floorboards of the coupe, the shote had escaped the witch-faced man's notice. And his attack directed by Monk in *Mayan* had been a surprise!

"We can't stay here," Ham said briskly and glared at Habeas. He treated the pig with no more civility than he did Monk.

The scuffle -- brief as it had been -- had attracted notice causing pedestrians to stop and stare, undecided as to what they should do.

"Move on!" Ham commanded sharply.

This did not secure very pronounced results. No policemen were in sight as yet.

"Let's get this guy to the coupe," Monk grunted. "Doc will want to know about this. And he'll want to look up 'Boke' whoever-he-is when he gets here."

The 2 men started for the coupe, still supporting their unconscious captive. *But they did not go far.*

There was a flurry on the outskirts of the crowd and a man came plunging through, wielding his elbows. He was a scrawny man --unshaven, somewhat shabbily garbed -- and he peered at Monk and Ham as if he were very delighted indeed to see them.

"You're cops!" he gulped excitedly. "I know you're cops. Sure! You made a swell pinch when you got this guy."

Monk <squinted> small eyes at him. Ham opened his orator's mouth to say something. But the newcomer spouted on without pause.

"Come on!" he snapped. "This mug has been up to some 'funny business'. I want to show you what I accidentally saw in his room!"

He wheeled off and Monk and Ham -- vastly surprised -- tramped along after him, the **cold** snow making gritting noises underfoot and the heels of their unconscious captive dragging along with a series of *raspings*. The stranger had picked up the trombone case.

They came to a doorway and the guide muttered: "It's in here. I was waitin' for 'im to come back when I saw you put the hand on."

Monk stopped suddenly.

"You were waiting here?" He pointed at the door.

"Yes," said the unkempt man.

Monk pointed at the snow particles which did not lie on the sidewalk in sufficient depth to hold footsteps but which had drifted into the doorway in a shallow cold bank that was unbroken by tracks or other marks which certainly would have been made by the door opening.

"You're a liar!" Monk said. "And a poor one, too!"

The shabby stranger coughed as if he were cold. And under cover of the convulsion, his hands made a bewilderingly swift gesture and were suddenly holding a pistol!

"I'm good enough to get by," he said.

The crowd -- as curious persons will -- had followed the little cavalcade wondering what it was all about and possessed of a morbid desire to see what would happen.

They had not followed quite fast enough, however, for anyone to be near enough to catch exactly what passed between Monk, Ham, and the stranger.

3 men -- burly fellows swathed in mufflers -- now detached themselves from the crowd and turned upon it, hard-faced and belligerent of manner.

"Here, beat it!" one of them said.

His words threw small puffs of steam into the frosty air.

"G'wan! You don't live here! We're cops."

The crowd melted sheep-like as city crowds will do in the face of authority.

Monk said something in the strange, not unmusical **Mayan** dialect. And the pig Habeas Corpus spun and raced down the street, feet making *clickings* and scratchings.

The man with the gun growled: "You say another word I can't understand and it'll be just too damn bad!"

The men who had turned the crowd back now joined the fellow with the gun and they themselves produced weapons.

"Inside," one said. "You know by now that we saw you playing games with our pal here. We came down to invite you in where it's warm."

He picked up the trombone case.

Someone laughed and snow rasped as Monk and Ham mounted, still carrying the man who had been made unconscious by Ham's sword cane. In the door, they looked at each other, then let their burden fall heavily.

"Pick 'im up!" they were ordered.

They complied with the command and marched into a passage which seemed colder than the street outside. While guns menaced them, hands searched them. The casual thoroughness of the search showed that these men knew the spots where weapons were carried.

Monk and Ham each wore in an expertly-padded holster a firearm which resembled an oversized automatic pistol. These had curled magazines, intricate mechanisms, fine workmanship.

"Damn me!" one man said softly. "First rods I ever saw like these."

Another man looked at the guns.

"Hell's bells!" His face blanched; his hands shook a little.

The others eyed him and one demanded: "Why the chalk and shiver?"

The excited man tapped one weapon. "**Doc Savage**," he said.

"Listen!" someone rapped. "What's this?"

"I've read about these. Only Doc Savage's men carry them. They're supermachine pistols. The **Bronze Man** himself invented them."

There was nothing more said for some seconds. One man took out a cigarette, put it between his lips, then took it away from his mouth and mashed it up between slow-moving fingers. Another man breathing heavily went back to the door and looked out.

"Let's go talk to Boke!" someone rapped. "I don't like the way this damned thing is shaping up."

Reviving from the stupefying effects of the chemical on the end of Ham's sword cane, the witch-faced man began to squirm and moan. Ham and Monk stood him on his feet. But his legs refused to

support him and bowed, letting him down face-first to the floor. Saliva came from his mouth and puddled on the grimy cold carpet.

Monk kicked him! The impact rolled the man half over.

"Cut it out!" snarled one of the others.

The witch-faced man reached back and rubbed the spot where he had been kicked, then rolled over and jacked himself up by the strength of his arms. Slowly he raised himself erect.

"The kick was what he needed," Monk said gloomily.

One of the men scowled at Monk, then at Ham and said: "Walk ahead of us. And be sure you got a will all made out before you squawk or make a jump!"

The man with the face of a harridan weaved toward the back door, saying: "I've got plenty to tell Boke!"

The hallway gave into a cement-floored courtyard which smelled of cold garbage. A cat -- the sole living thing in sight -- hackled its back and slunk among garbage cans.

XX

It wasn't too long ago that the filthy courtyard had hosted a vile game the evil men had played with a young woman they had abducted.



Their taunts of "**Whore!**" and "**Slut!**" were met her yells of "*Animals!*" and "*Bastards!*" But the latter was to no avail as they had no trouble ripping off her clothes.



I'M GOING TO
BE RAPED !



"Git your goddamn clothes off, you **Bitch!**" a man cursed as he struggled with her.

The men were already naked themselves.



She was still cursing them as the last of her clothes tore off. Laughing at her protests, they quickly swarmed in ...

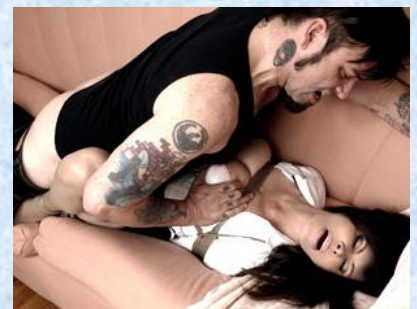


She was panting heavily when they stopped their molesting. Her lipstick had been smeared all over her lips and her neck and breasts sported many bite marks.

"Spread those **whore** legs of yours, **Bitch**! We ain't got all night!"



"Don't you dare ... *OOWwww!*" she screamed as a hard **dick** plunged into her.

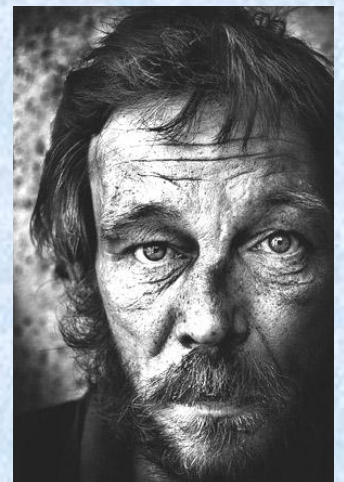
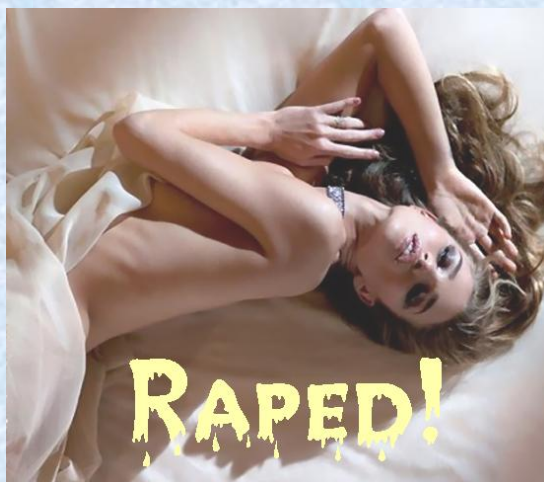
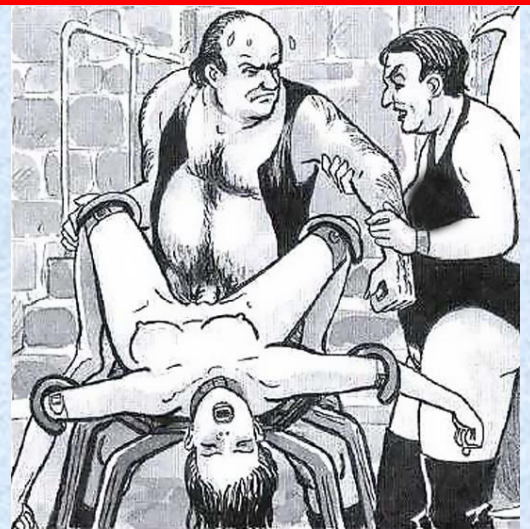


"Stop it! Stop it, please! You're tearing me apart!"

"Shuddup, **Whore!** ... O-h-h-h-h-h ... Damn it, you're one tight **bitch!**"

"Knock 'er up," said the other man who was watching.

"Just about there, pal ... Uh-oh ... I think it's cumming ... !!!"



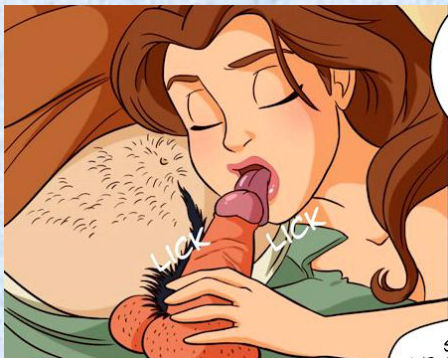
The second man had been masturbating all along while the pretty woman was getting **raped** and *impregnated*. He was almost in agony from his huge hard-on.

"Get some **lipstick** and put it on, **Slut!** You got a lot of **suckin'** to do!"



"Don't you stick that filthy *thing* in my mouth!" she threatened.

"Hell," the man laughed. I'm gonna **cum** in your mouth and down your throat. And probably in your ear and nose before I'm done with you."



She gagged and coughed as globs of foul **semen** spurted down her throat.



But her torment was over yet. Both of her **rapists** had been eyeing her buttocks.



"Roll over on yer tummy, **Bitch**," one commanded.

"Why?" she asked in a frightened voice.

"Because we want your **ASS!**"

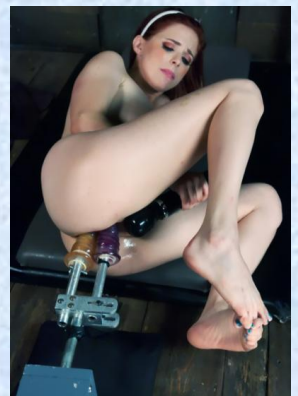
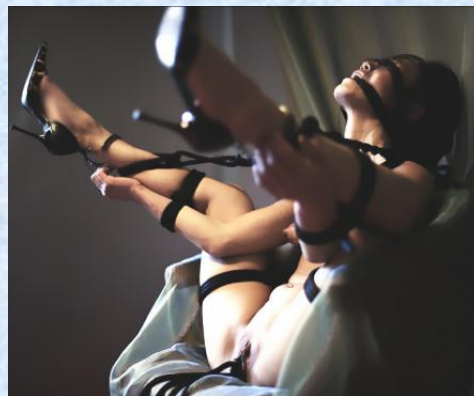
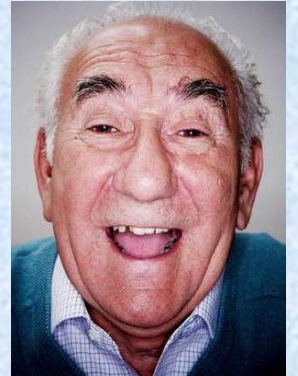
She didn't understand for a few seconds ... then it dawned on her

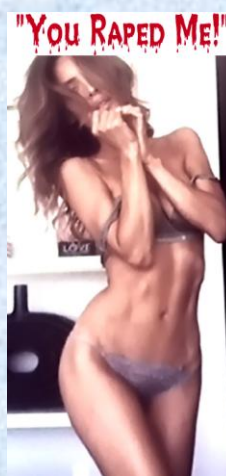
"Oh no! Not there. Not back there. You couldn't .. You wouldn't!"

"Shiittttt!" laughed one of the men.



Then came the time at the end of her *ravishment* when they went crazy ...





[Impregnated Bitch-Whore]

Crossing the court, the cavalcade entered a hallway where the air was too hot and mounted stairs, opened a door. Warm tobacco-laden air gushed out. A fireplace made fitful red light in the room beyond. The place was window-less. It whitened up blindingly when someone thumbed an electric switch.

Monk and Ham were forced to stand with their faces jammed in corners, not unlike schoolboys receiving punishment. They were warned not to turn around. Disobeying, Monk was knocked rubber-kneed with a slender stick of stovewood from the fuel rack beside the fireplace.

Someone said: "I wonder what happened to that hog?"

"Hell with the hog!" another snorted. "Hey, Boke! Things have been happening."

One of the most pleasant voices Monk and Ham had ever heard said: "*That is to be regretted.*"

Monk and Ham both turned their heads.

The speaker was not in the room! Just where the voice was coming from they could not tell, for the menace of a clubbing forced them to face into the corners again.

The spokesman began: "We were all watching the back way just in case something might turn up. And we saw ... "

"Let Frightful tell it" directed the mysterious, amiable voice.

Monk snorted loudly, suddenly realizing that "Frightful" was the nickname of the witch-faced man.

Frightful -- listlessness in his voice showing the effects of the drug on the sword cane -- said: "I followed your orders, Boke."

Boke's voice asked pleasantly: *"What do you mean?"*

"I plugged Janko Sultman in the head," said Frightful.

"You cold-blooded devil!" exploded the pleasant-voiced Boke. *"Don't be so definite about such a hideous thing! It gets on my nerves."*

The witch-faced Frightful seemed accustomed to this squeamishness on the part of his Chief for he went on rapidly:

"I wanta tell you about a strange thing I saw when I posted myself on the roof," he said. "I could see into Janko Sultman's office, but Sultman wasn't there. The office was empty. But after a while, a guy come in. Who d'you think it was?"

Instead of answering as expected, Boke's remarkably suave voice said hollowly: *"I would give my right arm if it had not been necessary to eliminate Sultman. ... A murder! Horrible!"*

Frightful said: "Leander Court came into Sultman's office while I was watching."

Boke's voice -- yelling suddenly -- demanded: *"Who?"*

"Leander Court," Frightful repeated patiently. "He sat around in the office by himself until the telephone rang, and he answered it. What he heard must have made him excited. He threw the phone down and broke the glass out of the office door and crawled through. The door must have had a trick lock."

"It has!" said pleasant-voiced Boke. *"Then what happened?"*

"Some guy in the reception room up and fills Leander Court full of bullets. I could see that. Then the guy ran for the stairs. After that, something must've happened to the guy because I heard some bellowing and a lot of cops came. And I heard one of 'em say something about the guy being dead with his **eyes sticking out**."

"With what?" demanded Boke.

"His **eyes sticking out**! Like you've been reading about in the papers."

"It is all very clear to me except that last," said Boke, puzzlement in his amiable tone. *"Janko Sultman had double-crossed us -- as we already knew -- and had an appointment with Leander Court. He must have put his proposition up to Court over the telephone. Or perhaps he had already advanced his proposal and Court had come to give his answer."*

"Court refused and tried to flee. And the gunman was one who had been posted by Janko Sultman to kill Court in case the latter was stubborn or threatened to go to Doc Savage. ... Yes. All is very clear. But what happened to the gunman? Are you sure that his eyes popped out?"

"I'm only tellin' you what I overheard," Frightful grumbled.

"Baffling," said Boke. "I cannot understand it."

Monk turned his head in another effort to learn where the voice of Boke was coming from. One of the guards slugged the homely chemist, knocking him against the wall.

Monk lashed back with an astounding speed and the assailant staggered away, his jaw possessed of a slightly different shape than it had had a moment before. Pistol muzzles forced Monk back into his corner and made him face the wall.

"Where did these 2 men come from?" asked Boke's mysterious voice.

"They got on my trail somehow," snarled Frightful. "They're two of Doc Savage's men."

"They're who?" Boke sounded as if he had swallowed something painful.

"**Doc Savage's** men," Frightful repeated, then looked very uneasy. The others registered concern also.

When Boke's unique tone sounded again, worry had gone from it. And he laughed.

"It was only a matter of days anyway," he said. *"Or perhaps of hours. We would have had to fight Doc Savage eventually over this affair. You all know that."*

Frightful made a wry face. "I haven't been looking forward to it."

"Hold these 2 prisoners," Boke ordered. *"Then get hold of Leander Court's partner. You know who I mean?"*

"Yeah." Frightful nodded. "Robert Lerrey."

"Exactly," said Boke. *"Arrange an appointment for me with Robert Lorrey. We must whip things up before Doc Savage gets a line on what it is all about. And do not make the mistake of underrating this man Savage! He is assuredly clever."*

A man began: "Don't worry, Chief. I don't think any of this crowd underrates that **bronze** ... "

He did not finish.

His eyes flew roundly open and his jaw sagged enough to pull his lips apart so that his teeth showed! They were not nice teeth, being veined up and down and stained so that they resembled chips from an old bone which had lain a long time in the weather.

The man reached up and felt of his ears as if he suspected them of tricks.

*For there was a strange **trilling** loose in the room.*

XX

Coming up ...



*... sophisticated Pat Savage is treated like a **prostitute**!*

IV -- More *Pop-Eyed*

The *trilling* sound -- low and *fantastic* -- was quite musical. Yet it was so without adhering to any definite tune.

Nor could the exact nature of the sound -- the sonic embodiment of the thing itself -- be described. It was something that defied nomenclature. Something infinitely *ethereal*, yet also very real for it was quite loud at times and then it would sink into virtual inaudibility.

Monk and Ham turned slowly in the corners, eyes alert, muscles tensing. They knew this weird *trilling*. It was the **sound of Doc Savage**. A small and unconscious thing which the *giant of bronze* did in moments of stress.

"Hey!" Monk howled suddenly and pointed at the ceiling. "Look! For cryin' out loud!"

Almost all eyes went to the ceiling. Monk was an actor when he wanted to be.

But 2-or-3 were not misled by the ruse. It was they who saw the door snap open to let in a **Herculean metal figure** who in passing through all-but-filled the aperture.

"Talk about the Devil ... " a man roared and raced a hand for his gun pocket.

Doc Savage came toward him with the speed-of-light spurted from a *bronze*-tinted lens ...

... and then stopped! He stood frozen.

Then he began to back away.

Monk and Ham stared, puzzled, not comprehending why the **Bronze Man** had hesitated nor able to remember a time when he had done so in the past.

The man got his gun out ... weaved a bit on his feet as if his leg muscles were unsteady ... and took aim.

Only then did Doc Savage flash in. But it seemed too late. The gun was a revolver and the trigger finger was already tightening.

The way Doc Savage -- *giant of metal* -- reached the gunman and seized the weapon was something Monk and Ham always remembered. They had seen the *bronze giant* move swiftly before. But never with quite this unearthly speed!

And when the *Man of Bronze* stepped back, they saw why he had at first hesitated to attack the would-be killer.

The man's eyes were *popping!*

When he had lost his gun, the man staggered a pace after Doc Savage ... then brought up and swung a hand foolishly against his own face. He felt of his own eyes (almost out of their sockets!) in a manner that was *hideous* to watch for it was apparent that the fellow could no longer see.

Then he began to *shriek* and bend-and-unbend himself in convulsions of frightful *agony*! He fell upon the floor ... spread himself out ... and his clenched fists beat the rough carpet until the skin was barked off.

Then another man began to *shriek*, paw at his face, and flail his arms as if fighting an unseen hideous harpy.

A third joined the unearthly chorus. And a fourth. Then others ... ***until the room was a bedlam with bodies threshing about and shrieks that split the ears!***

A man fell headlong into the fireplace and the *flames* consumed his hair with a malodorous *swoosh*! His flesh began to *sizzle* while he screeched as if trying to empty himself of all that Nature had put within him.

Monk ran over ... seized upon the man's heels ... and dragged him out, still howling. The only cooling agent at hand seemed to be a bottle of pale amber wine. Monk poured that upon the victim. But the fellow continued to thresh, dying within a few moments. Monk backed away with *horror* on his homely face.

Monk was hard. Men had tried to kill him. And he had seen hideous things happen to human bodies.

But now his nerves became as old strings. Cold water seemed to wash through his veins and his big mouth felt tongue-less.

He realized (almost suddenly!) that it was quiet in the room of *fantastic death* with bodies twisted horrors on the floor. And with only Doc Savage, Ham, and himself erect.

Monk tried 3 times before he could speak.

"What-in-blazes happened?" he mumbled.

When Monk got no answer, he looked at Doc Savage. After which his own feeling of amazement increased a bit (if such were possible) for there was stark **bewilderment** on Doc's regular, *metallic* features. And Doc Savage rarely showed emotion.

"You ... don't know ... what it was?" Monk asked haltingly.

The **Bronze Man** shook a slow negative.

"I only know that it was one of the most *hideous*, mysterious things I have ever seen happen."

"Every one of them died but us ... Everyone in the room but us," Ham said and looked steadily at the ceiling as if to avoid the bodies on the floor. "How do you explain that?"

Stepping high over corpses, Monk announced: "I'm gettin' out of here! The damn thing that killed 'em may have another try ... at us."

Doc Savage shook his head again half in negations, half in puzzlement.

"If it had been gas, it would have killed us," he said. "There was no sound, no firing of hidden darts. And if they had been poisoned ... Impossible! No poison would have affected them all at once."

"A 'death ray' of some kind, maybe," Ham muttered.

"You dope!" Monk told him unkindly. "A death ray would have gotten us, too."

Doc Savage rapped: "Just before I came, another man was talking. A man they addressed as 'Boke'. Where was he?"

Monk waved his arms. "Danged if I know! That was strange, too. His voice was plain. But he wasn't in here."

"This 'Boke' -- he was their chief?" Doc asked.

Ham answered that.

"Right-o. And the beggar seemed to think he had been double-crossed by Janko Sultman. He ordered Sultman shot."

Ham eyed the contorted body of Frightful -- the witch-faced one who reposed at his feet, quite dead.

"I heard most of it," Doc Savage said. "Habeas Corpus was down in the street when I got there. It was easy to tell from the tracks what had happened. I came in right behind you, it would seem."

"Where's Habeas now?" Monk demanded.

"Downstairs," Doc advised.

Ham waved his sword cane which he had retrieved from where one of their late unfortunate captors had placed it.

"But what killed these men?" he demanded.

Doc Savage hazarded slowly: "The same thing which killed the murderer of Leander Court. I think we can be assured of that."

"But what was it?" Ham persisted.

"Believe me, I was never before so much at a loss for an explanation of a happening," Doc Savage said quietly.

"Which makes it a real mystery!" Monk grumbled.

"We will look around," Doc Savage said. "We may find something that will help."

They began to search.

As if he had thought of something, Ham interjected: "You beard this mysterious Boke say he was going to talk to Robert Lorrey?"

"Yes," Doc agreed. "We will look into that also."

Monk growled: "Do you reckon this has got something to do with our upstate ... "

"Someone might be listening!" Doc said sharply.

Monk fell silent, for there was one subject which Doc Savage and his men did not discuss publicly. That was the matter of their unique "**College**" in the remote wooded mountains of upstate New York.

As far as they knew, none beyond those immediately concerned knew of that "**College**". Those concerned being Doc Savage, his 5 aides, Pat Savage, and the attendants in the institution itself. The "students" who enrolled in that "**College**" and later "graduated" did not even know its whereabouts.

For the "students" entered unwillingly. Usually under the effects of a stupor-inducing drug. And when they left after "graduation", they were also drugged.

The "students" were criminals! And the "**College**" was a fantastic place which turned them into honest men whether they wished it-or-not. The World did not know about the place. The World would probably have been shocked.

In charge of the criminal-curing institution was a man named **Robert Lorrey** -- a scientific surgeon of fabulous skill whom Doc Savage himself had trained.

What Robert Lorrey did to the criminals that made them honest men was known only to himself and to his chief assistant at the institution. Or rather, the man who had been his chief assistant -- Leander Court, the man shot down in cold blood in the reception room of the Association of Physical Health. What he did had to do with intricate surgery and chemical rehabilitation. There was also a long course of training. Of course, Doc Savage knew.

When criminals emerged from Doc Savage's unique university, they did not remember their pasts. For some strange reason, they hated crime in any form. And they had been taught a trade wherewith to make an honest living.

Had the existence of this place become known, it would have been a newspaper story unparalleled. Doc Savage also knew it would excite many misguided reformers who would stir up government investigations for the criminals had no choice about taking the treatment.

In the final analysis, Doc Savage was a private individual. And such individuals are not supposed to mete out their own brand of justice. The courts are for that. And Doc Savage had never sent a crook before an American court.

If news of his "**College**" got out, there would be all kinds of trouble. He well knew that. And for that reason, he had refused to tell the 2-fisted tough guy cop Hardboiled Humbolt of murdered Leander Court's connection with himself.

And it was to keep news of the institution from leaking out that the **Bronze Man** now requested Monk not to speak of it. What Monk was wondering was perfectly plain anyway. **Was the "College" in some way connected with this fantastic affair?**

Monk growled: "What I want to know is where that guy Boke was? He wasn't in this room. I'll swear to that. I dang near got my head caved in lookin' for 'im!"

Ham unkindly said "No such luck" and added: "What do you say we try some of the other rooms?"

They tried some of the other rooms (all of them in fact) and found them an unsavory collection of dungeons -- unfurnished for the most part -- with those that were equipped fitted up with shoddy stuff.

"Looks kinda like a temporary hangout," Monk decided.

They had found no one and no sign of the nebulous Boke - the man with the voice that was so utterly pleasant.

The rendezvous had, they discovered, a galaxy of entrances. Several buildings on both sides of the cheap block had been rented, it seemed, and connecting doors cut through them.

They went through the whole maze (the process requiring the better part of an hour) but found no sign of Boke. Doc Savage himself searched the roof which was cold and bare, being without a coping so that the chill wind whooped across it without interruption.

Doc Savage stood for a time on the roof (apparently unaffected by the **cold**) close to where the smoke poured from a chimney that led to the fireplace in the death room below. Then he went down to the macabre chamber itself.

The **Bronze Man** began sounding the walls. It was plain that the room had once been much longer but had been shut off by 2 partitions. These were thin and constructed of a wallboard with a paper exterior.

A moment later his **fist** in pumping against the panels went through.

"Blazes!" Monk snorted. "There is where the guy was speaking from! He was in the next room. And that paper was what made his voice sound a little weird."

"I did notice that his voice was muffled," Ham admitted. "But it was such a pleasant voice that the muffled quality almost escaped my attention."

"That," Monk said, "explains part of the mystery."

Doc Savage moved toward the door.

"We had better go talk to Robert Lorrey," he declared. "He is at the ... Where he works. And we can get him by shortwave radio-telephone. As for Boke, he must have been unaffected by whatever killed those men. He made his getaway during the excitement."

"Have you any idea what caused the deaths?" Monk asked bluntly.

Doc Savage seemed to become inexplicably deaf and not to hear. A fact which caused Monk to grin widely. He knew from past events that it was a good sign when Doc began keeping his own counsel.

Doc rarely expressed a theory which he could not prove absolutely. But if he had no theory and was completely mystified, he would say so. Hence Doc's assumed deafness conveyed to Monk that the bronze man did have an idea about the strange Boke.

Going downstairs, they found Habeas Corpus there shivering. It was near dusk with the streets almost deserted.

The uproar in the house as the men died so weirdly and so awfully apparently had not carried to the street, thanks in part to the first gale of Fall which had whipped itself up to quite a frenzy, driving the hard snow with the force of **cold** bullets.

The **Bronze Man** drove his open roadster, seeming not to feel the **cold**. Monk and Ham followed in their coupe with the windows up and the heater on to its fullest. They had resumed their interminable quarrel, the present point of dissent being Monk's driving.

They headed directly for the middle of Central Park. It was the most open space that the metropolis offered where conditions were best for radio transmission and reception. Doc Savage tuned in and called over the shortwave set. And Monk and Ham tuned in on their apparatus, listening.

Eventually, Doc got the upstate "**College**".

"Robert Lorrey," he requested.

"Who?" The distant voice (that of an attendant at the institution) seemed surprised. "*2 days ago, you telegraphed Robert Lorrey to take his vacation.*"

"I telegraphed him?" Doc Savage asked slowly.

"*Why, yes ... At least the message had your name signed to it,*" said the distant voice. "*Robert Lorrey left this morning.*"

"Did he say where he was going to spend his vacation?" the **Bronze Man** demanded.

"No," said the attendant. "*Your message told him not to communicate with you so that he would have a completely uninterrupted rest.*"

Doc Savage's lips did not move. But there was not silence in the roadster for the **Bronze Man's** fantastic **trilling** sound came into being. It persisted a moment, then ebbed away.

"And what about Leander Court?" Doc asked.

"Why, a telegram from you gave him his vacation 4 days earlier," advised the attendant. *"I trust there is nothing wrong."*

Doc Savage countered with another question. "Is everything all right around there?"

"Yes, of course."

"Double the guards," the **Bronze Man** directed. "Go over the electrical alarm system and the sonic amplifier listening posts to see that they have not been tampered with."

"Yes Sir," agreed the attendant. *"Then something is wrong?"*

"I am afraid so," Doc told him.

"What is it?"

"That is impossible to say as yet."

This terminated the radio-telephonic hookup.

Monk and Ham got out of their coupe' ... shivered in the *chill* air ... and came over.

"You heard it?" Doc asked them.

Ham nodded soberly and ran his sword cane through gloved fingers.

"Did you telegraph a vacation to either Leander Court or Robert Lorrey?" he asked.

"No," Doc Savage said.

As Doc Savage drove out of the park and downtown, he and his companions could not help but note the attitude with which the stories of the *pop-eyed* deaths were being received by the public.

Newsboys ran along the streets screaming headlines concerning the passing of Leander Court. They did a surprising business. Housewives ran out to purchase papers. Groups of persons stood in front of cigar stores and under streetlamps in spite of the **cold**.

In pausing for a traffic light, they could hear a man speaking in a near-by car.

"It's something like the influenza epidemic, only worse," he was saying. "I tell you I'm right! Mark my words. In a few days, there'll be thousands dying! Women, kids, men ... they'll all die! I know what I'm talking about."

"I've already sent my family out of town," said another man in the car.

"I'm taking a train tonight," said the other. "It's the only thing to do. I know what I'm talking about, I tell you! These poor devils who stay behind may catch that damned disease that kills you with your eyes sticking out. It's a risk. Too much of a risk for me! I can see what's coming!"

Driving onward, Doc Savage stopped at his **Headquarters** on the 86th floor of a skyscraper which was one of the most impressive in the city.

The **Bronze Man**'s establishment there consisted of an outer **Reception** office plainly and expensively furnished; a **Library** containing one of the most complete assortments of scientific volumes in existence; and a **Laboratory** fitted with every modern device as well as a great amount of apparatus which was Doc Savage's own invention.

"What next?" Monk wanted to know, he and Ham having followed Doc.

"Renny," Doc replied. "He is in town and will want in on this. He was consulting on an engineering job this afternoon and I failed to locate him when the call came about Leander Court."

Monk nodded, comprehending.

'Renny' (Colonel John Renwick) was another member of Doc Savage's group of 5 unusual aides. Renny was noted for 2 things: his tremendous **fists** and his ability as an engineer.

He had a face peculiar for the expression it wore. Renny always looked as if he were going to the funeral of a very close friend. Renny also had 2 loves. He liked **excitement**. And it was his boast that he could smash the panel out of the strongest wooden door built with a single blow of his incredible **fists**.

Doc Savage made several telephone calls but was unable to locate the big-**fisted** Renny.

The **Bronze Man** then went to the large office window and with a bit of peculiar looking substance, wrote rapidly on the glass. Nothing appeared after he had written. The unusual chalk he had employed left a mark which could not be seen except with the aid of an **ultraviolet** lantern. Under these invisible rays, the stuff would *fluoresce* or glow appearing in an eerie **electric blue**.

When he reached **Headquarters**, Renny would use an **ultraviolet** projector -- a small one which reposed in the desk -- to examine the window. It was Doc's custom to leave messages thus.

2 other members of Doc Savage's group of Five were not at present in New York. 'Long Tom' Roberts the electrical wizard was in Chicago, attending an exposition of electrical inventions in which he had exhibits. 'Johnny' -- William Harper Littlejohn, archaeologist and geologist -- was filling the Chair of Natural Science research at a famous university during the illness of a professor who regularly occupied that position.

"Now what?" persisted Monk.

Then he suddenly slapped a hand on his knee, a feat which he could accomplish without bending in the slightest.

"Say, I just thought of a way that we can maybe locate Robert Lorrey!"

"Through his brother Sidney?" Doc queried.

Monk looked crestfallen. "So you already thought of that!"

"Yes," said Doc. "We'll try Sidney Lorrey now."

XX

Coming up ...



*... beautiful Pat Savage gets forcibly **IMPREGNATED!***

V -- The Hand of Sultman

Robert and Sidney Lorrey were twin brothers. And twin-like, they had the same interests and dislikes. Consequently, it was not strange that they should both have become scientists.

Robert had long ago associated himself with Doc Savage in a position which paid him more money, perhaps, than he could have made at any other profession. The other twin Sidney had a laboratory in New York City and spent his time there experimenting and inventing.

Both brothers were graduate surgeons and doctors. Robert practiced what he knew. On the other hand, Sidney was the creative member of the pair. His prize invention was an apparatus which produced the same *radioactive* emanations as Radium without Radium's terrific expense, although he did not yet have this device refined where it could be used as a commercial proposition. He believed his device would be an inestimable boon in treating cancer and other diseases.

Sidney Lorrey's laboratory was on a barge which was moored to a long-disused pier in the East River.

Approaching the barge, Doc Savage's party inspected it closely for lights. The craft was long, shabby-looking, and blunt at the ends. In the middle where the cargo pit would ordinarily have been, there was a long, neat, white deckhouse. Nowhere did a light show. They could hear the low *whine* of electrical apparatus.

The 3 men paused to study the craft. Because it was **cold**, the pig Habeas Corpus planted himself against Ham's neatly-pressed trousers to get the benefit of whatever warmth there was in the dapper lawyer's ankles.

Ham struck fiercely at the shoat with his sword cane! The pig -- accustomed to such moves -- got clear.

"One of these days I shall make breakfast bacon out of that hog," Ham promised grimly.

"You try it and there'll be a grease spot where you stood!" Monk told him with equal grimness.

They advanced and observed that the tide was going out noisily, causing a grinding of fenders and a creaking of hawsers. Upstream as the tide ran now, a low log of a boat was anchored. The smell coming from it indicated it was a gasoline barge.

Doc Savage led the way aboard Sidney Lorrey's barge, glanced about, and rapped on the door. The panel was of steel and his knuckles drummed *hollowly* against it.

There was no answer.

They went to the windows ... found them barred heavily ... and threw flashlights inside. The *whine* was louder.

"Probably has to keep things fastened up on account of sneak thieves," Monk hazarded. "That *whine* must be one of his devices."

The probing flashlight beams picked up chemical paraphernalia inside the barge laboratory together with the coils and tubes of electrical devices as well as tools and workbenches.

"Bally lot of equipment he has!" Ham remarked.

"No one home, obviously," Doc Savage said. "We will leave a note on the door and try to telephone him later."

The **Bronze Man** wrote briefly on a bit of paper and was wedging it in a crack of the barge door with a matchstick when Monk barked: "*Hey! Lookit!*"

Upstream, a man had appeared. He seemed to be in an intoxicated condition for he weaved along the bulkhead, stumbling and staggering. Reaching the edge, he leaned over groggily and peered at the water below.

"Get back, you numbskull!" Monk bellowed, his small voice suddenly tremendous. "You'll fall in!"

The man looked up at the sound of Monk's voice. The effort seemed to overbalance him. His arms cartwheeled and he toppled into the **cold black** race below.

"Blast it!" Monk gritted. "Of all nights to have to jump into the river after some lug!"

He started for the water, wrenching long arms out of his coat.

Then Doc Savage's flashlight beam dived past him ... roved the water briefly ... and the **Bronze Man's** forceful clutch fell on his shoulder.

"Don't dive in," Doc warned.

Monk gulped: "But that fool will drown!"

"Take a look at the water," Doc advised.

Monk peered down.

"For the love of mud!" he muttered.

The water where the flashlight beam fell upon gave back all the colors of the rainbow in a convulsing, *eerie* fashion. It was as if pigment of many **colors** had been spread on the boiling surface of the tide rip.

"Gasoline," Doc Savage said shortly. "That fellow must have opened a dump valve in the gas boat over there."

Monk yelled: "**A trap!**"

And Ham echoed: "He thought some of us would jump in and swim toward him, then somebody would set fire to the gasoline on top of the water."

Doc Savage whipped for the heavy gangplank that led from the barge to the shore!

Down in the water, the splashing man suddenly shed his clumsiness. He stroked furiously ... reached the bulkhead ... and grabbed a rope which was almost indistinguishable in the darkness but which he must have lowered previously. He climbed with frenzied haste!

Nearing the top, the fellow snaked a hand into his coat for a **gun**, then kept one finger hooked through the trigger guard as he continued to climb. He kept his face upturned.

A head (its **bronze** color discernible even in the gloom) appeared above. The man on the rope reversed his gun swiftly and fired! He saw the **bronze** head plainly the instant before the lash of **flame** from the gun muzzle blotted it out. Afterward, the head was gone.

Confident he had killed the **Bronze Man**, the fellow on the rope jerked himself up to the bulkhead edge, elbowed over, and looked for his victim. He swore!

There was no one distinguishable.

Amazement held the would-be killer for a moment. He was positive his bullet had not missed. He did not believe anyone could have gotten out of the path of the slug so swiftly.

Grunting with the effort, he hauled himself up on the bulkhead and took a tentative pace away from the river with his gun ready.

Off to the left, there was a single firecracker **pop!** of a noise.

The man with the gun cursed, bopped on one leg, then tried to run. He negotiated only a few paces before he floundered down. His legs still beat the ground after he lay prone as if he were trying to continue running.

Monk got up from behind an old timber waving his supermachine pistol which he had taken from his former captives in the strange room of death downtown.

"You got an antidote for the chemical in the mercy bullets these guns shoot?" he demanded of Doc Savage.

"In the car," the Bronze Man said and glided for his roadster.

Doc Savage came back shortly with a hypodermic needle, the contents of which he administered to the victim. Monk stood expectantly in the background.

The supermachine pistols were charged not with regulation bullets but with shells which bore a chemical that produced a harmless unconsciousness. And the stuff Doc was giving the victim was a stimulant which would revive him quickly.

The manner of the would-be killer's reviving was a bit weird. His legs had gradually ceased to make their running movements. But now they resumed. The churning became more violent until the fellow

grunted loudly, opened his eyes, and tried to get up.

Monk turned him over and sat on the pit of his stomach.

"You're in a spot, sonny!" Monk advised him.

The "sonny" label was sarcasm because the man was past middle-age. He had, however, a face of consummate evil. His mouth was warped from a perpetual snarl and his eyes were narrow, furtive.

The man growled thickly: "Aw, I just fell in."

"You cannot lie out of it," Doc Savage told him. "But you can help your own position by talking."

The evil-faced man scowled at the *bronze giant* ... then looked away and his face convulsed as he wet his lips.

"I dunno nothin'!" he disclaimed.

Saying nothing, Monk reached out a hairy arm to a pile of rusted scrap iron which lay on the bulkhead. He selected a heavy gear wheel, pulled it to hurt, wrenched off the victim's belt, and began strapping the weight to the fellow's ankle.

"Cut it out!" gritted the other. "You can't do that."

"You know who we are?" Monk asked him.

The other wet his lips once more.

"Sure. Doc Savage and two of his gang."

"Ever hear what happens to crooks who get in our way?" Monk demanded fiercely.

The old man snarled: "You ain't runnin' no shandy on me!"

"Listen!" Monk said patiently. "I asked you if you ever heard what happens to crooks who tangle up with us?"

"No."

The captive tried to kick the heavy gear off his ankle.

"They disappear!" Monk leered. "They ain't never heard from again! That's what happens to guys who mix with us. You've heard that story, ain't you?"

*The terrified roll of the prisoner's eyes showed that he had heard of the legend that those who opposed Doc Savage met some fantastic fate and were never seen again by their former associates. This was the story the underworld bandied for none knew of Doc Savage's strange "*College*" for curing criminals.*

"You're another one that's not gonna be heard from," said Monk.

The homely Chemist was bluffing. But nothing on his simian features revealed that.

The captive broke suddenly.

"Listen!" he exploded. "I hadda do it! I needed the money. I'm an old man and things are tough for me. I got a bad record and nobody'll give me work!"

"Who hired you?" Doc Savage asked sharply.

Monk began untying the heavy flywheel to encourage their source of information.

"A guy named Sultman -- Janko Sultman," gulped the elderly thug.

"Blazes!" said Monk. "Are you sure it wasn't a bird with a nice voice named 'Boke'?"

"Sultman was his name," the other insisted. "He told me to watch this barge here and if you birds showed up, pull that falling-into-the-river gag. I was gonna ... "

He hesitated ... and then stopped speaking.

"I know," Monk told him sourly. "You was gonna set the gasoline afire after one of us jumped in. What is Sultman's game?"

"I don't know," insisted the old man. "He didn't spill that part. He come here lookin' for Robert Lorrey. But there wasn't nobody on the barge. He left me here to tell 'im if Robert Lorrey came back. An' to ... well, if you guys showed up."

"You know no more than that?" Doc Savage asked.

"That's all."

Monk said fiercely: "Cough up the truth, mug, or I'll bust you wide open!"

The old crook began cursing.

A harsh voice said: "*All right! You clever boys will all put your hands up!*"

Ham drifted a hand for the armpit where reposed his supermachine pistol laden with mercy bullets.

"Careful," Doc warned. "It's our friend Hardboiled Humbolt."

Hardboiled came out of the shadows. A belligerent tower of gristle who walked gingerly, favoring his sore feet. His hands were empty.

Behind him strode uniformed policemen who carried submachine guns, riot shotguns, and tear gas paraphernalia.

Hardboiled leveled an arm at Doc Savage.

"I put you under arrest once today. What's the idea? Think I was kidding you?"

Monk said mildly "Tough guys are my meat!" and got off the aged criminal. He went toward Hardboiled Humbolt. When he was very close to the giant officer, things happened.

Monk lashed out a fist that landed with a sound akin to a woodsman's axe sinking into a tree!

Monk looked confident that Hardboiled would go down. But nothing of the sort happened.

Hardboiled did tremble and weave on his feet. Then his arm shook and the blackjack came down out of his sleeve. There was a *swishing* sound. Monk ducked ... but not in time.

The homely Chemist sat down heavily, wearing a dazed expression and feeling of the top of his head where the sap had landed. Ham laughed unkindly.

Habeas Corpus made a *staccato* grunting outburst and ran at Hardboiled Humbolt. The policeman kicked at the shoat. But he must have been half-unconscious from the effects of Monk's blow because he lost his balance and fell heavily. The pig rushed him again, showing long yellow tusks.

Monk said hoarsely: "Cut it out, Habeas! That guy is really hard."

The pig backed away again.

The elderly crook got up and tried to run. A policeman tripped him and put a foot on the back of his neck, not at all gently.

"I know this old punk," said the cop. "He's a rat from way back."

Still sitting on the cold ground, Hardboiled Humbolt waved his blackjack at Doc Savage, Monk, and Ham.

"Run 'em in!" he directed. "I warned this **bronze** guy!"

The lawyer Ham drew himself up and snapped: "My rough-mannered friend, men are not arrested in these good United States unless ..."

"... there is a charge against 'em!" Hardboiled finished for him. "And you can bet your pretty striped pants that there is a charge against all three of you. **It is suspicion of murder!**"

Ham said "*Ridiculous!*" as if it were a swear word.

Reciting as if he were in school, Hardboiled Humbolt said: "Over half a-dozen men were found a short time ago dead in a downtown house. Their **eyes** were all protruding! Witnesses were found who saw you three men leave the house."

A scowl wrinkled high on Ham's forehead.

"Better not start anything you can't finish, Mister Tough Policeman."

"We got a call," Hardboiled elaborated. "It said to go to this house and we would find a crowd of men you had murdered."

Doc Savage put into the conversation for the first time with the demand "Who was the informant?"

"Didn't give his name," said Hardboiled. "But it was a damned pleasant voice to listen to."

"Boke," Monk growled.

"What?" demanded Hardboiled.

"*Fooley* on you!" Monk told him.

The elderly thug on the ground with the cop's foot on his neck abruptly seized the policeman's other foot with his hands and yanked, spilling the officer.

The lawman swore and the submachine gun he was carrying bounced out of his hands. The aged criminal seized it.

Startled policemen tried to get their weapons into action. But they were too late and they stared aghast as the machine gun fanned them menacingly.

The ancient crook started to back away. Escape was his main thought. Then another idea seemed to seize him. He paused ... stepped sidewise ... and was sheltered behind a rusting lump of abandoned machinery.

"Damn you all!" he gritted. "I've always wanted to slough me a bunch of cops!"

He braced the submachine gun more firmly.

"I told you he was a rat!" choked one of the policemen. "He's a crazy killer!"

They all expected the rapid-firer to blare out. But instead, it was the old man's voice which tore a guttural *shriek* and he came staggering and moaning from the shelter.

He had dropped his gun!

His eyes were popping in a fashion ghastly to observe!

To Doc Savage, Monk, and Ham who had seen what happened in the death room downtown, what occurred now was not new. But to the policeman, it was a sight they were to carry always.

The old criminal was a victim of the *pop-eyed death*. He *shrieked* and bit his lips until they ran **scarlet**. Then he fell down with convulsions and finally kicked his life away.

Hardboiled Humbolt squirmed his feet in his oversize sneakers and wet his lips. His hands made the small aimless gestures of a man who does not know what to do, and he breathed heavily. He was the picture of a phlegmatic soul startled out of his wits.

The homely Monk -- getting slowly to his feet, a hand still up where Hardboiled's blackjack had landed -- moved close to Doc.

"We gonna let this cop throw us into the can?" he demanded in a whisper.

Hardboiled Humbolt snapped off his lethargy, came over and clipped: "No talking between you three!"

Monk glared at him and demanded: "You mean we're really pinched?"

"And how!" the burly officer said with gusto. "For once, some of you privileged boys in this town are going to take what's coming to you."

Ham asked: "Did you stop to think?"

"Think what?" Hardboiled looked puzzled.

"That Doc Savage here may not be in the same class with the rest of these people you call 'privileged'," Ham elaborated. "The persons that you seem to be down on are those with so-called 'pull' - politicians, playboys, and so on. Now Doc here ... "

"... is going to jail!" Hardboiled finished. "I don't give a damn if he's the Governor of the State in disguise. And you -- you fashion-plate lawyer -- are going along!"

"It's an outrage!" said Ham.

"It's murder!" Hardboiled waved at the dead man. "Damned mysterious murder! And I think you birds know more than you're telling."

Doc Savage said half-a-dozen words in the guttural *Mayan* language.

"Here!" ripped Hardboiled. "Speak English!"

Monk and Ham drew air into their lungs ... then ceased to breathe. Doc Savage did likewise.

Then the **Bronze Man** without the gesture seeming to mean anything <pressed> an elbow tightly to his side.

Hardboiled frowned, his suspicions half aroused. And the frown was still on his leathery forehead when he drew in a great sobbing breath of air, bent over, and peered at the ground as if searching for a suitable resting spot. Then he laid himself down heavily. He began to snore.

A cop exploded: "Say, what the ... ".

Then he too dropped.

Other policemen around him toppled over. None of them moved after they fell. And all breathed noisily, regularly in the mysterious stupor which had seized upon them. Only a few snored.

Monk asked: "Any danger of 'em freezing in this **cold**?"

Doc Savage said: "No. They'll wake up in half-an-hour."

Doc Savage, Monk, and Ham departed the spot. Monk and Ham made no comment about what had happened. It was old stuff to them.

*Long ago Doc Savage had perfected a gas -- odorless and colorless -- which produced a quick, temporary unconsciousness and left no harmful aftereffects. The unique thing about this gas was that it became ineffective after somewhat less than a minute. Given a warning, one could evade the gas by holding his breath. The substance -- extremely powerful -- was carried in small glass bulbs. The **Bronze Man** had broken one of these with elbow pressure.*

The 3 men approached their cars. Habeas Corpus had not been close enough to be affected by the anesthetic, and he now galloped up.

Monk muttered: "I can't stop thinkin' how those men died -- with their *eyes popping!*"

Still clinging to his sword cane, Ham said: "What about that Janko Sultman? We know he is mixed up in it. Why don't we get on his neck and make him talk?"

"Pat is working on that," Doc told him. "Something may turn up at the Association of Physical Health."

XX

Next ...



*Pat Savage is a filthy **WHORE!***

VI -- Pat Hits A Snag

Something had turned up at the Association of Physical Health. At least the elevator boy after his passenger had alighted twisted his lip distastefully and said over his shoulder: "Now ain't that something!"

The "something" was a lissome young man in evening clothes. He had remarkably fragile features and a rose petal skin. There was a *gardenia* in his lapel and the aroma of *mimosa* about him.

The newcomer went directly to the receptionist-telephone girl's desk. The blonde was no longer there. A rather dowdy-looking girl who wore glasses had taken her place.

"I wish to see Seco Nandez," he advised.

"Who is calling?" asked the standardized receptionist.

"Tell Nandez it is a gentleman sent by J.S.," he directed.

The information was apparently effective because the young man was directed toward a door which bore the legend:

SENOR SECO NANDEZ , M.D. Chief of Medical Staff

Entering, the effeminate young man shut the door carefully at his back, took out a handkerchief, and wiped his fingerprints off the knob as if it were a habit. He had opened the door by a shove without touching the knob on the other side.

"Hyah, Nannie," he smiled.

Seco Nandez scowled at the flippancy! He was a tall, reedy dark man who wore a rather light suit for so late in the Fall. The pallor of the suit emphasized the darkness of Seco Nandez, and his large eyes and thick lips lent a suspicion that some of his ancestors had come from Africa.

"Why do you come here, Lizzie?" he demanded. *"Eso es muy mall."*

"What's that last?" demanded the young man addressed as "Lizzie".

"It is dangerous!" snapped Seco Nandez, putting his Spanish into English.

"Sultman sent me," said Lizzie.

Nandez spread his hands. "But why he not come himself, *Senor?*"

"Trouble with his feet," said Lizzie.

Nandez scowled his puzzlement.

"You mean the fallen arches like that so very tough cop Hardboiled Humbolt? I did not know Sultman had such trouble."

"It's the **cold**," grinned Lizzie. "Not his arches."

"A hot bath is good for that," Nandez said seriously.

Lizzie laughed sarcastically. "It's right over your head, isn't it, Nannie? You no savvy. Well, a hot bath won't help this kind of cold feet!"

"What do you mean, *Senor*?" Nandez questioned sharply.

"Sultman's feet began to cool off when Doc Savage barged in here this afternoon," Lizzie explained. "The temperature took another big drop when that bullet bounced off Sultman's fuzzy head. Boke was responsible for that shooting and Sultman knows it."

Nandez nodded slowly. "*Si, si*. This thing ... she is getting very dangerous."

"You knew it would get dangerous when you started it!" Lizzie snorted.

Nandez groaned. "It would not have, had we but done what Boke hired us to do and let it go at that. But no! When Sultman learned what Boke planned, he decided to get in ahead of Boke and put the plan through himself!"

Lizzie laughed again. His face and body were both *fragile* looking. But there was a hard recklessness in his manner.

"Don't let it get to your feet," he advised. "Hell! There's **more money** than any of us ever saw in this thing. Boke expected to clean up a billion. I think he was a piker."

Nandez frowned at his manicured, dark fingers.

"Do not worry about what you call my 'feet'."

"Swell!" said Lizzie. "Now, I came to tell you to meet Sultman. We're taking cover from now on, see?"

Nandez waved an arm. "But what about the Association of Physical Health?"

"Sultman is just walking off and leaving it," Lizzie grinned. "The damned place ain't making money anyhow."

"Where is Sultman?" asked Nandez.

"The usual place," advised the other.

Lizzie went to the door, took out his handkerchief, and dropped it over the doorknob before he turned it. He waved his free hand airily.

"Keep your chin up, Nannie."

Nandez snapped: "Stop calling me that name! I do not like it!"

"There's a lot of things you'd like less," Lizzie grinned and went out.

Lizzie smiled widely and <winked> at the little receptionist as he went out. He swung girlishly into the elevator and the cage sank.

The receptionist at the telephone switchboard came to life. Open before her lay a stenographic notebook, its pages covered with expert shorthand pen strokes.

Translated, these shorthand notes would give an exact record of what had been said between Lizzie and Nandez!

The unimpressive young woman removed the telephone headset. Instead of having a single receiver as was customary, this headset was double. The extra receiver was connected to a circuit of concealed microphones which had been planted in the offices early in the evening during the time the others were dining.

The Association of Physical Health which gained its revenue from the mere giving of physical examinations remained open regularly in the evenings to accommodate office workers and those who could not come during daylight hours.

The plain-looking receptionist smiled widely and put the notebook in a hand bag which also held a weapon which resembled an oversized automatic, 2 extra curled magazines for the gun, a fountain pen tear-gas gun, and a compact. Then the young woman busied herself at the switchboard.

At that point, Seco Nandez came out of his office. He had donned his hat and overcoat and seemed bound on a definite errand as he took the elevator.

The receptionist motioned to a nurse and said "Take my place, please" and then hurried away before the nurse could open her mouth. The young woman ran down the stairs ... past where the gunman had been seized with the weird *pop-eyed death* earlier in the day ... and into the lobby.

She ran behind the cigar counter and exchanged her colorless and rather threadbare coat for an exquisite affair of fur. She kicked off her flat-heeled, conservative shoes and donned a pair with high-heels. Then added a small *metallic* hat to the outfit.

She used lipstick and rouge expertly. She peeled off a wig of dun-colored hair which she was wearing and replaced it with one of *metallic* blondness. The young woman's own hair (it could be observed) was a remarkable *bronze* hue.

The result of her changes was something of a miracle.

The young woman who walked out of the building on the trail of Seco Nandez was a *ravishing beauty*! Even her carriage was different, the high-heels making her look inches taller. If Seco Nandez or Lizzie had met her face-to-face, it was doubtful if they would have recognized her.

A close acquaintance, however, might have recognized the young woman as **Patricia Savage**.



Seco Nandez -- moving along the gloomy streets, bending over against the pluck of the **cold** Fall wind -- looked back numerous times. But thanks to Pat's skill, he noticed nothing unusual. Or if he did observe anything, he gave no sign.

His route took him to the East where the streets became narrow, dark, and full of smells. The small drifts of hard white snow snuggled in bunches behind obstructions seemed strangely out-of-place amid the grime and squalor.

There were few persons abroad which made Pat's job of trailing much simpler. She did not follow abreast of Nandez but paralleled his course on the next street, watching for him at intersections. There finally came a time when he did not appear at a corner.

Pat hurried down the side street. Her coat collar was upturned, her head down, apparently in defense against the chill wind but actually to watch the sidewalk. The hard **snow** -- almost like ice pellets -- had not covered the walk but eddied into doorways and stoops.

Seco Nandez had turned into a shabby building which was reached by half-a-dozen stone steps, deeply pitted.

Pat went up the steps boldly ... found the door unlocked ... and eased inside. Listening, she detected voices muttering from above. One of the speakers was Seco Nandez.

"Listen, Chief," Nandez was saying, "you've got to give me time! This fellow Sultman is too slice. We can't hang the goods on him all at once."

Pat heard the words distinctly. But the reply was a monotonous mutter which she could neither understand nor identify.

"The first thing we've got to do," Seco Nandez continued, "is to find where Sultman is hiding. I think I know. I'll go there, then make a report."

This information gave Pat Savage a surprise. Was it possible that she had uncovered a minor double-cross among the ranks of the schemers? Was Nandez on the side of Sultman or aiding the mysterious Boke?

The unintelligible mutter was replying to Nandez.

"Let's not talk so loud, *Senor*," said Nandez.

After that the voice dropped to complete inaudibility and Pat -- disgusted -- mounted the stairs cautiously in order to get nearer and hear better. At the top, she found a long corridor which ended, it seemed, in another stairway leading downward to a back door. It was very dark (the passage being unlighted) and Pat felt along with her hands. She located a door.

She could hear no speaking beyond the door. She leaned an ear against the ancient planks. As if that were a signal, motion exploded in the darkness beside her.

Hands seized her throat and her hair ... yanked forcibly ... and unbalanced her. Before she could do a thing about it, she was slammed heavily on the floor!

Gripping her fiercely, Seco Nandez said: "You fall for the trick like the 'ton of bricks', *Senorita!*"

Pat knew the man with whom she fought was her master in physical strength.

So instead of wrestling with him, she kicked his shins with the sharp toes of her high-heels; hit him on the windpipe (which happens to be a particularly vulnerable part of the human anatomy); and gave one of his ears a terrific twist!

Finally, she managed to execute an ancient-but-effective bit of rough&tumble strategy. She inserted her little finger in Seco Nandez's left nostril and lifted.

Nandez moaned (his moan became a ***howl!***) and he floundered in his haste to get erect and away from the torturing finger. He jumped back, slapping his aching proboscis, *hissing* expletives in Spanish!

Pat did not try to get erect but rolled over, grabbed her purse, and tore it open. The supermachine pistol fell out.

Nandez leaped forward and kicked at the gun. He missed.

Pat tried to thumb the safety off. Nandez kicked again and missed a second time.

Then Pat did get the safety off and the gun began to **moan** like a big bull-fiddle and spew empties. But the slugs going past Nandez tore plaster off the walls.

Pat corrected her aim. Once more Nandez kicked. He was in time.

The heavy weapon caromed from wall to floor. Pat groaned and snapped her bruised fingers.

As Nandez fell upon her, she dived her left hand into the purse and got the tear-gas gun. Nandez must have made the mistake of thinking there would be no other weapon in the bag.

Pat jammed the gun into his face, shut her eyes, held her breath, and pulled the trigger. The fountain-pen-like barrel made considerable noise and kicked heavily for the muzzle was against Nandez's skin.

Nandez began to cry out and roll on the floor. Gaining her feet with her eyes still closed, Pat ran for the door. She missed the aperture ... smacked a wall ... fell over a chair keeping her eyes shut all of the time ... and not breathing found the door and went through.

She narrowly missed falling head-over-heels down the stairs and not until she was near the bottom did she open her eyes. She popped outside ...

... only to have a hand clamp her arm.

"**Not so fast, sister!**" said the voice of the feminine-mannered Lizzie.

Pat stood perfectly still for there was a flat **automatic** in Lizzie's other hand and the hard bravado of a killer in his strange, limpid eyes.

"Good thing I shagged along behind Nannie," Lizzie said dryly. "What'd you do to him?"

"Let me go!" Pat snapped.

"Sure," said Lizzie and released her arm.

Then -- so suddenly that Pat had no time to dodge -- **Lizzie struck her with the automatic!** He hit with blinding speed and accurately with the manner of a man who had done the thing before.

Pat's head filled with a **roaring!** **Scarlet** curtains fell and rolled before her eyes and black masses came up and danced on the curtains. After that, there was a singing sound as of millions of grasshoppers traveling which resolved into pulsations that in turn became the banging of her pulse.

At the time, she was conscious of being handled. When she opened her eyes, she was upstairs and on the floor bound&gagged.

Seco Nandez was erect before her, speaking his feelings slowly and painfully, not using particularly vile Spanish words but putting a great deal of emphasis upon them. The left side of his face was not pleasant to look at for the tear-gas gun had blown a rather nasty pit. It was still running a little **red**. And his eyes were streaming tears that mixed and thinned the **scarlet** fluid.

It was obvious that Nandez could not yet see.

Perhaps 10 minutes passed, Lizzie spending the interim in going over the contents of Pat's handbag and in inspecting the supermachine pistol. Nandez mopped at his face and finally began to see a little.

He snarled when he saw Pat and grabbed the supermachine pistol from Lizzie.

"Here! Hell!" Lizzie barked and they struggled over the gun with Nandez grating: "I shall kill her for what she do to me, *Senor!*"

"Use your head!" Lizzie snapped.

Nandez continued struggling, managed to get the gun and tried to shoot Pat. But the safety baffled him. He cursed and hurled the weapon with great violence at her head. His aim was very bad. The gun hit the wall, bounced, and came to rest so close that Pat instantly rolled in a furious effort to reach it.

Lizzie ran over, put his foot on her, and held her stationary.

"What a doll!" he grinned at Pat. "Where do you hook into this?"

So that she could answer, he removed the gag.

Pat said: "I don't know what this is all about. I came into this building to see a friend. And as I was walking down the corridor, that man" -- *she jerked her head at Nandez* -- "that man seized me."

"Beautiful!" said Lizzie. "An excellent lie! A gorgeous lie! You're Doc Savage's cousin! And you bribed that dizzy blonde at the Association of Physical Health to let you take her place. I've read of you, sister. You're supposed to be good. And I guess you really are!"

Nandez had sobered.

"This *senorita* -- she is connected with Doc Savage?" he demanded.

"She is," said Lizzie. "And that makes it bad! How'd you come to pull in here? This isn't Sutlman's hangout."

"I saw her trailing me," said Nandez.

Lizzie put weight on the foot which bore on Pat's back.

"How much have you learned, good-looking?"

"Nothing," said Pat.

"That's probably a lie. But it's swell," Lizzie grinned.

He looked at Nandez. "You want the **job**, Nannie?"

"Yes!" said Nandez. "And I do not like that nickname, *Senor.*"

Lizzie laughed and went out.

Pat knew they must have agreed on her fate during the black period when she had been stunned from the blow on the head.

Nandez drew out a **pocketknife**. Not a large knife but one with a blade which looked razor sharp.

Appearing in the door suddenly, Lizzie said: "Better wait until that face stops bleeding. You'd make a hell-of-a-spectacle on the street now."

"Si," growled Nandez.

Turning, Lizzie said "Watch the fingerprints, Nannie" and departed once more.

Nandez scowled at the door for a time. Then noting that his features no longer oozed *scarlet*, he got to his feet, holding the knife lightly between his fingers.

He advanced with the quick purpose of a man who intended to get it over with.

Pat -- suddenly frozen with horror -- tried to scream. But the effort was pitifully inadequate ... a small whining.

"No one can hear that," said Nandez and bent down.

XX

"But before I do this, I want your final seconds to remember me. Remember Nandez the Great!"

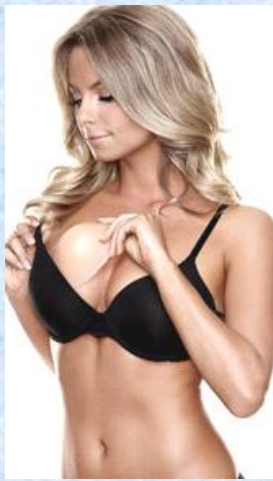


Pat looked up with a quizzical expression on her beautiful face. It took only seconds for her to know his intent. Then a long *scream* penetrated the stagnant night air.

YOU'RE GONNA BE RAPED!



Nandez hands were resting on her chest, squeezing and caressing her **perky 34-D breasts** bulging through her flimsy silk blouse.



“Ahh, such beauties!” he moaned. He tore madly at her blouse, ripping it and her brassiere to shreds as her pouty feminine forms became exposed.



He hurriedly unzipped his pants to his knees and pushed down a stained pair of *smelly* underwear. An even more foul-smelling **fat penis** popped into view. It “popped” because it was fully erect with **12 fat inches**.

“This is for you, *Senorita*”, he boasted. “Treat it well because it is the last thing you will ever make love to!”

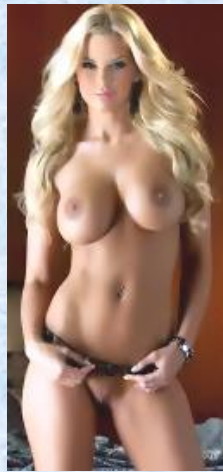


He spread his legs over her long slender body and kneeled down so that his knees were on either side of her ribcage. Then he placed his disgusting organ between her plump defiant breasts.



“Aahhh, it feels so good! It’s too bad I have to kill you, American **whore**.”

He started rocking back-and-forth as his **penis** satisfied itself rubbing against her soft fleshy breasts. He couldn’t resist leaning down and planting a **fat slobbery kiss** on her pretty **mouth**. Pat groaned as he sucked her lips into his mouth. She was getting sick as she felt his fat tongue searching her own.



“Ahhh, you like Nandex, no?” he mocked.



When he raised up to resume masturbating in between her breasts, Pat was horrified to see her exclusive **neon-pink lipstick** all over his mouth. She could only guess what her own lips and mouth looked like now with it smeared all over his.



“Now let’s put the **pretty mouth** of yours to work, baby!”

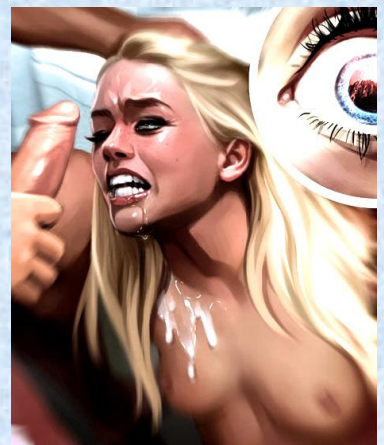


She knew what was coming next. “*Damn him to hell, the bastard!*” she thought.

His knees moved from down along her ribcage to roughly where her magnificent breasts were. He inched his fat **penis** up toward her face, all-the-while <slapping> it against her quivering body as it came closer-and-closer to her **mouth**.



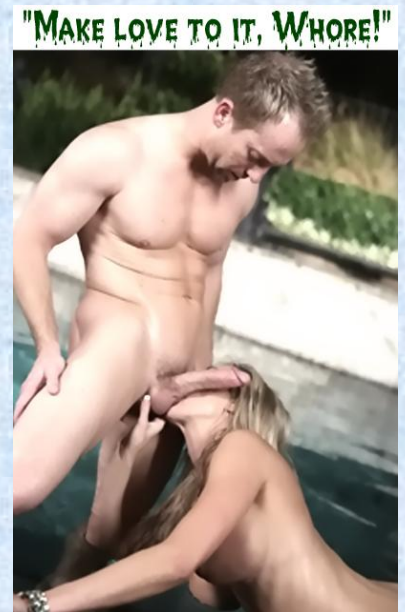
He pinched her nose hard. It caused her to open her mouth to breathe. But before she could scream, he **jammed his fat organ between her defiant lips!**



“Now milk it, **Bitch!** Milk it good! Nandez’ balls have lots of **sperm** that need to be released. **Suck It**, you stupid **Cunt!**”

Reluctantly, Pat tried to obey. She was still trying to think of a way to escape and by appeasing him, it would give her more time.

So she held her nauseating disgust and forced her lips together against the vile thrusting organ.





She couldn't help her tongue running across it from time-to-time as it explored every part of her mouth. As it would come out (only to be rammed inside again!), she was horrified to see it coated with the remnants of her trademark **lipstick**.





After a while, Nandez seemed to tire of this activity. Or perhaps he had something more sinister in mind.

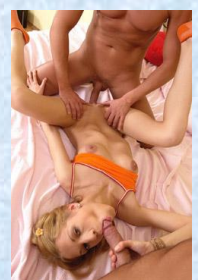
“Spread your goddamn legs, **Whore!** Nandez the Great is gonna give you a little senñor now.”

“Damned if he will,” thought Pat. *“Not that!”*

But her beaten body was no match for his **lust**-crazed strength.



*He didn't know that in her pursuit of Adventure with Doc Savage's group, Pat had unfortunately been raped and gang-banged many times. So she was not technically a "virgin", her hymen having been torn when she was barely out of her teenage years (see "**Brand of the Werewolf**" #011**XXX**).*



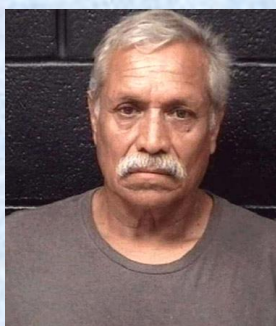


Still, she had some remarkable ability for her body to heal itself. In doing so, any vaginal or rectal passageways that had been brutally stretched-out had quickly returned to their original tightness. For all practical purposes as far as the pain and bleeding went, she was still a "virgin".

He angrily spread her long tapered **bronze** legs. Her prissy **5" high-heels** tried to scrape against him in vain as he lifted up her thighs. He <slapped> her hard as he bunched her tight-fitting skirt up around her waist.

He used his teeth to tear off her flimsy bikini panties. She was not wearing a garter belt but only thigh-high stockings. Nandez thought that made her look like a **whore**.

“Always ready for action,” he thought.



She **screamed** as he used all his leg strength to plunge his organ into the depths of her small womb. Such a long thick penis was never made to be so roughly inserted into such a tender vagina as hers.



Her screams were suddenly *muffled* as his fat lips enclosed over hers again. While all the while, he was **furiously** pumping in-and-out of her rapidly approaching the moment when his previous promise to her would be achieved.



3 grubby fingers reached under her to rest against her **anal** opening. They quickly wormed their way inside stretching and ripping her rectum while Nandez continued to ram away at her cunt.

“Feels pretty good, huh? See what you will be missing, **Slut!** You could have had Nandez-the-Great for the rest of your life!”

"DO YOU LIKE BEING RAPED, WHORE?"



With that he gave her a nasty “sucker bite” on her neck followed by a vicious <slap> across her pretty face.



He exploded into her! Deep deep deep into her womb between her uplifted thighs. He held her **5" high-heels** up in the air to make sure none of his evil *seed* leaked out.



It took some time for him to be relieved of all his stored-up semen. It seemed like an eternity to the writhing Pat as she felt **wave-after-wave of impregnating jizz ooze** deep inside her guts!



He reached down and grabbed both of her breasts. He squeezed them hard and literally lifted her off the floor as his **penis** was becoming limp inside her womb.



Then he <slapped> her had again and spit on her as she fell back down.

“You filthy piece-of-shit! Nandez-the-Great is too good for you. Stupid American **whore!**”



He found her torn bikini panties and wiped his **penis** off on them. Then he balled them up and stuffed them in her vaginal opening, ensuring that much of his **semen** would stay up inside her and dry there.



[Impregnated Whore]

In a Parallel Universe ...



She groaned! Maybe for the last time.

Nandez got his knife and started leaning down ...

VII -- Surprise Shadow

Nandez was wrong in surmising no one would hear the screams. Lizzie heard them.

But Lizzie was across the street and he was listening for them.

The shrill piping cries that came from the old building might have been the product of the *icy* Fall wind. But not so the cries which suddenly followed.

Screams broke out. Awful, penetrating bleats, full of the grisly quality of **Death!**

"The damned girl should have been gagged!" Lizzie gritted.

He started to cross the street ... Then he shrank back.

A policeman had appeared. A big, burly cop bundled to his red ears in his Winter overcoat. He had heard the *shrieks* and was running. He popped into the building. The *shrieks* had ceased.

Lizzie swore savagely and dragged out his gun.

"Damn all cops!" he snarled and whipped across the street. He did not enter but paused outside, listening. There was a chance that Nandez had fled by the back route.

Lizzie heard the policeman swear in a loud, startled voice. Then feet banged on the stairs. Lizzie retreated hurriedly and was concealed in a nearby doorway before the officer appeared.

The cop did not look around. Which surprised Lizzie as well as relieved him no little. The officer ran for a corner and Lizzie -- craning his neck -- saw the man using a call-box frantically.

"Nandez got away," Lizzie grinned and used his ears again.

Once he thought he heard movement from the rear of the building. A *squeaking* sound as of rubber pressing hard against iron or concrete. Or it might have been a foot on a board.

"Nandez ..." Lizzie breathed and himself eased away from the vicinity.

Lizzie walked hurriedly eastward until he came to a street where despite the *cold* of the Fall night, a few persons were abroad and an occasional taxi prowled. Even then, he did not take a cab because drivers have memories. He mingled with the crowd and drifted to the nearest subway. As far as he could tell, he was not followed.

Back in the street, the policeman had deserted his call-box. He strode to the building and went inside only to reappear shortly, mopping his forehead, a strange expression on his features. He waited, consulting his watch.

A faint *squealing* noise arose in the distance ... loudened ... and became the *wail* of a siren. The car (a big phaeton) careened into the street and screamed its tires on the pavement as it came to a stop.

In the rear of the phaeton, Hardboiled Humbolt kicked a robe from around his big stockinged feet, *grimaced* as he drew on his canvas sneakers, and got out muttering: "It's gettin' damned cold for these canvas shoes!"

The patrolman ran up. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder and shouted: "*It's in there!*"

Hardboiled put a jaw out against the cold gale. "Dead?"

"Dead as can be," said the patrolman. "It's awful!"

"So is about half of this police business," Hardboiled growled and went inside and up the creaking stairs.

He said nothing more but took a flashlight from his pocket and went into the room. He ranged the flash beam for some seconds over the chamber but giving most of the time to the corpse on the floor.

The cadaver was a gruesome sight.

Stepping back, Hardboiled picked up a handbag. He looked inside. There were cards in a pocket. They bore the name of 'Patricia Savage', the name of her beauty parlor and gymnasium on Park Avenue, and the address.

"Pat Savage," Hardboiled muttered. "She's Doc Savage's cousin."

"Helps him out sometimes on his jobs," said the patrolman. "Or so I've heard."

"She was a lot of 'help' here!" Hardboiled said grimly.

The burly police inspector took another turn of the room using his flashlight, then shook his head and walked out and down the stairs.

"It gets me," he said slowly. "I can't make heads-or-tails of this whole mess! Send for the Medical Examiner."

He walked to the phaeton ... paused ... and added: "And spread the net for Doc Savage! Put every radiocar in the city to looking for him. That **bronze** guy knows something he's not telling!"

The patrolman took up a position in the corridor. He had found the lights and he turned them on now. The light seemed to relieve his mind.

Once he thought he heard a *sound* from within the room where the body lay. He opened the door but saw no one. After that, he closed the door as if to keep the grisly presence from within out of his thoughts.

The door had not been closed for long when the window lifted slightly. It was the first rise of the window which had attracted the officer's attention.

A great *shadowy* figure eased into the room. A flashlight beam no larger than a pencil came into being and raced about, resting finally on the body and roaming over it slowly.

The body was twisted as if it had fallen in the throes of awful *agony*. The face was pocked deeply on one side by a bum and the lips were bitten and *red-stained*.

The eyes were barely in their sockets, having squeezed out as if propelled by some inner force! The muscles attached to them were gray and horrible.

The **giant prowler** bent over the form and a hand roved, exploring pockets. Once the hand got in the way of the thin light beam. It could be seen that the skin was an unusual *bronze* color. The hands had *tremendous tendons*! Letters yielded Seco Nandez's name.

Next, the **Bronze Man** examined the purse of Patricia Savage where it had been replaced on the floor.

There was no sound audible as the *metallic giant* went to the window, eased through, and put his weight on the fire escape outside. He went down to the landing ... grasped a silken cord which was attached to a collapsible grappling hook ... and slid down into the alley below. A flip of the cord brought the grapple down and the **Bronze Man** stowed it within his clothing.

He joined 2 figures waiting silently in the darkness.

Monk -- with the pig Habeas Corpus silent under an arm -- asked: "What did you find, Doc?"

"A *pop-eyed* dead man named Seco Nandez," Doc Savage said. "And Pat's purse was near by."

"Strange," murmured the dapper Ham. "Something has happened here."

From the nearby darkness, Pat's voice stated: "You said it!"

Monk started, all but dropping Habeas! And Ham instinctively whipped up his sword cane!

Doc Savage himself showed no perceptible surprise.

Patricia Savage came from the gloom.

"I have been hanging around," she said. "I had an idea you would show up here."

"We're in bad with the police," Monk told her. "But we had our radio tuned on the police radio station and heard the call which brought Hardboiled Humbolt here. We dropped in to see what it was all about."

Doc Savage asked: "What happened, Pat?"

Pat was a young woman of crisp explanations. There was no tremble, no excitement in her voice as she summarized what had happened from the time she had overheard the conversation of Seco Nandez and Lizzie at the Association of Physical Health. She brought the narrative down to its gory climax.

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But of course she did not tell Doc Savage of her recent abuse by Nandez. She was too embarrassed.

... Finally he stood over her, a conquering *raping* hero.



He waved his now limp penis over her ... took aim at her face ... and a torrent of **yellow liquid** rushed out, splashing against Pat's mouth and soaking her hair. It ran over her breasts (now sporting many "sucker bites") and her pelvic area.

It also wetted the part of her panties that wasn't shoved up her crotch. The last went down her long thi-top stockings and in her fancy **5" high-heeled pumps**.



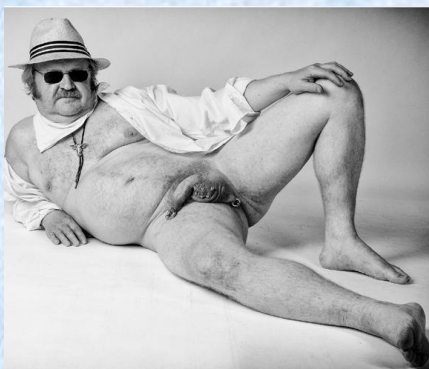
Nandez hovered above her trembling body watching his sperm and urine flow all over. After a while, it caused him to get his "second wind". His foul penis **hardened** once again!



"I want your ASS," he suddenly said. "And I want it bad, **Whore!**"

Pat at first didn't know what exactly that meant ...

... but she caught on when he turned her over on her small tummy.



"Oh no! Please! Not back there!" pleaded Pat.

"Up yours, **Bitch**!" spat Nandez as he jammed his hard **cock** up into the beautiful woman's tight rectum.



He **rammed** and **Rammed** and **RAMMED**, not caring if she was in excruciating pain or even how much she **bled**. It just felt so damn good!

Her sphincter muscles were so tight. Even more so than her vaginal muscles that didn't seem to want to let his cock out.



Pat shuddered as she felt a volcanic blast of hot *semen* explode up into her bowels.



Then she just layed there after he pulled out of her for the last time ...



"This Nandez was just leaning over to use his knife," she said. "He was a killer who enjoyed it. I could see that in his eyes. He held my nose to stop what little noise I was able to make and bent my head back. Then ... something happened."

"The *pop-eyed death*?" Doc asked.

"He began to scream," Pat said, her voice suddenly thin. "And his eyes ... they ... *it was awful!*"

"We seen it happen to a whole roomful of men at once," Monk muttered.

Ham *clicked* his sword cane nervously.

"Doc, this thing is incredible!" he snapped. "It is as if some *supernatural* power were striking down these men in the act of doing murder. What do you think the *pop-eyed death* is?"

Monk added: "And what makes it get 'em only when they're about to kill somebody? Or right after they've killed?"

There was a long pause while they waited for Doc Savage to make an answer. When he did not -- and gave no sign of intending to do so -- Pat broke the tension.

"I used Nandez's knife and cut myself loose after he ... died", she said. "I got to the rear stairway and ran down it, not knowing but that Nandez's partner Lizzie might come back."

"And you waited here," Ham finished.

"Hold on," said Pat. "I want to tell you about something strange that happened down here in the alley."

"What?" Doc questioned.

"Someone came out."

"Maybe it was the policeman looking around?" Doc offered.

Pat shook a vehement negative! "No. It was a **giant** figure of a man. A fellow I will swear was almost as large as you, Doc. And he moved like a *ghost*. He came down the fire escape."

"Down the fire escape?" Monk grunted.

"Exactly," said Pat. "It looked as if he had been outside of the window all of the time."

"You did not see him clearly?" Doc questioned.

"Too dark," said Pat. "And he traveled like a black *ghost*."

Monk snorted suddenly!

"Did you hear his feet on the fire escape? I mean, did they make *squeaking* sounds?"

"Why -- now that you mention it -- I think they did!" Pat murmured.

Ham growled: "What are you getting at, you homely monkey?"

Doc Savage answered that.

"Monk was thinking of canvas-soled rubber shoes," the **Bronze Man** said. "Rubber *squeaks* sometimes when it is rubbed over iron."

Ham began "But what ... ?" ... then fell silent.

He had thought of Hardboiled Humbolt and his rubber-soled canvas shoes.

Some moments later, Doc Savage, Monk, Ham, and Pat were in a sedan traveling a nearby street.

"We dropped in at **Headquarters** and exchanged the roadster and the coupe for this bus," Monk explained. "The cops were looking for the other 2 cars."

"And saw a flock of policemen watching the place for us," Ham added.

Pat watched the darkened houses slip by and shivered.

"The police are against us," she said softly. "One of our men has been murdered. And we can't find Robert Lorrey. And some infernal death is striking. This is more than I bargained for!"

"Want to back out?" Doc asked. "You'd better."

"Don't be silly!" said Pat. "What do we do next?"

"Since our **Headquarters** is watched, we will make use of Renny's apartment," Doc said.

Colonel John Renwick (the engineer of Doc's group) was a gentleman who had made some millions in his profession prior to his affiliation with high adventure in the person of the **Bronze Man**. He still commanded staggering fees when he worked.

Renny occupied a penthouse overlooking Central Park. The building -- one of the most flamboyant in the city -- was one which Renny had designed and the erection of which he had supervised. His apartment was an incredible array of modernistic metals and glass. Mechanical gadgets were everywhere. And the wide, glass-covered terrace was a greenhouse of tropical shrubs.

Renny -- they found on arrival -- was not present. Doc had a key and they entered.

"Wonder what's become of Renny?" Monk pondered. "Reckon the big-**fisted** lummoX got that message you left on the office window?"

Doc Savage neglected to answer for he was picking up a telephone. He got in communication with each of the city's large broadcasting stations in succession and spoke rapidly. Hanging up after communicating with the first one, he went over and switched on a large modernistic radio.

A dance orchestra was playing. And the tone of Renny's radio speaker was an acoustic engineer's dream come to life. But almost at once, the strains were interrupted.

"An announcement of importance," said the announcer. "Will No. 17 get in touch with his chief. And will No. 17 guard his own life carefully and communicate with no one but his chief. For No. 17's benefit, Leander Court was murdered today."

The orchestra strains resumed and Doc Savage tuned in on another station and shortly got almost the identical announcement.

"No. 17" was Robert Lorrey -- the number he bore on Doc Savage's payroll.

The fact that the **Bronze Man** had been able to prevail upon every broadcasting station to insert such an unusual announcement in the regular evening routine was an indication of his influence.

"I hope," Monk said, "that Robert Lorrey turns up before long."

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Later ...



*... the whore Pat Savage gets an **Interracial Gang-Rape** !*

VIII -- The Crime Gland

At the precise instant but quite a few blocks distant from Renny's sumptuous penthouse, the lissome and feminine-mannered Lizzie was listening to a worried voice come from an adjacent room.

"I hope Robert Lorrey shows up soon," it said.

Lizzie shrugged. He had changed his evening garb for full dress -- perfect in its every detail -- and he had even less the appearance of a cold-blooded criminal who not long before had left a companion to cut the throat of a young woman.

Janko Sultman was walking circles in the next room. He still wore his loud-checked suit. There was a bandage stuck in the midst of his upstanding frizzled hair with adhesive tape. From time-to-time, he fingered this bandage.

"Dot Boke!" he growled. "If der bullet had come another inch lower, it would have meant finish for me!"

Lizzie carefully adjusted the hang of the bright chain which spanned the front of his waistcoat.

"Give me a line on this Boke and I'll soon stop him," he said lazily.

Janko Sultman waved plump hands. "It's a swell idea. Only it's no good."

"Why not?"

"I do not know dot Boke by sight or where to find him."

"The hell you don't!" Lizzie snorted. "Then how did you contact him in the first place?"

"Through a witch-faced feller dot was called 'Frightful'," explained Sultman. "They had figured dot because I was a doctor, I should be able to get a line on Doc Savage's place where he fixed up der crooks. But this Frightful did all der talking. Not once did I see Boke! I hear him over der telephone, though. And he have the sweetest voice you ever listen to."

"He's got sweet ways too," grinned Lizzie, casting a glance at Sultman's bandaged head. "And the happy Frightful was found dead in that roomful of men who had their eyes popping! The newspapers are full of it."

"Dot's another thing!" Sultman wailed. "The *eye-popping* business! What is it? She gets my goat!"

A man appeared at the door and said: "Robert and Sidney Lorrey calling."

Janko Sultman looked very pained and swore. "Dot fool brought his brother!"

Lizzie asked: "Well, they've been going around together since you kindly gave Robert his vacation."

Then Lizzie laughed.

"I wonder if Doc Savage has found out about those faked telegrams yet?"

Sultman waved his arms. "Damn it, we've got to get rid of Sidney! I cannot buy them both."

Lizzie grinned "Leave it to me" and started for the door.

Sultman gulped: "Listen! what ... "

"Give me 5 minutes," Lizzie requested. "I'll fix it."

Then he went out.

Janko Sultman hastily summoned 3 men into the room. They were smooth-looking gentlemen who might have been bank clerks reporting for a day's work.

Except that each had a submachine gun tucked under an arm.

"Robert Lorrey will be here soon," Janko Sultman said. "He cannot afford to take any chances."

One of the smooth-looking men nodded.

"You think he may jump you?" he asked.

"Not so much dot," said Sultman. "But when he learns why he has been summoned here, he may fly off der handle -- as did Leander Court -- and threaten to go to Doc Savage. He must be prevented from doing dot."

"Sure," said one of the men. "Only I hope we don't get the same dose as the guy you posted to get Leander Court if he went up in the air. That bird died with his eyes sticking out!"

"Don't be silly!" Sultman snapped. "There is no one around here who can touch you! The gunman dot shot Court merely had some kind of a spasm."

"How about the whole roomful of ***pop-eyed dead*** that the papers are playing up then?" countered the other.

"Let it go!" Sultman groaned. "Hurry! I will hide you."

The room was paneled with wood. There were many pictures, all of excellent taste. Sultman crossed the deep carpet (a grotesque figure with his frizzled hair) and opened a wall panel. There was a recess behind large enough to hold a man and a lookout standing within could peer into the room through an ingenious colored screen which was a part of a picture fastened on the outside. One of the men with machine guns was posted inside.

There proved to be 2 more niches. Additional guards were posted in these.

"Dot is good!" Sultman decided.

Looking through loopholes, the 3 gunmen had only to move their heads to get a full view of the room. The picture was fairly distinct although colors were distorted by the pigment of the screen through which they had to peer.

A few seconds later, Janko Sultman was shaking hands with a lean, stoop-shouldered man and the latter was admitting: *"Yes. I am Robert Lorrey."*

Robert Lorrey was an extremely plain man as far as outward appearances went. He had mouse-colored hair and eyes which were pale but which were also made slightly grotesque by the powerful lenses of the spectacles which he wore. Pressing would have helped his gray suit. And he was bundled to the ears in a fuzzy woolen muffler.

"This is my brother Sidney," said Robert Lorrey.

"Ah yes," said Sultman, lying smoothly. "Someone told me you had a brother. Twins, aren't you?"

This last was a rank guess on the frizzled-haired man's part for Sidney was a smaller carbon copy of his brother although he did have an unnaturally high forehead in addition. It was possible that Sidney looked a bit more the idealist, the dreamer.

"We are twins," Robert agreed. "I hope you do not mind my bringing Sidney along. We are very fond of each other. And we frequently cooperate in conducting experiments."

"As a matter-of-fact, my brother has financed most of my experiments," said Sidney.

"You are welcome, of course," Janko Sultman lied.

The telephone then rang.

Sultman looked surprised, went over to the instrument, and answered. He was not a very good actor for he failed to keep pleasure off his features.

"For Sidney Lorrey," he said.

Sidney Lorrey spoke for a few minutes over the line. There was a puzzled expression on his features as he put the instrument down.

"I shall have to go," he said. "Someone wants to speak to me. He says it is very important."

Sidney Lorrey took his departure.

Janko Sultman now became the perfect host, offering Robert Lorrey fine cigars and excellent liquor - both of which the stoop-shouldered, mouse-like man turned down, explaining that he did not imbibe.

"The result of Doc Savage's training, eh?" murmured Sultman dryly. "The **Bronze Man** is quite a puritan, I've heard."

Robert Lorrey became very quiet in his chair. He plucked at the ends of his burry muffler.

"You have evidently made a mistake," he said shortly. "I scarcely know this Doc Savage if I am to presume that when you say 'Doc Savage', you mean the remarkable **Bronze Man** who has become noted as a man who gets others out of trouble."

Janko Sultman laughed. "Dere is no use of pretending between friends."

"I scarcely know you," Robert Lorrey pointed out.

Sultman pretended not to hear the last reminder.

"I know many things," he smiled. "I know, for instance, dot Doc Savage is a man who does peculiar things. One of the most peculiar of these things, perhaps, is his habit of sending criminals whom he catches to a weird institution which he maintains in upstate New York."

Robert Lorrey said sharply: "If you assume I know all of this, you are wrong!"

"The criminals undergo a treatment which causes them to lose their memories and to become honest men," continued Sultman. "Strange as it sounds, dot is what happens."

"I do not care to bear more about this!" snapped Robert Lorrey. "The whole thing sounds ridiculous!"

Janko Sultman carefully adjusted the bandage on top of his head, then lighted himself a cigar, at the same time never taking his eyes from his visitor.

"Doc Savage has seized many criminals during his career," Sultman went on. "This Savage is a remarkable individual. More remarkable than most persons can realize. He is almost a mental freak. His knowledge in der fields of Electricity, Chemistry, Engineering, and so on is profound. But greatest of all is his skill as a surgeon."

Lorrey moistened his lips. "Why are you telling me this?"

Janko Sultman seemed not to hear.

"Doc Savage has discovered dot Crime is, in a sense, a disease," he went on. "In other words, we will take -- for der purpose of illustration -- de effect of ordinary inflammation on tonsils. If a man has infected tonsils, a toxic poison gradually filters from them through his system and his nerves are affected. So dot he becomes irritable. He gets der jitters. He is hard to get along with."

"You do not need to be so elementary!" snapped Robert Lorrey.

"Sure," Sultman smiled. "There are many glands in the human body. They secrete everything from perspiration to digestive juices. Many of them are in the human brain. And it is these last that are the least known."

"What has this to do with Crime as a disease?" Lorrey interrupted.

"There is a small gland which governs operation of a certain section of der brain which controls a human being's behavior," said Sultman. "If dot gland is out-of-order, der patient loses his sense of right-and-wrong. In other words, he gets so he does not give a damn what happens or what he does. Doc Savage has discovered this."

"I would not call that one of Doc Savage's discoveries," Robert Lorrey put in. "Many criminologists have arrived at that conclusion."

Sultman shrugged.

"Anyway, Doc Savage straightens up dot gland at his place in upstate New York. And dot is what makes honest men of the crooks. Of course, he severs certain nerves in their brains too, which makes them forget their past."

"This is quite amazing," said Robert Lorrey.

"No it isn't," grinned Sultman. "You know all about it because you are one of der men who do der operating on crooks!"

The 3 gunmen watching from their concealed niches saw from Robert Lorrey's sudden tensing that he was shocked by the disclosure that another man knew of his profession.

They heard Lorrey bark: "How did you learn this? No one is supposed to know!"

They saw Janko Sultman puff at his cigar, then draw his chair closer to that of Robert Lorrey, ignoring Lorrey's tendency to shrink away from him. There was a smug look on Sultman's face. And one gunman reflected that he looked like a fuzzy-haired cannibal about to indulge in a meal.

Janko Sultman now began speaking rapidly. But his words did not reach the guards for the sounds were pitched low. The watchers could only observe the play of emotions on the features of Robert Lorrey.

Lorrey at first registered surprise ... then that became a shocked, blank look ... and as Sultman went on speaking, amazement, wonder, and *horror* followed each other successively. Then **RAGE** blazed in the meek-looking scientist's eyes!

"**You go to Hell!**" he yelled and sprang to his feet.

Sultman dropped his cigar and scrambled erect, yelling: "Don't be a fool! I'll raise the ante! I'll make it \$100,000!"

"No!" snapped Lorrey.

"A quarter-of-a-million!" Sultman offered desperately.

"No!"

"50 percent of all we can take in!"

"I told you to go to Hell!" Robert Lorrey shouted.

Then he backed toward the door.

Sultman stepped hastily aside and snapped: "Don't let him out, men!"

"He won't leave," Lizzie said unexpectedly from the door.

Lizzie had come back silently. It was evident that he did not know Janko Sultman had posted gunmen behind the wall panels.

Robert Lorrey turned around and saw the flat automatic which Lizzie was holding in one girlishly small hand. He put his own hands up.

Sultman asked Lizzie: "You got rid of Sidney Lorrey?"

Lizzie laughed. "I didn't have to. I just told him over the telephone when I called here that I had some important information for him. I made an appointment in a drug store far enough away so that he won't get back in time to bother us."

Robert Lorrey swallowed rapidly. "What are you going to do with me?"

"I was forced to have your superior -- Leander Court -- killed," Sultman smiled. "I will not make that mistake again. We will use other means on you."

"What do you mean?" Lorrey snapped.

"You are going to be persuaded to do as I wish," advised Sultman. "I have thought it all out very carefully."

"Including **what Doc Savage will do to you** if you harm me?" asked Lorrey.

Janko Sultman looked as if someone had jabbed him unexpectedly with a pin. But the expression was fleeting.

"I am not afraid of Doc Savage," he growled. "You might as well make up your mind that you are going to do the thing I wish."

Robert Lorrey's answer was to dive suddenly at Lizzie's gun! The wielder of the weapon was taken by surprise and permitted the stoop-shouldered man to get a grip on it.

Lorrey kicked Lizzie's shins from under him. Falling, the man released his weapon.

Forgetting he had the gunmen posted back of the wall panels, Janko Sultman ran and leaped upon Robert Lorrey. Stunned, Lorrey lost his weapon.

Lizzie got up snarling and snatched a long stiletto from inside his immaculate full dress garb. He started for Robert Lorrey ... and stopped.

Lizzie put a hand up to his **eyes**. They were protruding a little! He dropped his knife.

"My head!" he wailed horribly. *"My eyes! Something is wrong ..."*

Lizzie had shut the door when he came inside. But now there was a loud **crash** and an **explosion** of splinters! A second **crash** followed.

A fist -- an *incredible* **fist** that looked like the business end of a circus stake-driver's maul -- smashing through the panel. The door collapsed.

The man who came through was a tower of bone-and-gristle.

Robert Lorrey looked at the newcomer, wide-eyed and startled.

"Renny!" he shouted delightedly.

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In just a little while ...



*Pat Savage suffers her first African-American **Gang-Bang** !*

IX -- Boke's Touch

Renny looked over the room and the expression on his long puritanical face was one of absolute gloom. It was an indication that he was enjoying himself for adversely the sadder Renny looked, the more interest he was taking in proceedings.

He was a **giant** this Renny, weighing near 250 pounds. Most of it bone, a little gristle, and not much else. Yet huge as he was, the proportions of his **fists** were such as to make the rest of him seem inadequately small. Each was composed of near a half-gallon of bone and tendon!

Lizzie was still swaying, pawing at his face and his eyes. He had not fallen. And he seemed to be recovering a little from the effects of the strange spell which had seized upon him.

"The *pop-eyed death!*" Sultman choked, eying his aide.

Robert Lorrey also fell to studying Lizzie. *There was a professional curiosity in his scrutiny.*

"Where did you first feel pain?" he asked. "And was there any sensation prior to the pain?"

Lizzie was too occupied with his own difficulties to answer. Moving across the floor with an ease unusual for so big a man, Renny scooped up all of the weapons in sight. This caused Sultman to retreat and furtively eye the panels behind which his machine-gunners were concealed.

Catching a moment when Renny and Lorrey were not looking, Sultman shook his head violently, admonishing the gunners not to fire.

Robert Lorrey asked Renny: "How-on-Earth did you get here?"

The big-**fisted** engineer looked very gloomy.

"There was a message at Doc's office," he offered in a whooping, roaring voice. "It outlined what had happened. I couldn't locate Doc so I thought I'd keep an eye on Pat. The message told where she was."

Lizzie stopped feeling of his eyes (which were almost normal again) and glared at Renny.

The big-**fisted** engineer jingled the weapons in his enormous digits.

"Pat didn't know I was looking out for her," he went on. "I kept in the background. And when she followed Seco Nandez and the sissy here ..." -- *he paused to nod at the effeminate Lizzie* -- "I trailed along. Well, they grabbed Pat and the pretty boy here left his partner Nandez to cut her throat. I was about to interfere when Nandez stuck his eyes out, had a fit, and died. I saw Pat was safe, so I left on sissy's trail. I've been hanging around since, trying to get an earful."

Lizzie became slack-jawed. Janko Sultman looked slightly ill. It was the first they had heard of the *pop-eyed death* of their co-conspirator Seco Nandez. The news was surprising and not at all pleasant.

Sultman looked at Lizzie and snarled: "You careless drummer! A hell-of-a mess you have got us into!"

Lizzie said "Nuts to you!"

But he looked worried. He was trying to think how Renny could have followed him so expertly and so unnoticeably. The upshot of his thinking was that he should have used a great deal more caution.

Renny waved his fistful of weapons and his great voice jumped and thumped in the room.

"Get a move on, boys," he directed. "We're all going to have a talk with Doc Savage."

That made Sultman start and think of his machine-gunners behind the wall panels. He backed slowly to one side until he stood in the clear, then stiffened himself and yelled desperately in command.

"Just the big man!" he howled. **"Save Lorrey!"**

Renny realized then that there must be someone else concealed around the room.

He flopped down to make himself as small a target as possible and bulleted toward the door, his idea being to fight back from the opening. But his precautions were hardly necessary as it developed.

One of the wall panels snapped open. A necessary move before the men behind could use their guns for when the panels were closed, there was not room.

The man who came through did not even hold his submachine gun. The weapon lay on the floor of the niche. The man was bent over. And he bent even more, seeming to contort himself in a titanic effort, his face becoming purple with the strain.

As they watched, his eyes came slowly out like seeds from a purple grape! It seemed certain they would fall to the floor. But they did not.

Then he began to yell in **pain!**

The other 2 gunners were crying out too, threshing about, and making awful *garglings*. One got out of his niche and died on the floor. The other only got the door of his concealment (the wall panel) ajar and was unable to get out. He convulsed his mortal existence away while curled up in the cramped confines.

Strange things were happening to Lizzie and Janko Sultman, too.

Lizzie was having trouble with his eyes again, grasping his head and moaning. And Janko Sultinan for the first time was standing slightly **pop-eyed!**

Suddenly Sultman emitted a wail of **terror** and stampeded for the door. But Renny -- who was affected not at all by the **pop-eyed** spell, mysteriously enough -- tripped Sultinan and calmly stood on the middle of the man's back.

Renny frowned at the 3 machine-gunners. So amazing was their affliction, so preposterous was the whole thing that he plainly doubted the evidence of his own eyes or suspected some trick.

Finally it dawned on him that this was no trick but *Death* in some grisly, inexplicable form. And the big-**fisted** Engineer voiced a pet exclamation of wonder which he saved for all special occasions.

"Holy cow!" he boomed hoarsely.

Robert Lorrey passed a hand over his forehead and <blinked> vacantly.

"The most incredible thing I ever saw!" he muttered. "What-on-Earth is it?"

Renny did not answer for there seemed no reply to give. He swallowed several times ... then bethought himself of the business at hand and again gathered up guns.

He nudged Lizzie and the dazed Sultman, both of whom were still mildly affected by the weird trouble. They stood meekly while he went over their persons, searching for weapons. He even relieved them of their penknives.

"We'll go see Doc Savage now," he advised.

Lizzie and Sultman obeyed like punished children as the big-**fisted** Engineer urged them toward the stairway. They went down slowly, fear making them very silent.

"*Their eyes!*" Sultman moaned and gave a great shake of a shudder which all but threw him down the steps.

Renny collared the fuzzy-haired man suddenly.

"How many more men have you working for you?"

Sultman opened his mouth and it was plain that he was on the point of giving some number ... But he reconsidered, looked sly, and said: "No more."

Renny *slapped* him!

The slap was not gentle. It knocked Sultman down the remaining 6 stairs of the flight.

"I'll knock you out from under that frizzled hair if you start lying to me!" the big-**fisted** Engineer promised.

Lying on the floor, Sultman moaned and did not try to get up.

Lizzie snarled: "Keep your hands off Sully!"

Renny turned around and took Lizzie's slim throat in both huge **hands** ... then lifted him from the floor without apparent difficulty and squeezed a little, tentatively. Lizzie flailed his arms and made frog-like noises.

"And I haven't forgotten that you walked off callously and left your pal to cut Pat's throat!" Renny boomed.



He squeezed again slowly, not relaxing the pressure even when Lizzie squirmed his wildest. Lizzie's face became splotchy ... then purple ... and his tongue stuck small and pink and straight through his teeth.

Robert Lorrey said nervously: "It is Doc Savage's policy never to take a human life!"

"Sure," Renny said. "But mistakes will happen."

Renny looked very sober with lines about his mouth and a gloomy, almost tearful droop to his eyes.

Janko Sultman got up from the floor as if he wanted to run.

But Renny lashed a foot out and tripped him down again.

Sultman was terrified! He looked at the unlucky Lizzie and had difficulty getting his breath.

"You were going to take us to Doc Savage?" he wailed.

"Sure," Renny said. "But maybe I changed my mind and decided to make you two talk right here. Who is this 'Boke' -- the man with the mysterious voice?"

"I do not know," Sultman moaned. "Dot is the truth!"

"What proposition did Boke put up to you through this man 'Frightful'?" Renny continued.

Sultman looked away and wailed: "You have got me all wrong. And dot is a fact!"

Robert Lorrey -- who had moved toward the door to look out into the darkened street -- gave a sudden start and yelled.

Renny -- who had been putting on a tough performance merely in hopes of impressing Sultman and Lizzie to the point where they would break down and unburden their souls of the truth -- whirled. He half expected to see Robert Lorrey in the grip of the fantastic *pop-eyed death*.

What he did see was Robert Lorrey in the grip of a burly, brown-skinned man who had sleek black hair and a remarkably stupid-looking face. This man had succeeded in grabbing a gun which Robert Lorrey chanced to be carrying and was endeavoring to drag his captive outside.

Renny emitted a whooping *Roar* and slammed for the door!

2 more men appeared beside the brown-skinned fellow, popping in out of the night. They grabbed Lorrey. Then other men came in behind them. These had guns.

Renny was upon the group now. There was light inside the door. And those who had come in from the night were a little blind so that the big-**fisted** Engineer's recklessness was justified.

He smashed one gunman in the face! The fellow flew back, his features flattened as by the blow of a great maul.

The other man dodged. Renny's slugging **fist** only banged the top of his head. Which to an ordinary fist would have been more damaging than to the head.

But Renny's was no ordinary set of knuckles! The victim fell as if he had been hit with an iron bar.

The trio seeking to hold Robert Lorrey were brushed aside easily. And before they could help themselves, they were hurled out into the street.

In shoving them outside, Renny got a look at the street, distinguishing other shadowy figures there.

"Too many outside!" he rapped. "We'll try the back way!"

They ran down the corridor. But long before the rear door was in sight, they heard feet pounding, men grunting, and knew enemies had flanked them, coming in through the rear.

Renny -- busy cuffing Sultman and Lizzie along with him -- snapped at Robert Lorrey: "Get back!"

"We can get out through a side window," whined Janko Sultman.

Renny scowled darkly at Sultman ... then his scowl turned to brisk interest. There was a great fear on the fuzzy-haired man's features.

"Who are these guys jumping us?" Renny demanded.

Sultman wrung his hands.

"Boke's men," he groaned. "They must be!"

Down the passage coming from the rear door, a single pencil-sized tongue of **red flame** pumped in the murk. Renny got down fast.

The **flame** spiked again. Gun sound quaked each time.

Renny had turned his shoulder to see if Robert Lorrey who had retreated a little was safe. It was a little more luminous where Robert Lorrey stood and Renny distinctly saw **Lorrey's head kick back and a small blue spot appear in the center of his forehead.**

Lorrey's knees caved weirdly so that he turned as he fell. **And a much larger pit was visible in the back of his cranium where the bullet had come out.**

His fall was noisy and only his fingers moved afterward.

Their quivering rapidly stilled.

Men with guns now seemed to flow from all sides into the house. They were tall fellows, short men, thin men, and broad men. There was some shooting. But that ceased when a low order was passed around.

Renny carried one of the supermachine pistols. And he got a chance to use it, blasting 2 men down with streams of mercy bullets.

Then someone threw a chair at him which he ducked.

But the chair bounced back from the wall and got in his way as he tried to run across the room. He fell. Men piled on him in a flood. With guns, they clubbed his head until it rang. The clubbing made his fingertips tingle and his arms difficult to move.

They tied his ankles and his arms with wire torn from floor lamps, then distended his mouth with the biggest part of a pillowcase.

Renny lay there on the floor, looking at his captors and decided they were a thoroughly hard crew. His inspection made him conscious of the **cold** which had come in with the opened doors. He *shivered* a little.

The men dragged Sultman and Lizzie into the room. Both these two had also been bound&gagged, and they got rough treatment. The bandage had been torn out of Sultman's frizzled hair and the bullet wound was flowing **red**. A man appropriated Lizzie's watch chain from the front of his dress waistcoat, then calmly tore the pockets out of his garments looking for money. Finding little, he kicked Lizzie in the sides until the pain brought tears to Lizzie's eyes.

Listeners had evidently gone outside for they now came in to report that the shooting had not attracted attention. Hearing this, Renny was not surprised for the house was an isolated one and the night itself was noisy.

Robert Lorrey was carried inside and the men bent over him anxiously. They cursed when they found the bullet hole through the brain. The violence of their *profanity* showed they had shot Lorrey by accident!

"A thorough mess!" said a voice. *"Yes, a very thorough mess!"*

Renny was struck and held by that voice for it was a tone that was unnaturally pleasant. It had a fascination. One wanted to hear it again. He stared about the room, trying to ascertain who had spoken.

"Things may come out all right after all, however," said the utterly enthralling voice.

Renny shuddered. He could not help it. For that amazing voice seemed to be coming from thin air.

It was as if the speaker were invisible!

XX

Very shortly ...



... Pat Savage is every black man's Slut!

X -- Torture

Sidney Lorrey -- twin brother of the unfortunate Robert -- had a small habit of tearing matches to pieces with his fingers when he was not mentally at ease. The tiled floor about the chair on which he sat was strewn with flakes of mutilated matchwood.

Sidney finished dissecting the last match of the book which had been in the smoking tray on the drug-store table, then stood slowly erect. The store was a small one with 2 large telephone booths in the back. He went over to the fountain clerk who was pouring steaming water into a coffee percolator.

"A gentleman called me from one of the telephone booths here and asked me to meet him," Lorrey told the clerk. "I don't find any sign of him. Did he leave any message?"

The clerk stopped pouring. "When'd he call you?"

Sidney Lorrey calculated the time since he had left his brother Robert in the company of Janko Sultman.

"Half-an-hour," he said. "Yes ... about a half-an-hour ago."

The clerk grinned lopsidedly. "Somebody's been kidding you, brother."

Sidney Lorrey -- who did not like to be addressed familiarly -- frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Those booths ain't connected," said the clerk. "They're out-of-order or something. Go back there and you'll see there's a sign on them that says they won't work. And nobody has called from here tonight."

Sidney Lorrey absently lifted a toothpick off the counter and broke it to pieces. It had just struck him that there was something strange about the call which had come to Janko Sultman's place.

He had realized earlier that the voice of the man who had telephoned him had belonged to an entire stranger. And the fact that the fellow had been secretive -- saying it was vitally important to see Sidney but neglecting to convey details -- was strange.

But the startling fact which had just dawned on Sidney Lorrey was that he had told no one he was going to accompany his brother Robert to Sultman's rendezvous.

Sidney Lorrey and his brother had been eating at a small restaurant which they favored habitually when Janko Sultman had gotten in touch with Robert and made the appointment.

He swung out of the drug store with baffled wrinkles ridging his unnaturally high forehead. He popped himself into a taxicab and a few minutes later was alighting in front of Janko Sultman's place. He dismissed the cab for he presumed his brother was still inside.

He glanced up at the windows of the house. They were curtained, but he thought he saw movement. He drew his coat closer against the *chill* of this unnatural Fall evening and stepped toward the doorway, being swallowed by the shadows.

In the upstairs room, the man who had looked through the window and seen Sidney Lorrey wheeled on his fellows.

"The brother!" he snapped.

From the adjacent room came the pleasant voice of the mysterious Boke.

"A bit of profound luck, gentlemen," it said.

The other scowled. "Luck? With his brother lying dead here?"

Boke did not appear. But his voice came plainly.

"Get Sidney," he said. *"It may be that he will serve our purpose as well as his brother."*

The men in the room moved with swift efficiency. The light was not on in the hallway, nor did they turn any on. They positioned themselves one on either side of the front door, just inside. They held guns ready in their hands.

A full minute ticked away. The sinister men stirred uneasily, realizing that Sidney Lorrey should have reached the door by now.

They allowed more seconds to pass ... then pulled the curtain back from the door and peered out into the **cold**-swept street. After that, they wrenched the door wide and craned their necks up-and-down the street.

Sidney Lorrey was nowhere in sight!

Upstairs, the strangely attractive voice of Boke was giving quiet orders and men were scampering about making rapid preparations.

In the main room, there was still no sign of Boke. His voice came from an adjacent chamber.

One man seemed to be the lieutenant in charge. He came out of the room from which Boke had spoken. His movements were brusque and an onlooker might have mistaken him for the mysterious Boke ... until he spoke. He had a coarse, squeaky voice.

The man's face held satisfaction as they finished their preparations. He backed away, quietly tamping aromatic tobacco into a pipe.

"What do you think of it, Leo?" Boke's voice asked from the adjacent room.

Leo applied tiny flame from a platinum lighter and let the pipe light itself. He did not draw in.

"Swell," he said.

Then Leo's hair all but stood on end. His pipe -- lost out of his teeth -- hit the floor and showered sparks like a small Vesuvius.

"Do not turn around!" advised an utterly cold voice at Leo's back.

The man called Leo did not turn. The others in the room froze and became very careful of what gestures they made with their hands.

Sidney Lorrey had appeared in the door. Held in one hand was a small double-action revolver from which the barrel had been sawed. The caliber of the gun was great - its barrel diameter was such as to almost admit a finger.

"I came in the back way," Sidney Lorrey said dryly. "I do not know who you gentlemen are. Or why you were acting so mysteriously. I want my brother."

Leo bowed slightly. He had long black hair and a lock of it fell down over his forehead when he bowed.

"Your brother left here some time ago," he said.

Sidney Lorrey smiled thinly over his revolver.

"There is something very strange going on here," he said. "I can see it in your manner, on your faces."

Leo absently replaced the stray lock of black hair. "When a man walks in on us with a gun as you have, do you expect us to look blasé about it?"

Sidney Lorrey backed toward the door. These men were dangerous. And there were more of them in the house. He beckoned at Leo with his sawed-off gun.

"I am leaving," he advised. "You will walk downstairs and a short distance from the house with me. If anyone menaces me in any way, I shall do my best to blow your spine in 2 pieces."

Leo's hair seemed to become blacker, his eyes darker, his brows and lashes more smoky -- all because his face had turned extremely pale. He did not resist or say anything but stepped out into the hallway.

Leo stumbled on the stairs having difficulty with his feet and only Sidney Lorrey's hand entangled grimly in the collar of his coat kept him from falling. They passed through the door which gave into an alley full of cold hard **snow** particles and darkness.

Someone leaning from a window directly above the alley door held a heavy typewriter with both hands. There was enough light that the figures below showed as vague blurs against the snow and the man let his typewriter drop carefully.

The typewriter carriage slid back with a **ziz-z-z** of a noise as it started to fall. This caused Sidney Lorrey to look up. He jumped ...

... but not soon enough. The heavy office appliance struck his head! The typewriter bell *rang* loudly, then rang again as the machine hit the alley pavement. Sidney Lorrey fell atop the typewriter.

Black-haired Leo leaned against the house wall and pounded his chest slowly as if his heart had almost stopped.

Sidney Lorrey was awakened by the raucous sound of someone telling Leo: *"Well hell! It was all we could do! We figured he wouldn't plug you after the typewriter hit him."*

Opening his eyes, Lorrey saw Leo and the other men around him. Leo had recovered his pipe and was puffing it, filling the room with aromatic tobacco fumes. No one seemed to be in a hurry; no one showed particular excitement.

A groan came from a long, box-shaped modernistic divan which stood on the opposite side of the room. Sidney tried to sit up, only to discover he was bound securely, hands and feet held together in one knot of stout cords. He managed to lift his head.

"Bob!" he exploded.

The form of Robert Lorrey reposed on the divan. There was a bandage over his head, a gag in his mouth. Even as Sidney stared, Robert Lorrey's form stirred slightly to the accompaniment of a second groan.

"Bob!" Sidney gasped. "Are you hurt badly? Are you conscious?"

The head of Robert Lorrey rolled so that Sidney could not see the lips. But he heard a mumble, the words not quite distinguishable.

Then Sidney Lorrey started violently for the utterly pleasant voice of the fantastic Boke was in the room!

"Your brother has a chance," said Boke's honeyed tones.

Wrenching at the ropes which held him, Sidney Lorrey gritted: "Get a doctor for him, damn you! Let me treat him! I'm a doctor!"

"Medical attention will not save him," Boke stated pleasantly. *"But information will."*

In an effort to see just which one of the men was Boke, Sidney Lorrey peered about intently. He could detect no betraying lip movements. He decided Boke must be in an adjoining room. There was an unnatural quality in the voice.

"Doc Savage has a remarkable institution in upstate New York for curing criminals," Boke said amiably. *"The **Bronze Man** has discovered a treatment for the particular gland which is responsible for criminal behavior. Your brother here was in charge of the institution."*

"How did you learn all of this?" Sidney Lorrey demanded. "It is supposed to be known only to Doc Savage and his 5 men and to those immediately connected with the institution."

"I had heard that criminals who went against this Doc Savage disappeared mysteriously and were never heard from again in their former haunts," said Boke's pleasant voice. *"I became curious. This*

Doc Savage -- it is a well known fact -- does not take human life. What then did he do with his prisoners? That was the puzzle. So I hired many investigators and spent much money and eventually I learned."

"What do you want with me?" Sidney Lorrey asked.

"One of the investigators whom I hired -- a gentleman named Janko Sultman -- double-crossed me," said Boke, ignoring the question. *"But we will not go into that. Sultman is being taken care of."*

"What do you want with me?" demanded Sidney Lorrey.

"I want the names of the men at Doc Savage's criminal-curing 'College' in upstate New York," said Boke. *"I mean the names of the surgeons who do the work there."*

"I do not have that information!" snapped Sidney Lorrey.

Boke's pleasant voice made bubbling laughter.

"A lie, of course. You have visited the 'College' frequently. You have even conducted experiments there using the facilities of the 'College' laboratory."

"I will tell you nothing!" Sidney Lorrey said grimly.

The black-haired Leo straightened, sighed, and looked around as if irked by the waiting.

"Go to work on him, Leo," said Boke's voice.

Leo swung over easily and kicked Sidney Lorrey's face lightly and rapidly until **scarlet** began to ooze. Lorrey moaned and tried to scream. But they stuffed old cloth into his mouth.

Boke's voice -- now filled with a ring of genuine horror -- said: *"I cannot bear violence, gentlemen! You will excuse me until you have secured the names of the surgeons in Doc Savage's establishment."*

Sidney Lorrey -- his interest in the mysterious Boke greater than his own agony -- listened intently for some sound of a man leaving the other room. But there was no such noise.

Leo grinned lopsidedly and stroked his black hair back.

"Funny guy Boke," he said. "He's the biggest crook in the World. But if he had to do the dirty work himself, he couldn't pick a pocket!"

"I can't make him out," someone said. "He ain't a coward. He claims his 'inner nature' rebels at the thought of actually committing a crime. What a laugh!"

"I guess his 'crime gland' ain't just right," Leo chuckled.

Leo now stripped off his coat, his evil face grim. He gave a low order and someone went out, evidently to an automobile parked somewhere near for the fellow came back bearing a pair of **pliers** of the inexpensive type ordinarily included in tool kits.

Leo leaned over Sidney Lorrey but jerked a hand at the divan nearby on which lay the form of Robert Lorrey. One of the men went over and nudged the form. The figure shifted slightly and there was a groan.

"Your brother!" Leo reminded Sidney Lorrey. "He will die if you do not tell us what we want to know."

"Why do you want the names of these surgeons?" Sidney Lorrey demanded.

Leo ignored that.

"Are you going to give the information?"

Sidney Lorrey gritted: "I am not!"

Leo began plucking Sidney Lorrey's fingernails off with the pliers!

The human mentality is almost an incorporeity. It is a thing productive of so many contradictions -- so many mysteries -- that it is not even fully understood by the psychologists who make the study of the mind their specialty. Students of the mind dispute each other when they try to explain, for instance, why one small boy may twist a cat's tail to hear it squawl while another lad may be horrified by the cruelty of such an act.

But the fact remains that some mentalities gloat over torture. And to some of these, the sight of physical pain -- the joy of inflicting it themselves -- acts as a wine, making them drunk with a sort of infernal ecstasy.

Leo's eyes became brighter. He breathed more rapidly. A grease of *perspiration* stood out on his forehead and he ceased to brush back the loose lock of black hair.

At first, he demanded of Sidney Lorrey the name of the physicians at Doc Savage's "**College**", putting the demands after each act of torture. But before long, he ceased doing that and went ahead in silence that was broken only by the **awful sounds** of the tortured man and the harsh grating of Leo's own breathing.

When the floor became slippery with **crimson**, Leo ordered bed coverings brought from another room. Sidney Lorrey was rolled upon these. He was barely conscious now. Frightful things had been done to him. Things that would mutilate him for life! The other onlookers (hardened criminals) were becoming nauseated and turning away.

"He ain't gonna talk," one muttered. "Why not put him out of his misery?"

Purple-faced, hot-eyed, and intent, Leo seemed not to hear for he was engaged in the process of whittling Lorrey's fingers down to the bone one-at-a-time and showing Lorrey with *fiendish* chuckles the **naked gray** of the exposed bones!

It was then that something began to happen to Leo.

His eyes started protruding!

He dropped his knife ... clasped his face and began to moan ... then to *shriek!* His cries were hideous gutturing bleats of pain and agony. His head tilted far back, then came forward and he bent almost double. He was gnashing his lips to shreds.

He fell over, convulsing on the floor beside Sidney Lorrey, his eyes now all but out of their sockets.

After one final twitch, he relaxed completely and stopped breathing!

Sidney Lorrey -- it suddenly developed -- was far less gone than it had appeared. He must have been working slyly with his bonds for now he jerked and got one hand free.

He dived that hand into the clothing of the man who had just fallen a victim to the fantastic *pop-eyed death*. The hand reappeared with Leo's gun.

Sidney Lorrey held the weapon in the palsied clutch of both hands and croaked: "*Stand still!*"

None of the men moved. They marveled that Lorrey still lived. And they watched, fascinated at the gruesome efforts of the man to free himself of the rest of the cords and get to his feet. He was too weak to stand erect. He did not moan or otherwise voice pain as he crawled toward the divan on which lay the form of his brother.

The men in the room shivered and turned pale as Sidney Lorrey neared the divan. Their eyes sought the door, but none dared flee. They were scared, terrified beyond reason by the fantastic fate which had overtaken Leo. And by the grim animation in the broken man-thing on the floor.

Sidney Lorrey took hold of the form on the divan. He shook it. He clutched blindly at the bandage on the forehead so that it was pulled aside, showing the **bullet hole** in dead Robert Lorrey's head!

Sidney Lorrey screamed once! *Horribly!*

Then he reared up and looked behind the divan. There was a man lying prone back there, too scared to move. It was he who had moved the body and groaned so as to make Sidney Lorrey think his brother still lived that they might use the brother's safety as a club to make Sidney talk.

Hoarse, uncanny sounds came from Sidney Lorrey's lips as he sagged back to the floor. His eyes were wide and glazed. **Red** fluid from a cut on his forehead seeped down and pooled in one eye.

But the orb did not blink. **It glared -- horrible and bloody!**

It seemed that he was going to empty the gun which he held. He crawled toward the men, leaving *crimson* smears on the floor. His course brought him close to Leo's grotesquely sprawled body and he peered vacantly at the protruding eyes.

Suddenly the vacancy went from Sidney Lorrey's stare. The madness still remained. And with it was a frenzied triumph. A mad, unreasoning mirth which caused him to cackle *grotesque* laughter.

"*Look at him!*" he screamed and pointed at Leo.

None of the men looked. They had looked too much already and it had put ice in their vitals.

"**Look at your friend!**" Sidney Lorrey shrieked madly. "*Look at the eyes! Look and see how you are all going to die!*"

Somebody croaked: "He's nuts!"

That was what they all thought for Sidney Lorrey had been tortured enough to kill an ordinary man. And the hideous trick played with the body of his dead brother was enough to upset a more than ordinarily stable mind.

Sidney Lorrey was crawling toward the door, covering his retreat with the menace of his gun. The door he was making for was the one which led into the room from which Boke -- the mysterious man with the voice of joy -- had spoken.

"You want to know what is making their eyes stick out?" he gibbered hollowly.

No one answered. But that did not mean they did not want to know.

"**It is the work of the Crime Annihilist!**" Lorrey snarled. "**Yes, call it the 'Crime Annihilist!'**"

He paused in the door ... said "You!" ... and jabbed a hand at the nearest man.

"And you ... and you ... and you!"

He jabbed at the others, then covered them all with an inclusive sweep.

"**All of you are destined to die! All of the criminals in the World will die!**"

"He's nuts," muttered one of the listeners.

"Nuts!" Sidney Lorrey shrilled. "Insanity! Madness! It is a pleasure compared to what is to befall you!"

Lorrey drew himself up dramatically and pointed at the *pop-eyed* body of Leo, yelling: "Look at him closely!"

No one looked.

"**The work of the Crime Annihilist!**" Lorrey shrieked.

Then Sidney Lorrey backed through the door into a room. He looked around vacantly for the weird Boke but saw only 3 men with *protruding eyes* dead on the floor. Janko Sultman's men.

But Sidney Lorrey did not know that. Nor did he seem greatly interested for he went down the rear stairway and out of the house.

He moved with an infinite slowness leaving splotches of **crimson** and should have been an easy victim. But the men he left behind did not follow him for they were too *horrified* by what had happened.

A taxi driver whom Sidney Lorrey hailed thought his passenger was crazy (possibly with reason) and tried to take him to Bellevue Hospital.

But Lorrey made threats and finally got out of the machine.

The hack driver fled, glad to get away with his life.

*After that, the snow-streaked **cold** of the Fall night swallowed Sidney Lorrey.*

XX

Very soon ...



... Pat Savage will have many "daddies"!

XI -- Terror Over The City

The homely chemist Monk beat his chest with hairy fists and bellowed: "They're the curse of Humanity! They're parasites! They've caused half the wars of the World. And they should all be shot!"

Pat -- very trim and *bronze*-haired -- came in from the outer corridor with a newspaper under her arm and asked: "Who?"

The dapper lawyer Ham was carefully dipping the tip of his sword cane in a sticky paste which reposed in the back of his watch in a special compartment which he had unscrewed. He glanced up.

"Lawyers in general," he smiled. "Monk is expressing an opinion."

"One lawyer in particular!" Monk scowled and glared at the sartorially perfect Ham.

"What set this off?" Pat demanded.

"That shyster," Monk indicated Ham, "done my hog a dirty trick! He put itching powder on Habeas."

Ham stood up suddenly and yelled: "I'm getting tired of having that accident in the pig race pull my topcoat down on the floor and make a bed out of it every chance he gets!"

"So you put itching powder on the coat," Monk glared.

"And you got the stuff on you when you tried to find out what was wrong," Ham smirked.

Monk *grimaced* and scratched his furry wrist.

"Where is Habeas now?" Pat asked.

"In Renny's bathtub soaking the stuff off," Monk admitted.

Pat snapped open the newspaper which she had brought.

"The Press has gone wild," she said. "Look!"

Black headlines were a foot deep across the front page. The mysterious *pop-eyed malady* was rampant, said the sheets, with more than a dozen persons dead during the night.

Half-a-dozen men had been found dead in a shabby rooming house. All of them known criminals and a known murderer had dropped dead at the Association of Physical Health.

Nor were these all. In other parts of the city, men had been found dead with their eyes protuberant.

New York was scared, reported the headlines. The trains out of the city were crowded. Workers were applying for Winter vacations. And 2-or-3 persons according to information amassed during the night were thinking of closing up shop until the malady was past or until someone found out what was causing the deaths. A tabloid predicted that this would be general.

The journalists pointed out again that while some of the men who had died during the night undoubtedly knew each other -- and one group was probably a member of a criminal gang -- the majority of the victims had no possible connection with each other. This, the scribes seemed to think, could mean nothing but the presence of some fabulous epidemic.

That the hideous disease might strike anywhere and in fact was doing so was played up.

Certain southern health resorts had taken advantage of the scare to run advertisements suggesting that a visit to their establishments would be an excellent way to avoid the whole thing.

Monk scowled.

"Those papers are making it worse," he said. "They should play it down. They're getting the whole town excited. They're scaring people. If this keeps up, it's liable to shut the whole place down. And poor people who can't afford it are going to get worried and spend their money and lose their jobs leaving town."

"Maybe they had best leave," Ham said grimly. "We don't know but that every life in the city may be in danger. It begins to look like this thing strikes everywhere."

Pat ran slim fingers through her hair and murmured: "Doc, do you think all of these *pop-eyed* deaths have a connection with Sultman and Boke and their schemes, whatever they are?"

Instead of answering, the **Bronze Man** said slowly: "I wonder what has become of Renny and the two Lorreys?"

XX

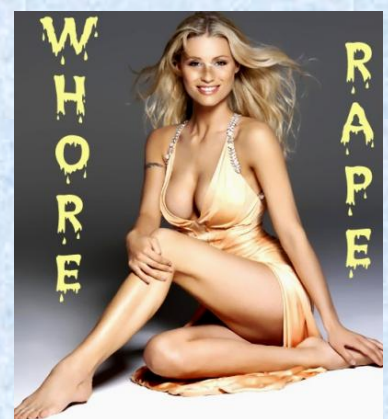
Pat Savage decided that she needed a mental break. Too much mystery and frustration with Doc keeping any theories to himself prompted her to leave their abode.

She decided to go for a walk after she exited the building. Being familiar with the more-traveled routes, she thought she would explore others which were not so frequented by pedestrians. And as it turned out, there was good reason for this. Many shady-looking characters habited these walkways.



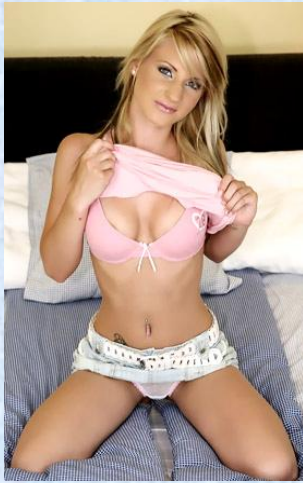


Pat was still pouring over the recent mysteries in her head when some hands suddenly grabbed her and pulled her into a shabby alleyway. She started to scream when she saw a gun pointed at her by a large **African-American** man. He had some accomplices.

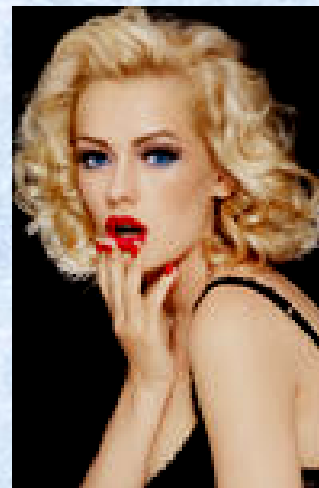


She offered no resistance when strong **black** hands started undressing her. If anything, she was more angry than scared as she was stripped naked.





Her **golden** eyes radiated ***hate*** as she watched them get out of their pants to reveal huge **black penises**.



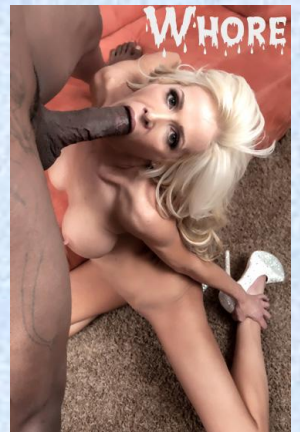
The one with the gun pointed it to his lips ... then pointed to his cock ... and then motioned Pat to walk to him.

She knew what she had to do much as it revolted her. She dropped to her knees like an obedient **prostitute**.



"Gaaaaaaa!" she gurgled as her **neon-pink** lips accepted the foul monster.

It wasn't too long before she was choking on thick globs of **semen**.



He kept the gun on Pat after he extracted his rapidly-limping **organ** from her **mouth**. She offered no resistance as the other two stretched her out on the cold dirty concrete.

One of them kneeled down between her thighs as the other spread her model legs out wide.



He smirked and then grimaced as he **poked** his long organ **hard** into her cunt!



She was going to *scream* despite her reluctance to give them that pleasure of hearing it. But his partner-in-crime stuffed Pat's panties in her mouth to prevent it.



"GODDAMN .. YOU ... BLACK PERVERT BASTARD!!!"





It seemed to take a dozen-or-so mini-eruptions for him to deposit all of his vile *seed* into her womb. Not just one-or-two like most men will do.

She had to experience the humiliation of climax-after-climax while he just dribbled spit down on her face.



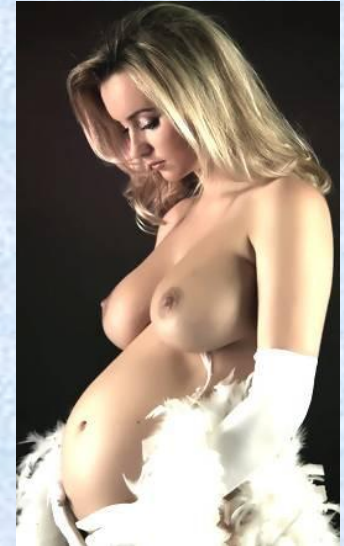
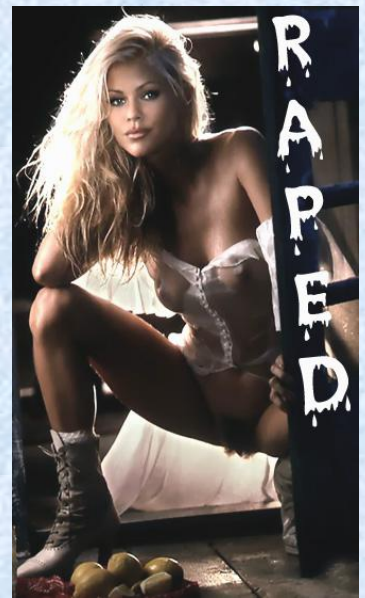


Finally they were done. In a flash, they seemed to be gone.

In recovering herself, Pat noticed other swarthy characters passing by and looking in the alleyway. She doubled her efforts to redress and get out of there before they too have similar ideas.

But they almost seemed disinterested as if they were used to such scenes. The beautiful **bronze**-haired Patricia Savage just looked like another **dirty filthy street impregnated WHORE** to them.





[Knocked-Up Whore]

Doc Savage's question remained unanswered during the next half-hour. They waited in comparative idleness.

The *Man of Bronze* had put out every possible line in an effort to get in touch with the Lorreys. So there was nothing to do but kill time until something happened. Renny, too -- should he have a chance - - would be certain to call the apartment in an effort to locate Doc Savage.

Pat went out again when newsboys were heard yelling on the streets far below. She came back wildly excited.

"Look!" she screamed and flourished a paper.

The headlines were as big as the page could hold. And the story which followed was in type which made it stand out in shrieking prominence.

DOC SAVAGE WANTED POLICE NET OUT FOR BRONZE MYSTERY MAN

Police Inspector Clarence "Hardboiled" Humbolt tonight announced that he had twice received tips that Clark Savage, Jr. -- who has become famous as Doc Savage, the *Man of Mystery* -- is responsible for the fantastic and horrible *pop-eyed* deaths. Each tip led to the discovery of a group of men who had perished from the mysterious *pop-eyed* death. Each tip was given by a pleasant voice over the telephone.

Doc Savage, Inspector Humbolt stated to reporters, was at one time under arrest but escaped by employing one of the scientific devices for which he is famous. A general alarm has been spread for the bronze man.

The second telephone tip led to a house in upper Manhattan where several men were found dead. Among them was a body identified as that of Robert Lorrey. He had been shot through the brain.

The story continued, giving details of the yarn as well as the address of the house where Robert Lorrey and the other dead had been discovered. Doc Savage and his party read it through.

"A 'pleasant voice' over the telephone gave the tips," Ham said grimly. "That means Boke."

Monk eyed Doc. "What about this?"

"We will go up there and look around," Doc said quietly.

"The police will have an eye open for us," Monk reminded.

Doc nodded. "For that reason, you three will stay here for the time-being."

Monk did not look as if he thought much of the idea.

"What's the use?" he countered. "The cops will learn that Renny lives here and they'll come around to investigate."

The **Bronze Man** answered that by moving to the bathroom.

The tub was full of steaming water and in this stood Habeas Corpus. Doc lifted the shoat out of the water, then pulled the plug and let the tub drain. After which he reached up and turned the shower head so that it pointed straight up.

The tub promptly lifted on some mechanical support and swiveled, exposing an expanse of masonry which was perforated with a slit large enough to permit the passage of a man. Metal ladder rungs led downward.

"Renny prepared this for a getaway," Doc explained. "It leads to a secret elevator in what is apparently a solid column of masonry. No one else in the building knows of it."

"Where does it come out?" Monk demanded.

"Nearly a block distant in a private garage rented by Renny under an assumed name," the **Bronze Man** explained. "If the police come, you simply leave by this route. They will never know you have been here."

"Swell," Monk grinned and got down on his hands and knees to see how the mechanism operated. Satisfied, he straightened, looked around as if to say something ... then <blinked> his small eyes.

Doc Savage was gone from the apartment!

Some moments later, a taxicab driver huddled at the wheel of his machine got the start of his life when a voice addressed him from the supposedly empty rear compartment.

"Drive North until I tell you to turn," the voice directed.

The hackman screwed his head around. But the light in the rear of his car had been turned out and he could make out only a *shadowy* bulk where his passenger sat. The driver rubbed his ears as he let out the clutch, wondering why he had not heard the door open or close.

He drove rapidly -- slowing only when there was danger of skidding in the sheets of *icy* snow particles -- and traversed nearly 50 blocks.

"Left here," advised the voice in the rear and after they had gone 2 blocks. *"Now North."*

The driver turned again to try to examine his fare. But once more the darkness thwarted him and a moment later, he was too interested in something happening down the street ahead of him to think about his passenger.

The street was a long, gloomy one, lined by only a few houses. At the next block, a group of policemen stood in the street stopping all cars, opening the doors, and peering inside.

With a prickling sensation along the back of his neck, the driver of the cab pushed ahead. He halted when one of the officers flagged him with a hand.

"Got a fare?" the policeman demanded.

"Sure," said the driver.

An officer opened the cab door, looked inside ... then pulled back and snarled: "What're you tryin' to do, wise guy? Kid us?"

The driver wheeled and his eyes flew wide for the rear seat was empty!

"Uh... huh?" he stuttered.

"Get the heck outa here!" snapped a cop. "And take a tip and lay off the funny stuff!"

The hackman went on willingly. Within the next 4 blocks, he noted a piece of paper blowing about in the seat beside him. He picked it up.

He grinned widely and pocketed the fragment of paper.

It was a 10-dollar bill.

Police Inspector Clarence "Hardboiled" Humbolt was bothered, angry, and taking no chances.

He had made an examination of the house where Robert Lorrey had been found shot to death and the other men lay lifeless from the strange affliction of the protruding eyes. The medical examiner had come and gone. Fingerprint men had done their work. The police photographers had taken pictures.

Hardboiled himself was in the lower hallway, talking to newspapermen. He had taken off his canvas shoes and was rubbing his feet gently, *grimacing* as if the rubbing pained him rather pleasantly.

The house was flat-topped and flanked on either side by vacant lots which were surrounded by high board fences. There was a policeman in each vacant lot and two in the alley.

Hardboiled Humbolt held a small metal disk up for the newspaper reporters to examine. The disk was affixed to a linkage of small chain.

"Robert Lorrey wore this around his ankle," Hardboiled growled. "It is an identification disk with a number and an inscription requesting that Doc Savage be called."

"Did you call Doc Savage?" a reporter asked.

Hardboiled stopped rubbing his foot and swore.

"If I knew where that **bronze** guy was, I'd surely 'call' on him!"

"What does the disk mean?" asked another journalist.

"It means that the dead man was connected with Doc Savage!" snapped Hardboiled. "He is the second fellow wearing one of those to be killed in the last few hours."

"Do you accuse Doc Savage of the killings?" questioned a cub.

"I don't accuse anybody," said Hardboiled, who knew what a clever lawyer could do with a libel suit. "But I have enough evidence to warrant the **Bronze Man**'s arrest."

Another reporter -- the dean of the lot -- said: "I do not think my paper will print any of these innuendoes cast in the direction of Doc Savage. For one thing, Savage has the reputation of being straight as a string and of fighting criminals and of helping those who are in trouble. Furthermore, he is a man who has made incalculable contributions to surgical knowledge. And I personally know of charities and hospitals which he keeps in operation."

"All of which may be a build-up by Savage to make himself a 'big shot' while he's actually a master criminal of some kind," growled Hardboiled.

"Rats!" said the reporter.

Hardboiled Humbolt scowled and got up. He mounted the stairs. And because he did not put his tennis shoes on and walked lightly so as to favor his bunions, he made almost no noise.

Reaching one of the upstairs rooms which was dark, he glanced inside. For once, he forgot his sore feet.

The chamber was a bedroom and there was a mirror door on the closet. On this mirror, words were glowing in an *eerie electric blue*. The big, well-rounded letters were perfectly decipherable from where Hardboiled stood. They read:

SIDNEY LORREY KNOWS CRIME ANNIHILIST SECRET

Hardboiled Humbolt was so shocked that he made several inarticulate croaking noises. He had gone over the room personally a bit earlier and had found no such writing as this.

Thinking he caught a slight *sound*, he cocked an ear. Then he stepped in the room, wrenching out his gun.

"Stand still, you!" he grated.

There was no answer. **Cold** air brushed his face and hard snow tinkled on window glass. Hardboiled felt for the light switch and got the bulbs white.

The room was empty, the one window was wide open ...

... and the writing had vanished!

Hardboiled's angry **howl** brought policemen and newspaper reporters slamming up the stairs. They found the tenderfooted inspector leaning out of the window.

"Who left this open?" he roared.

No one seemed to know. To the reporters, Hardboiled told what had happened.

"This writing will come on when I turn the lights off," he said confidently. "It's phosphorous or something."

He stepped back and clicked the light bulb black. Then he looked at the mirror. He swore.

No writing had appeared.

Hardboiled tried it twice again without causing writing to appear on the mirror.

Then he went over and with the lights on used a pocket magnifier borrowed from a fingerprint man.

He found nothing, much to his amazement. They tried fingerprint powder and that brought out nothing.

"I can't understand it!" the burly officer rumbled.

"The original 'handwriting on the wall'!" snorted a journalist sarcastically.

XII -- Death on the River

It was well past Midnight. The air was *colder*. The wind had become stronger. The gale howled around the cornices outside Renny's apartment like a lonesome dog.

Ham waved his sword cane and shrieked: "You awful mistake of Nature! You missing link! You furry ape! I'll chop you down to the shape of a human being!"

Homely and simian Monk sprawled in a chair across the office, his eyes practically closed, his big mouth barely open.

The pig Habeas Corpus sat in the middle of the room and to all appearances said: "*The human race is made up of very funny animals. Even funnier than some others are certain small, sissified fellows who doll themselves up in flashy clothes and carry canes. Now you take ...* "

Ham suddenly seized a book and hurled it at the pig!

Habeas dodged with a skill that had come from much practice ... moved to the other side of the room ... and began again.

"Now you take ... "

Ham roared "I'm in no mood to listen to one of those funny hog lectures!" and glared at Monk.

Monk pretended to be asleep.

Occupying a chair in the background, Pat Savage tried to keep a sober expression on her attractive features. Monk and Ham quarreled during all their time together, each going to extreme and sometimes childish measures to aggravate the other.

XX

Pat was trying in vain to forget all of the degradations she had received from her **African-American** rapists.

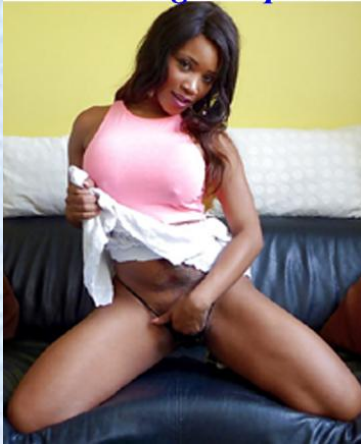
She didn't know what the third black man would do. Her mouth or her pussy?

Wrong. He wanted her **ASS**! The worse possible place for her (or any woman for that matter).

But before that, a black woman suddenly appeared. She must have been behind the men all the time because Pat had not noticed her.

"Hey, Miss Fancy," she taunted. "You don't look too 'goody-goody' to us now, do you. You look like just another raped white **whore**. And I'm gonna get me some."

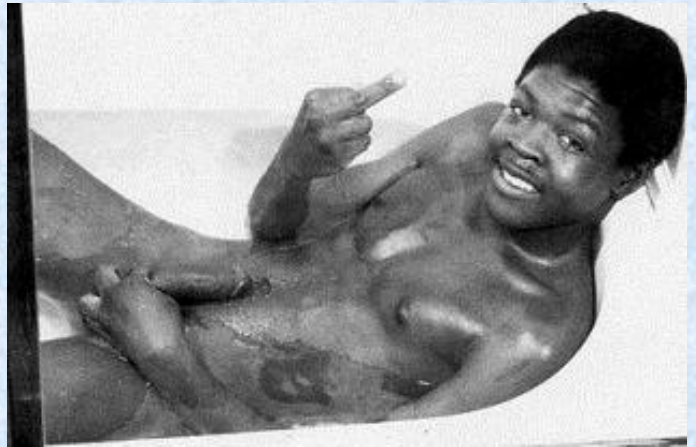
*"I love watchin' white
whores get Raped!"*



*You want a turn?
Sure, no problem.
This white bitch
has a tongue on
her, for sure.*

*Let me cum one
more time and
she's all yours,
ok?*

When the black woman finished with her fun, she turned Pat over to the last man.



Pat could not conceive of so much **PAIN!** Maybe if he had gently inserted it an inch-or-two at a time ...

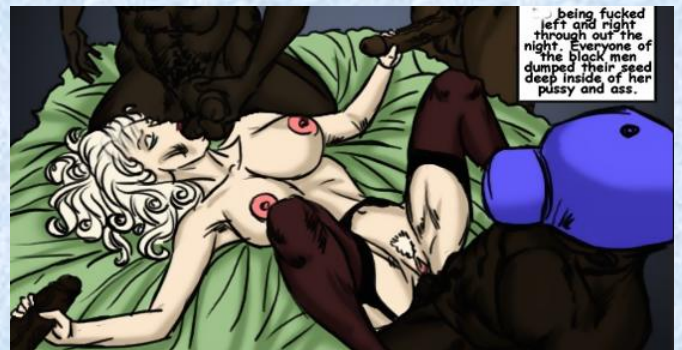
But no! He just ***rammed*** it in for all it was worth. She would have screamed if her initial attacker had not plugged her mouth with his own (now limp) dick. She "***mmmmpppphed***" as he thrust again-and-again into her bowels.





Pat's previous rapists suddenly appeared as did the black woman. They were getting their "second wind" watching the beautiful white woman being sodomized.

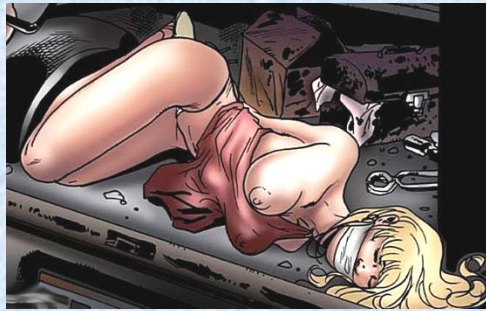
"You gonna get reamed out good, White Bitch!"





In a Parallel Universe ...





Monk's present performance was one he could depend upon to throw Ham into a rage. Monk had gone to great pains to learn *ventriloquism* for the specific purpose of throwing his voice to Habeas and having the shoat express choice opinions of Ham, who was touchy on the subject of pork in general, anyway.

Throwing his voice, Monk made Habeas seem to say: *"This funny human race is marked by the presence of parasites. A 'parasite' is a fellow everybody else could get along very well without. An example of a parasite is a lawyer ... "*

Monk stooped and sat up suddenly as Doc Savage came in.

"Find Renny?" Monk demanded.

The **Bronze Man** said: "I managed to get into the house where Robert Lorrey was killed. Use of the **ultraviolet** lantern showed a message in Renny's handwriting on a mirror door."

"Meaning Renny had been there!" Ham said grimly.

"What did the message say?" Pat put in.

"*'Sidney Lorrey knows **Crime Annihilist** secret'*," Doc Savage stated. "was the message."

Monk scratched in the **rusty** bristles which stood out straight on the back of his neck.

"**Crime Annihilist**?" he pondered aloud. "Who's he?"

Ham flourished his sword cane suddenly.

"Jove! I believe an 'annihilist' would be one who destroys. And hasn't it occurred to you that the victims of this **pop-eyed death** have been criminals?"

"Not all of them, shyster," Monk reminded. "That last newspaper we read said two had died who were not crooks. One was a Park Avenue sport and the other a banker."

Ham frowned, changed the subject completely, and asked: "Doc, did you see our friend Hardboiled Humbolt?"

"That gentleman walked in on me while Renny's message was *fluorescing* under the **ultraviolet** lantern," said the **Bronze Man** dryly. "A convenient window allowed me to get away before he realized just what it was all about."

Pat put in sharply: "If Sidney Lorrey knows the secret of what is behind all these hideous killings, suppose we find him."

"An excellent idea," Doc agreed. "We will try Sidney Lorrey's laboratory on the barge."

Because the night was unnaturally **cold** for the season and the waters of the East River proportionately warmer, there was a thick gray suds of fog over the water. The gale swept this upon the shore where it froze and deposited thick white frost, giving the terrain a ghostly Arctic aspect.

Sidney Lorrey's barge was like a great white box with another and smaller white box placed in its middle. And the whole set in a steaming cauldron. But because it was very dark, the boxes did not look so intensely white.

There was a great silence, broken only by the gale and the sound of tug whistles audible at long intervals. Close to the river, the noise of the waves could be heard.

For a long time there had been no sign of life. But now the *macabre* aspect of the **cold** scene was broken.

A figure moved, shifting from the shelter of a piling head to the lee of a great, unused timber. There was great furtiveness in the marauder's manner.

The skulker was bundled in a black overcoat with the velvet collar upturned. There was a muffler of black silk, thinly marked with white, wrapped around the lower face. The hat was light gray, blending with the snow, and concealing the remainder of the wearer's features.

This strange individual who obviously did not wish to be seen seemed to be watching Sidney Lorrey's barge. From time-to-time, his head lifted over the timber while eyes examined the barge.

The steam off the river and the windborne snow combined to mask the barge. From where the mysterious figure lay, not overly much could be seen. The skulker evidently concluded to crawl closer. He wormed along for a few yards ... then shifted over and got behind another timber and crawled along that.

But he did not crawl far.

*A hand -- a great corded hand of **Bronze** -- abruptly drifted over from the opposite side of the timber and clamped down on the crawling one's neck.*

The marauder emitted one stifled bleat of *surprise* and *pain*! Then he was wrenched bodily over the timber. He struggled a bit but could accomplish little against the **metallic giant** who held him.

There was a *stir* in the near-by murk. And Monk, Ham, and Pat scuttled forward. They joined Doc Savage and his captive.

"Who is he, Doc?" Monk breathed. "Sidney Lorrey?"

Ham said softly: "It's lucky you spotted this fellow, Doc. Otherwise, we'd have walked right onto the barge without ever knowing he was around."

Saying nothing, Doc Savage pulled the silk muffler down and shoved the prisoner's hat back, disclosing his features.

The man was middle-aged. He had fine features ruddied a bit by the **cold** and a cropped blond mustache, blue eyes, and very even white teeth.

Monk leaned close and held a big fist under the man's nose. The man recoiled nervously. Monk demanded: "Who are you?"

"Oh, my!" he gasped. "I knew I was making a mistake in acting on my own initiative."

His voice was mild, his words rather too prim for the circumstances.

"Who are you?" Monk repeated.

"Doctor Mortimer Basenstein," the other admitted.

Monk looked as if he did not believe it.

"What are you doing here?"

The other squirmed, moistened his lips, looked as if he would rather not answer.

Monk held his fist up like a bludgeon. "Spill it!"

"I am a practicing physician," said Doctor Mortimer Basenstein. "About 2 hours ago, a man came to me for treatment. He was horribly beaten, cut, and mutilated. I think he was slightly insane. He raved about being the '**Crime Annihilist**' who was going to kill a million criminals. He was quite mad. He said the **Crime Annihilist** was going to kill all of the crooks in the World!"

"What name did this man who said he was the **Crime Annihilist** give you?" Doc Savage asked sharply.

"Sidney Lorrey," muttered Basenstein.

Monk grunted something explosive for he had not expected this word that Sidney Lorrey was the mysterious **Crime Annihilist** who caused men to drop over with their eyes protruding.

Ham leaned forward with his sword cane and tapped the point of their captive's chest.

"You have not explained just what you are doing here," he pointed out.

Basenstein shuddered.

"I am a kind-hearted man and I have a respect for my profession," he said. "This Sidney Lorrey proved to me that he himself is a licensed physician."

"True," said Doc Savage.

"Then you know him?" Basenstein looked up.

The **Bronze Man** nodded.

Monk -- his manner still hard -- said: "What are you doing here?"

"I followed Sidney Lorrey," Basenstein explained. "The man is temporarily demented, I tell you, and I wanted to help him. If I turned him over to the police, no telling what would happen. I tell you, this Lorrey claims he has killed dozens of criminals already!"

Monk gave a terse opinion of the story.

"Pretty thin."

Basenstein snapped: "I tell you, I am a physician with an office several blocks from here on 70th Street!"

Doc Savage glanced at Ham and spoke a few words in the ancient **Mayan** dialect. Ham nodded and moved away, the darkness swallowing him.

It was fully 5 minutes before Ham came back and stated: "There is a Doctor Mortimer Basenstein who has an office on 70th."

"I told you!" declared Basenstein.

Doc Savage asked: "Where is Sidney Lorrey now?"

Basenstein pointed at the barge. "On that."

"We will find him," the **Bronze Man** stated and moved forward.

Some distance away, a man lay prone on a pile of timbers with a pair of binoculars clamped to his eyes. The glasses had an extraordinarily wide field which made them effective as night glasses.

The man had a handkerchief tied over his lower face, perhaps to keep his breath from fogging the glasses. And again, perhaps to hide his features.

He eased backward, using every caution to keep from making a noise or displaying his person too prominently.

A moment later, he joined several other men. They like himself all wore dark overcoats which kept them from standing out too prominently in the murk. They were careful to keep away from snow backgrounds.

"It worked," said the man who had been using the binoculars.

"He's goin' with Doc Savage?" asked another.

"Sure!" said the first.

That seemed to be what they had awaited for they all crept back away from the vicinity of the riverfront as if not wanting to take chances of being discovered.

Nearing the gangplank which led to the old barge that Sidney Lorrey had converted into a laboratory, Doc Savage held up an arm and the others stopped, permitting him to go on ahead.

Basenstein asked softly: "Who is that man?"

"Doc Savage," Monk advised.

"Oh!" said Basenstein. "The *Man of Mystery!*"

Doc Savage advanced toward the gangplank, started across it, then halted suddenly ... and his strange *flake-gold eyes* roved. He brought out the flashlight which operated from a spring generator rather than a battery and raced the thin beam back-and-forth.

Then he removed his coat, balled it, and flung it bard! There was a mound of snow at the end of the gangplank between its end and the side of the barge deckhouse. The coat knocked the snow aside a bit, disclosing the **body of a man**.

Doc Savage advanced carefully, spraying the flashlight on the snow before him. Reaching the body, he turned it over.

The dead man was stocky, clad in evening clothes. And his round, full face was oily even in death. His **eyes** were gruesomely *protuberant*.

Doc Savage straightened and the snow -- swept along the barge deck by the terrific force of the wind -- covered the form again almost as if a sheet were being drawn over it.

The **Bronze Man** went to the deckhouse door but did not open it. He listened. There was no sound. He stood aside as a matter of habitual precaution and knocked.

There was a loud *concussion* inside the deckhouse!

A tuft of splinters jumped out of the door. The **rifle bullet** which had made the hole moaned toward Monk and the others but passed slightly over their heads.

Terrified by the proximity of the bullet, Mortimer Basenstein emitted a screech of **terror!** Monk snorted angrily and clapped a hand over his mouth. They struggled. Basenstein seemed gripped with a mortal terror.

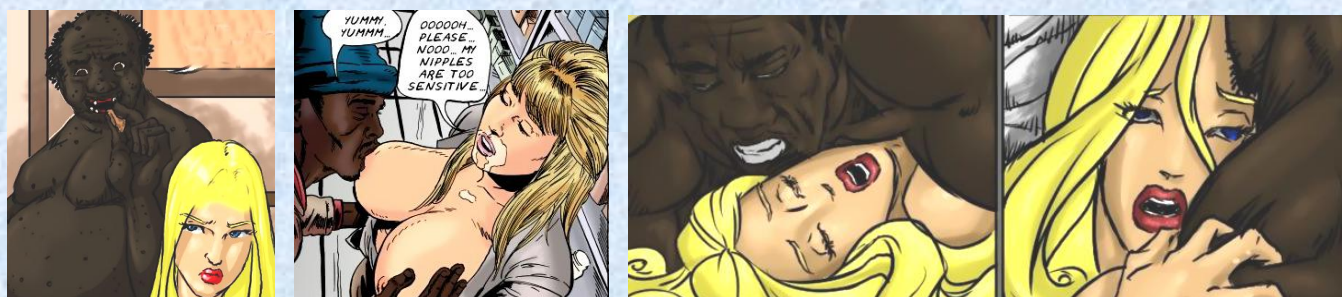
A drumming from the shore drew all eyes. Monk released Basenstein and snatched under his arm for his supermachine pistol. Figures became distinguishable in the room.

"Cops?" Monk growled questioningly.

"No," said Ham.

Red sparks jumped from the approaching forms and gun sound slammed noisily.

Pat Savage was carrying a larger handbag.



She wrenched it open and drew out an enormous single-action six-shooter. It had been her father's gun. And she had practiced with the weapon until she had the proficiency of an old-time Western gun fighter.

She shot from the hip, not pulling the trigger. For there was no trigger on the gun, it being stripped down for "fanning". She simply <rocked> the hammer back with a thumb and let it fall. The **concussion** was terrific as the antique went off!

One of the attackers started dancing around crazily ... fell down on the snow-covered ground ... and threshed and kicked and finally became still.

"Tsk, tsk!" Monk clucked. "Such bloodthirstiness!"

He took a careful aim with his supermachine pistol.

"Mercy bullet," said Pat. "Doc made some up special for this cannon."

Monk's superfirer emitted its bull-fiddle **moan**. Three of the approaching men folded down magically. Startled, the rest flopped flat and were lost in the nodular masses of timbers, old machinery, piles of hawser, and other appurtenances common to wharves.

One of the assailants threw a grenade. No one but Doc saw it coming. The **Bronze Man** knocked the others flat so that the grenade exploding near by did nothing but deafen them.

"Back on the barge," advised the **bronze man**.

They retreated using all the caution possible, keeping down. Monk fired his supermachine pistol once more. Ham used his twice. So far as they could tell, they felled no one. But they kept their foes down.

The high rail around the barge furnished shelter against anything but a high-powered rifle bullet.

Turning over to stare at the windows in the barge deckhouse, Monk growled: "Didn't somebody shoot at you from inside, Doc?"

"A bullet came through the door," the **Bronze Man** admitted.

"Then we'd better get out-of-sight of those windows," Monk pointed out. "Who d'you reckon fired it?"

Ham answered that.

"Sidney Lorrey, of course!"

Bullets striking the barge rail had the sound of heavy hammer blows. And where they topped the rail, they dug out splinters and split the planks of the deckhouse.

Basenstein was moaning over and over. "I hate violence! I cannot stand it! They are trying to kill us!"

"Shut up!" Monk advised.

Another grenade made a great uproar and threw pieces of metal from some rusted machinery alongside which it exploded.

"A young war," Monk growled, trying to find a target for his supermachine pistol. "The cops will hear this and come running!"

Doc Savage worked back and the others followed him. They rounded a corner of the deckhouse where they were more perfectly sheltered.

Beside a dark window, Ham stood erect ... hesitated ... then peered inside. He could make out nothing. He tried the sash and -- to his surprise! -- it opened. He shoved it up.

A voice inside the barge said wildly: "*Stay out of here! Stay out of here!*"

"Sidney Lorrey's voice!" rapped Ham. "I've heard the man speak. He was visiting his brother at our upstate place once."

"*Stay out!*" shrilled the voice in the barge.

It was made hollow by the acoustic tricks of the barge interior. But the words were clearly distinguishable.

"Damn you!" shrieked Sidney Lorrey's voice. "I won't let you get hold of me again!"

Ham yelled: "Don't be a sap, Lorrey! This is Ham! Doc Savage is here."

His answer was as phenomenal as if a firecracker had exploded in his face.

The roof came off the deckhouse and rode upward on a sheet of *flame*, disintegrating as it arose! Some of the deckhouse wall folded outward. The sides of the barge split; the whole craft heeled; and gory *red flame* jumped from every door, window, and crevice!

Knocked backward by the concussion, Ham would have gone overboard had it not been for Doc who seized his leg and kept him on deck. The others -- lying prone at the moment -- were merely bounced about by the explosion.

Upstream as the tide now flowed, there was a *flash* and a great **blaze** of light. There must have been an explosion, too. But their eardrums -- already punished by the blast on the barge -- failed to register it as more than a *pff-f-t* of a noise.

The gasoline barge had been split apart and set afire. Gasoline was spreading over the water, carried down by the slow ebb tide, and moving toward Sidney Lorrey's barge.

"We'd better vamoose," Monk gulped. "There's gonna be a real bonfire here in a minute!"

The attackers on shore seemed as stunned as any one by the sudden pyrotechnics. They were on their feet. Some staring, some retreating. Perhaps the sound of police sirens in the distance had something to do with their withdrawal.

Ham fired his supermachine pistol at the men. But the dapper lawyer was still dizzy from the shock of explosion and he missed. Someone shot back with an automatic until the gun was empty. Then the attackers began to flee in a body.

Monk waved an arm at the burning barge.

"What about Sidney Lorrey?" he asked.

"Go on," Doc told him. "I'll look around."

Monk nodded. With Ham and Pat, he moved off the barge. Then all stopped and waited for Doc Savage. They could see the **Bronze Man** working through the wreckage, endeavoring to inspect the barge interior.

But the explosion had started a great **fire**. In addition, the burning gasoline was piling up around the barge, the flames mounting, setting the planking afire. The *heat* was terrific, already melting snow a score of yards back from the river.

Doc Savage moved swiftly, venturing into what seemed like solid sheets of flames. Basenstein moaned: "He will be burned!"

There was another, lesser explosion forward in the barge. Fire had gotten to a fuel tank, throwing sheets of **flaming** petroleum. **Smoke** mounting from the pyre was streaked with green and yellow and white, undoubtedly coming from burning chemicals.

"These chemical fires are bad!" Monk yelled. "Better get out of there, Doc!"

The **Bronze Man** was already moving away from the blaze. A great leap took him to the shore and he joined the others. They ran away from the spot, using caution, half-expecting their late assailants to rush them.

They were out-of-sight before police cars whined up followed by ambulances, then a hook&ladder, hose carts, and a general emergency wagon.

Watching, Doc Savage noted that the police failed to discover the gunmen who had driven Doc and his party aboard the barge.

"I wonder what outfit their cookies belonged to?" Monk pondered aloud, referring to the gunmen. "D'you reckon they drove us onto the barge, knowing it would blow up?"

"Unlikely," Doc Savage told him.

"How d'you figure, Doc?"

*The **Bronze Man** did not answer. He seemed not to have heard the inquiry.*

Pale and trembling, Basenstein asked: "Did you find Sidney Lorrey?"

"The fire," Doc told him, "spread too quickly."

"Then Sidney Lorrey is dead," Ham said slowly.

"And that means the finish of the **Crime Annihilist**," Monk echoed.

XX

Later ...



... Pat Savage in "Whore Training 101"!

XIII -- Ultimatum

Monk was wrong.

In spite of what had happened to the unfortunate Sidney Lorrey, the uncanny menace of the **Crime Annihilist** still existed. They learned that when they reached Renny's apartment.

Dr. Mortimer Basenstein went to the apartment with them. While they were still leaving the vicinity of the burning barge laboratory, he had said: "I am sure those gunmen saw my face. I am worried. Suppose they should try to take my life?"

"Why should they?" Ham countered.

"I shall feel safer with you gentlemen," said the other.

And Doc Savage agreed to that with a nod. Somewhat to the surprise of Monk, Ham, and Pat.

The telephone was ringing when they entered Renny's apartment after crossing the city furtively so as not to be sighted by the police. Doc Savage answered the instrument. Monk crowded to his side, hoping it was Renny calling.

But the voice was one so utterly pleasant to hear that it caused Monk to clench his fists and show his teeth in a snarl that would have done credit to a Congo ape.

"**Boke!**" he gritted.

"This, I trust, is the estimable Doc Savage?" Boke inquired pleasantly.

"What do you want?" Doc asked emotionlessly.

"To explain the affair at the barge a few moments ago," Boke replied over the wire. *"In case you may be in doubt, it was my men who attacked you. They had made a previous attempt to board the barge and one of them ... ah ... met a misfortune."*

"I found his body," Doc admitted.

"No doubt," Boke agreed. *"I sent more of my men to get Lorrey. And they seem to have had the bad luck to arrive when you and your patty were there."*

"Why," Doc questioned. "did you want Sidney Lorrey?"

*"He is the **Crime Annihilist**,"* said Boke.

Doc asked: "What do you want with me?"

"We want you to find Sidney Lorrey and commit him to a madhouse where he belongs," said Boke.

"Sidney Lorrey's voice spoke to us an instant before the explosion on the barge," Doc Savage stated quietly. "After the blast, I attempted to get his body out. But the fire was too furious to get near the spot from which his voice had come."

Boke screamed: "**What?**"

That single wild exclamation of astonishment told Doc Savage and the others more about the mysterious Boke than all they had learned prior to that moment. For the ejaculation was in a different tone. And the alteration showed that Boke had been speaking in a disguised voice. The deliciously *pleasant* tone was not his normal manner of speech.

"What?" Boke repeated. "You mean that Sidney Lorrey is dead?"

Doc Savage half-turned. Monk was on another telephone endeavoring frantically to have the call traced.

"Is that all you wanted with me?" the **Bronze Man** inquired.

"Wait!" Boke gasped hurriedly. "You have got to find the **Crime Annihilist**. He just killed another of my men!"

"Why?" Doc made his voice disinterested. "In some respects, this **Crime Annihilist** is doing a service to Humanity."

Boke said: "Wait! I wish you to hear someone."

There was a brief pause, and a scuffle, a *thump* as if a chair had been upset, along with a few labored curses. Over the wire came Renny's great booming **tone**.

"Don't do a damn thing these guys want you to, Doc!" Renny rumbled. "As soon as they get this **Crime Annihilist** out of the way, they're going ahead with their original plan to seize one of the specialists from your upstate ..."

There were blows, more grunts, a *squeal* of some one in pain ...

... then Boke resumed speaking.

"Your man seems never to get enough fighting," he said dryly. "But you heard him. You know we have him. His safety is the price for your services. Find this **Crime Annihilist** ... get him in an insane asylum or in a jail ... and we will release this man 'Renny'."

"On the other hand, the **Crime Annihilist** -- who seems to have mastered a mysterious method of killing criminals -- will get you if I just leave him alone," Doc said. "Then Renny will be free to walk out."

"Renny will not walk out from where we are putting him," Boke promised. "He will die without ever being found if anything happens to us!"

Doc Savage began: "Just what connection does my upstate institution have with ... "

Boke said "*Think my proposal over*" and hung up.

XX

Boke left the room and entered another. He turned his attention his attention to a young woman who was being held at gunpoint.



He absentmindedly started rubbing his crotch.

"It seems we have some time to kill," he said to the woman. "Might as well have some fun while we wait."

He menaced her with the gun.

"So tell me, **Whore**. "How much do you want to live?"

"Please don't kill me," she pleaded. "I'm going to get married in 2 weeks."



"You're gonna get 'married' tonight if you want to live," he snarled.

"Wha...what do you mean?" she stammered.

He pointed at some **teenage boys** who had been standing by. For the first time, she noticed that they only were dressed in their underwear.

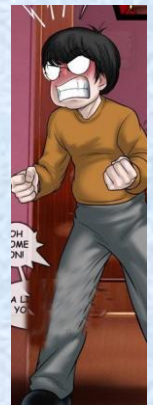
"See them?" Boke said. "They're gonna be your 'husbands' tonight."



"Oh no!" she gasped. "You don't mean that they ..."

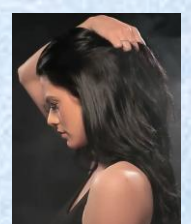
Boke laughed. "You really should thank me. They're gonna give you a helluva **honeymoon**. You should be 'broken in' good when you go on your real one."

The boys grinned evilly at the tall shaking female. She momentarily got defiant.

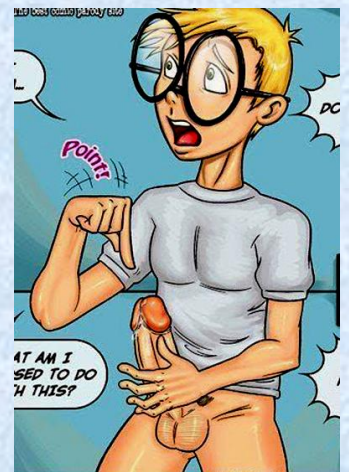
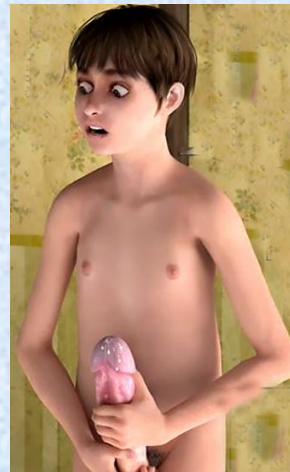


"Now get to work and love each one of them. And I mean good luvins! Love them like your life depends on it. Because it fuckin' does, **Slut!**"

He <slapped> her hard! She now knew the hopelessness of her situation.



She watched the young bastards hurriedly strip off their clothes. They stood naked with surprisingly large **penises** jutting up in the air.



She stood frozen as they swarmed all over her **ripping** her clothes off. The laughing men helped in the beginning.

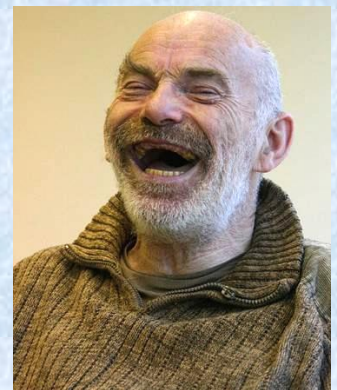




The young perverts were "Ooohhhing" and "Aahhing" as the beautiful woman finally exposed her entire naked adult body.



Boke yelled: "Boys, I think it's now **Baby-Makin'** time!"

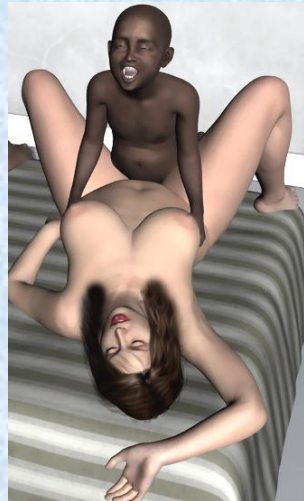
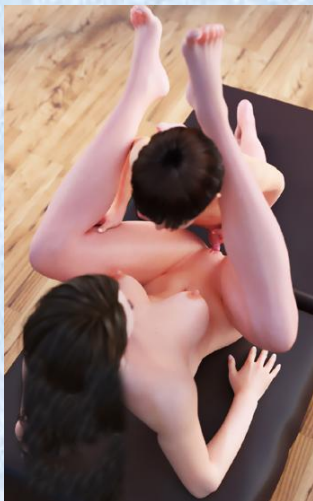


Just as she was recovering from her present *humiliation*, more boys joined in ...



She had to do a lot of **cock-sucking** in addition to being depository for all their pent-up fertilizing *jizz-slime*.





She was heaving and panting as the last little pervert got off her naked body. She hardly noticed Boke undress himself.



[Pregnanted]

"Don't see why these little bastards should have all the fun," he laughed at her.

(.... continued in next Chapter ...)

Monk slammed his own telephone down, waved his long arms, and yelled: "That dumb telephone operator! She kept insisting the wire you were talking on was out-of-order."

Doc picked up the telephone over which Boke's call had come ... listened ... and got only emptiness.

"It is out-of-order," he said briskly. "Sounds as if it had been cut."

"Tapped!" Ham yelled. "Somewhere between here and the telephone exchange."

"We'll make an examination," Doc rapped and swung out of the apartment. At the door, he told Pat: "You stay here with Basenstein."

Monk and Ham followed Doc. The telephone circuit, they knew, entered a master conduit which extended down through the tall apartment house to the basement where it connected with the regular conduits.

Basenstein seemed nervous after Doc and the other two had gone. He kneaded his fingers together and picked at splinters which his clothing had acquired during the action on the barge.

"Do you think there is any danger?" he asked Pat.

"Sure!" Pat said unkindly. "We all have an excellent chance of being killed."

Basenstein put a wry twist on his lips that was meant for a smile.

"You are quite a remarkable young woman."

"*Fooy!*" said Pat. "I wonder if Renny keeps anything to eat in this place."

She wandered off in the direction of the modernistic kitchen. But it was significant that she kept her enormous single-action six-shooter in hand instead of replacing it in the bag.

A peculiar change jerked over Basenstein the instant Pat was out of sight. He whipped a pencil and a notebook from his pocket and wrote rapidly. Then he searched for something with which to weight the missive. A silver half-dollar served the purpose and he snapped a rubber band around this.

As silently as possible, he made his way to the window. Thanks to the efficiency of modern construction, it opened with a minimum of noise. Basenstein leaned out.

The street was a **cold**, bleak expanse far below, warmed but little by streetlights and the lenses of parked taxicabs.

Basenstein threw his message wrapped in the silver half-dollar, then followed it with his eyes and looked relieved when he saw it was going to land near the middle of the street.

A man detached himself from the shadows of a building across the street, scuttled hurriedly, and picked up the message. He faded back into the murk. Basenstein put the window down quietly.

Behind him, Pat said: "You after fresh air or something?"

Basenstein proved himself a consummate actor. He pretended that he had just reached the window, and he raised it high.

"I am wondering if I can see Doc Savage below," he said and thrust his head out, making a show of glancing about.

Then he closed the window and said: "No sign of him."

"I put the percolator on," Pat advised. "This thing may go on for days-and-days before anybody gets any sleep. There is stuff for sandwiches in the kitchen."

Doc, Monk, and Ham came in from the outer corridor and -- catching Pat's eye -- made an empty-handed gesture.

"Wire was tapped in the basement," he advised. "Bird had flown. Nobody see, nobody hear. Out of luck."

Pat eyed Doc. "What are we going to do?"

Addressing them all, the **Bronze Man** advised, "You will stay here until I return or communicate with you."

Monk asked pessimistically: "And if we don't hear from you, where do we start looking for you?"

"At Headquarters," Doc advised.

Monk exploded! "But the police are watching ... "

Doc Savage said: "It is essential to use the Headquarters' Laboratory for certain experiments."

Then he went out.

Down on the street, it was not as dark. But the wind was stronger and there was more snow in the air. It was not snow falling from the thin clouds but hard flakes scooped up by the gale and whirled about with great violence.

Doc Savage selected a taxicab parked in a dark spot and entered it as he had done in another case earlier that night before the driver saw his face. He reached up and switched off the dome light, then directed the driver downtown.

The hackman was too **cold** to show interest in his fare. But he did say: "I'd turn on the radio, boss. But the *static* is a fright tonight. Got worse the last couple of hours. Guess it's this blizzard."

"Never mind," Doc told him.

At a street intersection where a traffic light went red, they pulled up alongside a police car. Doc rolled down the cab window and heard **the police shortwave set spewing noisy volumes of static**. One of the two officers in the car was working with the radio dial and cursing.

The cop looked up hastily, then scowled at the radio for he was bearing a sudden, weird **trilling** sound of fantastic, unreal notes. It was an exotic thing this **trilling**. Something that might have been a product of the cold night gale or a caprice of the radio.

*The **trilling** died and the officer did not associate it with the presence of the taxicab which had now gone on.*

3 uniformed officers were on duty in the lobby of the skyscraper which housed Doc Savage's **Headquarters**. The **Bronze Man** saw them as the taxicab drifted past in a whirl of snow.

He got out of the machine 2 blocks beyond ... walked a block to the right ... then 2 blocks North and swung into a side-street which ran along the rear of the skyscraper.

It was doubtful if the police had learned of the basement garage which the bronze man maintained in the big building. Not even the building employees themselves, for the most part, knew of its existence.

Doc Savage let himself into the garage with its array of motor vehicles which ranged from a large, innocent-looking moving van (which was armored like a tank) to a shabby, ramshackle coupe which might possibly make a 150 mph on a straightaway but which looked like a 20-dollar job off a second-hand lot. A narrow concrete corridor led the bronze man to a special high-speed elevator which in turn let him out on the 86th floor.

The corridor was empty. The door of his **Headquarters** was unprepossessing, bearing in small **bronze** letters the inscription:

Clark Savage, Jr.

2 of the 3 rooms inside were enormous. With the smaller **Reception** room and office, they took in the entire floor of the titanic structure.

Reception room and **Library**, Doc Savage ignored. He entered the **Laboratory**.

The **Bronze Man** went to work in the labyrinth of apparatus setting up electrical coils and tubes and connecting an audio amplifier of tremendous sensitivity and power. Most of the devices with which he

tinkered would have been understood by an electrical engineer. But there were a few so complex so unusual of design that even an expert on such things would have been baffled.

*This **Laboratory** held many things to be found nowhere else. Or perhaps at only one other spot. A strange, remote retreat to which this strange **Bronze Man** retired periodically to study and experiment, shut off from the World so completely that none knew where to find him or how to get a message to him.*

*Only Doc Savage himself knew of this other spot. Of its location, rather. Monk, Ham, and the rest of his aides knew of its existence -- his "**Fortress of Solitude**". But that was all they knew. The **Bronze Man** would simply disappear for days, weeks, maybe months, and none would know his whereabouts.*

Then he would come back as mysteriously as he had gone. And usually with him came some new discovery in the field of Electricity, Chemistry, Surgery, or another of the sciences at which he was skilled.

*One thing Monk and the others did agree upon. These protracted periods of concentration away from every outside influence were responsible for the **Bronze Man**'s fabulous knowledge.*

Outside the skyscraper **Laboratory**, the wind whooped and howled. Inside, there was frequent noise. Always, these noises possessed a *sameness* coming from loudspeakers which Doc Savage had hooked to his apparatus.

The sounds were akin to the *crackle*, mutter, and crash of ordinary radio *static*.

The minute hand on the chronometer crawled around-and-around. The **Bronze Man**'s wristwatch kept with it almost to the second where it lay after he had removed it and placed it aside to get it out of the magnetic fields of the apparatus with which he was working.

Outside, the wind suddenly stopped dead. Clouds went out of the sky. The Sun came up with what seemed like suddenness.

The telephone rang.

Boke's utterly pleasant voice said: "*This, I trust, is the estimable Doc Savage?*"

The **Bronze Man** reached swiftly to a button and <pressed> it. The bell which that button rang was an imperative order to the telephone operator to trace the call.

But Boke was canny. He spoke with great speed.

"*Call Renwick's apartment!*" he rapped. Then he hung up.

A moment later the operator was reporting: "I am very sorry but there was no time to trace that call."

Doc Savage said nothing but dialed the number of Renny's apartment.

He got no answer!

The door of Renny's apartment was closed. But a loud voice penetrated through it. The speaker was in a howling rage.

"Of all the low-down, infernal tricks!" the voice squawled. "I'll tear your legs off! I'll feed you that sword cane!"

"Quit bellowing, you missing link!" snapped Ham's milder voice. "Try to get loose."

"I'll haunt you!" Monk bawled. "I'll get in your hair and take it all out by the roots!"

Ham yelled: *"It's too damn bad they didn't take you instead of the hog!"*

Basenstein's voice said nervously: *"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Please stop it!"*

Doc Savage -- his appearance showing no signs of the terrific rapidity with which he had come from his downtown *Headquarters* to the apartment -- came in from the corridor and stood looking at the tableau in Renny's modernistic living room.

Monk, Ham, and Basenstein were arrayed on the floor tied with stout manila rope. Not only were their wrists and ankles bound securely, but they were also roped together in a chain so that the more they struggled, the tighter their bonds became. It was an expert job of tying.

Doc Savage went to work swiftly, asking no questions. His fingers showed their incredible *strength* in the speed with which the knots opened.

Ham -- freed ahead of Monk -- retreated uneasily from the glaring chemist.

"You shyster!" Monk bawled. "You'd better take a running start or they'll be scraping you off the walls!"

For once looking a bit concerned in front of Monk's rage, Ham began: "Listen, Monk! When I told them how much you thought of Habeas Corpus, I didn't think ..."

Monk's *roar* drowned him out.

"What happened?" Doc demanded.

"That fashion plate!" Monk glared in Ham's direction. "Half-a-dozen lugs came charging in. They took us by surprise. Ham told 'em I thought more of Habeas than I did of my right eye. **So they took the hog!**"

The instant Monk's ropes were loosened, he tore them off and heaved erect. His *rusty* hair bristled. He showed all of his teeth. And he charged Ham purposefully.

Basenstein moaned and covered his eyes in the manner of a man who expects to see murder done.

But Monk never touched Ham.

The gorilla-like chemist came to a stop. He rocked back on his heels foolishly. Then he grabbed at his head.

"Ouch!" he squawled. *"My head!"*

A hideous thing was happening to Monk's eyes! **They were slowly protruding.** He groaned in agony, sank down on the floor, and held his head with both hands.

Doc Savage seized Monk and spread him out on the floor. He got smelling salts from a medicine cabinet and hot black coffee which bubbled on the kitchen stove and administered both to Monk.

The homely chemist sat up after a time, his eyes normal again. He looked about foolishly.

"That *pop-eyed* business!" he exploded. "It got hold of me! Hell, I ain't no crook!"

Ham suddenly threw back his head and screamed. He sank down on the floor, rolled over and over, hands clamped over his chest.

After a moment, the others -- who had been startled -- realized he was gripped with paroxysms of **laughter**.

"I always knew," he gulped, "that the Missing Link was a crook at heart!"

Monk got up suddenly, glaring, fists clenched ...

Then he looked extremely pained. His eyes seemed about to *pop* and he sat down and held his head.

"Damn the luck!" he groaned. "Whenever I think of giving that shyster what he's got conning, I get that goofy feeling."

Ham went off into fresh mirth.

"Where's Pat?" Doc Savage asked.

Ham stopped laughing as if he had been slapped. He seemed to think deeply ... to realize how he had been laughing ... and he looked slightly sick.

"They took her," he said. His voice was hoarse, low.

"Who did?" Doc demanded.

"Those men who came in here with guns and tied us up," Ham elaborated. "They were Boke's men."

Basenstein pointed at the table and said: "They left a note for you, Mr. Savage."

Doc went to the table. The note was not in an envelope. He held it up. A plain, white typewritten sheet, folded once.

"It's Renny's paper and they used Renny's typewriter," Ham said grimly. "They wrote it out while they were here. And the typist wore gloves."

Doc Savage read his own name, then went on through the body of the typewritten missive:

We are entertaining your attractive cousin **Pat Savage**. She will be kept with your other friend Renny. The two of them will be released when you have disposed of this mysterious **Crime Annihilist**.

We could, of course, have taken Monk Mayfair and Ham Brooks. But you will need assistance in finding this **Crime Annihilist**, so we left them to help you.

P.S. The pig goes in the bargain.

BOKE (by an agent)



Basenstein said: "They were quite cold-blooded and efficient."

"On the contrary," Ham said, "they were scared stiff! They were worried. They fear this **Crime Annihilist**."

Basenstein murmured: "I thought that ..."

"You haven't seen as many crooks as I have," Ham told him. "These babies were worried."

Monk tapped his own chest. "I maintain this **Crime Annihilist** business is a phony. It affects guys who ain't crooks."

Ham snorted unkindly! "If you're trying to prove that by your own case, the evidence is not convincing."

Doc Savage said: "We are leaving New York City immediately."

Basenstein jumped violently! "But why?"

*The **Bronze Man** went over and switched 'on' a radio masked in a modernistic cabinet. He did not tune in a station but set the dials on an empty frequency. The set began to spew and crackle.*

"Blazes!" muttered Monk. "Such static!"

"Growing worse by the hour," Doc said quietly.

Comprehending, Ham nearly dropped his sword cane

"You mean that this ... this *static* has something to do with the **Crime Annihilist**?"

The **Bronze Man** nodded. "Exactly. The experiments in the **Laboratory** proved it conclusively."

"You say we are leaving the city," Basenstein murmured. "Where are we going?"

"That," Doc told him, "will have to remain unknown to you. We will go by plane and you will be blindfolded."

Basenstein simply spread his hands in baffled agreement.

"We will eat now," Doc said. "It may be some time before we get another chance."

XIV -- Boke Decides

Doc Savage, Monk, and Ham moved into the kitchenette where Renny -- who was a skilled cook as well as a great engineer -- kept a store of food which he prepared himself on occasion.

"I am not hungry," Basenstein said miserably and sat down in a chair.

"You will be when you smell the grub," Monk told him.

Basenstein remained in the front room, looking very downcast.

But the moment the other 3 men were out-of-sight, he produced his pencil and paper furtively and began to write. He scribbled briefly and in great haste. His efforts to find more silver coins to weight this missive were futile. So with an animated grimace of regret, he contributed his watch to the purpose.

As before, he got the window up silently, took a careful aim, and hurled his message. Then he carefully shut the window.

The wind had died completely. In the chill morning calm, the note fell with scarcely a flutter, landing in the street. Basenstein <winced> as it hit for the watch had been an expensive one.

A man bundled to the eyes in topcoat and muffler ran out into the street, scooped up the note and the wreck that had been the watch, and retreated. He did not glance upward or otherwise behave suspiciously.

The man had been waiting inside an apartment house doorway. But he did not return to that spot.

Instead, he walked down the street not too rapidly and turned the first corner. He seemed to be searching for a taxicab. There was only one machine parked near by, and he entered it.

"Drive North," he directed.

The hackman put his vehicle into motion. And as he did so, he reached down to a secluded spot under the seat and grasped a small wire which had a ring in the end. He pulled this out and held it several moments.

In the rear of the hack, the passenger was reading the message which Basenstein had thrown from the window of Renny's apartment. He made a *clucking* sound of surprise as he noted the contents:

Savage has Crime Annihilist secret and is leaving the city for mysterious purpose.

The reader absently put a hand over his mouth and coughed. He coughed again more violently, then seemed to strangle slightly.

Suddenly his eyes flew wide and he wrenched at the door handle!

"Lemme out of this damned thing!" he yelled.

The driver grinned wolfishly. But the faintness of the passenger's words showed that the cab body was as nearly soundproof as it could be made.

The fare was still wrenching at the door handle. But the door -- mysteriously locked -- would not open! The passenger's struggles became weaker. He still gagged and coughed and beat his chest.

In a few moments, he sagged down on the floorboards and his spasmodic kicking subsided.

The cab driver turned into a side-street, reached around, and opened the cab door easily from the outside. He drove for a few moments to let the **gas** which had overcome the fare be swept out by the inrush of fresh air.

Then the chauffeur felt under the seat to make certain the gas container trip valve operated by pulling the concealed wire was closed.

Stopping the machine, the driver got out. He felt the wrist of the man in the rear. There was a strong pulse.

The driver appropriated the message. Then he hauled the unconscious passenger out, dumped him on the sidewalk, got back behind the wheel, and drove off rapidly.

The taxi driver turned West ... ignored 2 shivering citizens who tried to flag him down ... and crossed Central Park on one of the express lanes which were sunken below the sidewalks, bridle paths, and boulevards.

He pulled to the curb before a brownstone house in the 50s, got out, and entered a door which was dropped 3 steps below the sidewalk level. The door was barred heavily on the inside and a thick-shouldered man stood behind it.

"Something for the Boss," said the driver.

The man at the door lifted one thick shoulder toward the upper regions but said nothing. The driver mounted a narrow stairway. It was dark in the house. The air was warm and smelled of *mimosa*.

The message carrier came to a door, shoved through, and grinned sourly at the muzzles of several pistols which were trained in his direction.

"What's the idea of not knockin'?" somebody snarled.

"Nuts to you!" said the driver and went to a door, opened it, and admitted himself into the kitchen. There was a dumbwaiter shaft and he opened the door of this.

"Boke!" he called into the shaft.

It was a brief moment before the utterly pleasant voice of Boke demanded: "*Well, what is it?*"

"This phony Basenstein threw a note out of Doc Savage's window," said the driver. "I glommed onto it."

"Send it up," Boke requested.

Complying with the order, the driver reached into the shaft, grasped the ropes, and ran the dumbwaiter down. He weighted the note in place using a heavy pistol cartridge for the purpose and ran the platform back up. Then he listened.

A moment later, he grinned.

Up above wherever he lurked, the mysterious Boke was cursing heartily. There was little laughter in his voice.

"What fools we are!" Boke swore expressively. *"The whole thing is perfectly clear!"*

"You mean you know who the **Crime Annihilist** is?" the driver demanded.

"Of course!" said Boke.

"Who is he?"

"This note you just delivered gave it away," said Boke. *"See if you cannot figure it out. In the meantime, wait down there. Tell the doorman that we shall have callers shortly. He is to admit them when they give the password 'Desperate Measures'."*

"What are these guys gonna be?"

"Do not worry about that," said Boke. *"You will be able to recognize most of them."*

That terminated the conversation and the driver left the dumbwaiter shaft.

XX

The encounter interrupted Boke's torment of the brunette woman who was **gang-raped** by the young teenage **boys**. But he was not done with her yet ...

"I need to stretch your pussy out a lot more for what you have coming, **Bitch**."

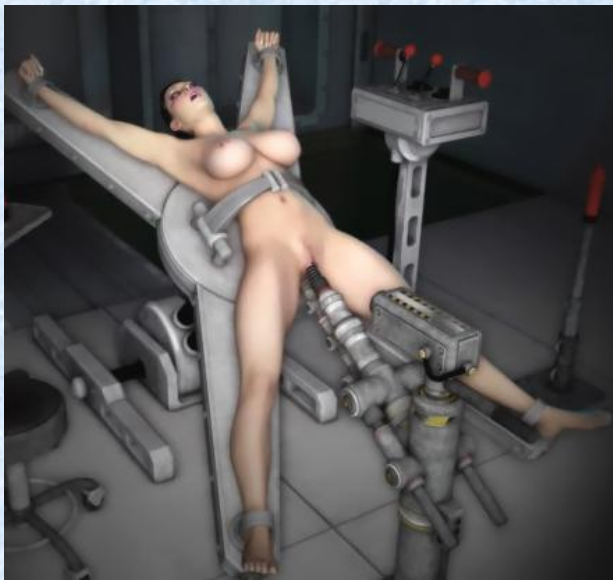
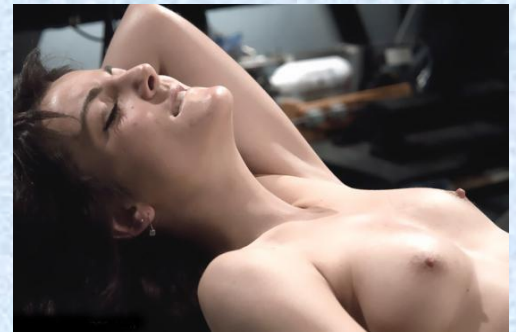
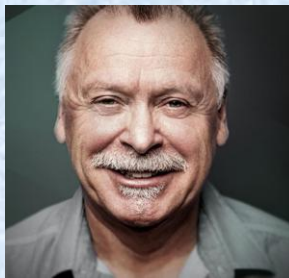
She was **horrified** at his words. She could not imagine what he had in mind.



"Spread your fuckin' legs, **Slut!**" Boke spat.



He laughed as her squeals of **protest** and *pain* as the fucking machine **rammed** its way into her cunt ...





She lay *gasping* and **groaning** when the mechanical torment mercifully finished. She hardly noticed Boke taking off his clothes.

"And now for the main treat," he announced pointing at his huge **penis**.

She pleaded: "Oh please no! I'm so sore! Please don't ..."

"Shuddup, **Whore!**"



Boke turned her over on her flat tummy.

"Your pussy may be sore. But not your ASS!"



She didn't catch on for a minute ...

... then the *horror* set in!

"No! Don't do that! Not back there! *Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!!*"



"Get it out! Get it out of me!!!" she screamed.

Boke panted. *"It just ... feels so ... fuckin' ... good!"*



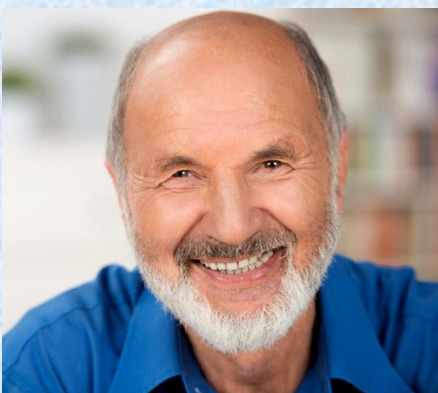
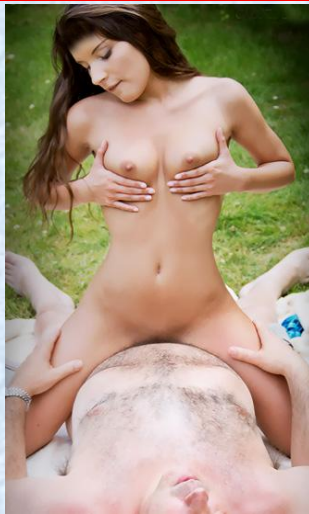
Suddenly he yelled and stiffened. She felt a huge wad of something hot and sticky *spurt* up deep into her bowels.



But if she thought her torment was finally, she was very wrong. Some of Boke's men had been watching and were already stripping off their clothes.









[Knocked Up Whore]

At the top of the shaft, the room from which Boke had spoken was dark, the curtains being drawn tightly, and additional heavy draperies spread out to shut off every vestige of outside light. The figure of Boke himself was completely lost in the black void.

The door of the room was opened and Boke stepped out. He crossed a hallway and entered a room in which Patricia Savage, Renny, and Janko Sultman were bound&gagged. The pig Habeas Corpus was tethered in a corner by a chain.

Renny eyed Boke intently. The big-**fisted** Engineer was seeking to pick out details about the man's appearance which would later serve to identify him. He was seeing as much of Boke as he had ever seen.

For Boke wore a long topcoat. A grotesquely long topcoat which was like a robe and covered even his shoes. Above that, a muffler was tied. Colored glasses and a hat so huge that it sat down over Boke's ears topped off the disguise.

Boke presented a ridiculous figure. He was a laughable apparition. But the disguise was effective.

He stood over Janko Sultman and looked at the latter's upstanding, frizzled hair. Sultman's small mustache was pulled out of shape by the gag which distended his jaws.

"You are a clever rascal," Boke stated reluctantly.

Laughter and pleasantness was once more in his voice.

"Even if you did try to double-cross me."

Janko Sultman made *inarticulate* sounds around his gag.

"I hired you to investigate this 'College' which Doc Savage maintains in upstate New York," Boke continued. "The way you did it shows you are clever. I need clever men now. Therefore, I think I shall give you another chance."

Sultman croaked more vehemently at this.

Boke bent down, untied Sultman and removed the gag ... then straightened swiftly and stepped back, hands buried in the topcoat pockets where bulges indicated the presence of guns.

"Come," Boke directed. "We will have a conference downstairs."

Pat and Renny glared as Boke and Sultman left the room.

Sultman stumbled as he moved for he was stiff from being tied. It was some moments before he spoke.

"What about Lizzie?" he demanded.

"Lizzie?" Boke laughed dryly, hollowly. "During the night, Lizzie passed away with his eyes protruding."

"You mean he's dead?" Sultman gulped.

"Exactly!" Boke agreed. "He was a victim of the **Crime Annihilist**."

Sultman was introduced into the presence of the men in the room downstairs. These looked him over so viciously that Sultman -- frightened -- slunk into a corner, seated himself, and said absolutely nothing.

Boke now retired to another room. Taking up a telephone, he proceeded to make numerous calls. At all times, he used a disguised voice. The name of 'Boke' did not seem unknown to the individuals he called. And when the *pleasant* voice requested their presence at a conference aimed at their own good, most of them agreed. A few, though, did refuse suspiciously.

But Boke seemed to think his average was very good.

Outside, the city streets were beginning to fill although the hour was unnaturally early. It was especially notable that many of the pedestrians carried traveling bags and were headed in the direction of railway stations.

Fear was on almost every face. Women were nervous and here-and-there one was hysterical. The people bought newspapers, read them, and became grim and pale. More than one individual started for his office ... got as far as the nearest newsstand ... bought a paper, read it ... and went back and packed his baggage.

The headlines were unbelievable. *The story was the most fantastic within the memory of many.*

Almost 50 persons had died in New York City during the previous night. *The eyes of all had protruded!*

Baffled physicians were now advocating that the city be evacuated for nowhere else in America was anyone dying with his eyes ***popping***.

Boards of health in nearby cities, it was reported, were holding hasty sessions to decide if it would not be best to quarantine New Yorkers in order that the ***pop-eyed*** malady might not spread.

A specialist had arrived from Chicago and was as mystified as anybody as to the cause of the deaths.

An astronomer who was something of a publicity hound had declared he believed mysterious atomic streams were being shot to the Earth from outer space and were causing the strange deaths. His statements were given quite a play and his picture was prominent. He based his declaration on the unusual amount of *static* that everyone was hearing on their radios.

Indeed, **the *static* was now so bad** that the police radio cars were helpless to receive calls. Radio engineers were investigating the phenomenon. Most of them attributed it to the storm and to spots on the Sun. The only fault with this theory was that the astronomical observers insisted there had been no unusual number of sunspots.

At mid-morning came the supreme surprise. *Extra* editions brought the report.

All of the *pop-eyed death* victims were criminals!

John Henry Cowlton -- the Park Avenue playboy who had been the first victim -- had been discovered to be a clever society jewel thief with many robberies and at least one murder on his record.

Everett Buckett -- the Wall Street wolf who was the second victim -- was a leader in an enormous stock-swindling gang and at least 2 persons they had swindled had been murdered to shut their mouths.

And so it went down the list. The police were now madly at work investigating records of the dead. And in most cases, they were finding plenty to show that the corpse in life had been far from honest.

Individuals who had been supposedly possessors of "lily-white" characters were being found to have been crooks.

There were exceptions. But the police freely intimated they expected to find these were crooks, too.

Strangely enough, this did not quiet the citizens of New York. If anything, the horror increased! Not all of the dead crooks were persons who had committed *heinous* crimes. One man had been beating his wife when he fell dead with his eyes sticking out.

The newspapers became wilder, if possible. They freely predicted that something had happened to the World starting in New York City. **And that every dishonest man was going to die no matter how small his offense against society.**

It was surprising how many people began to remember little slips. It was amazing the frantic efforts they took to remedy them, too. The mission down on the Bowery reported an increase in converts. Unusual numbers of persons were observed entering churches.

Police stations began to receive nervous visitors who wished to confess crimes, thinking that might help. These first-comers were usually petty offenders.

Then some 'great brain' down at police headquarters got an idea. He promptly gave out an interview saying that he was sure that these crooks who confessed their crimes would be safe from the *pop-eyed death*.

The newspapers printed that. And the cops sat back to reap a heavy harvest of scared crooks.

Long before Noon, however, the first of a series of sinister visitors arrived at the house now occupied by the mysterious Boke and his gang.

This individual arrived in a large car driven by a chauffeur. And his machine was preceded and followed by 2 other cars, in each of which rode 4 grim-looking bodyguards.

The escort cars parked up the street while the man in the limousine alighted and entered the house.

The doorman goggled at the visitor, recognizing him as one of the most famous barons of the "alky" racket during Prohibition days. The big-shot was now the king of the policy racket and considered to be many times a millionaire.

The czar of crime looked scared.

Shortly afterward, more visitors arrived. Without exception, they were gang leaders. They were not only crooks and killers, these men. They were also gentry who had attained a point where they hired lesser thugs to do their dirty work.

They were the Overlords of Crime!

It was a choice collection which finally gathered in the upstairs room. Fully 75% of the organized crime in New York City and environs was represented!

Boke appeared. He still wore his comedy character disguise of long overcoat and muffler and colored spectacles.

Someone growled at Boke that he was among friends and he'd better get out of his disguise if he knew what was good for him.

But Boke told the speaker to 'go to Hell!' and then began making a speech. So *pleasant* was Boke's voice that everyone was held spellbound.

Boke recited the names of some of the victims of the past night's holocaust. Names which were very well known to most of those present. Mention of the bankers, however, brought forth scowls for these professional crooks considered their operations amateur competition.

"You will notice, gentlemen, that all of the unfortunate victims are men outside the Law," said Boke.

"Nix!" said a fat crook. "The Law ain't got a thing on me. But I had one of them spells anyhow. I damn near croaked!"

Boke said patiently: "What I meant was that everyone who has died was -- to put it bluntly -- a criminal. If you want to use nicer words, call them 'unsocial individuals'."

"Something's poppin' off the damn crooks," said one fellow bluntly. "So what?"

"I think it is time we did something about it," Boke announced. "Otherwise we are all likely to die. Just how many of you men have had weird feelings in your heads during the night?"

Considering that some of the crooks out of pride and maybe from force of habit lied about it, it was evident that a large number of them had experienced seizures or had men in their gangs who had had the spells.

Boke stated: "I want you to work with me and take my orders. An individual known as the **Crime Annihilist** is causing these deaths. He is out to rid the World of criminals. I am probably the only living man who knows who the **Crime Annihilist** is."

Boke said all of that very rapidly so that no one could get in an objection before it was all out. Then he gave them time to think it over. Some of these big-shots had gained their positions by shooting all competitors and had brains which worked very slowly. So Boke gave them plenty of time.

Then Boke passed the note around:

Savage has Crime Annihilist secret and is leaving the city for mysterious purpose.

"That came from a very reliable source," said Boke.

The filched message came back to Boke. He then read it aloud slowly and distinctly. Everyone present had pretended to read the missive. But Boke knew that some of the big-shots could not read a word and he did not want to embarrass anybody.

"Doc Savage!" a poultry racketeer chief snarled. "I've been afraid of that guy for years thinkin' he might get on my trail. But I never thought he'd pull anything like this!"

"It's Savage!" another snapped emphatically. "The **Bronze Man** is a mental wizard. He can do anything! He's thought up some way of wipin' out criminals wholesale."

Another man groaned: "Boys, let's all catch a steamer for Europe until this blows over!"

"And give up my sweet pickin's?" jeered the man beside him. "Not much!"

"But supposing the **Crime Annihilist** is not Doc Savage?" said another man.

"Everything points to Savage as the **Crime Annihilist**," Boke told them. "At first, I suspected a man named Sidney Lorrey. But he, ah, went insane and killed himself by blowing up his laboratory on a barge."

"I read about that fire in the paper," said a voice.

"I have captured two of Doc Savage's very close friends," Boke said pleasantly. "One is his cousin Patricia Savage. The other is the engineer Renny. I have told Doc Savage to produce the **Crime Annihilist** or the prisoners will be killed."

XX



The assembled masterminds of crime looked at Boke with a new interest.

"For the love of little dogs!" one muttered. "You went up against that **bronze** guy and got away with it?"

"I did!" Boke stated with some pride. "Furthermore, I have kept several jumps ahead of him."

"What do you advise doing?" a voice queried.

"Keep close track of Doc Savage," Boke announced. "Then lead the **Bronze Man** into a trap using my 2 prisoners as bait."

An evil-faced man in the back of the room yelled: "And then let me have 'im! I'll take care of 'im!"

He drew a big automatic, waved it dramatically. The gun arm gesticulated more-and-more violently.

Then the bloodthirsty man's other arm joined in waving and he began to stagger around and make *gargling* noises. This persisted for some moments while the others stared in *horror!*

The victim fell down on the floor ... kicked violently ... rolled over on his back ...

... and became quiet.

His eyes were almost out of their sockets!

XX

Coming up ...



*... glamorous Patricia Savage is reduced to a filthy **WHORE** !*

XV -- Upstate

At the precise instant that the gang leader died in Boke's presence, Doctor Mortimer Basenstein was feeling desperately in his coat pocket for the book of blank papers on which he had been writing his notes.

Basenstein was worried. He had laid his coat aside for a moment while he shaved and the book of blanks had disappeared.

Basenstein walked nervously around the living room, looking behind modernistic divans and under chairs but without locating his vanished property.

He went to a door and peered through ... then stood there for a moment, fascinated!

Doc Savage was taking his **exercises**. Rather, he was just completing them.

Monk sat on a bed and after a casual glance at Basenstein when he first appeared continued to watch Doc and perspire. Monk always perspired when he watched Doc work out. Such was the power of suggestion provoked by the **Bronze Man**'s strenuous routine.

For nearly 2 hours, the **Man of Bronze** had been working out, going through a ritual to which he had adhered with daily regularity since childhood. He had already finished the muscle-building part of the exercises which were similar to the ordinary physical culture movements though much more strenuous.

A portable case contained other and more unusual appurtenances to the exercise routine. These consisted of a device which emitted sound waves above-and-below the audible range, careful use of which had in the course of years given the **Bronze Man** an almost super-sensitive hearing.

There was a collection of vials holding various odors. And the **Bronze Man** identified these repeatedly to make more delicate his sense of smell. He read pages of *Braille* printing (i.e., the system of upraised dots designed for the blind) to sharpen his sense of touch.

And there were other devices more complex which he had designed himself.

The bronze man's **giant frame** showed little evidence of fatigue although he had not slept during the night.

Basenstein went back and continued his hunt for his note book but with no greater luck than before. A few moments later, Doc Savage entered the room and strolled casually toward the window.

He bent suddenly ... moved a corner of a small rug ... then straightened. He held the missing book of blank sheets.

"This yours?" he asked Basenstein.

Basenstein made a pretense of feeling of his pocket, then smiled.

"Why yes, I believe it is. It must have dropped out of my pocket."

Basenstein took the pad of blanks and masked a relieved sigh as he pocketed them. There had been nothing written on them so no harm was done. But he needed those blanks for future secret messages.

A bit later, Doc Savage joined Monk in the bedroom. Ham was not present in the apartment.

"He smell a rat?" Monk asked softly.

"No," Doc replied. "I believe he thought he actually had dropped the book of blanks."

Monk now slipped from a pocket the uppermost sheet which had lately adhered to Basenstein's pad of blank paper.

The sheet had been treated in a manner familiar to police experts by the use of chemicals. As a result, the tracings of messages which had been written atop it were discernible as faint lines. Fortunately they had not been written one exactly atop the other, so it was not difficult to read them.

The first stated:

Doc Savage got orders to find Crime Annihilist on pain of having Renny killed.

The second was the missive which had eventually found its way under the eyes of the mysterious Boke.

"This Basenstein is a phony," Monk growled. "He's a spy."

"Obviously," Doc agreed.

Monk got up. "I'm gonna bump 'im around a little and start him talking!"

"Wait," Doc said. "We will let him play along with us."

The homely Monk squinted at the **Bronze Man**.

"You don't very often have an idea that sounds as nutty as that."

Unperturbed, Doc said: "We may find use for this Basenstein."

The telephone rang. It was Ham.

"All set," he advised.

2 hours later, Doc Savage was maneuvering a tri-motored speed plane through the bumpy air over the mountainous upstate section of New York. The clouds were low and thick and the air surprisingly warm for a sudden thaw (warm winds out of the South) had followed the storm.

Snow still remained on the hilltops. But it was melting rapidly and sheets of water covered the bottoms of draws, the small meadows. Streams were writhing torrents of muddy water.

Ham occupied the cockpit with the **Bronze Man**.

Ham looked very unlike his usual self, his face being darker and his hair possessing a **reddish** color. This was part of the disguise that Ham had donned in order to assemble equipment without being molested by the police. The job had fallen on Ham because he possessed a physical appearance less striking than that of Doc Savage or the gorilla-like Monk.

Monk came forward, leaned close, and growled: "That mug Basenstein is at it again!"

"What now?" Doc asked.

"He's writing notes," Monk advised. "Whenever we pass over a town, he drops one out."

"I had noticed that," Doc admitted.

Monk <blinked> his small eyes. "Well, ain't we gonna do anything about it? This guy will get to thinking he's good after while!"

"Let him alone," Doc said. "He may prove very useful."

Grumbling under his breath, Monk retreated to the rear of the cabin.

Ham asked curiously: "When did you first get wise to this Basenstein?"

"When he joined us at Sidney Lorrey's barge laboratory," Doc replied.

"Good night!" Ham exploded. "How?"

"Remember that I looked around the vicinity of the barge when we came near it?" Doc asked.

"Yes." Ham nodded. "And you found Basenstein skulking."

"I also found several men waiting in the background," Doc said. "They were wondering if Basenstein would succeed in deceiving us."

Ham exploded: "And you let Boke think his agent -- this Basenstein -- had taken us in from the first! What was th... "

*Monk yelled: "**Thar she blows!**"*

The terrain below had become wilder, more rugged. A single road -- a trail, barely discernible in the murky afternoon light -- progressed through the timber, following creeks and tiny valleys for the most part. The road ended at a massive metal gate.

From the gate a high, stout wire fence ran in a circle which enclosed many acres. This fence -- woven, surmounted with barbed strands -- was fully 15-feet high.

From the air, it looked as if the fence enclosed only a small lake and a log building which might have been a hunting lodge. On one side of the lake shoving its bald mass up to a considerable prominence was a hill which seemed to be of solid, gray stone.

There was nothing else inside the fence. Just the lodge, the lake, and the bleak stone hill.

But back from the gate perhaps a mile, surmounting a hill of its own was a small, unpretentious cabin.

Doc Savage studied that cabin at great length through the binoculars.

Then he sent the plane down over the fenced enclosure and circled the lodge near the gate.

A man came out of the lodge which was situated near the gate. He wore rough woods garments and might have been a caretaker. He looked up at the plane.

Doc Savage turned the controls over to Monk, leaned from the cabin window, and made *semaphore* signals with his arms.

Below, the man on the ground laid himself flat on his back so that his own *semaphored* reply might be more distinguishable. His arms jerked to various angles.

Going back in the plane cabin, Ham chose the moment of the signaling to stumble and fall headlong onto Basenstein with the result that their passenger -- if he could read the *semaphore* signals -- missed out on them.

Doc Savage drew back and said: "Everything is quiet."

Then he resumed the controls and sent the plane away from the strange enclosure. "Strange" because there was no good reason why anyone should want to fence off so thoroughly a piece of ground in this wilderness.

The plane was an amphibian and the **Bronze Man** cracked the landing wheels up so that the floats were clear for a descent on water.

"Blazes!" Monk whispered. "Aren't we gonna land at the 'College'?"

"And give the secret away to Basenstein?" Doc countered.

"We could pitch him overboard," Monk suggested hopefully.

"No," Doc replied. "Basenstein is serving a very useful purpose. He may save us a great deal of trouble."

Monk sighed. "Blasted if I get this!"

The plane swept over another small lake. Doc tilted the craft down, pinched the throttles, and changed the propeller pitch. Wing flaps made automatic adjustment for their decreased speed. They settled on the lake surface without undue commotion or shock.

The water was murky with mud. When Doc cut the 3 motors, they could hear the gurgle and roar of freshets emptying into the lake. There was still snow under the larger trees but it was melting fast. The ground was all but covered with a film of water. Even the air seemed saturated.

"A swell time for camping out," Monk complained.

"Stay in the plane," Doc advised. "It will be more comfortable."

But Monk and Ham both spilled out in the shallow water and waded ashore with the *bronze giant*, leaving Basenstein behind in the plane.

"Listen, Doc," Monk said hopefully. "How about giving us the lowdown?"

"Yes," Ham put in. "Just what is behind this seemingly pointless trip up here?"

"The **Crime Annihilist** and his work," the **Bronze Man** said slowly. "Unless my guess is wrong, we will find the whole solution near here."

Then he moved away (seemingly without haste) and stepped behind a clump of small evergreens.

Monk and Ham waited for him to reappear ... became suddenly suspicious ... and ran to the thicket.

The Bronze Man was gone!

"Dang it!" Monk complained and endeavored to follow Doc's trail.

He lost it within a few yards.

"You might as well give it up, you hairy mistake," Ham advised. "Doc suspects someone but has no proof. So he will not express an opinion."

They stood there, snapping at each other quarrelsomely. It occurred to neither to glance back toward the plane which was at the moment shut off from their view by brush.

In the plane cabin, Basenstein was furtively busy. The big aircraft was fitted with radio transmitting&receiving apparatus. And Basenstein was crouched before the instrument panel. The set was a strange one. He showed by the facility with which he got it in operation that he was not unfamiliar with radio apparatus.

He raised the wavelength adjustment slightly, then cut the microphone into circuit and spoke rapidly.

"Basenstein reporting," he repeated over and over. "Basenstein reporting."

"*Report*," directed a voice over the receiver.

"Doc Savage landed plane on lake," Basenstein stated into the transmitter, then gave a surprisingly accurate description of the lake's whereabouts.

"Excellent!" said the operator of the other radio. *"Any further information on who the **Crime Annihilist** is?"*

Basenstein hesitated.

"I have been thinking," he said at last. "Doc Savage is acting very strangely about this affair. I think his own men are puzzled. It may be that Doc Savage is actually the **Crime Annihilist**."

"I think that myself," said the distant one.

Basenstein declared "It is dangerous for me to talk" and then he severed the radio connection.

He carefully returned the dials to the setting at which he had found them and lifted his head to see if he had been observed. He could see no one.

He thrust his head out of the cabin and could hear Ham and Monk squabbling.

As they inevitably did when together for long, Monk and Ham had gotten around to personalities and the matter of Habeas Corpus.

"You hairy freak!" Ham snapped. "That hog has been a pain to me from the beginning! And I hereby state that what has happened to him does not worry me at all!"

Monk glared. He opened and shut his hairy hands.

"Maybe it doesn't now," he growled. "But it's going to later. Because if anything has happened to that hog, I'm gonna work out on that neck of yours!"

"Any time you're ready!" Ham invited and flourished his sword cane meaningly.

Monk scowled and picked up a convenient limb. The bough was as thick as his arm. But the homely chemist handled it as a schoolmaster would a switch. He started for Ham purposefully ...

Then he pulled up ... dropped the limb ... looked dazed ... and grasped his head. His **eyes popped** the merest trifle.

"Blazes!" he gulped and sat down heavily. *"Ow-w-w! **My head!**"*

Ham said "I should cut your throat and put you out of your misery" and smiled widely.

Monk glowered, tried to get up ... then relaxed, grimacing as a fresh burst of **pain** seized him.

"What ails you?" Ham asked cheerfully.

*"That **Crime Annihilist** funny feeling in my head, damn you!"* Monk grated.

"You get it every time you try to jump me, don't you?" Ham asked hopefully.

"Yes, blast you!" Monk admitted.

Ham's large orator's mouth stretched in a smile that threatened his ears. He leaned on his sword cane and began to speak in a gentle, unhurried tone.

There were many things which Ham had long wanted to tell Monk but had not dared. With his apish strength, Monk could whip half-a-dozen like Ham and the dapper lawyer knew it. The knowledge had tied his tongue.

But now he unburdened himself. He went far back in the niches of his memory and dug up choice expletives, goading personalities and plain insults. He heaped them on Monk with an unholy joy. He became flushed and started perspiring. His eyes turned bright and he stopped frequently for a good laugh.

Monk sat and took it. Several times, he got to his feet as if intent on slaughtering Ham, regardless of the consequences.

But the terror of the mysterious **Crime Annihilist's** spell overtook him and forced him back. He finally stuffed a little finger in each ear!

Ham waxed more and more eloquent. The memory of all the past insults Monk had ladled out -- all of the irritations Monk had wrought with the aid of his pet pig, his ventriloquism -- came back to Ham's thoughts. They were legion. And Ham got verbal revenge for all of them!

The moment was to stick in Ham's memory as the biggest of his lifetime! He had long wanted to goad Monk to the limit when the hirsute chemist was in a position where he could not talk back.

But Ham's enjoyment came to a rough ending.

A plane dropping down out of the sky with motors shut off so that it made little noise was almost overhead before it was noticed. Even then, Monk and Ham did not discover it.

A wild yell from Basenstein drew their attention to the yellow amphibian.

Men leaned out of the plane overhead. They held black, lumpish objects in their hands. While their craft was still some distance away, they began hurling the objects overboard. The things burst in the brush with plopping violence.

Ham -- who had been addressing Monk as if the homely chemist were his bitterest living enemy -- suddenly shed his animosity.

"I got a lot more to tell you!" he snapped. "But I want you alive to hear it!"

Then he seized Monk, helped him erect, and tried to aid him in reaching cover.

But the plane was too fast for them. Passing overhead, it left a rain of the black metal things which burst dully.

Monk and Ham suddenly felt the painful bite of **tear gas** in their eyes. They were almost instantly helpless.

Monk -- hanging trees and brush in an effort to flee the vicinity -- yelled: "Dang you, Ham! If you hadn't been making so much noise, we would have heard that sky wagon!"

Ham said: "Shut up and run, you hairy accident!"

Over toward the lake, they could hear more of the big tear-gas bombs bursting. Basenstein was yelling something that they could not understand.

Then the noise of the plane motor above decreased sharply. They caught the whine of air in flying wires, then the noisy rush of water as it landed on the little lake. *Staccato* bursts of the motor brought it closer.

Knowing fully just how helpless they were, Monk and Ham bent every effort to leaving the vicinity. But they heard men running behind them. Men who came closer with a speed which proved that they were wearing protective masks.

Someone struck Monk heavily from behind. Then strangely enough, the one who had struck the blow began to cry out in pain!

"You fools!" said the utterly pleasant voice of Boke. *"Keep calm! Don't get excited. This **Crime Annihilist** thing only hits you when you're excited."*

"Dot is true," called Janko Sultman's slightly foreign accent.

Hard things which could only be gun muzzles menaced Monk and Ham. They were roughed about and -- being helpless and blinded as they were --had of necessity to surrender.

A triumphant gang of captors herded them back toward the planes after handcuffs were linked on their wrists.

Monk -- reaching the lake and being ordered to wade out to the planes -- fell down purposefully so that the tear gas was washed from his eyes. This and the fact that its effects were already wearing off enabled him to see a little.

Staring at his captors, he identified Janko Sultman at once. Several other faces familiar to him puzzled him briefly.

Then he realized he had seen them in the newspapers! They were the faces of big-shot criminals!

Monk searched for Boke ... and was disgusted when he discovered that the individual who must be Boke was effectively disguised by a flying suit and a muffler tied across his features.

"Where is Doc Savage?" Boke demanded.

Monk ignored that and roved his eyes until he located Basenstein. The plump physician was standing to one side. But two of the plane arrivals were positioned close to him.

"You called this gang!" Monk yelled angrily.

"I did not!" Basenstein snapped.

One of the men beside Basenstein demanded of the physician: "Where is Doc Savage?"

"I don't know, you damned rascal!" said Basenstein.

The questioner instantly launched a terrific blow with his fist! Basenstein staggered backward, splashed flat in the water, and his split lips oozing *crimson* reddened the cold lake about his face.

"You'll damned well talk!" yelled the man who had struck the blow. He seemed about to say more but instead seized his own head with both hands and moaned "The **Crime Annihilist**!"

His eyes were protruding a little!

"Take the 2 planes," Boke directed calmly. "Everybody aboard."

His eyes still streaming, Monk peered wonderingly at Basenstein as he was lifted and flung into one of the planes.

Monk was very puzzled. Basenstein did not seem to be a member of Boke's crew.

Almost together, the 2 planes took the air.

XX

Later ...



XVI -- Double Trap

Doc Savage was almost 2 miles away and traveling back toward the small lake with all the speed of which his trained sinews were capable when he heard the two planes take off. He had heard the strange aircraft approach the lake and had turned back.

The **Bronze Man** halted ... stood listening long enough to realize that the 2 planes were headed in such a direction as to fly near where he stood ... then moved swiftly to one side, entering a clearing where he could signal the planes with some chance of being seen.

The tri-motored ship which Doc, Monk, Ham, and Basenstein had flown into the woods country appeared almost at once.

Doc gestured. The pilot apparently saw him immediately for the big ship heeled around in the sky and came sliding toward him.

The **Bronze Man** watched the quality of the flying intently. It was a sloppy job. Either Monk or Ham would handle the controls far more expertly. Warned that something was wrong, the **Man of Bronze** retreated hastily.

Instantly, heads and shoulders popped out of the plane cabin! They pointed rifles, revolvers, submachine guns, and sawed-off shotguns. Tufts of woodland loam began to jump up around Doc! Then came the **reports** of the weapons, distinguishable over the sound of the planes.

The second plane heeled in. This pilot was more expert. He kept his craft near the stalling point, air speed at a minimum. And someone in the ship had a regulation aircraft machine-gun. Its ammo cans were charged with tracers. Slugs ran down in a weaving gray string and chattered in the mud, splashed pools of melted snow, and snapped twigs off the trees!

Doc Savage whipped from one scanty shelter to another. The trees here were not evergreens. Moreover, the surroundings had been burned off a few years ago so that the trees which now grew were young, thin things offering almost no safety.

Below the clearing was a creek. A roaring torrent almost full from bank-to-bank with snow water. Doc headed for that. There were overhangs which might furnish shelter visible along the rim of the stream.

Again-and-again the planes dived, raining lead! The **Bronze Man** dipped a hand inside his clothing and brought out a tiny chemical **smoke bomb** of his own concoction. He tossed it down beside him so that the blooming cloud of **black smoke** enveloped and hid him. (He had used these **smoke bombs** to escape on other occasions.)

But it did not work this time.

Boke's men in the planes simply swooped low and emptied out nearly half-a-bushel of tear-gas bombs. Doc was driven on toward the creek.

Boke's plane dived again with every cabin window crowded with gunners. They were experts with weapons, these men. They had lived by them for years.

A delighted yell went up as Doc Savage caved down suddenly. The pilot banked hastily. They could see the *bronze giant* squirming on the ground and could make out a flood of **crimson** spreading over his shirt front.

"He's hit bad!" Boke shrilled.

Then they saw Doc drag out **smoke bombs** -- 1, 2, 3 of them. He flung them to the right, left, and ahead so that a great cloud of **black** spread over where he lay.

The planes continued to dive and pour lead into the **smoke**, the roar of motors and the stutter and bang of guns mingling in a holocaust of sound.

A slight breeze stirring through the soaked woods pummeled the smoke, shoved it aside, pushed it out over the stream.

Boke cursed shrilly through the muffler that he wore over his face for he had sighted a twisted form below, reposing under the scanty shelter of a tree.

"He crawled away in the smoke," Boke yelled. *"There he is! Get him!"*

The plane moaned down, jerked its nose up, and screwed a tight bank. Guns clamored! Branches fell off the tree under which the form lay. Bark showered! Mud splashed! Water geysered!

The form itself jerked about as bullets pummeled it. Flying mud covered it until it was hardly distinguishable. Again and again, the planes dived and the attackers emptied gun magazines!

Then -- triumphant as chicken hawks which had made a kill -- the 2 craft spiraled in search of a landing place. The clearing where they had first sighted Doc Savage was too small to permit either ship to be set down. And there was no other opening of consequence near.

"No need of landing, anyway," Boke shouted pleasantly. *"**He's dead!**"*

Plump and excited, Janko Sultman scrambled to Boke's side and gripped the Mastermind's arm.

*"Der **Crime Annihilist!**"* he bellowed. *"It is not harm us! It is no more!"*

Boke settled back in his seat. There was wild relief in his laugh.

"Right!" he yelled amiably over the motor roar. *"Every time we became excited or tried to kill, that infernal spell of the **Crime Annihilist** would strike. But this time it did not!"*

"How you explain dot?" Sultman pondered in a shout.

Boke waved an arm back at the creek bank where a bullet-torn, mud-splattered form lay under a ripped tree.

*"The **Crime Annihilist** is dead,"* he said. *"It may be that we will never know how he did it."*

Sultman shook his head slowly.

"Dot was a strange thing, dot **Crime Annihilist** thing."

Boke now went forward ... spoke to his pilot ... and the aviator began looking around for a clearing in the woods. Finding one, he set his plane down expertly enough, cut the motor, then turned in his seat to watch the other ship alight and taxi up alongside.

Everyone got out, excepting an armed guard watching over Monk, Ham, and Basenstein.

The big-shots disported themselves like small boys at the dismissal hour on the last day of school. Their evil minds had been relieved of a burden and they showed it. The future looked rosy. They gathered around Boke.

"Let's get back to the big burg," one grinned.

"I'll throw a party to celebrate," said another. "It'll be a party to end all parties! Boy, I'll spend 10 grand on it!"

"Where's' the guy who wanted to go to Europe?" shouted a third delightedly. "Let's ride 'im on a rail!"

"I move we make up a kitty for Boke!" yelled some one. "I'll put in 10 grand to start the ball."

"And I move this guy Boke peel that muffler off his face so we can see who he is!" bawled a voice.

Boke held up an arm, motioning for silence.

*"Keep your money," he said. "You owe me plenty for showing you how to get rid of this **Crime Annihilist**. I want you to pay off by doing me a favor."*

"Now what-the-hell!" somebody growled.

"Unmask him," suggested a tough voice. "I've heard of this baby Boke and that's why I strung along with him. But now I want to see his map."

Boke took a small automatic from his clothing.

"I have a very good reason for keeping my face hidden," he said. "If you could see my face, you would understand why."

They looked at the automatic, not knowing just how to take its threat.

Someone asked: "Just what do you want us to do?"

"I want you to raid Doc Savage's criminal-curing 'College' and force some of the surgeons there to divulge certain information," said Boke.

"College?" a beefy racketeer muttered. "What're you talkin' about, buddy?"

Boke began speaking. He told of the fact that criminals who became entangled with Doc Savage had in the past disappeared. And how this had made him suspicious. He had hired Janko Sultman, he explained, to investigate. And Sultman had learned -- by months of painstaking investigation -- that Doc Savage maintained a strange institution in upstate New York where he made honest men of these crooks.

"We got hold of a minor attendant about the place and bribed him," Boke explained. "From him we learned that Doc Savage had discovered that crime is in a sense a disease. In other words, there is a small gland in the human body the secretions of which have a great deal to do with whether a man is a satisfied citizen or a cold-blooded criminal with no sense of right-and-wrong."

"What's this all leadin' up to?" someone interrupted.

"Doc Savage treats this gland, making it function normally," said Boke. "Or rather his surgeons at the institution do the treating."

Boke paused, in order that suspense might rivet the attention of his listeners upon his next words.

"These surgeons know how to treat this 'crime gland' so as to make a criminal as well as cure one," he stated. "It is that secret I want -- the knowledge of how to make criminals."

"Nuts!" growled a voice. "What's the idea? Where'll that put anything in your pocket?"

*"You lack imagination," Boke chuckled. "It is my plan to seize bankers, industrial magnates, and politicians and **administer them the drug which will make them criminals!** They will not know what is being done. Later, myself or my agents will approach these men and enlist them in my unlawful enterprises. They will accept. Having access to thousands -- even millions -- of dollars, they will as criminals appropriate those funds. I will make it my business to see that a share of the money gets into my hands."*

"This," commented one of the big-shots, "is the goofiest thing I ever heard of."

Boke said patiently: *"I have thought it all out with great care. It will work. The men I make into criminals will not know exactly how crimes are committed. And they will be highly susceptible to the clever schemes which I put under their noses."*

"Do I get this right?" asked a man who seemed more intelligent than the rest. "You want to raid this 'College' to get hold of a drug which will destroy a man's sense of right-and-wrong?"

"Exactly!" said Boke.

"I'm with you!" said the other.

Arguments and discussions followed with some of the masterminds of Crime holding out. But their reluctance was not too strong and it was evident in a subtle way that Boke would win their aid.

Half-an-hour later, they entered the planes and took to the air.

When Doc Savage, Monk, Ham, and Basenstein had flown over the area so strangely fenced off in the wilderness, there had been no sign of human life excepting the one man who had appeared at the log lodge near the gate.

There were fully **200 men** in sight now. They were all attired exactly alike in neat white uniforms except for an individual here-and-there who was dressed in **blue**.

The men in white were arrayed in neat squads and were going through marches and physical-culture exercises commanded by the men in **blue**. A few of the white garbed figures strolled about, obviously relaxing.

These men in white were former criminals although their present appearance gave no indication of that fact. They were healthy, clear-eyed, and each was developing an excellent set of muscles. Not one of these men could remember any of his past life. Each could recall opening his eyes in a white room in this strange enclosure in the wilderness. That was all.

Over by the log lodge which was not large enough to shelter a fraction of the men visible within the enclosure, a man was seated before a switchboard and an array of amplifiers. He wore an ordinary telephone headset and was reading a late magazine.

Suddenly, he straightened, gave the amplifier knobs judicious turns, and an intent expression came over his face. He turned to another man who was clad in the **blue** regalia.

"Listening device has picked up the sound of plane motors," he stated. "Sounds like 2 ships."

The other man went to a button ... <pressed> it 3 times ... and 3 great ***donging*** noises came from a gong concealed somewhere.

The results were miraculous. The men in white formed lines in double-quick time and marched for the hill of grayish rock. Doors opened in the apparently solid stone and the files of men streamed through and were lost to sight.

Within a very few minutes, no one was left in sight in the whole fenced-in area.

The man at the listening post continued to wait. It was not often that airplanes passed over this remote region. But when they did, the patients at the strange "**College**" were whisked from view. Due to the contour of the surrounding country, it was only from an airplane that the white-clad patients could be seen.

The planes appeared. Two of them. The man at the listening post recognized Doc's big tri-motored craft. But the other ship was a stranger. The man went outside and *semaphored* a question with his arms.

His answer was a stream of machine-gun bullets which sent him racing wildly for shelter!

Possibly Boke considered the strange institution below one conceived only as a retreat where men's souls were remade and their lives altered and as such a place without armament. He must not have

known that in planning the place, Doc Savage had foreseen the possible contingency of a gang of criminals trying to rescue one of their number from an unwelcome life of honesty.

There were many reasons why gangsters would want members of their tribe out of the place. So as Boke suddenly discovered, a thorough defense mechanism had been installed! But this was the first time it had ever been used.

At numerous points, what looked like ordinary stretches of damp woodland loam slid back, uncovering neatly whitewashed concrete gun pits. The weapons these housed were not large. Nor were they toys, either. The gun muzzles lifted and began to follow the planes. This was uncanny because there was no hand guiding the weapons in the pits.

Aiming was done by a blue-clad man at a concealed station. He simply sighted at one of the planes through a telescope which was attached to slides and cogs. And when he had crossed hairs on the craft, he <pressed> a lever.

The guns began firing. The man in the remote fire-control station turned a lever and the white puffs of bursting shells -- they opened too high at first -- crawled down toward the plane, not aiming at it but ahead.

The aircraft -- pummeled and rent by the metallic storm -- banked away. But something had gone wrong with its power plant and it labored along.

The pilot tried to climb and discovered his control wires were damaged. He barely made it over the hill and into a feathery clump of evergreens where he stalled away what speed he had and consigned himself to whatever "Goddess of Luck" that looks out for airmen, good-or-bad. And the Goddess came through this time.

The plane lost its wings, undercarriage part of the empennage. The cabin went flat; small boughs pierced it. *The noise was heard for 2 miles.*

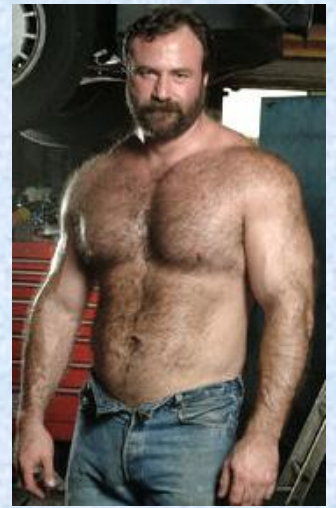
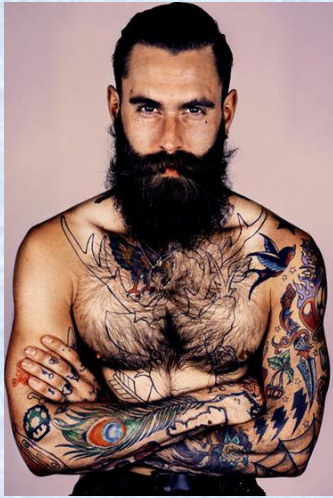
The pilot crawled out, picking glass parts of the instrument panel from his features ... looked around ... and heaved a great sigh. Men were getting out of the wreckage. Some were more banged up than others. But it was evident they were all going to be able to walk away from it.

Overhead, the other plane circled. Boke was riding in that one.

And it was evident that unexpected discovery that the "College" was a 'hornet's nest' had temporarily discouraged him.

XX

Coming up next ...



*... Pat Savage will have many "**Husbands**"!*

XVII -- Hardboiled's Mistake

Doc Savage did not hear the roar as the plane crashed.

But he did see the white fruit of bursting anti-aircraft shells which preceded the crack-up. And he caught the distant *pungs* as the shells exploded although it was very faint.

The **Bronze Man** lay on the banks of the roaring stream. But not at the point where bullets had been rained from the planes. He was downstream.

There was a bullet hole through his Herculean torso. The slug, fortunately, had come from a rifle. And it had left a clean trail, entering his back at one side of the neck and angling down, doing something agonizing to a few bones and coming out in the thick, magnificently developed *pectoralis* major muscle on the right side.

The **Bronze Man** carefully thrust his right hand inside his shirt, then got erect. He was clad only in shirt and underclothing.

He went up the stream and came to the spot where the planes had fired upon him. He examined the 'thing' they had fired upon, thinking it was his body -- a bundle composed of twigs and leaves and a few sticks for stiffening purposes thrust into his clothing. He had left it there under cover of the **smoke**. And as the wind swept the **smoke** toward the stream, he had moved along with it and entered the **cold** water. *The swim which followed was something he wished to forget.*

Looking over the clothing, he found the coat so ripped as to be useless. The shoes as well had been torn badly by the bullets. But the trousers under the coating of mud were at least wearable. He donned them.

Then he headed for the "**College**".

The **Bronze Man** did not go as the crow flies for only a crow or other aerial traveler could go that way. This country was not wilderness for no reason at all. It was because it was almost impenetrable. The hills were sharp, multitudinous; and briars, thorny bushes, and low brush made a mat which would vie with a tropical jungle.

The most simple route was to head south to the road, then follow that westward to the Institution. Accordingly, Doc Savage turned south.

He reached the road. It was not graded except where it of necessity had to be leveled off a bit. The bridges were of logs, and the whole affair smacked of the pioneer days. But its whole length was passable by truck and served to bring in heavy supplies which could not be carried handily by plane.

The woods still dripped. The breeze was making some noise and the running streams kept up a wet orchestration.

That possibly accounted for what happened next. Ordinarily, the **Bronze Man** was not taken unawares.

Ahead of him, a man stepped into the road. The fellow wore the uniform of a New York City policeman. He held a riot gun.

"We want to talk to you!" he advised loudly.

Doc had stopped ... and now he swung around slowly. More uniformed men had appeared on either side and at the rear. They numbered 6 ... and a leader.

The leader was Inspector Clarence "Hardboiled" Humbolt. He alone was not in uniform. He wore enormous overshoes and sheepskin pacs instead of his tennis shoes. But he still hobbled along as if his feet were raw stubs. Despite the feet, he looked as happy as a dog which had just caught a rabbit.

"We were afraid there wouldn't be a landing place up here for a plane," he rumbled. "So we left our ship at the last town and came on by car."

Doc Savage asked without emotion: "Have you any authority in this part of the State?"

Hardboiled shook the leather sap down out of his sleeve and swatted the palm of a corded hand with it!

"This is authority enough," he advised. "But I had the Governor issue myself and my men special commissions before we left the big town."

Doc Savage shrugged.

"Your man Basenstein seems to have balled things up," he said.

Hardboiled jumped as if someone had stepped on his tender feet! He peered owlishly at the **Bronze Man**.

"What's that?" he growled.

"Those notes Basenstein wrote you," Doc said. "They must have resulted in Boke and his gang following us up here."

Hardboiled swatted his palm with the sap, scowled, expectorated, and shifted from one foot to another! His features became dark with disgust.

"So I didn't fool you with Basenstein," he muttered.

"No," Doc told him. "But you might have if I had not overheard you talking near Sidney Lorrey's barge laboratory. Basenstein told a good story. Just how much of it was the truth?"

"Most of it," Hardboiled grumbled reluctantly. "Sidney Lorrey did come to him to be treated. And he did talk a lot of stuff about the **Crime Annihilist**. He was either trying to say he was the **Crime Annihilist** himself. Or -- as I've been thinking later -- he might have known who the **Crime Annihilist** was. Basenstein used to be a police medical examiner. He called me. I decided to put him on your trail."

"So I thought," Doc said dryly.

Hardboiled glared.

"Why'd you let 'im hang around if you knew who he was?"

"He was," Doc said, "an excellent alibi."

Hardboiled swore!

"Where's Basenstein?"

A policeman a short distance down the road yelled: "**Hey! Look out, fellows!**"

There was a *shot*. Doc and the others whirled.

They were just in time to see the policeman running backward madly and waving his arms. The officer's heel hooked a bush and he went down so heavily that his heels flew up, then smacked back again. He coughed and a **red** spray went into the air.

From the dark woods a voice called: "*Be good, coppers!*"

Then other voices shouted from the sides. And it was evident that they were surrounded.

Hardboiled snarled and reached for his hip. Grasping his arm, Doc Savage said: "You'll get your men killed!"

Two of the policemen dropped flat in the road and for a moment, it seemed there would be a fight.

Then the attackers circled and came out in the roads, their ready submachine guns discouraging the policemen.

"I know some of these mugs," Hardboiled gritted. "They're tough lads!"

The gunmen advanced. The officers were disarmed. Then a slender man with a seamy face who appeared to be in charge relaxed and said: "Won't this tickle Boke!"

Doc Savage asked: "Will you tell me something?"

"No," said the man.

"What brought you up here?" Doc asked.

The man laughed. "Just about every time that Basenstein sent Hardboiled here a message, we either got it or got a look at it. Basenstein used the plane radio to tell Hardboiled where he had landed with you fellows, and we picked up the message."

Hardboiled looked very disgusted and tried to stand so as to ease his feet.

The man with the wizened face yelled! More gangsters came out of the woods dragging 2 prisoners. The pig Habeas was with them.

Pat Savage was one of the captives. Renny Renwick was the other.

"We thought these might come in handy," smirked the gang lieutenant. "Come on! We'll go see how Boke is making out."

Boke -- it was evident -- was not making out in a manner satisfactory to himself. They could hear him swearing before they caught sight of him.

"Tsk, tsk," Pat said. "That lad is no gentleman."

2-or-3 of Boke's men eyed Pat admiringly. They appreciated her nerve. Hardboiled scowled at her and reminded: "Don't you realize they're liable to kill all of us?"

Pat studied him as if trying to ascertain what made his **temper** bad, then decided aloud: "It must be your feet."

XX

Boke's men who were impressed by Pat's nerve now seemed more conscious of her **beauty**.

Long-legged and slender, large breasts with a tiny 22-inch waist, firm buttocks and pouty **lips**, their gazes transformed from admiration to mounting **lust!**



Abruptly, they charged at her as a group. The three lifted her and carried her into an adjoining room.

"You touch her and I'll kill each of you!" Renny warned.

"Oh, we're gonna '**touch**' her alright. You can take that to the bank!" promised one of them.



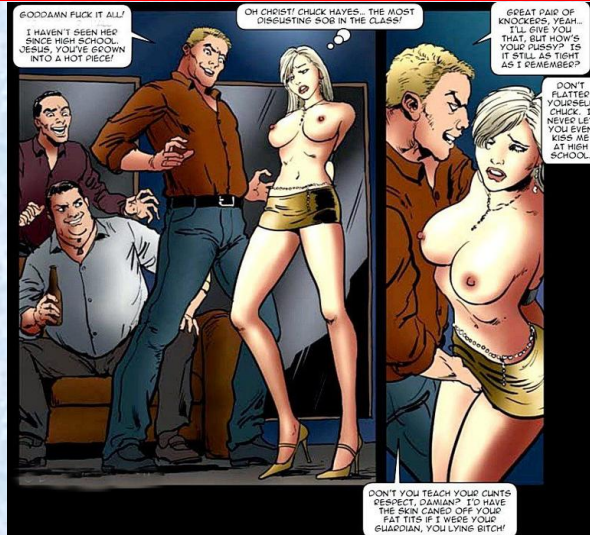
The room was heavily paneled and because of that was fairly soundproof. Renny couldn't hear Pat's oaths and protests as they began manhandling her.



Her well-toned body might have been a match for any one of them ...

But not **ALL of them**! She was pretty helpless as *her clothes were being torn* from her tall body.





*You'll gonna Suck
all our Dicks !*



Someone kicked her behind her legs. She fell to the floor on her knees. Her arms were held behind her as one of them grasped her punkish **bronze** hair and yanked her face to press against his **bulging** crotch.

“Now you **suck**, **Bitch**! We’re tired of fooling around with you. Suck it like your life depends on it. Because it does!”



He <slapped> her twice then, once in one direction and once in the other. He grinned down at her evilly as he unzipped his pants. A surprisingly somewhat small penis came out.

Pat must have lost her head because she said: “Not much to suck, is there?”



“Don’t worry, **Whore**. Just wait until you see **all** that comes out of it. Now get to work, you cock-loving **Slut!**”



Pat was able to emit a muffled “*Uuumppphhh!*” as the vile organ thrust inside her mouth. She could feel it hitting against the back of her mouth. Her lips were pressed

against his sweaty crotch transferring her trademark **lipstick** to his prickly pubic hairs. He grabbed handfuls of her hair and used it to force her mouth back-and-forth over his foul **organ**.



“Yyyaaahhhh!!!” he cried as the first gobs of **semen** shot into her unsuspecting mouth. And he wasn’t bragging earlier. His smallish organ continued to pump **spurt-after-spurt** into her gagging mouth causing her to weep as she tried to breathe. When he pulled out, overflowing sperm was running out stained **pinkish** by her lipstick.



He leaned down as if to kiss her ...

... but he stopped short and instead gave her a brutal <slap> across the face! It brought tears to her eyes.



“I’ve had schoolgirls give me better blowjobs than that, **Whore!**”

The other two then forced her down on her backside. Pat was still resisting as they wrestled with her. Strong hands molested her **34-D breasts** as another pair was exploring her **vaginal** and **rectal** orifices. They were quite unsympathetic to her *shrieks* of embarrassment and pain.



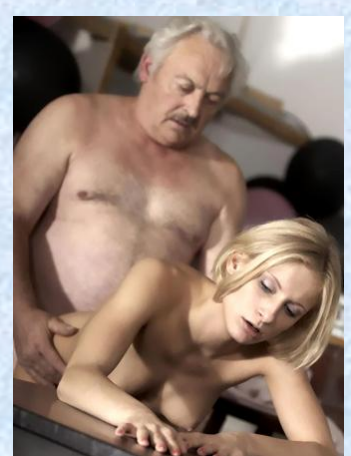
Suddenly they turned her over on her flat tummy. Her perfect round **buttocks** raised up. They were both quite naked now.

One layed down on top of her backside, his long thin organ searching for her **anus**.

He was having difficulty. Pat's **rectal** opening was small and tight.



“Ooowwwwww!!!!” she screamed.



It obviously was not tight enough. For with a *savage* effort he speared it with the full length of his rock-hard **penis**. It felt to her like it had gone all the way into her stomach!



He reached under her to grab her breasts so he could “ride” her like he was a cowboy or something. Her prissy **5" high-heels** were thrashing in the air in vain as he continued to vigorously pump in-and-out of her well-muscled butt.





He was still planted deep inside her when he abruptly turned her over. Another man was waiting for his “turn”. He spread her thigh-high stockings wide and fell down on top of her.

She was still writhing in pain from her anal invasion when he *plunged* his organ (it was the biggest and thickest of all) into her vagina.



“You bastards!!!!” she screamed as it seemed to travel the entire length of her womb in a single second.



For the next half-hour, both of them were *furiously* pumping in-and-out her. Initially feisty and possessing some strength to fight back, she was weakened and exhausted to the point where she was more like a living **Barbie doll** to be used for their pleasure.





Finally (thank the stars!) they were ready to climax. Somehow they managed to do it at the same time as if they had experience with this sort of thing before.

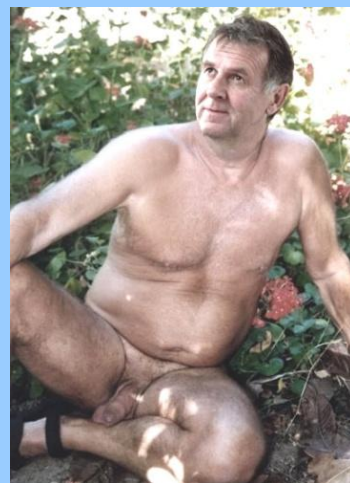
Loads of vile baby-making *semen* were *splish-splashing* inside her butt and cunt doing whatever evil they could. She could only groan and moan as the men “Ooohhh-ed!” and “Aaahh-ed!”





It didn't hurt when they pulled out of it. Their **penises** were quite deflated by now having done their job. They stood over her waving their organs of various of sizes.

In a Parallel Universe ...

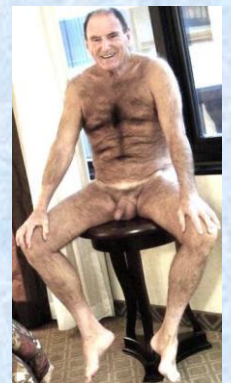


When she asked for some water and a cloth to clean her insides out (she was thinking about her womb being **impregnated**), they laughed.

Somebody took a rod of some type and put a piece of electrical tape over the open end.

Then he sneeringly **shoved** it up into Pat's cunt as far as it would go. Then he used more tape around the bottom to her waist to hold it in place.

She was made to sit there looking like quite the spent and used **whore**!







[who is the Daddy ?]

But Pat Savage would recover from her sexual abuse. She had an unexplainable remarkable ability to somehow heal herself. Maybe it was the Savage bloodline. It would only be a matter of weeks for her stretched-out vagina and rectum to return to their original firmness. She would be virgin-tight again! But could she escape future rapes and gang-bangs????

Boke came striding up and yelled: "Shut up! What is going on here? I thought this **Bronze Man** was dead!"

Someone told him about the capture.

"Excellent," shouted Boke. "We will take them all, rope them together, and use them as a shield while we rush that gate."

Complying with that order, Monk and Ham were marched up and placed with Pat, Renny, Doc, and the policemen. Shortly afterward, Basenstein arrived under escort and was confined to the collection.

"A fine spy you turned out to be!" Hardboiled told him sarcastically.

"Well that's gratitude!" Basenstein snorted. "I hope you get bunions on your hands as well as on your feet!"

Hardboiled grinned in a way that showed he hadn't meant his criticism.

Boke confronted Doc Savage and announced: "You can save a lot of trouble by giving me the ingredients of the chemical which upsets this so-called 'crime gland'. That's what I want."

The **Bronze Man** made no answer and seemed not to hear.

"Damn it!" Boke yelled. "Answer me!"

Doc Savage looked straight over Boke's head, saying nothing. From where he stood, he could see up the hill on which stood the cabin that was outside the fenced enclosure of the criminal "**College**". Perhaps a mile from the gate although only about half-a-mile from where Doc now stood. The cabin looked very forlorn and deserted.

"Answer me!" Boke screeched.

Doc Savage said sharply: "You know your answer. What are you going to do about it?"

"Plenty!" Boke rapped and turned away.

Some 70 yards distant, an evergreen shrub stirred slightly.

A bit later, a stick broke. And after that, a bird flew up noisily from the side of the hill and sailed off in the direction of the cabin which stood alone.

Speaking so that only Doc heard, Monk asked: "Say! Ain't there somebody skulking over there?"

"Yes," Doc said.

"Did you see who it was?" Monk demanded.

The **Bronze Man** shook a negative.

"Must be one of his gang," Monk hazarded.

"On the contrary," Doc said, "**it is probably the Crime Annihilist.**"

Monk looked as if he were about to be upset. He scratched his jaw as best he could with his bound hands.

"Blazes!" he muttered. "You really think the guy is up here in person?"

"There is," Doc said, "not the slightest doubt of it."

Renny -- who had shuffled over to hear the last -- peered around cautiously, then eyed his big **fists** which were purple from the tightness of the cords which confined them.

"How do you figure he's here, Doc?" he asked.

"The **Crime Annihilist** stopped working shortly after our plane appeared," said the **Bronze Man**. "It is logical to suppose that he saw our plane, feared we could trace him down, and shut off his device."

Monk grunted: "So that's why the thing quit working!"

Up on the hill, another bird flushed up. This one was more distant, nearer the cabin.

"Whoever was hangin' around here is makin' for that cabin," Monk said abruptly.

Over toward the gate that led into the enclosure which held the fantastic "**College**", they could hear Boke yelling. He did not seem particularly anxious for a pitched battle, not knowing just what armament the fenced area held. He was demanding that the secret of the criminal-making drug be given to him or he would start killing his prisoners.

"Is there such a drug, Doc?" Ham asked.

The **Bronze Man** nodded.

"There is. The concoction was discovered in the course of experiments to learn how this so-called 'crime gland' could best be caused to function normally."

Their captors had tied all of them by now, securing their wrists but leaving their ankles free. An ominous prediction of what was to come if worse turned-to-worst. Cotton rope had been used. The strands were thin and stout.

Most of the men departed to a spot from which the gate could be seen, anxious to learn how Boke's negotiations would turn out. Only 4 remained close to Doc Savage and the other prisoners. But they held submachine guns with the safeties latched off.

Doc Savage leaned against a tree as if weary and worked an arm against the coarse bark. Unnoticed, a button came off his sleeve and fell to the ground. A moment later, he sat down as if his strength had given out. His fingers picked up the button.

It was white as if constructed of ordinary pearl. But close examination would have shown that it was of metal. And the edge instead of being merely rounded was disked to a **razor sharpness**. A thin metal band protected this edge and was easily broken off with the fingernails, leaving the razor edge exposed.

2-or-3 judicious slices cut almost through Doc's wrist bonds.

He caught Monk's eye and flipped the button.

Monk picked it up when the guards were not looking ... kept a sober face as he discovered its purpose ... used it and passed it on to Renny.

Renny gave it to Pat. And Pat passed it to Ham.

Down by the gate, those inside the high fence had refused to have anything to do with Boke's demands.

Pretending to writhe as though the pain from his shoulder were unbearable, Doc dug his hands down into the ground and closed them over a stone which had been almost hidden in the mud.

"All right!" he said suddenly and flung the stone.

Simultaneously, Monk, Ham, Renny, and Pat came to their feet.

The flung rock took a machine gunner by surprise and dropped him trembling in his tracks. Amazed, the other 3 gunmen *squawled* out an alarm and tried to get their weapons into play.

Reaching one, Monk swung a fist as if he were driving a nail ... *and the man went down!*

Two of the others got their rapidfirers *chattering* but had no time to aim before Ham and Renny were upon them. Renny clubbed his man down with slamming blows. Ham had a little trouble until Pat running around behind rabbit-punched the gangster. Ham finished him off with an uppercut. The pig Habeas began *squealing*.

"Get their guns!" Doc rapped. "And retreat up the hill!"

Monk yelled: "Listen! there ain't nothing but that cabin at the top of the hill! No place to hole up! Why not try to get over the fence?"

"Up the hill!" Doc repeated and began untying Hardboiled Humbolt and the other policemen.

Hardboiled bellowed: "Ain't you gonna fight them mugs?"

Doc said: "Get up that hill! Make for the cabin!"

"Why not fight 'em?" Hardboiled howled.

"Because some of them might be killed!" Doc rapped. *"Get a move on!"*

The fugitives were stringing out up the hill. A few bullets were snapping through the timber in pursuit. Due to the thickness of the woods, the slugs were poorly aimed.

Hopping along painfully with a disgruntled look, Hardboiled drew up beside Renny and demanded: "'What's eatin' that **bronze** guy? Why don't he fight them birds? We could knock off about half of 'em with them Tommy guns!"

"Matter of principle," Renny rumbled. "Doc never kills anybody."

"Hell!" said Hardboiled. "Killin' is too good for Boke and that crowd!"

"Shut up and run!" Renny advised. "I don't know why Doc is makin' for that cabin. But he has some reason."

The **Bronze Man** was not leading the retreat but bringing up the rear. From time-to-time, he discharged a burst from one of the captured submachine guns. But he shot high on purpose to discourage the rapidity of pursuit.

It became evident that they were going to reach the cabin before they were overhauled. Monk was carrying his pet pig.

Reaching the cabin finally, Harboiled ran around it and looked down the slope beyond.

"Hell's bells!" he roared. "We're stuck!"

The hill sloped gently. There was little underbrush which would furnish shelter. And the tree trunks themselves were thin, none being greater than 6 inches in diameter.

Doc Savage paid no attention. He was studying the wet ground before the cabin. It bore fresh tracks. Some of the prints were so recent that they were still filling with water.

And they had been made by the same pair of feet judging from their likeness in size.

The **Bronze Man** mounted to a creaking porch and shoved inside. The room was large, roughly furnished. The principal fixture was a large bench strewn with wires, bits of metal, and vacuum tubes of diverse design.

Across the room was a closed door. A voice came from behind it.

"Get away from me!" it shrilled.

Diving into the cabin behind Doc, Monk let his jaw sag down, then snapped it up to demand wonderingly: "Who in blazes is in that room?"

"The **Crime Annihilist**, I believe," Doc said.

"Well, well ..." Monk grunted and dived across the room! He hit the door with his shoulder and his homely face showed that he fully expected it to collapse.

But he was too optimistic. The stout wooden panel held.

"Get away!" shrieked the voice from the other side of the door.

Then a roar of **gunfire** and a *snapping* and *crashing* of bullets drowned out the shrieks. Nearly all of the glass fell out of the room's one window. It *jingled* not unmusically on the floor.

Ham, Pat, Harboiled, and all the policemen were inside.

"Get down," Doc directed. "These logs will turn away lead."

Seeming unaware of the danger outside, Monk jabbed a thumb at the inner room into which they had not yet had time to smash their way.

"How'd you know the **Crime Annihilist** was here?" he demanded.

"Direction finding apparatus," Doc said. "I used it from New York City."

"You mean ... "

"... that **this Crime Annihilist's weapon is merely a machine emitting emanations similar to ultra-short radio waves,**" Doc said. "These emanations have an *irritating* effect on the so-called 'crime gland', causing a sort of local poisoning which induces mental spasms and a peculiar muscular reaction which results in the protruding of the eyes."

"You'll have to make it clearer than that for me to get it," Monk grunted.

"I used a sensitive directional-finder of an ordinary radio type in the New York **Laboratory**," Doc went on. "It pointed to this vicinity."

Monk exploded: "Now listen, Doc! That's a bit thick. No directional device would point to this cabin."

"It pointed in this direction," Doc corrected. "The rest was guesswork. This cabin was the logical spot."

Monk began "I don't see ..." then fell silent.

He wet his lips, flattened a little lower as a bullet ricocheted down from the ceiling.

"Blazes!" he exploded. "This cabin was built ..."

Hardboiled Humbolt interrupted, bawling: "Hey! Lookit! ... ***Lookit!***"

And the shooting stopped as if it had only been some recorded sound effect which had been switched off.

Silence did not fall. Rather, the shooting stopped and a ***banshee caterwauling of shouts*** took its place.

The shouts became **screams** ...

... and these turned to awful shrieks!

They were all conscious of a ***metallic drone*** which had started up and seemed to be coming from the adjacent room.

Pat ran to the window, broken glass crunching under her feet. She looked out only briefly ... then withdrew, hands lifting in a subconscious gesture of horror. Her face looked drained, drawn.

"The Crime Annihilist!" she said thickly. **"They're dying outside! The thing seems to be stronger than ever before."**

Doc Savage got erect and flung himself against the door of the room from which the *drone* came. But the panel rebuffed him as it had Monk.

He hit it again using his unwounded shoulder! He picked up a chair and battered it! The sound this produced told him why the door was so solid.

"Metal-lined," he said. "Probably a storeroom."

The **Bronze Man** ran to the workbench, dumped its litter, and tore at one of the great thick planks which composed its top.

"Give us a hand!" he rapped. "We've got to get into this inside room to save those men out there."

*Monk -- who was usually prompt in carrying out the **Bronze Man**'s suggestions -- for once seemed not to hear. At times in the past, Monk had been suspected of possessing bloodthirsty inclinations.*

He looked through the window ... grimaced ... but did not turn away.

The sight was not a pleasant one to watch. Boke's men had worked quite close to the cabin when the affliction seized them. From the window, Monk had a box seat for the pageant of *fantastic Death*.

The homely chemist located Janko Sultman. He had already succumbed and was a contorted shape beneath a tree. A strange thing had happened to his frizzled hair as Death overtook him. The hair was no longer upstanding but layed down as if it, too, had been devoid of Life.

Monk discovered Boke. The Mastermind had been well behind, out of danger of bullets -- a position masterminds not infrequently occupy. But it had not preserved him from the vengeance of the **Crime Annihilist**!

Boke was stumbling about, *shrieking*, beating at his own face. He tore off the muffler which had masked his features ... then felt to the ground ... stretched himself out ...

... and did not move again.

Monk craned his neck to get a closer look at Boke's face.

Monk snorted! It was not a face of a Leader. It had *fragile* features and a rose petal skin. No hardboiled crook would look upon such a face and feel like calling its owner his master. It was no mystery why Boke had kept his face covered.

For Boke was the feminine-mannered Lizzie! Probably Janko Sultman had never known that.

It explained how Sultman had been discovered in his double-crossing for Lizzie had ostensibly been one of Sultman's gang.

Several men clutched the long plank which Doc had ripped from the workbench. They drew back, leveled it, and ran for the door in a living ram.

The panel gave, groaned.

A second smash caused it to give slightly more. With a **Roar**, it went in on the third try.

Doc Savage pitched across the threshold. The room beyond was dark for there were no windows. But there was a furtive movement in a corner. The **Bronze Man** squinted through the murk.

"*Get back!*" he rapped suddenly. Then he lunged forward!

In a remote corner, a figure was huddled over a mound of objects on the floor. The figure straightened -- gibbering *shrilly* -- as the **Bronze Man** approached.

Doc swooped upon the objects over which the figure had been crouched.

There was **dynamite** -- nearly a cage of it -- with a battery and wires attached.

There was also a small phonograph, one of the type newly placed on the market which can be plugged into a light circuit and by using a microphone attachment employed to make records which can then be played back numerous times.

Doc hastily disconnected the wires from the explosive while the occupant of the room *squeaked* meaninglessly at him from across the chamber.

Monk came lumbering in, Renny on big heels. They looked at the pitiful figure which was the **Crime Annihilist**.

"*Holy cow!*" Renny boomed.

And Monk -- pointing at the explosive and the phonograph -- said: "That's how he **faked** his death on the barge. Got away before we ever came and left a rifle attached to the door so that it would go off when the door was jarred. Then he had the phonograph yell out in his voice. And then the explosion. He was fixing to do the same thing here."

Monk shook his head slowly, then resumed: "But why?"

Ham -- who had come in -- said caustically: "You ape! If you had been through what he has, you would do weird things too."

Then they looked at the **Crime Annihilist**, at his racked body -- a frame mutilated by torture, swathed in bandages -- and it was not difficult to understand why he had set out to rid the World of criminals.

"They killed my brother!" mumbled the **Crime Annihilist**. "Damn them! ... They ... *they* ... *I'll get them all!*"

The Crime Annihilist was Sidney Lorrey!

XX

While all this was going on, the prisoners had been isolated in separate rooms. And in one of those rooms, the men were still having their way with the beautiful Pat Savage. Some even had their **teenage sons** having their first sex with a woman ...



"YOU'RE GONNA BE FUCKED!"



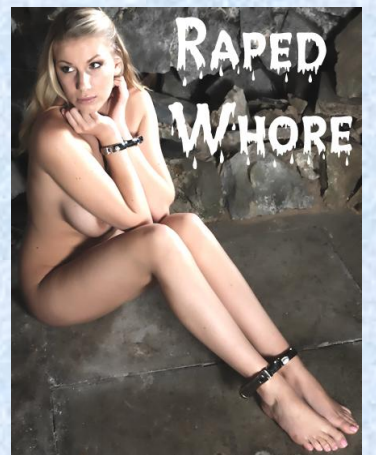






She was horrified at the thought of possibly getting *impregnated* with the brat of another young brat ...







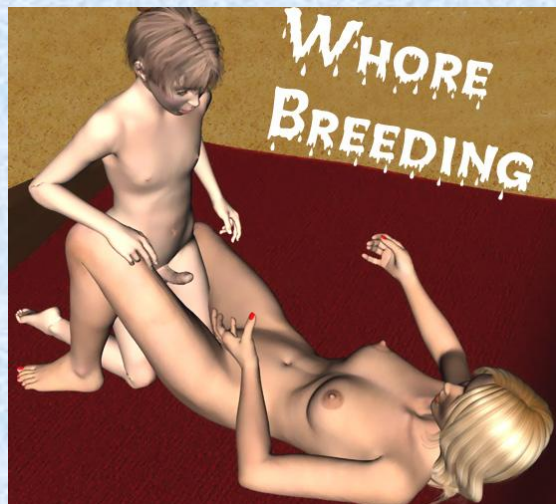
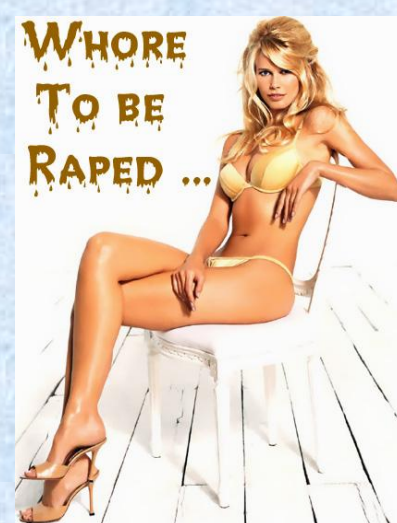
One old man yelled: "Where's my young **fucker-boy**? Get in here, son! You've got some **rapin'** to do!"

Pat's hateful eyes met his leering glare. She mentally damned him as she watched some college freshman enter the room. The skinny bastard already had an **erection!**

"Where's my **bitch**, Dad?" he asked.

The man pointed at the beautiful Pat.

"She's quite the **whore**, Son. I'm sure you will have fun with her."



"AAAhhhhhh!" the boy groaned as Pat shuddered.

The man beamed with fatherly pride. "That's gonna be my grandbaby in there!"



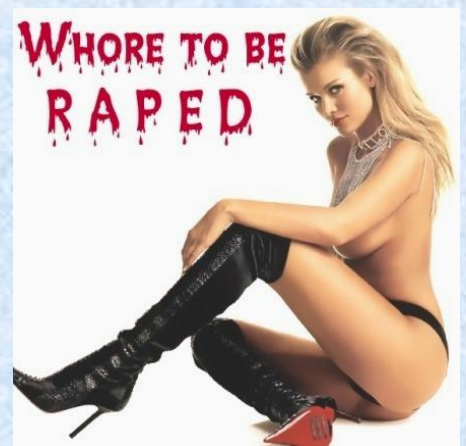


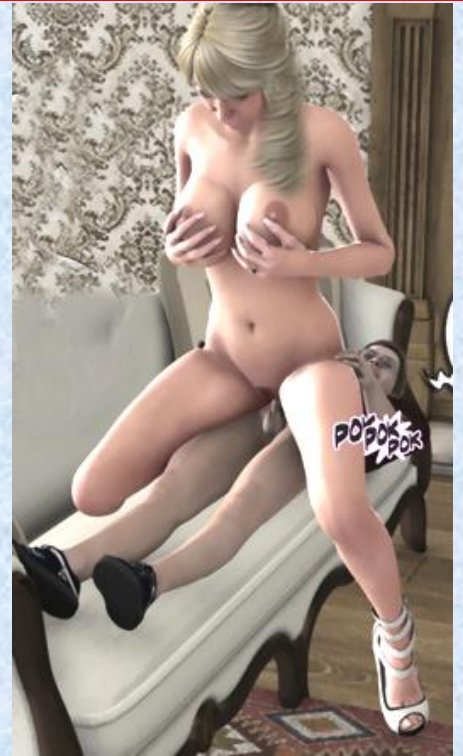
Some other men had been watching the "show". They yelled for more teenagers. The latter eagerly came scampering into the prison room with already stiff little **penises**.



But they might have been too little to cause Pat discomfort, the fathers realized. But they had a devious backup plan for that. They gave each young pervert a **huge strap-on dildo**. Pat's eyes widened in *horror* at the sight of those! It would be like being raped by a large man!



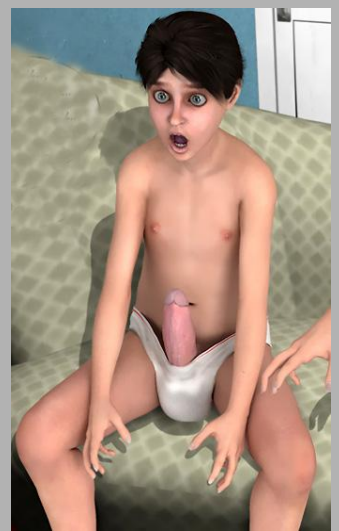




All Pat could do was **groan** and *moan* as the boys pumped their *semen* into her body.

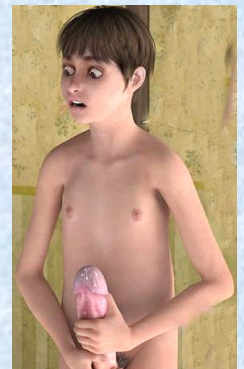


In a Parallel Universe ...



The men instructed the teenagers to remove the strap-on cocks as soon as they felt themselves ready to cum. Pat silently cussed out each little prick-bastard as she felt his *impregnating* jizz erupt up inside her fertile womb.

But the men radiated fatherly pride over their **young rapists**.







RAPED AND IMPREGNATED



[Impregnated Whore]

XVIII -- Monk Takes His Day

The opposite wall of the room was spanned its full length by a table. And on this was arrayed a tremendous quantity of electrical apparatus. Under the table, a motor-generator set made a *metallic drone*.

"The thing that produced the *pop-eyed death*," Ham murmured and eyed the array.

Doc Savage nodded.

"Sidney Lorrey was/is a scientist and surgeon interested in mental therapy as influenced by various infra-rays and light beams," the **Bronze Man** said. "I recall Robert Lorrey saying that Sidney was trying to perfect a treatment for the so-called 'crime gland' which would not require the use of drugs."

*The **Man of Bronze** indicated the intricate array of electrical apparatus.*

"Possibly Sidney Lorrey did not realize at first that his apparatus was killing criminals. It must have been set up in his barge laboratory and operating continuously on some piece of experimental tissue. Then when Sidney saw the men die from its effects, he realized what it was."

"And realized what a **weapon** against crime he had," Ham added.

Monk pointed at Sidney Lorrey.

"What about him?"

Doc Savage went over to Sidney Lorrey. The latter recoiled at first. But under the **Bronze Man's** soothing words, he submitted to an examination.

"Temporarily disarranged mentally by pain," Doc said. "He will be entirely normal after a short period of treatment and a rest."

Monk muttered slowly: "I'm glad of that."

Hardboiled Humbolt was moving about as if he had something on his mind but was uncertain what to do about it.

He caught Doc Savage's eye and beckoned. They went out on the porch.

Hardboiled waved an arm in the direction of the area of woodland enclosed by the high fence.

"What's over there?" he demanded. "You've got somethin' up here. Somethin' BIG! I ain't quite been able to figure out what it is."

Doc Savage studied the big rough-mannered cop for some moments.

"That -- to put it plainly -- was a lie," he said dryly. "From Boke's talk, you secured a very good idea of what is inside that fence."

Hardboiled shook his head. "I didn't hear a thing."

Doc Savage extended a hand.

"Thanks. If news of that place got out, it would mean all kinds of trouble."

"I got a few special 'friends'." Hardboiled jerked his hand at the criminal-curing institution again. "Would you put 'em in there? When I catch 'em? Just as a favor."

The **Bronze Man** rarely smiled. *But he did so now.*

"With pleasure!" he agreed.

Hardboiled asked: "What are you gonna do about that *thing* inside> That mess of electrical business?"

"Destroy it," Doc said.

"Why?" Hardboiled looked pained. "Think of what it'd do to the crooks!"

Doc Savage asked: "'When a man has the smallpox, do you kill him?'"

"Hell no!" Hardboiled snorted. "You doctor him up."

"Exactly!" Doc Savage said. "And that explains why I am going to destroy the device inside."

The **Bronze Man** picked up a fragment of the chair with which he had first tried to batter down the door and entered the inner room. He ran his eyes over the assembled apparatus of the **Crime Annihilist** until he had the circuit fixed in his memory.

It might become useful sometime in the future.

He shut off the motor-generator, then went to work with the piece of chair, smashing tubes and tearing apart intricate bundles of wires. The vacuum tubes broke with loud *explosions*, showering glass about. Delicate insulating sheets crunched, and condensers torn apart spilled layers of foil and waxed paper.

Doc did the job of destruction carefully, expending fully 5 minutes in the task. And when he was done and had stepped back, Monk thrust his homely features into the room. He pointed at the apparatus ... or what was left of it.

"Is that jigger out-of-whack?" he demanded.

"It is," Doc told him.

Monk licked his lips. A look of unholy anticipation came over his features and he retreated from the door.

"So the machine doesn't work anymore, does it?" he thought to himself.

It could not have been more than 30 seconds later when a terrific *scream* ripped out! It was followed by growls, minor howls, and the thump-and-bang of a terrific fight.

Ham -- his coat and most of his shirt missing, the rest of his person looking as if it had been through a tornado -- dashed madly around a cabin corner!

Monk popped out in pursuit, still gripping parts of Ham's missing clothing.

"Help!" Ham yelled. ***"Turn that blasted machine on!"***

"What they're gonna have to turn 'on' for you," Monk puffed grimly, *"is slow music!"*

XX



(<http://www.hotlegsinlove.com/AnnaXXX.htm>)



The next episode in **“The Perils of Patricia Savage”** is
PS024XXX.pdf ("Red Snow")

[http://www.hotlegsinlove.com/PSXXX/PS024XXX_Red_Snow.zip]

(the previous adventure was **PS020XXX_Death_In_Silver.pdf**)

The images here plus video GIFs are stored online at <http://www.hotlegsinlove.com/PSXXX.htm>

Mega Porn Sites (from which the images above were taken):

<http://luxbabes.com> ; <http://www.tiava.com> , <http://www.extremeapril.com>

Rebecca's HAP (Housewives At Play) - <http://www.rebeccahap.com>

Role-Playing Costumes – Forplaycatalog.com LoversLane.com

T-Girl/Tranny Call-Girls at <http://www.hotlegsinlove.com/AnnaXXX.htm>, <http://barbie-boy.com> ,
<http://www.cute-shemales.com> , <http://www.trannyhardpics.com>,

Fantasy "Forced-Sex" sites at <http://www.forcefantasies.com> , <http://www.dofantasy.com> ,
<https://www.8muses.com/> , <http://www.superheroinecentral.com/~wizard/> ,
<http://www.savageartwork.com> , <http://www.boundandgagged.net/>

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To contribute ideas for future stories (or possibly even participate in role-playing), email ...



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