

DEEP

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1

RA-BUSTER
MPLE ANNIE
HANDSOME
ANDFUL
ER POINTS

AN EROS GOLDSTEIN
PUBLICATION

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FOR THE ADULT READER / SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

D-CUP

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1

WINTER 1973-'74



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BRA-BUSTER





Juanita is undergoing a very serious spiritual crisis. The root of her problem is the immensity of her bosom -- yesterday they threw her out of the store for breaking five bras.



Unable to deal with her problem through conventional means, Juanita has opted for the braless look, and discovered a new sense of freedom as her massive jugs are now free to sway, bobble, and bounce in natural, sensual rhythms.









"Free at last, O Lord!", Juanita exclaims in the privacy of her love nest, a smile beaming across her liberated face for the first time in God knows how long. The rest of the day will be spent pampering the pounds that hang from her chest.





A PRICELESS PIECE

I awoke suddenly, drenched with sweat. The swaying of the train had brought me around, and I sat up and glanced out the window to see what was going on.

We were on a high, narrow bridge crossing a river somewhere in Northern Mexico. The train had slowed considerably to make the passover and was now subjected to the structure's movement, which was considerable.

I searched the floor by my bed for cigarettes. I had the compartment all to myself, though it was a double sleeper, with both upper and lower berths made up. It was the only way to travel, if one had to travel by train.

The plane would've been better, I thought, except that they tend to keep an eye on air travelers. That wouldn't do at all.

I sat up and turned on the light. It was still early—not later than seven p.m.—and I could see the glow of lights in the sky that indicated a small town somewhere to the west, unnamed, lost in the blackness.

I wanted a drink badly, but this job had to be completed be-

fore a glass touched my lips. I'd botched the last three things I'd handled, and I couldn't afford to blow this one. In my business you're not allowed that many mistakes. Luckily for me, I had a lot of friends and they were giving me another chance.

My hand was shaking as I brought the cigarette to my lips. It tasted harsh, and I knew that I had promised myself to give up smoking, but I was unable to find the handle to do it. My thoughts were jumbled and the desire to have a drink was getting stronger and stronger.

I put the butt in the ashtray built into the edge of the berth and flipped open my valise. I'd packed quickly for this trip because Talmak hadn't given me much notice. That thought brought a smile to my lips. All my life I'd been called upon to travel on short notice, and one would think that I would've gotten used to it by now.

But the older I got, the harder it became to throw a few shirts and other things into a bag and hit the road. That was one reason I burned out as a diplomatic courier—but just one reason. There were others.

The small package, tightly

wrapped in plain brown paper, lay on the top of my clothing. It was worth a fortune, perhaps two or three hundred thousand dollars to the art dealers in New York. But it was illegal to take it out of Mexico. Mexican law was very specific on that point; and if they caught me I was facing a stiff jail term.

It seemed silly to me, but it was their law, not mine. Pre-Columbian art, art objects dated to before the discovery of America (before Columbus) were considered national treasures of Mexico and not allowed to fall into private hands outside the Republic. Naturally, any genuine pre-Columbian piece was worth plenty outside of Mexico because of the law that forbade their export.

And the piece I was carrying was valuable, indeed. It wasn't the usual piece of pottery, or a small figurine whose meaning could only be guessed at. Rather it was a piece of almost revolutionary significance.

I had seen the piece in Talmak's office before he wrapped it up. It was two days ago, and he'd fished me out of the Bar Latino, a small but friendly watering hole just off the Paseo de la Re-

forma in Mexico City. I don't know how he found out I'd been drinking there for the past few years, but he found me, sobered me up, bought me a suit of clothes and told me the story.

It was kind of strange. Talmak and I had served together in Korea, but we weren't that friendly. Still, I wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

I remembered that afternoon very clearly. "Come over here," Talmak said in his deep, gravelly voice. "I want you to see what all the fuss is about."

I walked over to his desk. Outside, Mexico City shimmered in the late evening air. His office was on the twentieth floor of the Torre Latino and I could see all the way to the University in one direction and damn near to Vera Cruz, it seemed, in the other. I ground my cigarette out in his desk ashtray. "What the hell is it?" I asked.

His eyes were bright and clear when he looked at me. "You know what pre-Columbian art is," he said. "You studied anthropology enough to value things like this."

It stood there, in excellent condition for something that old. But pre-Columbian? "What are you talking about?" I demanded to know. The small figure looked pre-Columbian, in some respects, but was overwhelmingly non-pre-Columbian in one major respect. "No fifteenth-century Indian made that," I protested. "It's a spaceman or something—an astronaut."

Talmak grinned. "Exactly, John. A spaceman. An astronaut, if you will. Very good rendition, I think. Absolutely no doubt as to what is represented, is there?"

I shrugged. "None. But what the hell value does a fake piece like that have?"

"Fake? Who said this was fake?"

I was growing impatient. "Look, I don't want to have my time wasted. You've got a figure of an astronaut on your desk.

There were no astronauts before nineteen fifty nine, as I recall. Yet you claim that piece is maybe five or six hundred years old. Talmak, people were still on horseback then and the only things that were flying built nests and laid eggs!"

He chuckled. "That is the popular view, but your years in an alcoholic haze have dimmed your mind. You are unaware of the new studies being conducted in various centers around the world that are attempting to establish that earth was visited in the past by beings from the sky?"

I smiled. "Look. Let's stop playing question and answer. I don't give a damn one way or the other what the thing is. Just tell me how much you'll pay to get the thing across the border."

Talmak didn't like that. He wanted to give me a lesson in something or other, to once again prove his brilliance and my ignorance.

"Well?"

He put the figurine in a small, padded sack, drawing a string tight around its neck. "A grand."

"One thousand? That's not much. Hell, that much high quality dope would mean a lot more."

"I hit home. "John, it's not dope. And there shouldn't be any trouble. Besides, this money's coming out of my own pocket. I don't have a backer on this deal, and a grand's all I can get up right now."

I held up my hand. "OK," I said. "You got me. I need the money. When does it have to be across?"

"Soon as you can do it."

"Yeah, fine. How about a week from today?"

"Good. Any idea of where you'll be crossing?"

"Not right now. Besides, it's better if I keep info like that to myself, right?"

He shrugged. "I guess so."

"I'll call you as soon as I'm

there." I stood there, waiting for him to turn the figurine over to me. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Got second thoughts about turning your toy over to a drunk?"

Talmak grinned and he suddenly looked like he did years ago, brash, ballsy, always putting together a scheme. "Forget it, John. You may be a drunk, but I know you. You'll do everything you can to get this across the border because you've taken the job. You've got an old-fashioned sense of responsibility. Not many men do any more, John. You're better drunk than most are sober."

"Forget it," I said gruffly. He handed the sack over and I hefted it in my hand. "There shouldn't be any trouble," I said. "I'll call you." I glanced at him when I left through the heavy, ornate door. He was standing by the window, his back to me, smoke drifting above his head.

That was two days ago.

The swaying of the train was heavy now and I figured it would last another few minutes until we were off the span and onto solid ground again. I ran some water in the basin and watched it swish around with the movement, rinsed my face and neck, washed my hands and combed my hair. I fished a fresh shirt out of the valise and put it on, grabbed my pants off the floor and slid into them. I was hungry and thirsty and if I didn't get something to eat soon the dining car would close down for the night and I'd be stuck until morning, or else be forced to buy some food from the vendors who haunted the platforms at all the stops the train made.

I felt like a good meal. I checked my wallet and took a final look in the mirror. I passed.

The dining car was three cars

(Continued on page 54)



Working in a club as a topless waitress is a good job for a girl, if she has the natural equipment to keep the men's minds busy so that they chug-a-lug all night long and give hot, big tips.







Yolanda is good at her work because she's hip to the subtle inter-relations between men who like to drink heavily and girls who are top heavy. She combines the two in her specialty act, using an ample boob as a platform to tipple from.







AMPLE ANNIE





Energy crisis? Beef shortage? Gasoline prices? None of these problems mean a thing to a girl like Annie. Annie's like a camel, she's built to feed herself, and you too.





Remember the old song "Annie had a baby?" Well this Annie isn't the one, because she has no use for infants when every man she meets is rendered totally bananas at the sight of her boobs. She likes to have them two at a time, one hanging off each bazooma.





A
HANDSOME
HANDFUL



Juana is preparing herself for another hot night on the town. In order for her to make sure that she's in the proper mood, Juana practices the postures of love and self-stimulation.







Juana has learned that what most men appreciate is a handsome handful, delivered piping hot into their sweaty palms, or their greedy, hungry mouths.



Not wanting to experience any lingering sense of frustration tonight, Juana ends her preparations with a once-over, focusing on her hanging handfuls.









PROUD
PENN AND TONY









Our Ms. Teatz is unaffected by the self-doubts and tribulations that often afflict members of the fair sex. The source of her pride hangs from her chest, in bounteous magnificence her pontoons swing in the breeze, beckoning the admirer to rest awhile.









Being so very well endowed has many advantages, and Ms. Teatz is certainly well aware that she is a lucky girl, indeed, for she never lacks a host of hungry male admirers, each one eager to pummel her twins till they literally light up with the glow of satisfaction.







Having a pair so large and weighty is a constant source of joy to their owner, and Ms. Teatz is quick to find new uses for what nature has so lovingly deposited in her lap. Some of her male friends are put into a frenzy when Ms. Teatz puts them on hold.

SALE

ANY FOUR (4) FOR \$11⁰⁰

SALE



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I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.

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HER POINTS





Melba has just had a unique experience in self discovery, an experience which rivals her entrance into puberty in intensity and importance to her self as a woman.





One night last week, while wallowing in self-pity and bone-crushing fits of assumed sexual incompetence, Melba began to pluck out a tune on her finely honed points.







To her complete surprise, Melba found that she was swiftly brought to new and previously unheard of heights of sensual stimulation and orgasmic release merely by focusing her manual ministrations and tremulous tweaking on her pulsating points.





All frustrations are now just a part of the past, and Melba now looks forward to a full and rich future, filled with lascivious adventures centered on her points.

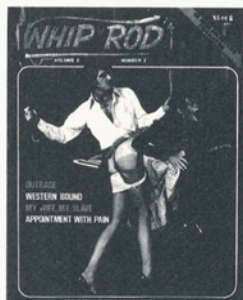


SUPER BARGAIN

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BLOND AND BOUNCY



In her previous incarnations, Bonnie had always felt a gnawing sense of restriction, of lack of fulfillment. This is no longer the case, for in her new role as a topless waitress, Bonnie has found bliss.



"No more lonely nights for me", squeals Bonnie in brazen delight as she makes the rounds among the cowboys and truckers who gleep her bouncing jugs.





(Continued from page 12)

back. I walked slowly because we were still into a lot of sway. I kept banging against the sides of the narrow walkway through the pullman cars, and others in the walkway were having the same trouble I was. I finally got to the dining car and picked an empty table by the door through which I'd entered.

The room was almost empty. I didn't know if most of the passengers had already eaten, or were waiting for the sway to stop. I didn't care, either. In fact, I preferred eating in a less-than-full car. I was still a bit paranoid, even after all these years, and a lot of people put me ill at ease.

I ordered a *carne asada* and a beer. Talmak wouldn't have liked the beer, and I smiled. He thought I was an alcoholic—that one drink would set me off. He was wrong. I never was alcoholic. I was a *drunk*. I drank on purpose and I drank until I was drunk, but I always had the ability to stop. I just didn't care to.

But that was all right. I don't mind people thinking I'm less than I am. That way, I'm always coming out on the bright side, because they don't think I can do certain things.

The beer was ice cold and delicious. I was surprised to see that the beer they were serving was *Yucateca Oscura*, a wonderful brew difficult to obtain outside of the Yucatan. I only knew two or three places in Mexico City that served it. I sat back, planning to enjoy the meal.

That was my plan, anyway.

"Mind if I join you?" Her voice was sweet and low. I looked up and almost spilled my beer. Tall, gorgeous and smiling at me. "Pardon me," she began again. "I was wondering if I might join you?"

There were a dozen empty tables in the dining car, but who was I to argue? "Please do," I

said, standing up and pulling out a seat for her. She sat down primly and smiled at me again. I ordered her a beer.

"I guess you think this is a little strange," she said.

"Why would I think that?" I asked.

"So many empty tables—and I sit down with you."

"Nothing to it. All my life beautiful women have been throwing themselves at my feet. I take it for granted."

She smiled. "Of course. But in truth, I was sent by Talmak."

That erased the smile from my face. "Talmak? Am I supposed to know that name?"

Now it was her turn to stop smiling. "Aren't you John Edmunds?"

I nodded. "That's me, all right. But what's the investigation about?"

"Talmak sent me. There's been a change in plans."

I shook my head. She slipped off the shawl she had wrapped around her shoulders and revealed the biggest, most beautiful set of tits I'd ever seen. For a moment I was speechless while she smiled at my attention. "They are nice," she said. "Perhaps later I could let you see them . . . more clearly."

The waiter came over with my *carne asada*. "Go ahead," she said. "I've already eaten." I nodded at her and dug in. "By the way," I said after swallowing my first mouthful, "I'm at a disadvantage here. You know my name but—"

"Of course. How rude of me. I'm Elisa Cormand. I work for Mr. Talmak."

I nodded, stuffing another wedge of the delicious grilled steak into my mouth. I didn't like this one bit—but I still hadn't hit upon a key to it.

"So Talmak sent you to intercept me?"

"So you *do* know Talmak?"

"Sure. Why deny it? You know my name, you know where to find me—surely you know that I

know Talmak. We used to be in the army together. And then we were in other things together too. But it's been years since we've had anything going."

"You saw him a few days ago."

"Sure did. Talmak took pity on an old friend, sobered me up, put a few bucks in my pocket and bought me a ticket back to the States. The least he could do, he told me, for an old friend." I continued chewing, a look of bovine contentment on my face. I didn't think she was buying that story, but it fit most of the facts. It was a good lie.

"That is not our understanding—"

"*Our* understanding? I thought you said you worked for Talmak. If you don't, tell me now. I hate surprises."

She took a deep breath, calling my attention to those amazing tits of hers. "A misstatement, nothing more. What I meant to say was that I work for the same people that employ Mr. Talmak. We are all in the same boat, so to speak. It is our understanding that Mr. Talmak engaged your services. Is that true?"

I shook my head. "Wish he had. What's the story? What am I supposed to do?" I laughed. "After all, I'm still at liberty. Anything I could've done. I can still do. How can I serve you?"

She shook her head and I could see that she was distressed. She hadn't expected it to go like this. "You don't understand," she began.

"Explain it for me," I said. I pushed the empty plate from under my nose and sat back, fishing in my shirt pocket for a smoke. I offered her one but she refused, pulling a pack of Winstons from her purse. "Prefer American tobacco, do you?" I asked.

She smiled. "No offense. Would you care for one?"

"That blonde tobacco is even worse for you than this foul-

smelling black stuff," I said. "No thanks."

She took a light from me and sat back. "It is my understanding that Mr. Talmak has contracted you to carry something across the border for him. It is of much value."

I laughed out loud. "Take a look at me. You must know what I've been doing for the past few years—vomiting in some of the best gutters of Mexico City. Hell, would *you* trust me with something so damned valuable?"

Elisa studied me for a moment. Her long blonde hair looked freshly washed, clean as a whistle. Her small, chiseled nose was without flaw, and her large round eyes took me in completely. "I don't know," she said, and I felt she was telling the truth. But there was something wrong here, and I didn't know what it was, either.

I threw ten pesos on the table and stood up. The waiter ap-

proached with the bill and I counted out the thirty pesos the check tallied and escorted Elisa out of the dining car. "Are you back this way?" I asked.

"Yes. Three compartments down from you, in the same car." I nodded.

I invited her in when we got to my compartment and she graciously accepted. She sat down on the sofa-bunk. The porter had been in while I ate and had closed up the bunks, and now the room was a sitting room with one long sofa-bunk along the wall. She lit another cigarette and looked at me. My eyes were pinned to her chest and she smiled. "What a one-track mind you seem to have," she whispered. But I knew she loved it.

"Yes, well, all those years in the army made a pig out of me, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense. You're a good-looking man who likes to tease girls by pretending to be an oaf," she said.

"Or, I'm an oaf who likes to make girls think I'm not," I countered.

I wanted her badly but there was Talmak casting his stumpy shadow over the whole scene. I wanted to settle that first. "Tell me about working for Talmak," I said.

She shrugged. "It's just a job," she said. "I was sent along after you when it became apparent that the figurine was not to leave the country."

I nodded. "And Talmak told you which train I'd be on and here you are," I said.

She smiled. "Exactly. If only you'd just hand it over we could end all this silly fencing," she purred. There was a promise in her voice that the fencing would be followed by more pleasurable events.

I shook my head. "Damn, that Talmak sure put me in a bad position. Let's face it—for some reason that I can't figure out he's decided to have you tail me

BARGAIN!

ANY FOUR (4) FOR \$10⁰⁰



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aboard and get something back from me. The thing is, I don't have anything to give you. He's pulling your leg. He didn't give me a damned thing to take across the border. No figurine, no nothing." I lit a *delicado*, inhaling deeply on the sweet but harsh black tobacco.

"I had hoped to keep this pleasant," Elisa said. There was a new tone in her voice. I acted frightened.

"Look, I don't want any trouble from you or the people you work for," I said. "I wish to hell I'd never heard of Talmak—I was happy drunk and this trip was his idea. But he's set me up for something and I don't like that at all. It scares me."

She ground out her cigarette. "Very well. Don't say I didn't warn you. I'm not travelling alone, you know, and my companions are neither female nor friendly. Do I make myself clear?"

"You sure do," I said. "Are you going to let it go at that? How about giving me a break? You know—point out the goons to me before they attack."

She sneered. Her eyes were narrow slits now and there was a canine look to her teeth. I hadn't noticed that before. "Look, little man, you had your chance. Now get ready for some guys who won't drink beer with you and engage in chit-chat."

I looked properly scared and humbled. "Gosh, this puts a whole new light on things. I wish Talmak had made himself clear to me when we met..."

"Just what did he say?" Elisa said, her interest renewed.

"Well, he told me to be careful not to talk to any strangers on the train, especially a big-titted cow named Elisa, but I didn't get his meaning until now."

She stiffened in the seat and burned me with her eyes. Then she stood quickly and crossed to the door. "It'll be a pleasure watching them with you. I might

even get in on it myself."

I laughed at her. "What you gonna do—smother me?"

She sucked in her breath and flung open the door. "Bye-bye," I called. What a shame. She was a delightful looking woman and I certainly would've bedded her down with glee had the occasion been more fitting, but not with her cohorts outside the door, for all I knew, ready to bash my head in while I was in mid-stroke. It was obvious that she was lying. First of all, Talmak didn't know how I planned to travel. I purposely didn't tell him, so he sure as hell didn't tell Elisa which train I'd be on. Hell, he didn't even know I was taking a train.

But Talmak did give her my name. That was for sure, because only Talmak knew that I was taking the piece across the border for him.

Now Talmak wouldn't tell her just for the hell of it. He wasn't the type. That meant they'd found out somehow, and I didn't want to think what that meant to Talmak.

They at least worked him over for the information. I didn't want to go further with that line of reasoning. It was obvious to me that Talmak was either dead, or in bad shape.

Once they got my name they must've tailed me until they saw me board. The rest would be easy, they thought.

Maybe it will be. Who knows? But I wasn't goin to *make* it easy for them.

I took the package out of my valise and unwrapped it. The brown wrapping paper I tossed on the floor. The figurine was still in the small sack. I pulled the drawstring tight, getting all the slack I could. There was enough cord to slip the thing around my neck. Now I had a sack around my neck, much like a giant dumb amulet. It was safe there, I thought. It was the figurine they were after, and they wanted it in one piece. Getting

rough with me could ruin it.

I was glad that I knew a potter in Mexico City. A spare could come in handy.

I opened the window and stuck my head outside the rapidly moving train. It was an easy climb, so I hoisted myself out the window, grabbed a rung about a foot over my head and pulled myself out. I was standing with my feet on the window ledge now, peering around for another grip. Within a few seconds I was atop the train, wind streaming through my hair. I picked a spot about midway down the car, lay down next to the metal rung that ran the length of the train and unfastened my belt, slipped it through the rung, and then refastened it around my waist.

At least I wouldn't fall off if we came to a sudden stop or did anything funny. The top of a train is not the safest place to be, regardless of what you see in the movies.

Considering how good Elisa had said her goons were, it took them over an hour to find me. But there they were, two of them, large men in ill-fitting suits. I unstrung the bag and held it away from me. "It goes over the side before you can reach me," I said. "Back off!"

They stopped. A quick conference between them while I tried to keep a smile on my face, and then they were gone. They figured I could wait, and they were right. I wasn't going to jump off—another movie stunt—because getting off something that's going in excess of sixty miles an hour can be dangerous.

So they figured I'd stay up there until we got to the border, or to a stop. They were wrong.

I cursed poor Talmak, even though this was hardly his fault. I was a big boy and I knew that smuggling things sometimes got you into sticky situations. But I wasn't feeling too good anyway, what with the wind and all the rest, and I

wanted another beer.

I unstrapped myself as soon as the goons were out of sight. I was running with luck now, and what I could figure out. I knew from the experience what kind of men her thugs were—the kind who can kill you without batting an eye, or missing a meal, but hardly the kind who ever think. If anyone was in charge of this operation, it was Miss Tits.

And from what I knew of her, she wasn't sharing her compartment with the two apes who climbed up to get me. No. They would be riding in another compartment where they could fart and belch all they wanted.

But I knew where her compartment was. How come? Because she had stupidly told me when I was walking her back from the dining car.

I crawled down the length of the car and then slid off onto the platform between the cars. I glanced down the corridor and saw that it was empty.

My compartment was the sixth one down. She was three before me, so she was in number three. I opened the door, stepped inside, and hurried to number three. I gave a short rap on the door. She opened it, holding a book in her hand. Her eyes widened and her mouth opened when she saw me but I dropped her with a right to the jaw.

She fell backwards into the compartment and I stepped in quickly and locked the door behind me. She moaned and I smiled at her. She looked fine like that, sprawled on the floor, her skirt hiked up around her waist. She wore black garters and her smooth, white thighs were encased in sheer hose. I felt the stirrings, but I figured I'd wait a bit.

I was sitting there smoking and looking at her when she opened her eyes. "Hi," I said.

She stood up on unsteady legs and sat opposite me on the smaller sofa. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked,

but the fear in her eyes was all I needed to see.

"I figure they'll think I'll stay on top," I said. "So they'll be good boys for a while. If they check and see that I'm gone they'll report to you first thing, right? That means I'll know as much as they do—a bit more, because I'll know where I am and they won't. You can talk to them through the door—tell them to search the train or whatever I tell you to tell them. Everyone's happy, right?"

She sniffed and patted her hair. "You're smarter than you look," she admitted. "But you can't get across with it. You might as well face it. There's more of us waiting at the border. You can't make it."

"So? No one said I could. But if I don't, the figurine doesn't either. These things crumble easily, as you know. A little manhandling and it's all over. And I just feel in my bones that it's the figurine everyone's after, not me."

She looked at me with steady eyes. "No one means you any harm whatsoever," she said, and I believed her. "It's true, all we want is the figurine. You are of no interest to us at all."

"So once I hand it over we all forget it, right?"

"Were you to succeed in crossing the border with it I can assure you that my organization would have no further interest in you at all." She let herself smile. "I might add that if you were clever enough to succeed, we would be interested in employing you. There is always room for a clever man," she said.

I nodded my head. "And Talmak. What about him?"

"He told us what we wished to know."

"Did you hurt him?" Her answer would be crucial.

"No. Surprisingly, he told us all with only the threat of violence. We left him standing in his office without a mark on him—without touching him."

Now I knew what Talmak's plan was. It was a good thing we were old friends and knew the way each other thought. It wasn't the first time I'd done something like this for Talmak, and he'd know how to counter this chick's group, I knew that. I even had an idea what he would do.

I checked my watch. "We should be stopping soon," I said casually.

"Yes. But it will do you no good. The platforms will be watched. It will be impossible for you to leave the train or for anyone to board without being seen. Your position is hopeless. You are alone and you might as well face it."

"Alone? Sitting here with one of the world's most beautiful women, on a romantic trans-Mexico train ride? Alone? You think that's being alone? Honey, you don't know what alone is!"

The train was slowing already, but that was due to a steep grade. I figured we had at least an hour till we hit Mixteca, the next stop on the run.

There was a knock on the door. I glanced at her and smiled. "Careful," I whispered. "Just talk to them through the door. Tell them whatever you want."

"What is it?" she called out.

"He's gone," said a deep voice. "What should we do?"

"Search the train," she said. "Report back to me."

They shuffled off.

"Good work," I said, "That should keep them busy for a while."

"We can keep them busy until you get off the train, but it will merely delay the inevitable," she said. "Why not give me the figurine now and avoid all the unpleasanties?"

"How much is it worth?"

"Didn't Talmak tell you?"

"Obviously not."

"Clumsy of him. At any rate, it's value could be estimated in the neighborhood of a half-million."

"That sounds like Talmak. Always thinking big, Talmak is. But I guess I could've figured that out, counting the number of people interested in it."

"Exactly. And now you must certainly realize just how sincere my organization is about getting it. They will definitely not take no for an answer."

"They won't have to take no for an answer, because no one heard them ask a question. Not everything in this life works out the way you want it to, Elisa. Surely you're old enough to understand that, my dear."

"I don't like your attitude," she said. The thing was, like all women, she didn't like to be reminded of her age. And while she was a gorgeous creature, she'd never see twenty again and it bothered her. I liked to make her squirm. Her skirt was still high up on her thighs and I was enjoying the view.

We rode in silence. If Talmak wasn't hurt, I knew what he would do. If these clowns tracked me down to this train, Talmak would too. That didn't mean he was aboard. That would be too obvious for Talmak's devious Turkish mind. No, he'd do something cuter than that. Besides, if he got aboard that wouldn't change a damned thing. Only give those goons two pigeons to look for on the same train. I knew Talmak wasn't on the train, and I sort of knew where he was. But I didn't know how he'd make his approach.

I'd have to let him handle that end, and trust that he understood what the situation aboard was.

I smoked another cigarette and checked my watch. It was a funny thing, but even though Elisa and I were on different teams right now I had the feeling that we could get along real well once things came to a head. I thought so, and so did she. I could tell.

It was all a bluff, a calculated bluff, just like life in gen-

eral. I had the small sack around my neck and we all knew what was in it. All I had to do was get rid of it and then ride the rest of the way to the border in style and comfort. They would lose all interest in me quickly, once they knew it was gone.

And that was Talmak's job. He knew he had to take the heat off me in a convincing fashion or they wouldn't bite. And if they didn't bite, I wasn't going across the border in one piece. It was interesting to think about, considering it was my ass under the gun.

We were silent all the way into Mixteca. I sat forward as we pulled in, my eyes roaming the platform, because I knew he had to be there.

I spotted the squat, burly figure and I almost laughed out loud. He was still the same old Talmak, doing his damndest. I opened the window to the compartment. "Want something to eat?" I asked Elisa. "The diner's closed till morning."

"Ugh. You'll *die* eating the food those vendors sell," she said. "God only knows how old that food is!"

I shrugged. "As you please," I said. "*Oye!*" I yelled. The squat, burly figure with the tray of sandwiches and fruit came running to the train. He wore a poncho and a hat, sandals and white pants belted at the cuffs. It was Talmak, of course.

I unhitched the sack from around my neck before Elisa could say anything. Talmak handed me a sandwich through the window and I handed him the sack. Elisa sat up and looked outside, and Talmak grinned at her. "Hi, Elisa," he said. "Got to run. See you later." And he was gone.

I slid the window down quickly. Elisa sat there with a stunned look on her face. "Look at the bright side," I said. "At least the figurine is still in Mexico. I didn't get it out and now Talmak has to start all

over again."

She was still silent. "Look," I said. "There's no sense feeling bad about this. We've got another twelve hours to go and I must say that I think we can make it a pleasant trip. After all, you might as well enjoy life while you can."

She was looking at me now and the situation was sinking in slowly. She was screwed and she knew it. "I've got a couple of bottles in my room," I said, "enough juice to keep us plastered all the way to Arizona. What do you say?"

"I..."

"That's what I thought. You need a drink and someone to be kind to you for a while. Allow me the pleasure." I stood up. "And please call off your goons. Those guys are scary."

That's pretty much the way it went. I had a ball with Elisa for twelve hours, and it was well worth the two bottles of cognac I poured down her.

Just like other women I've known, she really got off when she felt there was no light at the end of the road. Sort of a "live today, tomorrow we're dead" syndrome.

Anyway, she told her goons what happened and they got off the train at Mixteca to track Talmak down. Amateurs, for sure. They'd never find him. And if they did—which they wouldn't—they wouldn't find the figurine.

Oh, they'd find a figurine with him, a little shitty figurine I picked up for ten pesos at the potter's before I left Mexico City.

The other figurine—the one they were after—that one was still in my valise, right where I left it. Elisa almost stepped on it while she was dancing for me in the compartment, drunk and naked, her giant tits slamming back and forth, her glorious ass a picture of milk-white deliciousness.

But I didn't care. I was drunk too.

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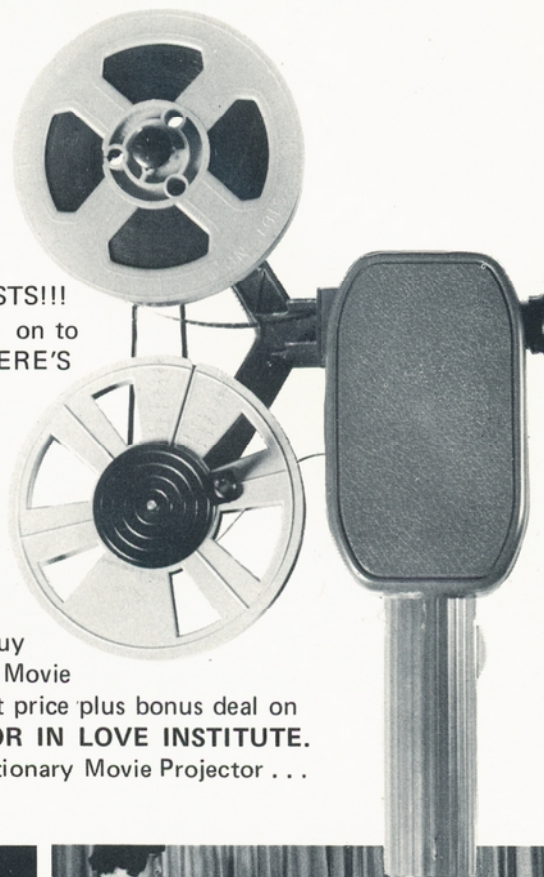


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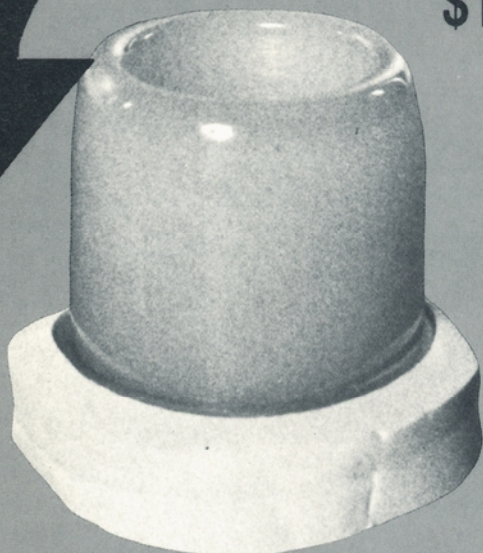
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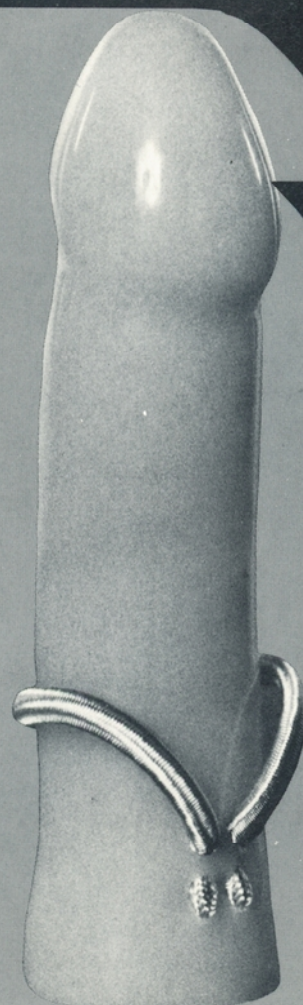
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