

CHAPTER 1

SALLY had a worried look as she brought in the stack of freshly typed letters for Ruby to sign. When she had placed them on the desk, she hesitated. "Miss Trent, there's something I want to talk to you about, if you have a minute to spare."

Ruby didn't bother to glance up. "Won't it wait, Sally?" she said carelessly. "I'm frightfully rushed just now." And so she was.

As assistant manager of one of New York's leading advertising agencies, Ruby Trent was always rushed these days. And at the moment she was terribly worried. She had just been to see the doctor and he had all but scared the wits out of her. She was in no mood to listen to another blow-by-blow account of the most recent episode in Sally's love life.

"What I have to say won't take but a minute, Miss Trent. And I think I ought to tell you today."

Ruby tossed down her pencil. "Well, go ahead," she said shortly. She sat back in her chair, pushing at her dark hair, wondering if she looked as fagged out and thoroughly defeated as she felt.

She didn't. She was a beautiful girl, fairly tall and slender, with copper hair, a wide, bright mouth, and gray-green eyes as provocative in their own way as her lovely legs. Both of which assets invariably inspired the wolves to inquire why on earth she wasted time being a career girl. Instead of giving her an air of prim efficiency, the severe simplicity of her gray wool frock belted in red merely served to outline and accentuate boldly the firm, exquisitely moulded breasts, the lines of her slim, gorgeous legs.

Ruby Trent, in short, looked more like a Hollywood producers conception of a successful business girl than the genuine article. She still looked it in spite of business worries and health worries.