

The Bigamy Kiss

Chapter One

The First Sip

I met her first at one of those daffy Greenwich Village parties, not long after I'd sold out my night club. Edna, my more or less regular girl-friend, had gone off on a visit to her folks in Minneapolis, and I was finding it a little on the lonesome side around New York. Sure, I had plenty of friends, but you know how a guy gets sometimes about company. Woman company. So this night I'd got out the new midnight blue tux and gone downstairs from my apartment kinda sniffing the air a little.

I'd drunk a couple of Cuba libres before I left the apartment, and that gave me a kind of a glow. With them under my waistband, and a fresh-lit Camel between my lips, the lights of New York seemed brighter than ever. The clerk on reception gave me a hello as I stepped out of the elevator, and a cute dish on the magazine stand flashed me a warm bright smile. I halted in my stride and looked again. This was something new around the old place. I turned and walked over and bought an early *Tribune*.

page 166 contains the following passage:

"...How about that drink, mister?"

"Steve," I offered. "Steve Harragan...Miss?"

"Hedy," was all she told me. I raised an eyebrow for the rest of it, but she shook her head again.

"Just Hedy," she repeated. "You know, heady like wine...."