

CHAPTER ONE

Just enough moonlight came through the glass roof over the State University pool to caress the figure on the springboard. Raised on tiptoe, hands high overhead, the young poised body seemed a veritable child of the moonbeams that kissed the flesh before stopping to glint languorously on the crystal green waters of the pool.

"Look out below!"

There was a soft rustle of girlish laughter from the warm darkness at the sides of the pool. A young nymph floating on her back thrust her body out of the diver's way with a quick frog-like motion of legs.

"Don't dive, George," she cried gaily. "You look so beautiful up there in the moonlight, just like a Greek boy of the grand days Miss Brewster likes to tell about in the art class and smack her lips."

"Don't be silly, Jennie!"

With a smile the figure leaped into space and curved through the air in a perfectly timed swan dive. Several more girls, sitting on the tiled edge of the pool dabbling their feet in the moon-haunted water, shouted their applause.

"Bravo, George! That was perfect. We'll win the cup this year. No one else has a chance against you."

The diver swam swiftly to the group and sat with them, body gleaming like silver, curly hair glistening with water. Jennie swam over, spouting bravely in what she called her "whale act."

"George, it was swell."

"I'm glad you liked it." The voice was soft and dark and warm, somehow just the voice for that delicately molded, slim flanked body.

"Modest!" Jennie splashed water gaily, and the other girls shrieked their delight. "You know you're too beautiful to be just a girl. You ought to have been a boy."

There was a little gasp. Ella Brandon found her voice first. "Don't be silly. You're the kind of girl all the boys are after." There was a strange undercurrent in her tone.

Jennie treaded water complacently. "Oh, I know that, but that isn't beauty."

With a quick movement George slipped into the water after her