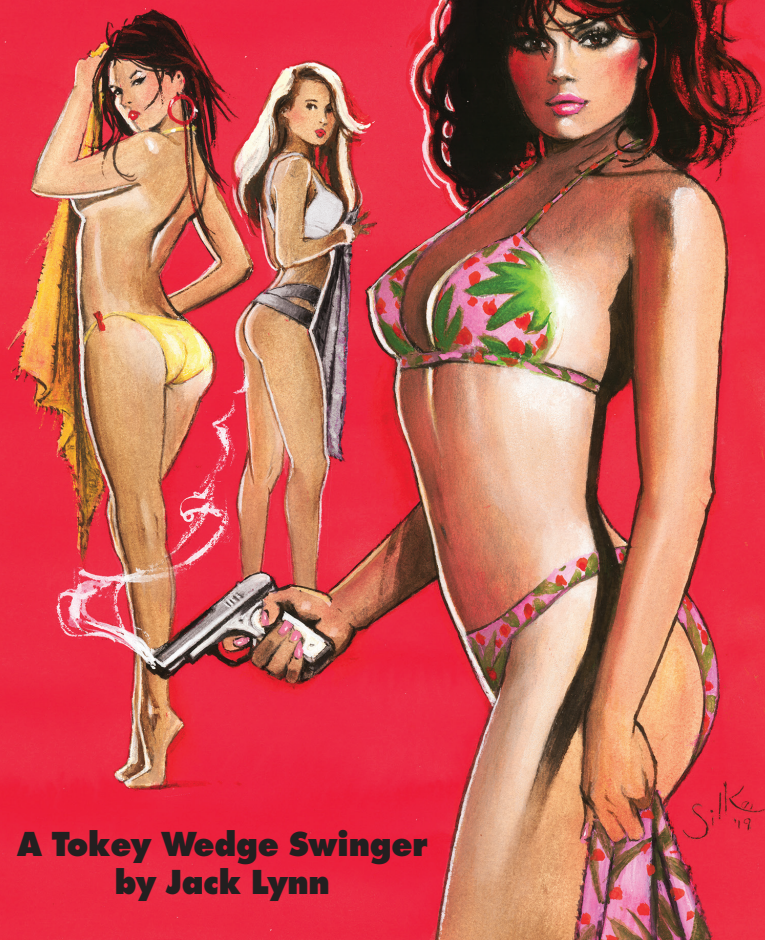


The Exciting First  
Tokey Wedge Thriller!

GRIZZLY  
PULP

# NYMPHO LODGE



**A Tokey Wedge Swinger**  
**by Jack Lynn**



# **NYMPHO LODGE**

BY JACK LYNN

**GRIZZLY  
PULP**

GRIZZLY PULP  
CALIFORNIA

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the smell of brutal death...

When I walked into the room I smelled death, brutal death.

And brutal it was. He was lying there, deader than anyone should ever be. His throat was cut from ear to ear and the blood had spurted out from it and made large pools of crusty brown on the carpet. But that wasn't enough. Someone had run the knife into his eyes, too.

I turned to go. Then I smelled it again. I looked through the door that led to the bedroom. She was lying there with her eyes bulging out like she'd seen the most horrible thing on earth. She had. Her throat was punctured in five places, her blouse ripped off and her—Now I suddenly knew why five women had all wanted to climb into the sack with me at every available opportunity. There could only be one answer. And it wasn't my virility. I had to get back to Janice and get back fast. But before I could take a step I heard the one sound I dreaded...



## PROLOGUE

I've known lots of females in my time. And a few women. Like Firefly.

"I'm an exotic dancer," she purred. "Six-foot-one of devil and fun. I strip. Wanna see?"

That was Firefly. I wanted to see, naturally. And there was Virginia Langland.

She pulled the bra from the 8th wonder of the world. "I know what you *really* want," she sighed. "It isn't the diamond."

She had me figured, too. It wasn't the diamond. And then there was Claudia.

"I want you to find my G-string, Wedge," she said. Then she reached into the bosom of her dress. What she took out was large. Real large. and not wrinkled. A \$1000 dollar bill. She also had me figured.

But, like I said, there are females, and then there are real women. This is the story of a *woman*. *Five* women, as a matter of fact. Five women who made ordinary females look and act like wooden Indians. I'll never forget any of them. Particularly one. I doubt whether you ever will, either.

Tokey Wedge

## CHAPTER ONE

Jayne: Stripped, a ripe, long-legged nymph. Full-hipped. Deep-breasted. With lush warm lips that nibble. Jayne... The plaintive but brutally insistent tintinnabulation of telephone bells came to me from far away, and I wished it was far away. The bells rang again, and I cursed. The bells cursed back. I vowed them a bloody death. But they ignored me and kept on ringing. And *that*, buddy, at ten minutes before the midnight hour of a Sunday night with me and Jayne in the sack is aggravating as hell. I grabbed the receiver and growled, "Wedge here."

"Mr. Wedge?" The voice hit me where I live.

I came up in the chair and pressed the receiver tight against my ear. "Yes?"

"My name is Janice Bradley, Mr. Wedge. I'd like to see you."

"Now?"

"Yes, if I may. I think I have a job for you." She hesitated. Then, "Really, Mr. Wedge, I must see you. And *tonight*."

I could have protested, I suppose. I could have mentioned that it was a nice Sunday night, and that I didn't feel like lousing it up with business. I could have said something like: *Sorry, honey, Tomorrow maybe*. I could have. I didn't. Especially after she said, "Please, Mr. Wedge?" The voice had a life of its own. It was whispery. Vibrant. A Julie London voice. Brimming with animal magnetism. Who could turn down such a voice? Not me, buddy. I said, "How soon?"



"Thirty... say, thirty-five minutes. At twelve-thirty?"

"Here?"

"Yes."

"Fine."

"Thank you, Mr. Wedge."

"Sure."

I heard the tiny click in my ear, sat for a moment with the receiver in my hand, then dropped it in its cradle and belched. Janice Bradley. Where had I heard that name before?

Five minutes later, toweling vigorously, I walked out of the shower and went into the bedroom of my apartment. Jayne was just about dressed. I walked over and gave her a pinch where it pinches most.

"Sorry, honey," I said. "Maybe tomorrow." "Maybe," she answered, and walked out.

Sliding into a shirt and slacks, I reflected that being a confidential investigator had its quieter moments.

Truly, I hadn't had a bad moment in days. My veins were closed. My arteries were in excellent condition. There were no swollen spots. I hadn't been beaten. I hadn't been castrated. I hadn't been shot. I hadn't even been shot at. I could talk without sounding like an ogre with a jaw full of bubble gum. It was a great feeling.

My client—still prospective, actually—arrived in a white Cadillac convertible. This year's model. Top up. Both the client and the car.

A break in the line of traffic gave Janice Bradley elbow room and she came across the wet pavement quickly, her figure hunched against the misty July night, her head bent forward a little. I turned from the window, butted my cigarette, and waited for the door chimes to sound their lilted beckoning.

It was twelve-thirty, straight up, when they did.

"Mr. Wedge?" she said when I opened the door.

She had the right name. I'm Tokey Wedge. For hire. Any time.

Any place. And *almost* under any circumstances.

"I'm Janice Bradley," she said.

I stood there for a moment like a country boy at a County Fair.

That was how good she looked. "Come in."

"Thank you."

Some women skip. Some women ambulate. And some women walk with a hitch in the behind. But Janice Bradley moved like a gazelle. And I watched admiringly as she glided past me.

She was smiling. Wise, warm lips parted slightly. Soft, dark eyes gleaming. Lashes dark. Cheekbones high. Bosom higher.

"You're staring, Mr. Wedge." I was, and not at the cheekbones.

But I knew she wasn't angry, and I grinned back at her. "Sorry. Nasty habit of mine, I guess."

Which wasn't exactly all of the truth. Because what I was really also trying to do was place Janice Bradley. Find that special little niche for her. Dig up the memory that nagged. Quiet the two little voices inside—the one little voice that told me I wasn't viewing Janice Bradley for the first time in my life, and the other little voice that told me I was.

"Oh, don't be sorry," she said quickly. "I like *some* nasty habits." Her skin was tanned a cinnamon brown. Over full, probing breasts and a slim waist and buoyant hips, she wore a red, sleeveless dress, cut square across the wealthy chest. A dress that descended cunningly to the calf. Cunning because it covered. Fully. Yet revealed. Fully. She was maybe thirty. The bluest of the blue chips. She

had it all.

"It looks like a *man's* apartment," she said.

Cocoa-brown walls and carpeting. Cocoa-brown drapes. Metal tables. A rope divider. Stereo. Color television. Books. A couple of paintings I abhor but keep around because the statuesque redhead next door is ape on paintings. All very simple, bulky and expensive. That's what she called a *man's* apartment.

She sat in one of the wing chairs near the front window and crossed tremendous legs. Long, smooth, and curving. Encased in red, too. Red-tinted hose. Blending into red pumps.

"Thank you for seeing me tonight, Mr. Wedge," she said, looking at me from those eyes that were brown and intent and remarkably deep. A long-fingered, red-tipped hand smoothed the dress over the curve of the thigh.

If she was aware of my scrutiny, her face didn't show it. I offered her a cigarette from an opened package. "Any time."

She took the cigarette and touched the back of my hand with fingertips, leaning forward slightly as I held the lighter for her. The front of her dress billowed just enough to be teasingly interesting and then she sat back in the chair, inhaled deeply and sent a trail of smoke toward her lap.

I fired my own cigarette and sat down in the chair across the table from her.

She smiled at me. "Frankly, you surprise me a little, Mr. Wedge. I mean, I really didn't expect you to appear as you do. For some reason, I have always thought confidential investigators were big men.

You guessed it, buddy—I'm small. I have to get up on my toes to reach five-seven—a feat I've never quite accomplished in thirty-three years. I'd have to fall into a

tub of whipped potatoes and eat my way out six days in a row to make one hundred and fifty pounds. But wiriness, forty-seven months of marine life, eagerness when it comes to the female sex, determination, some money, and a touch of foolhardiness have their merits, too. I've been shot and knocked and stomped. But I'm still around. Most of the guys who did the shooting, knocking, and stomping, can't say the same.

So I grinned at Janice Bradley and said, "Sorry."

"You needn't apologize. You received an excellent recommendation.

"Oh?"

"A newspaper." "Huh?"

The corners of her red mouth turned up in a tiny smile.

"I read about you. And I saw your picture. When was it...two weeks ago or so?"

"Oh, that!"

"Yes," she said. "Tell me something—did you really have to kill that...what was his name?"

"Ernie Sovboda."

"Yes," she nodded. "Did you really have to kill him?"

Ernie Sovboda, small time hood. Ernie Sovboda, bank robber.

Ernie Sovboda, slob. We had tangled in our gentle game of tossing slugs at each other quite by accident. Tooling along one of our busier thoroughfares that bright afternoon, the left front tire on my dented heap suddenly exploded like a cannon and I was suddenly like the top of a T across the opposite lane of traffic. Then in the next few seconds all hell broke loose. Somehow a pair of almost-statistics skidded and squealed around me and a third—stripping rubber like skin from a banana—got stopped about eight feet away from my front fender. All of which I credited to Dame Fortune. Until the driver of

that third car got excited. He came out of it low and shooting. It took me about three seconds then to get into action with my own .38 Special, even though I had no idea what all the noise was about, and it took me about another ten seconds to plant lead dead center in my enthusiastic assailant's forehead, so dead center that it rolled his eyes halfway back in his head.

As it turned out Ernie Sovboda had removed about twenty grand from a downtown bank not more than thirty minutes before our fatal meeting, and Ernie Sovboda was on the lam when I sliced across in front of him. I don't know what went through Ernie's mind right at that moment, but whatever it was, it was the wrong thing. Because he ended up getting a funeral, the bank ended up getting its near-twenty grand back, the cops ended up relieved, Fred Woldmi, a newspaper friend, ended up with a story, and I ended up with a small cash donation—from the bank president.

Janice Bradley said, "You didn't answer my question, Mr. Wedge."

"Yeah," I said. I really had to kill him. How about a drink?"

She smiled. "Sure." "Preference?"

"I drink anything."

"The house is drinking double gins."

"Sounds good."

She accepted the drink and said, "You're staring again, Mr. Wedge."

"It's you." I knocked ashes into the brass tray on the low table between us. "You look familiar, but I can't seem to place..."

"How about Mrs. George Bradley? Helps?" Like a physicist.

When she had telephoned, the name had teased my

memory. And when she had appeared at my door, her face had been vaguely familiar. Now, of course, the nagging evaporated. Now I had her. Her husband had inherited a real estate fortune. His picture was in the newspapers. Sometimes on the sports pages. Sometimes on the society pages. The previous week it had been on page one. Along with hers. They were getting a divorce.

"You look surprised, Mr. Wedge."

"Enlightened."

"George wants the divorce."

"And you?"

She shrugged. "George is a fool about women. Any woman."

"Which means there is a woman."

"Yes."

I blew smoke at her then. "I don't take on domestic work, Mrs. Bradley."

"But this isn't domestic," she sipped the drink. "I need a qualified bodyguard."

"You?"

"Me."

"Why?"

"I think I'm going to be raped."

"Huh?"

"I think some dirty old man is going to tear off all of my clothes and just rape the living hell out of me."

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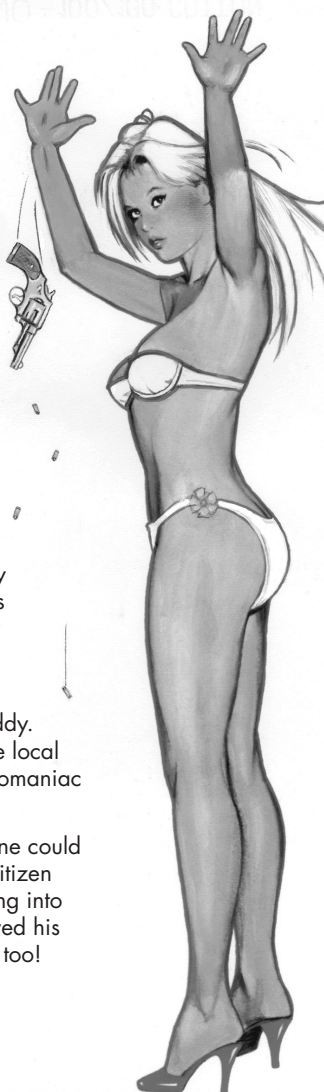
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## BASIC PRIMER ON GRIZZLY PULP

The roots of pulp are varied & yet simple, books written by men, for men.

But digging deeper into the story, many of the writings were first published in men's magazines (AKA Girlie Mags) before ending up on the shelves of local newsstands, grimy rundown bookstores or via a paper bag under the counter at dad's favorite corner liquor establishment.

The pulp world of Jack Lynn's Tokey Wedge, is reminiscent of the basic dark underlying premise of Noir. In the end you can't escape your fate & the caper is usually paid off in a lose- lose situation.

A world of a dogged private dick. All five foot five of him.

Tokey Wedge: ✓ For hire. ✓ Any time. ✓ Any place.

✓ And almost under any circumstances.

*Strippers. Society dames. Beatniks. Junkies. Lesbians.*

All of them inhabit Tokey's world.



**Nympho Lodge** Tokey's first case finds him set up, beat up & shot up by 5 women. Only this time one of them ends up dead, and it's up to Wedge to sort out the fallen shoe heiress' murder.