

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA : BOOKS 1, 2 & 3: THE OMNIBUS EDITION (THE FANGS AND FOREPLAY CHRONICLES)

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FANGS AND FOREPLAY...

THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA.

(FORMERLY KNOWN AS 'ANNA MEETS COUNT DRACULA.')

BOOKS 1, 2 & 3.

THE FANGS AND FOREPLAY CHRONICLES.

BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

2019.

A FABULOUS NEW OMNIBUS EDITION JUST FOR YOU!!!

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY OF SANDRA HARRIS.

Sandra Harris is a Dublin-based novelist, poet, film blogger and book-and-movie reviewer. She has studied Creative Writing and Film-Making. She has published a number of e-books on the following topics: horror film reviews, multi-genre film reviews, women's fiction, erotic fiction, erotic horror fiction and erotic poetry. Several new books are currently in the pipeline. You can browse or buy any of Sandra's books by following the link below straight to her Amazon Author Page:

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This book, as all the 'ANNA' books are, is based on characters created by fellow Irish authors Bram Stoker and Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, and is dedicated with much love to the late Sir Christopher Lee, whose performances in the HAMMER 'Dracula' films inspired every word of it. May he rest in peace... until he rises once more from the crypt in which he rests...

BOOK ONE.

So, you thought that the Victorians just spent their time quietly drinking tea and genteelly repressing their innermost desires, did you? Well, you were WRONG! The household of the wealthy

Carfax family is a hotbed of deliciously deviant carnality and vampire sex. The beautiful Lady Anna Carfax is abducted by none other than Count Dracula himself and is treated to the sexual awakening of a lifetime, or should that be Un-Dead-time...?

The rest of the Carfax family, servants definitely included, are in and out of each others' bedchambers like rats up the proverbial drainpipe. Even Sherlock Holmes and Jack The Ripper make an appearance in this shockingly scandalous paranormal sex-and-spanking romp set in Victorian times. You'd have to be Un-Dead from the neck up to miss out on it...

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BOOK TWO.

So, has the horny-as-hell Count Dracula settled down and mended his lecherous ways now that he's a baby-daddy-to-be...? You'd better believe he hasn't! If anything, he's hornier than ever. Join him as he bed-hops his way around Victorian London, giving serving wenches and duchesses alike the benefit of his extraordinary- ahem!- 'swordsmanship.' Heaving bosoms, thrashed buttocks and stiff members abound in this wickedly saucy sex-and-spanking romp from the mistress of horror erotica herself, Sandra Harris.

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BOOK THREE.

It's 1889 and Count Dracula and his beautiful bride Anna Carfax have had their first child together, the fat little cherub they've called Lucrezia. But the randy Count is still bonking and spanking his way through Victorian England's population of lusty, bosomy serving wenches and quite a few specimens of horny aristocratic totty too. And that's not likely to change, especially now that his mysterious cousin Carmilla Karnstein, with whom he has a long and dark history, dating back to their mis-spent youths in their homeland in the wilds of Transylvania, is coming to visit him from her South American exile...

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INTRODUCTION TO THE OMNIBUS EDITION.

Count Dracula, bored to death and dead tired of twiddling his thumbs in the wilds of Transylvania, has come to Victorian England to see what he can see in the way of top totty. A swordsman extraordinaire (no, not the sporting kind, the sexy kind!), with a particular penchant for spanking and whipping delectable female derrières, he finds no shortage of willing volunteers amongst the love-starved ladies of London society. Everyone, from the highest-born heiresses to the lowliest of lady's maids, wants a piece of Count Dracula's swoonsomely sexy action. Will there be enough of the Prince of Darkness to go round? Will the demon lover who died, yet lived, rise gloriously to the occasion once again? Ladies, you can 'stake' your lives on it...! And your blood, and your immortal souls...

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FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA
BOOK ONE

~ AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS ~
(PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS 'ANNA MEETS COUNT DRACULA')

[THE FANGS AND FOREPLAY CHRONICLE VOLUME 1]

BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA.

AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

DEDICATION, FOREWORD AND AUTHOR BIO.

~ For Christopher Lee's DRACULA, who inspired every word in this book. ~

FOREWORD.

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FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 1. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

The mist rolled in under the bedroom door. It quickly became so thick that Lady Anna Carfax of Richmond House could no longer see her surroundings. When it cleared, he was there in front of her, a tall cloaked figure dressed in black with sharp white teeth and red eyes clearly visible in the gloom of the room. His dark hair, flecked with grey at the temples, was brushed back from his face, which was as pale as death itself. She could see immediately that he was handsome also, devastatingly so.

Anna stared at him, her china-blue eyes wide with fear and fascination. Her huge white breasts heaved in the low-cut nightgown. Her long blonde hair, dishevelled from sleep, though not unattractively so, tumbled down over her bare shoulders. She was aware that his eyes were on her

face and body, raking over her and making her feel as if she were fully nude in front of him.

"Who are you?" she asked him.

Her voice came out in a whisper. Her heart was beating so loudly that she would not have been surprised if it transpired he could hear it in the silence of her bedchamber.

"I am Count Dracula," he replied. "You and I, Anna, have had this appointment since the beginning of time."

His voice was deep and dark and cold, as cold as the grave. It sent delicious shivers of fear and desire rippling through her body. Anna nodded slowly, knowing somehow the perfect truth in what he said, though she could not for the life of her have said how she knew.

As he approached the bed, she was conscious of a roaring sound, like waves crashing on the sea-shore, that she knew must be her own blood coursing through her veins. She wondered if he could hear it too. If she but knew it, he could, and it excited him greatly. He became erect at the lovely rhythmic lub-dub, lub-dub he could hear emanating from her. He sat down beside her as she crouched in the bed, waiting.

He put his long pale hands, the fingers strong but also as perceptive and sensitive as an artist's or musician's, on either side of her face. Like a blind man might do, Anna thought. She felt an excitement such as she had never felt before.

She heard him exhale deeply as he put his sensual mouth first to her forehead, then to her cheek, and finally to her eagerly parted lips. Anna trembled when he kissed her, his lips cold and firm.

"Beautiful, so beautiful," she heard him say.

He was looking at her as if he would like to eat her. Twenty-two-year-old Lady Anna Carfax of Richmond House was used to being looked upon lasciviously by men. It was maintained by many that she was the most beautiful woman in all of London, and there were many beautiful young women in Victorian London, but no-one had ever devoured her with his eyes the way this man who had introduced himself as Count Dracula was now doing.

His strong, slender fingers traced the curve of her soft white breast, heaving in the nightgown. Expertly, he undid the pale pink ribbons at the front of the delicate, flimsy garment, exposing her fully to his gaze from the waist up. Anna put up her hands to cover herself and he gently but firmly placed them back on the coverlet.

"I want to see you bare," he said. "Do not be ashamed to be nude before me. It is a natural thing for a woman to be nude before a man. Do not resist it."

Anna's big pink nipples immediately stiffened at the shocking intimacy of his words. No man but the ancient Carfax family physician had ever seen her naked body before, or handled her bare breasts and bottom or probed between the pink lips of her sex or the cheeks of her round white buttocks.

She blushed deeply now as she felt the unaccustomed heat between her thighs and the almost painful throbbing of the pulse at her core. She wanted him to touch her there so badly it hurt. She had touched herself there before in the privacy of her bedchamber in the comforting dark of the night. She had the merest inkling of the pleasure that that part of her body could bring her, but something told her now that her own girlish explorations had only barely scratched the surface.

His hand came up and caressed her bare breast. It felt full and heavy and soft against his palm. He rolled the nipple between his forefinger and thumb until it was fully elongated. Then he bent his head and took the stiffened nipple in his mouth. Anna moaned softly and cradled his dark head against the whiteness of her bosom, all the while thrusting her breast further into his mouth.

She wondered briefly why she did not feel ashamed of her wanton, sluttish behaviour. It was behaviour that would undoubtedly have resulted in her being sternly punished with a bare-bottomed spanking or caning from her governess Miss Cushing, had that good lady known about it. Miss Cushing was a virtuoso on the cane, for ever trying to hold back the tide of bad behaviour that engulfed her everywhere she looked with three feet of serviceable wicker.

How Anna would suffer for it if Miss Cushing could only see her now! It would be drawers down and bottoms out for six, ten or even twelve strokes of the stingy cane, followed by a period of shameful, bare-bottomed reflection in the corner with her nose to the wall and her hands on her head. And Anna would have deserved such painful and humiliating punishment, too, Anna reflected in passing. But only in passing. Now was not the time for such thoughts. Now, she could only think of her guest.

When the Count's hand strayed downwards to the moist, hairy mound between her thighs and parted the lips of her sex to fondle the throbbing nub inside, Anna groaned out loud and clung to the folds of the Count's black, silk-lined cape.

Anna was glad that she was previously unknown to man. She was glad that Count Dracula would be her first experience of love. She sighed as she leaned against him and submitted utterly to his clever, probing caresses.

Count Dracula's lips drew back fully to reveal the fangs on either side of his mouth. The fangs were gleaming in the moonlight that filtered through the open drapes at the bedroom window. Anna felt no fear whatsoever as her new lover bent his head to her neck, rather a deep and profound happiness such as she had never known before.

"After this, will I be yours forever?" she asked him in a whisper just before his fangs sank into her soft, yielding flesh.

"Forever," he promised. Then he opened his mouth and began to feast.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 2. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

After her night with Count Dracula, Lady Anna Carfax of Richmond House spent the day in a state of nervous excitement. Before he left, Count Dracula had promised to come to her again, but he hadn't said when that might be. Would it be tonight, or next week or next month, or perhaps never again...? She spent all day wondering and worrying about it.

Her older brother Blaise, head of the Carfax family since the death of their father twelve months

ago, was too distracted as always at breakfast-time by the financial news in his daily Times to notice Anna's pale face and huge burning eyes. Anna's mother, Lady Grace Carfax, had noticed little about anything since the passing of her husband, Bernard.

Miss Cushing, however, was a different matter. Miss Honoria Cushing had come to Richmond House to take up the job as Anna's governess when Anna was twelve, and had stayed on as a sort of companion-cum-chaperone to the daughter of the house after Anna grew too old to have a governess. Miss Cushing still had full authority to administer corporal punishment to Anna when a situation demanded it, though Anna was now over twenty.

Her gimlet eyes took in everything and Anna had always found it difficult to keep her secrets secret when Miss Cushing was around, which of course was all the time. It was what the older woman was paid to do. Conscientious of her duty to her employers, and conscious especially of the comfortable situation of which she availed here in Richmond House, she watched her charge like a hawk.

"Whatever's the matter with you, Anna?" Miss Cushing said at least a dozen times during the course of the day that followed Anna's first nocturnal encounter with Count Dracula. "You've been a million miles away all day, and you're as fidgety as I-don't-know-what. You're as pale as a ghost, too. I wonder if you're coming down with something...?"

"Oh no, Miss Cushing, I can assure you that I feel perfectly well," Anna told her middle-aged governess hastily each time, before the woman could start whipping out her thermometer and instructing Anna to lower her drawers and bend over her bed so that the horrid cold instrument could be inserted up between her bared buttocks, a practice which Anna found both humiliating and painful. Especially if the maids were in and out, as they always were, in the course of their household chores.

The day was spent quietly enough in needlework, drawing and piano and violin practice -- accomplishments in which all the titled young ladies of the day were expected to be proficient -- and a sedate stroll through Hyde Park. Anna was accompanied as usual by Miss Cushing, who grumbled the whole time about the cold and the drizzle.

Sir Blaise was not present at dinner, having decided to go straight to his exclusive gentlemen's club, the Diamond Club, from one of the five furniture-making factories he'd inherited from their father. Lady Grace Carfax was feeling unwell this evening and would be taking a light supper alone in her room.

Anna could hardly wait for the quiet meal to be over. She was so nervous at the thought of possibly seeing the Count again later that night that she'd managed to work herself up into a state of giddy excitement, much to the suspicion of Miss Cushing, who thankfully retired to her room immediately after dinner as was her practice.

Relieved beyond measure at finally being left to her own devices, Anna instantly summoned her personal maid, Hester Price, and ordered her to begin drawing a bath for her at once. On this occasion, Anna took an extra-long time over her preparations for bed.

She lazily soaped her large milk-white breasts and her belly and between her legs. She was watched in her ablutions by her personal maid, who stood by in readiness with warm clean towels with which to enfold her naked mistress when she emerged from her tub.

As she luxuriated in the scented water, Anna remembered the way that Dracula had allowed his

hand to rest on her right breast as he sucked on the small wound he had made in her neck. The wound, which she had covered in a light dusting of powder so as not to attract unwanted questions from Miss Cushing, throbbed a little today. Anna, however, had no recollection of having felt anything other than the most delicious, deeply sensual — and almost sexual — pain when he'd sunk his fangs into her neck.

Later, in her bedroom, having dismissed her maid till the morning, Anna debated whether to wear her prettiest nightgown in which to greet the Count or whether to wait for him naked. Though she was alone, she blushed at the thought of waiting for Dracula in her bedroom without a stitch of clothing to cover her nude body.

And what if her mother or Miss Cushing should come looking for her for some reason, or her brother when he returned from his club, and find her as naked as the day she was born...? It didn't bear thinking about.

Blaise would order her beaten, or he might beat her himself, as was his right and bounden duty as her older brother and the head of the family since their father's death last year. She would wear the nightgown, then if Dracula wished to remove it, he could do so.

She blushed again at such a salacious thought. Miss Cushing would most certainly take the birch to her backside if she had even the slightest inkling of what Anna was thinking, and rightly so. Miss Cushing was a firm believer in corporal punishment for naughty young ladies.

She had been extremely vigorous in her frequent application of the birch and cane to her young charge's bare bottom during Anna's teenage years. Now, even though Anna had reached womanhood, the practice continued, with the full consent and approval of Anna's mother and older brother.

Anna had always hated having to remove her frock and lower her drawers for such punishments before being ordered by Miss Cushing to bend over and touch her toes, or bend over her bed or her desk in the schoolroom, for a painful whipping on her upturned buttocks.

She especially hated that sometimes these punishments were carried out in full view of the housemaids who were scuttling about in the course of their duties, fetching and carrying this and that while watching curiously — and gleefully — the whole time. The female maids loved seeing their proud, haughty young mistress over Miss Cushing's knee, or bending over for the cane. She needed taking down a peg or two, in their opinion. The cane was the perfect leveller.

After assiduously carrying out the punishment, Miss Cushing would take Anna by the ear and lead her to the corner of the room. Here she would have to stand for an hour or more with her hands on her head and her drawers round her ankles, supposedly reflecting solemnly on whatever transgression she had committed, while Miss Cushing marked exercises or read while nibbling on the bonbons she kept secretly in her reticule. Anna found such punishments humiliating but she seemed perpetually to be in need of correction, nonetheless.

Now, alone in her bed, Anna was once more conscious of the tingling of her nipples and the flood of warmth between her legs that she had experienced last night in the regal presence of Count Dracula. She wanted sorely to touch herself in the forbidden place but she feared to do so in case she was discovered. Oh, if only he would come tonight!

She lay trembling in an agony of anticipation until shortly after midnight. The household was as quiet as the tomb when the moon came out from behind a cloud and illuminated the bedroom as if it were daytime. The strange, heavy mist rolled in once more underneath the bedroom door. Anna

shivered violently. He was here...

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 3. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

Anna trembled uncontrollably as Count Dracula approached the bed. He was even taller than she'd remembered, perhaps a good four or five inches over six feet, and handsome, so handsome she could scarcely take her eyes off him.

He looked to be in his late forties, though of course she knew that he was much older than that, centuries older, and possessed of course of the jaded cynicism that comes with the passing of so many countless aeons of time.

Her breasts heaved and her cheeks flushed as he stared intensely at her. He was looking at her again as if he were a wolf and she were a particularly juicy morsel of food. She felt no fear though, only a nervous and even joyful anticipation. He sat down on the bed beside her like he had done the first night.

"Take off your nightgown," he said hoarsely. "Show yourself to your Master."

With shaking fingers, Anna pulled the frilly white nightgown over her head, disheveling her long blonde hair. Underneath the garment, she was stark naked. She blushed bright pink, a shade most becoming to her fair colouring, as her nipples immediately stiffened in the cool night air.

She remembered how she'd tried to cover herself that first night and how he'd pointedly pulled her hands away. Now she kept her hands obediently still on the coverlet in front of her, rejoicing to see the smile of approval that spread slowly over his face.

She gasped as his hands reached out and began to fondle the heavy round breasts tipped with pink that attracted male attention everywhere Anna went. His fingers were strong and confident as they massaged and squeezed and manipulated the milky-white orbs. His breathing grew heavier. He bent his head and kissed her lingeringly on her mouth. He laid her down against the pillows.

"When will we be together properly, Master?" begged Anna, stroking his face.

He felt cold, but otherwise the same as before. He even had a few hours growth of stubble darkening his jaw. He smelled of soap and cologne too, though they failed to mask entirely the faint odour of the grave that he carried with him always.

"Soon, my little Anna," Count Dracula replied.

He put his hand between her legs. Anna cried out when she felt him touch her most private parts. His gesture felt shockingly intimate. Forgetful, even uncaring of her modesty, she spread her thighs wide and moaned out loud as he touched her feminine parts so expertly that within minutes she was clinging tightly to him while the contractions of her orgasm shook her body to its core. How did he know her body so well, know her so well, she wondered in awe, when they'd only lain together once before?

Before the last contraction had died away, he sank his fangs into her neck, on the same spot that he had invaded previously. Once again, Anna felt no pain, only a deeply sensual ecstasy, as he hungrily consumed her life's blood.

As before, he drank only enough to sate himself and left her with blood enough to continue living and breathing until he visited her again. They lay together all night. It was coming into winter now and dawn would not come for hours.

"Why do you have to leave me here without you?" she sobbed as he prepared to leave. "Why can't you take me with you? You swore we'd be together forever and now you're leaving me again."

"Next time," he promised, fastening his cufflinks and smoothing back the still-black hair that had only a smattering of grey at the temples. "Next time, you will drink my blood. Then, we will be one. Then, you will come with me into my world."

"Do you swear?" Anna pleaded, clinging to him once more as he leaned over the bed to kiss her goodbye.

"I swear," he vowed solemnly, his fine-cut lips twitching at the corners with the faint hint of a smile at her desperate urgency. Mist filled the room then, and was soon so thick that Anna could no longer see him. When it cleared, he was gone, and Anna was alone once more. She threw herself down on the bed and tried, vainly, to sleep.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 4. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS.©

Anna spent yet another day in a state of nervous excitement, waiting for night to fall. Though Count Dracula had not told her when he would be coming for her, she felt sure that it would be tonight. She was determined that she would be ready for him and that she would look her best for him when he arrived. The day, like every other day, was spent in a seemingly endless round of needlework and music practice and quiet reading.

The monotony was broken only slightly by a walk in Hyde Park in the afternoon. Miss Cushing, Anna's governess-cum-companion, kept up a steady stream of complaints about the cold and the damp and the inconsiderate nature of the dog-owners who frequented the Park and permitted their beasts to roam free and annoy the other walkers with the animals' exuberant behaviour and the befouling of the grass with excrement. Her incessant grumbling gave Anna little or no time to fantasise about the coming of Count Dracula later that night and the things that he would do to her naked, trembling body.

He was so handsome and dominant, Anna thought as they returned to Richmond House. When he touched her intimately, she felt like she wanted to sob with pure happiness. She loved the way he was always in control of the situation and of her. He was truly her Master in all things and this made Anna happier than she would ever have been able to put into words. She couldn't wait to see him again.

Dinner that night was another quiet affair. Lady Grace Carfax was laid low with another one of her malaises, from which it seemed she had suffered virtually non-stop since the death of Sir Bernard a year ago. She would be taking supper in her room yet again. Anna's older brother Blaise, head of the family now, was spending the evening at the home of his fiancée, Lady Caroline Cotter.

What with wooing Caroline and overseeing operations at the five furniture factories he had inherited from their father, Blaise was hardly ever at home any more. This suited Anna perfectly. If Blaise had even the slightest inkling of what she'd been doing with Count Dracula up in her bedchamber, he'd surely order that she be spanked by her governess or even spank her himself, as he had sometimes been obliged to do in the past, or perhaps he might even send her to a nunnery.

Wasn't that what happened to high-born young women who had been seduced and had had their virtue taken away from them? Over dinner that night, Anna wondered when Dracula would take her virginity. With a thrill of excitement, she hoped and prayed that it might be soon. She was twenty-two years old. Surely she'd had her silly old virginity for long enough?

After dinner, Anna made her excuses to a suspicious Miss Cushing and hastened to the bathroom adjoining her bedchamber where her bath had already been drawn for her by her maid Hester. Hester Price was a plump little thing whose rounded breasts and fat buttocks were a constant source of fascination to the male staff of the Carfax household. Anna stripped naked and climbed into the scented bath with pleasure.

She wished as she soaped herself that she could send Hester away so she could touch herself between her legs. She contented herself with a more vigorous than usual application of the soap and flannel to her private parts. When Count Dracula arrived, he would attend to those parts of her body personally. She would do better to wait for her lord and master to see to her needs. She climbed out of the bath and allowed Hester to enfold her nude body in soft warm towels and pat her dry from head to toe.

"Fetch my new skin cream, Hester," she ordered the girl then. "You can apply it for me. I

want it all over my body this time, and don't skimp on it."

"Yes, Lady Anna," Hester replied dutifully as she hurried to fetch the heavy tub of expensive skin cream on her mistress's dressing-table which was laden with jars and bottles of all descriptions. Anna had spent a small fortune on the cream. It was what all the fashionable ladies of London were using on their bodies these days.

Anna stood naked with her arms above her head as Hester massaged the cream into her mistress's bare breasts and buttocks and back and belly. Anna's nipples stiffened as she remembered the way that Count Dracula had expertly handled her breasts last night, then she blushed bright pink when she realised that Hester had noticed her nipples hardening and was now grinning slyly.

"That will do, Hester," she told her maid. "You can put the cream away now."

"Very good, Lady Anna," replied the maid, smirking openly.

Irritated, Anna wished that there was some way to get the cocky little maid in trouble with Miss Cushing or Mrs. Whitby, the housekeeper. Then she remembered that, as the young lady of the house, she was not without some authority of her own.

"You are insolent, Hester," she told her maid coolly. "I think you need to be punished."

"Punished, Lady Anna...?" echoed Hester, her brown eyes widening. "But what 'ave I done? I ain't done nothing, 'ave I...?"

"I don't need to explain myself to a common maidservant," Anna replied haughtily.

Still fully naked, she crossed to her dressing-table and picked up her hairbrush. It was a large heavy one with a wooden back, perfect for Anna's purpose. She turned back to the frightened maid and said: "Lift your frock at once and lower your drawers. Then bend over the bed and lie still."

"But, Lady Anna!" wailed Hester, her eyes filling with tears. "I promise you I ain't done nothing wrong!"

"That's for me to decide," said Anna coldly. "I saw you sniggering at things that don't concern you. Now, do as you're told at once or I'll report you to Mrs. Whitby, and then it won't be just a few smacks on your bottom with a hairbrush that you'll be getting."

Hester's eyes widened still further at the mention of Mrs. Whitby, who was the strictest of disciplinarians and who dealt with any infractions of her rules with the utmost severity. She would not hesitate to take a strap to Hester's bottom in the servants' hall, in front of the other maids too, if Lady Anna reported Hester for insolence. Reluctantly, seeing them as the lesser of two evils, Hester began to obey Anna's instructions. She raised her drab brown frock to her hips and lowered her plain drawers to just beneath her plump buttocks.

Then she lay across the bed, howling in pain and drumming her feet on the carpeted floor while her nude mistress brought the hairbrush down across her unprotected hindquarters some twenty or thirty times with all the vigour she could muster. Anna had received enough bare-bottomed spankings from Miss Cushing in her time to know how such chastisements were best carried out. Do it swiftly and do it hard. That was Miss Cushing's method.

"You may go to bed now, Hester," said Anna when the punishment was finally complete. Anna was out of breath and pink in the face from her exertions. "I won't be needing you again tonight. And let that be a lesson to you," she added sternly as her sniffling personal maid pulled up her drawers and straightened her maid's mob cap. "A lesson in knowing your place."

"Yes, Lady Anna," sobbed Hester as she fled her mistress's bedchamber, rubbing her scalded bottom.

Anna, still naked, seated herself in front of her dressing-table mirror and began to brush her waist-length blonde hair with the wooden hairbrush. She was still pink-cheeked from chastising Hester. Her skin and eyes were glowing with rude good health. She'd never looked more beautiful. Perhaps administering discipline to another female, albeit a more lowly one, agreed with her.

She hoped fervently that Dracula would find her beautiful. He would be here in a few hours. Tonight she was going to drink his blood and become his bride. He'd promised her. The time was drawing near. She finished with the hairbrush and opened her jewellery box. She would select the prettiest baubles with which to adorn herself. After all, her Master was coming.

At five minutes before midnight, Thomas Renfield, the Carfax family footman, turned the handle of Hester's bedroom door as quietly as he could and stepped inside before he could be spotted by anyone passing by.

There was little chance of anyone wandering around the servants' quarters at this time of night as all the servants had to be up in a few hours to start the day's work but, as Thomas knew, it was always better to be safe than sorry. Hester was sitting up in bed stark naked, waiting for him.

"Where the bleedin' 'eck have you been?" she complained when she saw him. "I've been waiting ages!"

"Have a heart, Hester lovey," said Thomas, divesting himself speedily of his footman's uniform and dropping it on to the one chair in the room before diving beneath the bed-covers with Hester. "Old Wilkie had me doing a million and one little jobs around the place before he'd let me go for the night and then I had to make sure he'd gone to bed before I could risk coming up here." Mr. Wilkes, or 'Old Wilkie' as he was known to the staff, was the Carfax family butler.

"Blimey, it's always bleedin' freezing up in these bloody box-rooms," Thomas went on, putting his arms around Hester. "No wonder these things are always standing up," he added, tweaking one of Hester's big erect nipples. Hester, her face sulky, pushed his hand away.

"All right," said Thomas, turning to look at her properly. "What's up with you, Hester? You've had a face like a slapped backside since I walked in here just now. Is this because I was late?"

Hester burst into noisy, inelegant sobs. Thomas looked at her in alarm.

"Whatever's the matter, lovey?" he said.

"Lady Anna took a hairbrush to my backside earlier on tonight," wailed Hester.

Thomas stared at her for a moment, then he burst out laughing.

"Blimey!" he exclaimed. "Is that all? You had me worried there for a minute. So 'er Ladyship gave you a few spanks on the arse, did she? What did you do to deserve that, then?"

"I didn't do nothing," said Hester sulkily. "She said I was being cheeky but I wasn't. She fair walloped the lard out of me, too. I 'aven't been able to properly sit down since."

"Aw, poor Hester," said Thomas teasingly. "Come on, let's 'ave a look at your bum, then. Roll over onto your front."

Mutinously, the naked Hester flopped onto her belly and lay still while her lover inspected her big rounded buttocks, which were covered in the marks of her chastisement.

"Blimey!" said Thomas again, chuckling softly to himself. "She's given you a good going-over and no mistake. What... I mean to say, what was she wearing when she was walloping you?" he added as casually as possible.

Thomas had always thought Lady Anna Carfax to be the loveliest and most beautifully-dressed creature he had ever laid eyes on. Hester was a pretty enough little thing with her freckles and masses and masses of brown curly hair, her generous breasts and enormous backside that jiggled when she walked, but Lady Anna was a vision of grace and beauty. Too good for the likes of him, of course, but a man could dream, couldn't he? Dream and

fantasise? As he had no doubt the rest of the male staff of Richmond House as well.

"She was starkers, wasn't she?" said Hester, still sulky.

"You what?" said Thomas, his eyes wide. "You mean to say she 'adn't a stitch on?"

"Well, she was just out of her bath, wasn't she?" replied Hester, shrugging.

The thought of a naked Lady Anna disciplining his Hester on her bared buttocks was too much for Thomas. What he wouldn't have given to have been there to see that! Groaning out loud, he took Hester's hand and placed it on his erect member.

"If you ask me, she's got a lover," went on Hester spitefully.

"You what?" said Thomas again, still groaning as Hester's skilful hand worked its magic. "How could she have? You know her brother would never stand for that."

Blaise Carfax, head of the family since the death of his father a year ago, made sure that his sister was protected at all times from unwanted advances from members of the opposite sex. When the right suitor presented himself, Anna would be married off but before that day came, she would be kept chaste.

"Well, a woman don't go to that much trouble to titivate 'erself with powders and potions just to go to bed by 'erself, that's all I'm saying," said Hester cattily.

"You talk too much," said Thomas, lifting Hester up and then lowering her down carefully onto his swollen member. "Why don't you just shut up and ride me instead, woman...?"

At around four-thirty in the morning, a mere two hours before he was due on duty, Thomas Renfield returned silently to his own box-room. He had enjoyed an exceptionally good night.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 6. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

Sir Blaise Carfax sat up in bed and lit a cigar. Beside him, Flora Pitt yawned and stretched so that the clean but shabby bed-covers fell away from her upper body, exposing her enormous, pendulous breasts. Sir Blaise had always had a preference for exceptionally large-breasted women. He liked a woman with a bit of meat on her. His fiancée, Lady Caroline Cotter, was thin and angular but he wasn't marrying her for her body.

Her family was one of the oldest and richest in London. A match between the two families would be most advantageous to the Carfaxes. The five furniture factories that Blaise had inherited from his deceased father were all doing well- indeed, they could even be said to have been booming- but one could never have enough money. Everyone knew that.

That was why Blaise had seized his opportunity when it had arisen. Lady Caroline was nothing much to look at and he was even beginning to suspect that she was sexually frigid. It did not bode well for their impending marriage but Blaise was unconcerned.

He had Flora, his favourite prostitute, to take care of all his sexual needs, and also his sister Anna's personal maid, Hester, whenever he needed her. Hester was a plump, juicy little piece with the curliest brown hair and the fattest, roundest breasts and buttocks that Blaise had ever seen. He loved to watch them jiggle. He was well aware, too, that he was by no means the only man in the Carfax household who did.

"You're not going already?" Flora complained as he stubbed out the remains of his cigar and reached for his trousers which lay carelessly draped over a chair.

"Work in the morning," he replied with a grin. "Who'll take care of my five factories if I don't?"

"A few minutes won't make any difference," wheedled Flora, taking Blaise's hand and placing it on one of her huge breasts. Her nipple stiffened as he rolled it lazily between his forefinger and thumb.

"You're insatiable, you know that?" he said. "You little hussy, you. You naughty, naughty slut."

"Don't pretend you don't like it," Flora giggled as she reached down between his legs and took a firm hold of his rapidly-hardening member.

Blaise was exceptionally well-endowed, a fact which, coupled with his dark good looks and his family's wealth and old, well-respected name, made him endlessly popular with women of all ages and classes.

Flora adored him because he paid her well and was clean and handsome, unlike some of the other punters she was obliged to lie down with. She was not foolish enough to fall in love with him, however. A man like Blaise Carfax...? He was not for the likes of her.

It was just the way of the world. It was harsh, but there it was. Gentlemen didn't marry commoners like herself, no matter how exciting and satisfactory the intimacies between them. Now she increased the pressure on his swollen member and smiled in satisfaction as he groaned out loud.

"Stay a bit longer," she said.

He frequently paid her a bit extra for a repeat performance. Blaise hesitated. What was he rushing home for, when all was said and done? His mother was confined to bed again with one of her interminable ailments.

Even Anna, his younger sister who at twenty was a full decade younger than Blaise, had seemed to be living in another world these past few days. She scarcely appeared to hear him when he spoke to her.

Anna needed to be married off, of course. His father, Sir Bernard, had been in the process of

looking for a suitable husband for her when he'd had his sudden fatal heart attack last year. He ought to make that his priority, Blaise decided. Finding a husband for Anna, before she grew into an old maid.

It shouldn't be too difficult to find someone suitable. His little sister was a beautiful young woman. He'd have a talk with her about it tomorrow, if he could find the time. Now, however, he had more pressing business to attend to. He settled himself with a comfortable sigh between Flora's obligingly spread thighs and prepared to make his entrance.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 7. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

"You're... you're late," Anna stammered when at last he materialised at the foot of her four-poster bed once more, tall, forbiddingly handsome and wreathed in the mist that always heralded his coming. "I... I mean, that is... I've been waiting for you for hours." She blushed and lowered her eyes against the intensity of his dark stare.

"Regrettably, I had business that delayed me," Dracula said, coming to sit beside her on her bed and taking both of her hands in his much bigger, colder ones. "I am not without my enemies, you know," he added, a smile of cool amusement tugging at the corner of his lips.

"Never mind, you're here now," Anna said ecstatically, moving into his embrace.

His kiss was long and deep and Anna never wanted it to stop. When they pulled apart, she trembled as he undid the ribbons at the front of her nightgown and bared her large, milky-white breasts. He bent his head to first one nipple and then the other while Anna gasped and shivered in his arms. He sucked them both until they were stiff and fully elongated.

Meanwhile, his capable fingers teased her private parts beneath the folds of her white and pale pink lace nightgown. Once again, she found herself shamefully spreading her thighs wide for him, the better to allow him freer access to her soft feminine parts.

Expertly he brought her to orgasm, and when he lifted his head from her bared breasts, her face was wet with tears of gratitude. He seemed pleased both with her tears and also with her respectful and suitably submissive demeanour towards an infinitely superior male.

"I love you," Anna whispered, putting up her fingers to stroke his thick black hair back off his face. "When will you turn me into... into what... what you are, and take me with you...?"

"Patience, little one," murmured Dracula as he bent his head to her once more, this time to her neck. He drank his fill of her blood while she held him tightly. Like last time, he consumed just enough to sate himself and was careful to weaken her only a little.

"Kneel up on the bed," he ordered her when he was done.

He stood up and wiped her blood from his fangs and lips with the back of his hand. He looked different somehow, more feral, perhaps, more animalistic. He watched as she struggled

awkwardly into a kneeling position in front of him.

"Lift your arms, Anna," he commanded then. When she obeyed him, he pulled the nightgown up over her head in one fluid movement. He tossed it away from him carelessly.

"What if someone comes?" whispered Anna, embarrassed by her nakedness.

She was covered neither by night-attire nor bed-covers and she felt fully exposed, ashamed. She wanted to cover her breasts and her pubic mound with her hands but she feared his reprimand if she did. Her cheeks were aflame as she made herself look up and meet his gaze.

"No-one will come," he promised her, removing his cape and tearing open his shirt-front to bare his chest, which was, to Anna's surprise, comfortingly muscular. "When you are mine you will be naked always," he added while Anna blushed in the candlelight. "Your beautiful body must always be accessible to me. Your most intimate parts must always be open to me. And I will whip you every day, just to make sure you remember whose property you are."

Anna's eyes widened excitedly at his words. She trembled with desire as he ran his hands lightly down her bare back before cupping her buttocks and squeezing them painfully. When he released her, she saw in his right hand the gleam of a blade.

He drew the edge of the blade across his chest, just below his left nipple. Immediately, a thin line of blood appeared on his skin where he had cut himself. He put his hands on the back of Anna's gleaming blonde head and pulled her face close to the wound on his chest. His fangs gleamed in the candlelight.

"Now drink, woman," he commanded.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 8. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

Hester finished piling her long unruly brown curls into her maid's mob cap and then she stood sideways in front of the cracked bit of mirror on the back of her bedroom door. She would be starting to show soon. She dreaded that time.

Thankfully she had her own little box-room at the top of the house so that at least she could dress and undress in private without prying eyes snooping on her, but soon her changing shape would announce her condition to everyone in the Carfax household.

That fool Thomas Renfield the footman had laughingly made a flippant remark to her during the course of last night about how she was getting a pudgy little belly on her from sneaking Lady Anna's fancy chocolates from the box on her dressing-table.

He'd made the remark as he'd been lying naked on his back and lowering her down onto his swollen member. She'd flushed bright red, thankful for the darkness that hid her blushes from her lover's gaze. If only he knew the reason for her sudden increase in weight!

Luckily, Thomas had been more interested in filling her womanly parts with his manhood and in reaching up to fondle her heavy, pregnancy-swollen breasts while she rode him. If Thomas thought the infant growing in her belly was his, he'd most likely offer to marry her and give her and the child his name.

They'd have to leave Richmond House and set up home together. Thomas would get a job as a footman or as some kind of servant somewhere else, in another rich person's mansion, and she would stay at home and care for their child.

Yes, and live in abject poverty all the rest of her days, thought Hester with a violent shudder as she left her little box-room and hurried downstairs to make Lady Anna's cup of morning tea. No, that wouldn't -- and couldn't -- be allowed to happen.

What if Thomas became tired of playing happy families and abandoned her and the child? They would be destitute. Or what if he took to drink, as did many men of his class, and began beating her? Her life and that of her child would scarcely be worth living.

No, decided Hester firmly. The responsibility for the paternity of her unborn child was being laid squarely at the door of he who could most benefit Hester and her baby. That man was Blaise Carfax, head of the Carfax household -- and its vast fortune -- since the death of his father last year.

"Say that you love me, Sir Blaise," she'd begged him as he'd driven his erect manhood into her willing body the last time he'd come to her room in the dead of night. "Say that I mean something to you, that I matter to you."

"Of course you matter to me, you silly girl," he'd replied as he'd continued to impale her while squeezing her enormous breasts and pinching her nipples till she'd had to bite down hard on her lip to keep from crying out. He hadn't said he loved her, though. But he'd have to love her now, wouldn't he, now that she was carrying his child...? He'd have to.

Resolutely, Hester pushed from her mind the fact that the child she was bearing might just as easily be Thomas the footman's as Sir Blaise Carfax's. Telling Thomas that the child was his, however, would be tantamount to condemning herself and the baby to a life of poverty.

No, Hester wanted more for herself than a life of drudgery and want and beatings inflicted in the heat of a drunken rage. She didn't want her child to grow up to be a footman like his father or a maid like her mother. Sir Blaise could provide for her and the child in ways that

Thomas could only ever dream of.

Yes, certainly, there was no denying that Thomas was good-looking. Every female servant on the street had him in their sights. There was no doubt, too, that she enjoyed his nocturnal caresses and the way that his clever fingers moved unerringly to her most sensitive spot when she parted her plump white thighs for him. But Thomas was poor, with only limited prospects, and Sir Blaise was rich.

Hester was not fool enough to believe that Blaise Carfax would leave his fiancée, Lady Caroline Cotter, for her, but what was to stop him from setting her up in a little house somewhere with her baby, and keeping them both in the manner in which Hester was eager to become accustomed?

Sir Blaise would give them a comfortable life and a suitable living allowance and, in return, Hester

would be sexually available to him whenever he wanted and she would use her mouth and her hands on him in the way he'd always said he loved.

"Watch where you're going, girl!" said Miss Cushing sharply as Hester, daydreaming, passed her on the stairs and narrowly avoided spilling Lady Anna's morning tea all down the governess's plain grey dress. "Do you want me to tell Mrs. Whitby that you need your bare backside strapped to cure you of your clumsiness?"

"No, Miss Cushing," mumbled Hester as she fled to the relative safety of Lady Anna's bedroom, slopping tea onto the saucer as she went.

That old bitch Cushing could do with a good ride, she thought meanly as she opened the door to Lady Anna's bedroom. The moment she stepped inside her mistress's room, she felt a chill run through her body that was nothing to with the strangely wide-open windows. Something felt different in here this morning. Something felt wrong. Terribly wrong.

There was no sign of Lady Anna anywhere in the room, though her white nightgown lay pooled in a heap on the floor. The net curtains fluttered at the windows that no-one in the household would have dreamed of opening and throwing wide in this freezing cold wintry weather. Most sinister of all was the splash of bright-red blood on the pretty peach-coloured bedspread. Hester stared at the bloodstain, then she opened her mouth and screamed:

"Lady Anna's gone! Someone's kidnapped Lady Anna...!"

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 9. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

When the household had finally settled down for the night, Thomas crept noiselessly along the servants' corridor until he reached Hester's bedchamber, a tiny box-room in the servants' quarters right at the top of the house. He slipped quickly inside and began immediately to disrobe.

"Bleedin' 'eck, Hester love," he said as he stripped and deposited his clothing on the one chair in the room, "what a day!"

Hester dabbed at her wet eyes with her handkerchief and nodded, her face pale. If she lived to be a hundred, she would never forget the events of today. First, there was finding Lady Anna's bedroom empty and the bed not slept in, the curtains at the wide-open windows flapping in the cold morning breeze. Lady Anna's nightgown lying in a heap on the floor and the unexplained bloodstain on the bedspread.

Then there was raising the alarm, then being questioned closely by the police constables who had swarmed all over Richmond House like ants all day, going over Lady Anna's bedroom with a fine-toothed comb and taking away her nightgown and bedspread for further examination.

Then, Lady Grace Carfax collapsing when she heard the bad news and having to be confined to her room with a hastily-hired nurse on permanent watch beside her. Blaise Carfax shouting and raging at the police constables, threatening them with all manner of dire punishments and

demotions if they did not find his younger sister with all due haste.

Even old hatchet-faced Miss Cushing, whom Hester would have previously taken for a heartless old she-devil, had broken down and sobbed like a child when she'd been told what had happened. Maybe the old bitch had a heart after all instead of just a swinging brick.

"Who can have taken her?" she kept repeating over and over. "Who can have taken her?"

Who indeed? That was the question the entire household had been asking itself all day. And of course she, Hester, as Lady Anna's personal maid, had come under more scrutiny than any of the rest of them and had been quizzed personally by the detective in charge of the investigation.

He'd looked at Hester suspiciously when she'd told him that she knew nothing at all about Lady Anna's disappearance, and he'd only dismissed her when it became clear that she could tell him nothing, other than that she'd been the one to discover that the young lady's room was empty of its legitimate occupant.

Hester's face brightened now at the sight of Thomas's fully erect member as he climbed into bed beside her. That was the good thing about Thomas. He was always ready for the physical act of love and nothing ever put him off his stride, not even the fact that the young lady of the house had apparently vanished without trace. Hester was glad that Thomas was here. She sorely needed something to take her mind off this dreadful nightmare of a day.

She parted her thighs for him eagerly and accepted his manhood into her womanly opening. Thomas obligingly placed his hand over her mouth as he always did so that her gasps and groans of satisfaction would not be heard from outside the tiny bedroom.

He bent his head to her breasts and sucked each stiffened nipple in turn. He reached beneath her to cup her generous buttocks and pull her more fully against him. Together they bucked and writhed until, bathed in sweat, Thomas cried out and then lay still, stretched out full-length above her. Afterwards, he got up and began to dress.

"You're not leaving me alone tonight?" Hester exclaimed in dismay. "Not when whoever -- or whatever's -- taken Lady Anna could be still be out there...? What if he, or it, comes back, maybe for me...?" She stared at him accusingly.

"Don't be daft, Hester love," Thomas said as he fastened his shirt buttons. "You're as safe as houses up here. But with everything that's gone on in the house today and all the coppers sniffing round, I daren't be found up here with you in the morning. It'd mean the sack for me for sure, and for you too. You don't want that, do you, Hester love?" he added in the wheedling tone that usually guaranteed him his own way with the females of his acquaintance.

Hester shrugged. "No, I suppose not," she agreed sulkily.

Thomas grinned. With one last kiss and a playful tweak of her nipples he was gone, shutting the door quietly behind him. Hester pulled the covers over her naked body and closed her eyes, convinced that sleep would elude her. Within minutes, however, worn out from the events of the day, she drifted off and dreamed fitfully of missing heiresses, of bloodstained bedspreads and billowing curtains.

Flora opened her robe and displayed her naked body to her favourite client who, despite his not inconsiderable domestic troubles, brightened up considerably at the sight of her enormous breasts and hairy brown bush. She allowed the robe to fall from her body and pool in a heap at her feet.

"Where do you want me?" she purred suggestively.

Sir Blaise Carfax thought for a moment, then he said: "Kneel up on the bed on all fours, there's a good girl, Flora."

Today he was not in the mood for the chatter and face-to-face intimacy that frequently resulted from the missionary position. He needed relief, without a doubt, but from some slight distance. Flora obligingly got into position on the bed. Sir Blaise stubbed out his cigar and began to disrobe.

While he undressed, he thought about his younger sister Anna, as he did almost every minute of every day now. It had been three days since her disappearance from her bedroom in Richmond House. Those damned police constables and detectives that had descended on the house like a plague of locusts were no nearer to finding out what the devil had happened to her.

Hester, his sister's personal maid, had eventually been forced to admit that Anna had taken extra care over her toilette on the night she'd vanished, as if she'd been preparing for the arrival of a lover. Blaise had always been protective of his sister and he refused point-blank to believe that Anna had a secret lover about whom no-one in the family knew anything. And why were none of her clothes or personal effects missing, not even her nightgown? Her nightgown had been found discarded on the bedroom floor.

The strangest thing about Anna's disappearance, apart, of course, from the mysterious bloodstain found on her bedspread, was the disturbing fact that the abductor, whoever he was, had appeared to have gained access to the house through Anna's third-floor window.

But how had such a thing even been possible? It was a sheer sixty-foot drop from the window to the ground below. Dash it all, the man hadn't crawled up the wall, had he...? He'd have had to be possessed of supernatural powers to do such a thing.

Blaise mulled over the problem as he stood behind Flora and idly fondled her female parts. She moaned and writhed in response. She moaned all the louder when Blaise made his entrance and began to move inside her. Blaise ignored her completely and continued to fret about his sister's disappearance. It was a disaster for the Carfax family, that was what it was.

He'd been in the process of thinking about finding Anna a suitable husband when she'd vanished. He'd had two or three possible fellows in mind, all well-to-do, eminently respectable chaps who'd have been perfect for the job. Blaise could not remember when he'd last felt so aggrieved.

He picked up the riding crop he'd brought with him and began to beat Flora on her bare back, buttocks and thighs with it, lightly at first and then slightly less lightly. She grunted but, like the obedient little whore she was, she remained in position in front of him and took the whipping as

best she could.

It made Blaise feel better to whip her a bit and so it was a while before the beating ceased. Afterwards, as he was dressing, he remembered to pay Flora a little extra to compensate her for any inconvenience and also for the marks that would mar her white skin for several days

and perhaps keep her from earning.

"I hope they find her soon," Flora said when he was leaving.

"So do I," replied Blaise grimly.

He had every intention of giving that damned nincompoop Inspector Jonathan Waterstone, the police official in charge of the investigation, a severe tongue-lashing when next he saw him. What the deuce was the man doing to find Anna?

That was what her brother wanted to know. And, by the devil, Blaise swore as he walked the short distance back to Richmond House, hoping to clear his head in the brisk night air, he was going to find out.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 11. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

Lady Caroline Cotter, the twenty-eight-year-old fiancée of Sir Blaise Carfax, waited until her mother and sisters had departed upstairs for their afternoon naps before she slipped quietly away to the stables. Once there, she picked her way daintily to the last stall on the left. Robert was there, a pitchfork in his hand.

He stared when he saw her, then he crossed the two or three feet that separated them and took her roughly in his arms. Bending her backwards, he covered her mouth with his own and forced his tongue between her lips. His filthy hands groped the soft whiteness of her breasts. Lady Caroline melted into his embrace, then she pulled away suddenly and slapped his face.

"How dare you?" she seethed. "You insolent puppy, to make so free! Get over there by the wall at once. That's right, turn and face the wall. Now, lower your breeches, you pup. You heard me. Lower your breeches! I'll teach you, a common stable-hand, to presume so impertinently."

The black-haired, unshaven young man, his dark eyes glinting, unhurriedly dropped his trousers and placed his hands on the wall in front of him, facing away from Lady Caroline. Her eyes widened at the sight of his muscular buttocks and thighs, as naked now as nature intended. Robert turned his head and looked at her, the beginnings of a slow grin tugging at the corners of his sensuous lips.

"Eyes front!" snapped Lady Caroline, taking a riding-crop down from the wall beside her and testing the weight of it in her hands. The young man braced himself for what he knew was coming. Crack! Lady Caroline lashed him across his bared buttocks with all her strength. Robert bit down hard on his lower lip but uttered not a sound.

The first stroke was immediately followed by some ten or twelve more. It took every ounce of Robert's not inconsiderable willpower not to cry out. He wouldn't give the uppity bitch the satisfaction. Eventually, Lady Caroline's arm tired and she tossed the whip onto the floor.

"There, you savage!" she declared, her small bosoms heaving in the low-cut gown. "You see where your insolence gets you!"

"Yes, Milady," muttered Robert, turning to face her.

She smiled when she saw his male member, fully swollen and standing smartly to attention. The act of discipline never failed to arouse him to a state of near-frenzy.

"Oh Robert, make love to me!" she breathed, her eyes shining. For answer, the young man grinned and threw her down backwards onto a bale of hay. Disrobing quickly, he knelt between her legs and divested her of her drawers, after first hiking her gown up around her hips.

"Quickly, Robert, quickly!" she urged him. He stretched out full-length on top of her and filled her womanly parts with his erect maleness. Lady Caroline moaned with sheer relief. She needed this. She truly needed it. She was a woman with strong sexual needs.

Of course, she could have these needs satisfied by her husband-to-be, Sir Blaise Carfax, but she was fiercely determined that no act of copulation should take place between them until the marriage ceremony was safely behind them and the Carfax family diamond was on her finger in the form of a ring.

She'd seen too many of her contemporaries cheated out of marriage after allowing themselves to be persuaded into giving up their virginity before a formal contract of engagement had been entered into. Caroline had no intention of making the same mistake.

She was sure that Sir Blaise, who attempted intimacies every time they met, deemed her frigid, but Lady Caroline was far from frigid. She had an insatiable sexual appetite and was no stranger to the upright male member, a fact to which the stable-hands in the Cotter household could all attest.

Besides, Caroline pondered as Robert bent his head to fill his mouth with her soft white breast, she hadn't even seen Blaise for several days, he was so busy dealing with the unexplained, shocking disappearance of his sister, Anna.

Caroline wondered idly who -- or what -- had snatched the beautiful young woman from her bedroom in Richmond House, then a particularly vigorous series of thrusts by her favourite younger lover drove all thoughts of the abduction of Anna Carfax from her mind.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 12. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

Sir Daniel Rochester put his booted foot up on the low table in front of him and lit a cigar.

"Dashed nuisance about your sister, Carfax," he said to Anna's older brother Blaise. "You'd more or less promised her to me and now I'm a bride short. Crashing bore. What are the police doing about it?"

"Precious little, as far as I can see," replied Sir Blaise, his face tight. "In the week since her abduction by 'person or persons unknown,' as they keep putting it, they haven't found a single clue as to her whereabouts or the identity of her captor.

"I'm getting damned tired of their bumbling idiocy and incompetence, too. That fellow they've assigned to lead the investigation, Watermark or Waterstone or whatever his bloody name is, doesn't seem to know his arse from his elbow, if you ask me. I'm going to have a word with his superiors the first chance I get."

"Good show, old man," said Sir Daniel, languidly blowing a series of elaborate smoke rings in his friend's direction. "And don't forget, when she's found, you promised her to me."

Before Sir Blaise could answer, the door opened and six or seven women quietly entered the room and came to stand in a neat row in front of the two men who sat sprawled on the huge elegant pink-and-white-striped couch.

The women were all fully nude except for a statuesque older woman clad in a tight black evening gown with her hair piled high on her head. Though she was considerably older than the naked women, she was well-preserved and discreetly made-up.

"Gentlemen," she said, extending a hand to encompass the line of naked females, "I beg of you to make your selection."

"Well, well," said Sir Daniel, licking his lips and eyeing up the young nude women lasciviously, "you're truly spoiling us tonight, my dear Madame Corinne."

"I do try my best, Sir Daniel," murmured the older woman, acknowledging his compliment with a gracious inclination of her head.

"Have the little dark-haired wench come here to me," said Sir Daniel.

"Noriko, you heard Sir Daniel," said Madame Corinne. "Hurry up now."

The beautiful young Japanese woman moved gracefully across the room and stood silently in front of Sir Daniel.

"Don't be shy, my little lotus-blossom," said Sir Daniel, stubbing out his cigar in the ashtray provided and patting his lap. "Come and sit on your Uncle Daniel's lap."

The woman did as she was bid and sat impassively while Sir Daniel, darkly handsome with a two-day growth of stubble shadowing his strong jaw, fondled her small perfect breasts and buttocks and between her legs. Her female parts were fully-shaven and as smooth as silk under his touch.

Meanwhile, Sir Blaise had chosen a tall blonde female with enormous droopy teats that reminded him of Flora's. Flora was his favourite prostitute and the one who normally attended to all his sexual needs, but occasionally he allowed his friend Sir Daniel to talk him into coming to Madame Corinne's high-class establishment for gentlemen of the upper classes.

The women Madame Corinne kept at her high-class brothel were all beautiful and exotic and frequently from all the far-flung countries of the world. A fellow with money was always guaranteed a good time at Madame Corinne's.

"Gentlemen, come this way, please," said Madame Corinne as she left the room and preceded the two men and the women they'd chosen down a long, lamplit corridor to the luxurious bed-chambers set aside for her richest, most valued clients.

"Don't forget that your sister Anna's promised to me, old chap," Sir Daniel said to his friend before he disappeared into one of the bedrooms with the naked Japanese woman. "She's a fine piece of horseflesh, your sister. I'd hate to miss out on that one."

"She's yours, old man, don't worry," Sir Blaise replied, patting the blonde prostitute on her ample bare buttocks and giving her a gentle shove into their designated bedchamber. "That's if they ever find her," he added grimly to himself. He went into the bedroom where the nude prostitute known as Adelaide awaited him with obligingly spread legs and then he shut the door behind him.

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 13. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

Anna opened her eyes and sat up in bed. She looked around her in amazement. She was in the most opulent-looking bed-chamber she'd ever seen. Her bed was a magnificent four-poster one dressed with the finest of pure linen sheets.

The furniture was all solid mahogany and polished to a high sheen. The floor-length windows were hung with rich russet-coloured drapes of the heaviest velvet. The drapes had not yet been drawn and Anna could see that it was dark outside.

There were comfortable-looking armchairs and a dressing-table laden down with perfumes, creams and lotions, as well as a heavy silver-backed hairbrush with a matching hand-mirror and comb. A cushioned stool sat in front of it, waiting for a lady to sit there and begin making up her face or brushing her hair before bed. A wardrobe against the wall to Anna's left was standing open, and was seen to contain row after row of fabulous gowns in Anna's favourite colours.

Anna looked down at herself. Her eyes widened when she saw that she was clad in a loose-fitting white nightgown not unlike the one she'd left behind her in Richmond House, but it was not her own garment. Of that she was certain.

She blushed when she realised that she was stark naked underneath the nightgown. Who had dressed her in this garment? Was it Count Dracula himself? And if not the Count, then who had looked upon her naked body and covered it while she slept...?

And why was she so... so thirsty...? In all her life, Anna had never felt a thirst like it. She had a headache too, the kind of pounding, ear-splitting headache that her governess Miss Cushing would probably have described as a migraine. The older woman was prone to them herself the odd time. The door opened suddenly and a woman entered the bedroom and approached the bed.

Her beauty was of the kind Anna would have referred to as 'exotic.' She had jet-black hair coiled into a loose knot at the nape of her neck and green eyes like a cat's. She was dressed in a white Grecian-style floor-length gown cinched at the waist with a wide gold belt and on her feet she wore jewelled sandals.

"My name is Valeria," she said. "I am one of Count Dracula's servants and this is his castle. You will be feeling thirsty by now and so I have brought you this. It is advisable to drink it all." She held out a heavily-jewelled goblet to Anna.

"Is it... is it blood...?" Anna whispered at the sight of the dark-red liquid it contained.

The woman called Valeria nodded. Trembling, Anna took a tentative sip. To her surprise, it tasted good. So good that she took first a long swallow and then another, and then another and another until she'd drained the goblet and stained her chin and the borrowed nightgown with the crimson liquid. Her thirst was immediately slaked and her headache disappeared. She stared up at Valeria, her eyes wide with wonder.

"It is time for your bath," Valeria said then, folding back Anna's bedclothes.

"My... my bath...?" echoed Anna nervously, climbing out of bed and allowing the other woman to lead her to a huge room off the bed-chamber which contained a magnificent sunken bath, already filled to the brim with warm, scented water. Three or four naked women, all startlingly beautiful with long hair and full, round breasts and buttocks not unlike Anna's, sat or stood in silent attendance around the bath.

"It is your wedding night," Valeria said, even as the naked women began to strip the nightgown gently from Anna's trembling body. "The Master has ordered that you be made ready for him."

The nude maidservants, for Anna assumed that such was their role, led her down the three steps into the water. Anna's eyes widened as Valeria too began to strip. Her body was like the body of a perfect alabaster statue, marred only by the marks of a whip that striped her back, buttocks and thighs.

"Did... did Count Dracula do that to you...?" Anna whispered.

Valeria shrugged. "He is the Master, after all," she said, but not unkindly.

There was no more talking then as Valeria stepped down into the bath and began to wash Anna's naked body all over with soft cloths handed to her by the naked handmaidens. Anna felt her nipples stiffen and tingle as Valeria soaped her breasts, her belly, her buttocks and even between her thighs.

When Valeria washed between her open thighs and the washcloth probed intimately between the lips of her sex, Anna felt a throbbing sensation there that she had only ever experienced at the hands of Count Dracula.

When Valeria's scented washcloth probed still further between her buttocks and into the most private part of her, a part that even the Count had not yet explored, Anna felt the sensation so strongly that the deepest of blushes suffused her cheeks.

I'm wicked, she thought wildly, fighting the urge to kiss Valeria on her red moist mouth and fondle her breasts. I should be whipped. I should be bent over touching my toes this very minute for a sound thrashing on my bare buttocks from Miss Cushing's birch. I should be soundly whipped until my buttocks bleed and the Devil is gone from me.

After her bath, the nude handmaidens patted both Anna and Valeria gently dry with soft warm towels and covered their damp bodies with scented lotion.

"Come," said Valeria then, taking Anna's hand and leading her, both of them naked, back to the bedroom. "It is time to dress you for your wedding night."

FANGS AND FOREPLAY... THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DRACULA. BOOK 1- PART 14. AN EROTIC HORROR TALE BY SANDRA HARRIS. ©

Inspector Jonathan Waterstone got up from the dinner table and began to pace the room.

"Good heavens, Jonathan," exclaimed his wife Gwendolyn, "you've hardly touched your supper. I scarcely see the point in your returning home on time from the station for once if you intend to leave your nourishment uneaten. Do you, Madeleine?" she added, turning to address her younger sister, who was staying with them for the last few weeks of Gwendolyn's pregnancy.

"I daresay that Jonathan is worried about his new case," murmured Madeleine, a comely young woman with enormous, milky-white bosoms and waist-length golden hair.

"You both know perfectly well that I'm not supposed to talk about that," said Jonathan.

Being given the task of heading up the investigation into the disappearance of Lady Anna Carfax was like a dream come true for Jonathan. It was the biggest, most important case of his career. Not as big as the Ripper case, of course. Nothing could ever be as big as that, but Jonathan hadn't been given the Ripper case, he'd been given the Carfax one and he was bloody well going to make the best of it.

"And you know perfectly well that the newspapers are full of her abduction daily," countered his wife. "You can't expect us not to know about it when it's one of the biggest stories of the day."

"You shouldn't be reading those dreadful newspapers in your condition," scolded Jonathan.

"Is it true that Jack The Ripper took her?" blurted out Madeleine, her china-blue eyes as wide as saucers. "And that he raped her first, right there in her bedroom, before he carried her away?"

"Certainly not," snapped Jonathan in response.

How many times since being given the assignment had he wished that that bloody Ripper fellow was responsible for Lady Anna's sudden disappearance off the face of the earth? Think of the prestige that would have been afforded him, working on such a high-profile case, and the glory had he caught the fellow!

But, as his superiors had been at pains to point out to him, a chap who slices up women of easy virtue whom he'd encountered down dark alleys and in poorly-lit squares doesn't suddenly start entering the private bedrooms of high-born young women such as Lady Anna Carfax and spiriting them away, leaving nothing behind them but a crumpled nightgown and a bloodstain that couldn't be identified. The newspapers would speculate, of course. They loved a nice juicy sex-case. In fact, they loved nothing better.

"I believe that I shall retire to bed now, Jonathan," said Gwendolyn, belching softly into her handkerchief. "I fear that I am laid low with the indigestion again, and I am tired too from my perambulations earlier. Madeleine dear, can you see to the dishes, and also take care of any little wants of Jonathan's?"

"Why, certainly, sister dear," said Madeleine, getting up from her chair and beginning to clear away the plates with a show of efficiency and enthusiasm.

After Gwendolyn had heaved her not inconsiderable bulk up the stairs and closed her bedroom door, Jonathan crossed the room and took Madeleine in his arms, crushing her against his chest in his eagerness. The dishes were abandoned without a further thought.

"Do you have any little wants that need taking care of?" giggled Madeleine as her brother-in-law fondled and squeezed her enormous breasts. They were breasts that always seemed to be just about to escape from the confines of her bodice. *

Count Dracula, bored to death and dead tired of twiddling his thumbs in the wilds of Transylvania, has come to Victorian England to see what he can see in the way of top crumpet. A swordsman extraordinaire (no, not the sporting kind, the sexy kind!), with a particular penchant for spanking and whipping delectable female backsides, he finds no shortage of willing volunteers among the love-starved ladies of London society. Everyone, from the highest-born heiresses to the lowliest of lady's maids, wants a piece of Count Dracula's salaciously sexy action. Will there be enough of the Prince of Darkness to go round? Will the demon lover who died, yet lived, rise gloriously to the occasion once again? Ladies, you can 'stake' your lives on it...! And your blood, and your immortal souls...

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