Scarlet O'Hara and Dracula

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They meet at a masquerade party

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The party was already in full swing when Nancy and her friends arrived. The Victorian ball gown that she had found in the trunk in her grandmother's attic fit nicely after a few custom alterations by a seamstress friend. With the addition of having her hair set in long hanging banana curls she felt like

the perfect Scarlet O'Hara.

Nancyadjusted the mask that hid the upper half of her face and looked around to see if she recognized any of the other masqueraders. When Spiderman approached and askedher to dance, her friends, the Wicked Witch and Betty Boop, wished her luck and disappeared into the crowd.

As the hours passed Nancy found herself dancing with one superhero after another. Every now and then she caught the eye of one of her friends and they laughed at how comical some of these costumes were. Then something strange happened.

While Nancy stepped away from a conversation with Batman and Green Lantern, who had seemed more interested in chatting with each other than with her, all the party guests seem to move as one choreographed ensemble. Some turned to talk to other partygoers, some moved toward the bar, and some merely meandered mindlessly as they danced. All were separate unconnected movements, yet all led to the same result – a path opened up among the revelers from where Nancy stood clear to the other side of the room. Across the dance floor at the end of the opening stood a tall pale man dressed in black. He stared at Nancy. None of the other guests seemed to pay any attention to him as he proceeded to walk steadily through the parted crowd toward her, his eyes fixed intently on hers the entire time. The merrymakers closed the gap behind him and went about their business after he passed. Nancy stood frozen, mesmerized by the approaching stranger. She hadn't noticed him before.

Where was this good looking guy all evening? She became more aware of his stunning beauty the closer he came. His face was like that of a statue's – thin aquiline nose, high cheekbones, full lips, and strong square jaw. The powdery paleness of his skin appeared even whiter, contrasted against his silky jet black hair, and resembled the luster of cold marble. *Great makeup job!* Nancy grinned. *And costume too!* He sported an expensive looking European tuxedo that had a regal flare and a sweeping floor-length black velvet cape with a blood-red silk lining.

"You must be Count Dracula," she said in mock formality. The stranger's eyes widened as if surprised.

"You can address me so, if you wish," he bowed. "And what is your name, my dear?"

"Why, I'm Scarlet," she responded with a Southern drawl and giggled. “Scarlet O’Hara.” Dracula took her hand, bowed, and brought it to his lips.

"I am delighted to meet you, Miss O'Hara," he said.

"Scarlet. Please," she corrected. There was something about this man that intrigued Nancy. She liked the way that he stayed in character, portraying the mysterious vampire from Transylvania and not revealing the real man hidden beneath the costume and makeup. She played along maintaining her own persona – that of the coy well bred Southern belle. Nancy sensed an aura of innate sensuality surrounding the Count and her mind clouded with strange carnal yearnings that made her feel like an animal on the prowl. "I was just about to get another drink. Would you care to join me?" She did not want him to get away.

"I do not drink..." he paused in his reply, "...alcohol."

"Very admirable. You must be driving tonight." When he did not respond she added, "Drinking and driving don't mix." She laughed uncomfortably when she realized that she had inadvertently dropped her exaggerated Southern accent and before she was able to get back into character, she noticed Betty Boop easing her way through the throng of merrymakers with the Wicked Witch following close behind.

"And speaking of driving," Nancy groaned. "Here comes *my* designated driver right now." *Damn!* She knew by the look on Betty's face that she was ready to call it a night. *Why so soon? Why now?*

"We'd better be on our way, Nancy," her friend announced. "It's raining pretty hard out there and it's going to be a nasty drive home," Betty briefly turned her attention to the stranger and commented, "Nice costume, Drac." He responded with a smirk and a silent bow and then did the same to the green-faced witch when she winked at him.

"I'm sorry. But I must go now," Nancy regretted having to part company so suddenly with the handsome man. "It was nice to meet you. Maybe I'll see you again at another party..."

"Yes, my dear Scarlet, I am sure that we *will* meet again."

* * *

Lightning flashed with brilliant lingering bursts followed by violent explosions of resonating thunderclaps. Torrents of rain pounded the windows while tempest winds rattled the panes and whistled through thin openings between the weather strips.

Nancy tossed and turned listening to the symphony of the storm. It was two hours since the party and still she was feeling the few drinks she had there. To bide her time she fantasized about actually being Scarlet O'Hara and meeting her Rhett Butler at a party in the ballroom on the Tara Plantation.

Her thoughts drifted to the man in black at the masquerade party. *Dracula. That hunk with the realistic costume! Why did I let the girls pull me away from him? I didn't even get his name. I should have at least given him my number.* Her regrets soon turned to lustful musings, similar to those that she had entertained in his presence.

The room became uncomfortably warm and stuffy and she threw aside the blanket. When that provided no relief she got out of bed and opened the window on the side of the room away from the storm. Returning to bed, she resumed her shameless thoughts about the mysterious partygoer. She squeezed her nipples through the cloth of her nightgown. The curtains flapped inward and a damp breeze swept into the room as she settled back onto her mattress. Nancy visualized herself cradled in the arms of the Countcarrying herup the stone spiral staircase of his castle. She slid a hand under the elastic of her panties.

The storm continued to rage and, just as Nancy's sexual fantasies began to transform into dreams, a lightning strike illuminated the room. She was jolted awake, her fingers still at her moist warmth. A dark shape fluttered by the open window and Nancy thought she saw a small black bird glide across the room. She sat up, listened intently, and strained to see in the blackness of the bedroom, not knowing if the bird had been real or imagined.

When another explosion of lightning lit up the room she saw a shadowy figure standing at the foot of her bed. *It's him!* She knew that she should be frightened by the man's sudden appearance, but the excitement of seeing the vampire from the party – the man that she had just been fantasizing about – here in her room, overcame any rational instincts.

A brief pulse of light, like the flash of a camera, revealed him closer now, standing beside the bed. She lowered herself back down onto the pillow as a peal of thunder exploded loudly. She felt the stranger's hands on her nightgown and the sound of tearing fabric filled the dark room. Nancy gasped as Dracula ripped the gown open and flung her bed coverings off. Spellbound by the trespasser's audacity, she made no attempt to cover her nakedness and in the next brief blaze of light she watched him with wide-eyed wonder as he came nearer.

In the blackness between the lightning strikes, she felt his mouth tug at her breast. Another bolt of lightning exposed the intruder at her bosom, – his head rocking side to side with his lips locked on her nipple, sucking wildly like a ravenous wolf at the teat of its mother. His hearty sucks pulled her entire areola into his mouth. Nancy sighed with contentment and parted her legs receptively. Suddenly the Count abandoned her breast as if it were dry and attacked the other. Then just as quickly, he was away from her tits and she was alone in the darkness. *Where is he?*

Bathed once more in an abrupt flash of lightning, the eerie stranger appeared naked at the foot of her

bed, his body as pale as his face. An earsplitting boom of thunder shook the room. The next flash revealed the visitor crawling across her bed like a panther between the outstretched legs of his mesmerized victim. When he plunged into her quickly and forcefully, a deafening smack of thunder shook the room. Pain melded with pleasure and Nancy groaned and took hold of the vampire’s firm buttocks and tugged him into her.

His thrusts were deep and unforgiving, fast and furious like a wild animal in heat. Nancy fought back the pain and hung onto him desperately while he slammed into her. The mattress squeaked noisily and the bedposts knocked repeatedly against the wall with each repetitive plunge. She wrapped her legs around the Count’s body feeling a rapturous onrush building. When the first orgasm hit she forgot about the pain that this beast of a man had inflicted upon her and she thrashed on the bed in darkness. Lightning struck once more. A deafening thunderclap followed.

She didn’t see his fangs but felt them on her neck and heard the wet gurgle and knew that he drank her blood. An electric tingle raced through her body as he sucked her throat and continued to pump his long staff into her wetness. Her passion grew and she wriggled vigorously beneath her captor until all at once fervent waves of ecstasy gushed over her and delivered her to the ultimate pinnacle of pleasure, from which she fell abruptly into unconsciousness...

Nancy 's head ached when she awoke. The late morning sunlight that filtered through the sheer curtains pained her eyes. Silently prone on the bed she recalled the evening before. The masquerade party had been most enjoyable even though she had only met one interesting guy there. *Dracula!* She sat up quickly and then realized that she was naked. Seeing her nighty in tatters on the floor, she put her hand to her neck and left the bed. The young woman, her hair disheveled from the long night in bed, felt extremely tired and weak as she walked toward her dresser. She stared into the mirror above the chest of drawers and brushed aside a limp curl that covered her neck. She gasped.

Wasn't it all just a dream?