

Who hasn't dreamt of being invisible?
To do everything, see everything,
without being seen?
To gain the sultry knowledge
of everyone's deepest desires?
Without leaving any trace,
but the elusive scent of butterscotch....

WITH THIS MASTERPIECE,
MANARA REINVENTS EROTICISM
AND OVERLOADS OUR SENSES.



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MANARA

BUTTERSCOTCH BOOK 1

DRUGSTORE

MANARA

BUTTERSCOTCH
BOOK 2



DRUGSTORE













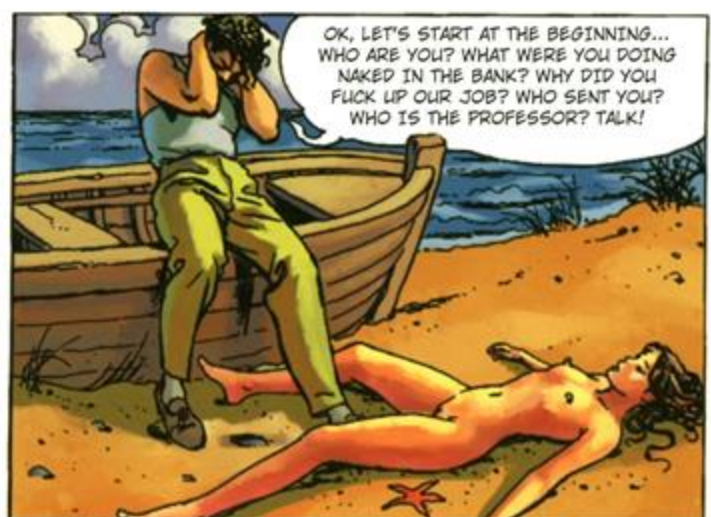






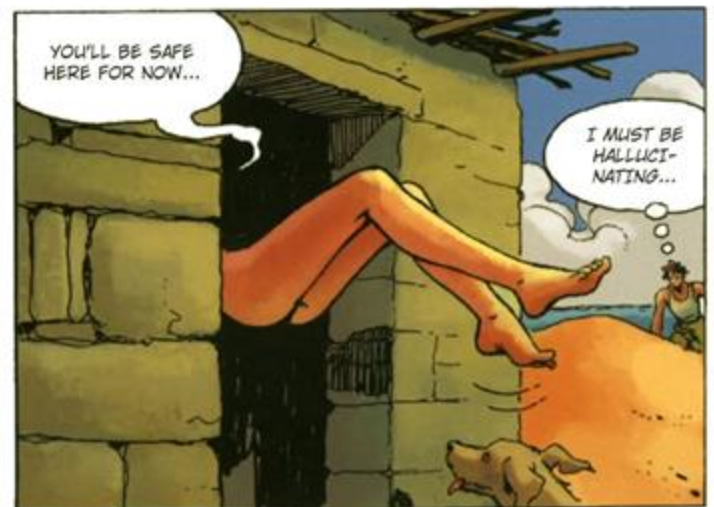




















I HAVE THE ABILITY TO KNOW ALL THE MOST SHAMEFUL SECRETS IN OUR SOCIETY. THE MOST INJURIOUS BEHAVIOUR, THE CROOKED DEALS, THE CONTEMPT FOR THE LAW, THE MOST SHAMELESS AND HATEFUL GREED, THE MOST CYNICAL AND EMBARRASSING LIES, THE MOST WRETCHED CORRUPTION...



...BUT I PREFER TO COME AND GO THROUGH THE STREETS, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CROWD. I CHOOSE A VICTIM, OBVIOUSLY OF THE FEMALE SEX, AND FOLLOW ALL HER MOTIONS, BUT I DON'T JUST FOLLOW HER...



I'VE SEEN CLERKS IN CERTAIN BOOK-STORES FORGET ALL SHAME FOR A MOMENT, AND CLIMB THE LADDER A FEW MORE STEPS THAN USUAL, WITH SKIRTS A LITTLE SHORTER THAN USUAL, AND WEARING A LITTLE LESS LINGERIE THAN USUAL, AND GET THE WRONG BOOK MORE OFTEN THAN NOT...



...AND THE EXHAUSTION OF CERTAIN SOLITARY PRACTICES REPEATED OVER AND OVER IN THE WARM, INTERMINABLE SUMMER AFTERNOONS, IN THE SHADE CRISSCROSSED BY LINES OF LIGHT FILTERING THROUGH THE BLINDS...



ONLY I KNOW THE SICKNESS OF CERTAIN THERAPIES, ADMINISTERED WITH FALTERING BREATH AND TREMBLING HANDS...



OR THE DRAWN-OUT LANGUOR OF CERTAIN PIANO LESSONS, IN THE SILENCE OF HOMES, WITH EARS PERKED UP TO HEAR MAMA'S COUGH IN THE NEXT ROOM, WITH CHOPIN AS AN EMOTIONAL ACCOMPLICE...



I HAVE CAUGHT THE EYE OF A YOUNG WOMAN CHAINED TO A RADIATOR...



...WHICH HASN'T PREVENTED HER, THE MOMENT SHE'S FREE, FROM PLACING HERSELF IN OBSCENE POSITIONS IN FRONT OF THE WARDROBE MIRROR, SO AS TO ABANDON HERSELF TO GOD KNOWS WHAT INCONFESSABLE VICES...



NO ONE WOULD EVER SUSPECT WHAT YOU CAN FIND OUT UNDER THE TABLES OF THE FINEST RESTAURANTS ON THE COAST...



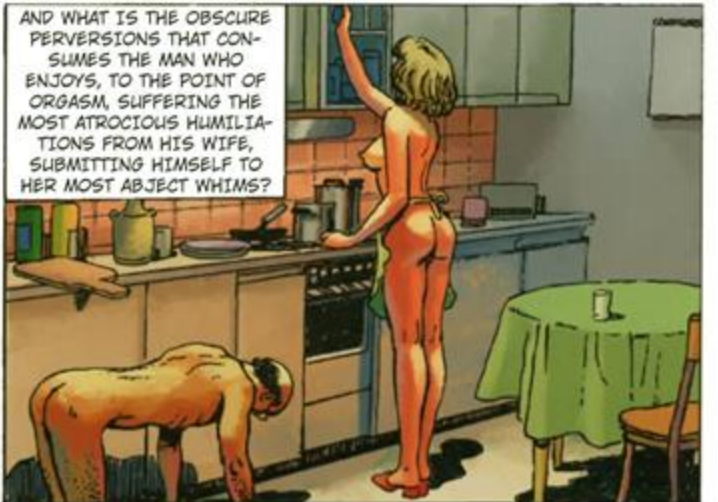
I HAVE SEEN APPARENTLY IRREPROACHABLE CITIZENS COUPLE FURIOUSLY WITH STRANGERS IN THE ELEVATOR, JUST BEFORE RETURNING HOME TO THEIR FAMILIES, THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING DISCOVERED SEEMING TO INCREASE THEIR PLEASURE...

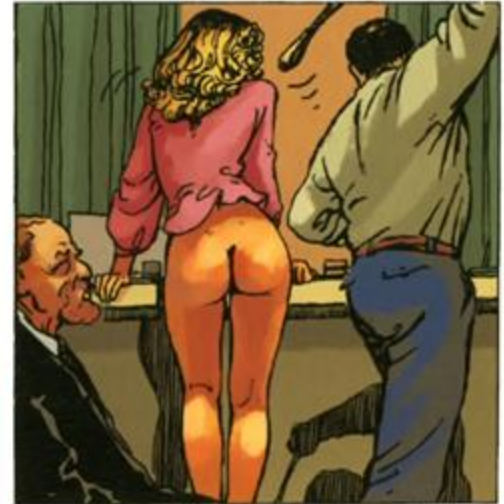


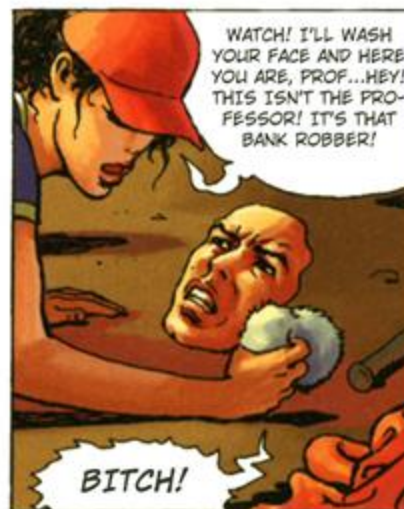
AND HOW MANY TIMES, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DARKNESS OF CERTAIN BEDROOMS, HAVE I PERSONALLY MADE UP FOR CERTAIN HUSBANDS' LACK OF ENTHUSIASM, MAKING SOME WOMEN DISCOVER UNSUSPECTED POSSIBILITIES?



AND WHAT IS THE OBSCURE PERVERSIONS THAT CONSUMES THE MAN WHO ENJOYS, TO THE POINT OF ORGASM, SUFFERING THE MOST ATROCIOUS HUMILIATIONS FROM HIS WIFE, SUBMITTING HIMSELF TO HER MOST ABJECT WHIMS?









SOME TIME LATER...



PROFESSOR!
WHAT'S UP, DOC?



MISS! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

THIS PLACE
BRINGS BACK
STRANGE MEMO-
RIES. AND YOU?



I TOO HAVE
MEMORIES...THE
ONLY TIME I'VE
EVER STRUCK
SOMEONE WAS
HERE...

SO IT
WAS YOU
WHO
SAVED ME
FROM THE
CLUTCHES
OF THAT
CROOK!



MISS, THE CHAM-
PAGNE IS CHILLED
AND READY NOW!



BUT, WHOSE LIMO
IS THAT?

WELL, YOU
SEE, PROFESSOR,
I'M A RICH WOMAN!
YOU SEE, YOU
DESTROYED
YOUR LAB...



...BUT I WAS ABLE TO
RECOVER ALL THOSE
BOTTLES OF OINTMENT
THAT THE BANK ROBBER
STOLE...I'VE MADE GOOD
USE OF THEM...C'MON,
DON'T BE ANGRY...



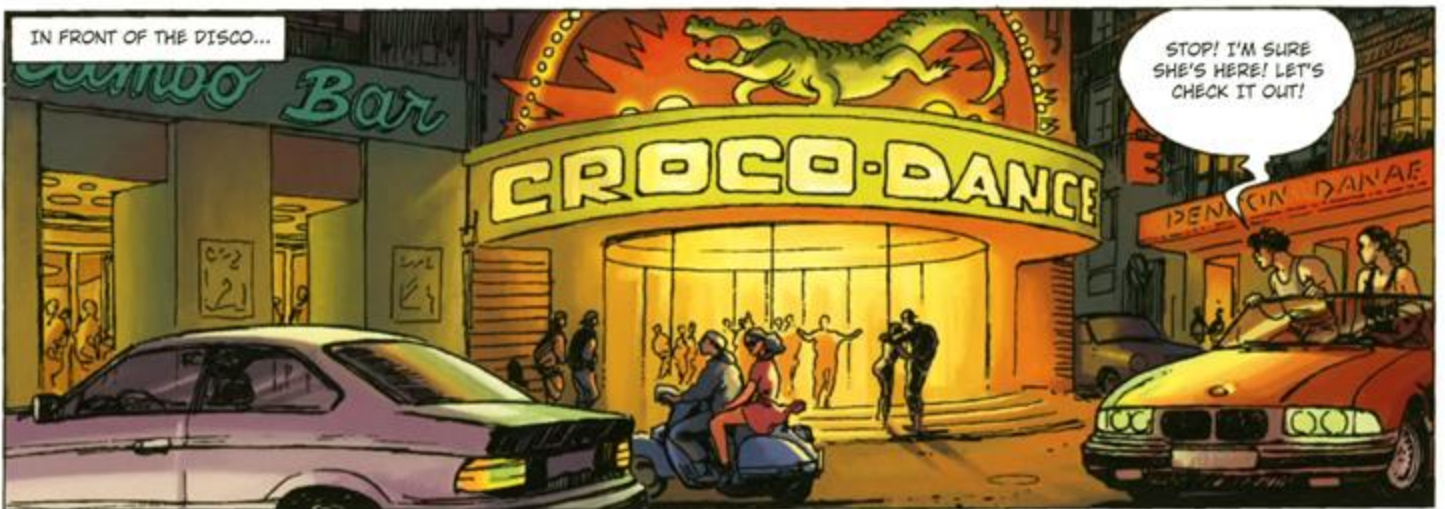
IF YOU LIKE CHAMPAGNE,
THERE'S A GLASS FOR
YOU TOO, PROFESSOR!



AND THERE'S ROOM
FOR YOU IN THE
LIMO TOO, IF
YOU'RE UP FOR IT...
AND I DO MEAN UP...



NO THANK YOU, MISS. I'M
SORRY, BUT YOU KNOW
PERFECTLY WELL THAT I
DON'T APPRECIATE THE
USE YOU'VE MADE OF MY
DISCOVERY.
INVISIBILITY IS A
PRIVILEGE THAT
SHOULDN'T BE USED
TO ENRICH YOURSELF.





























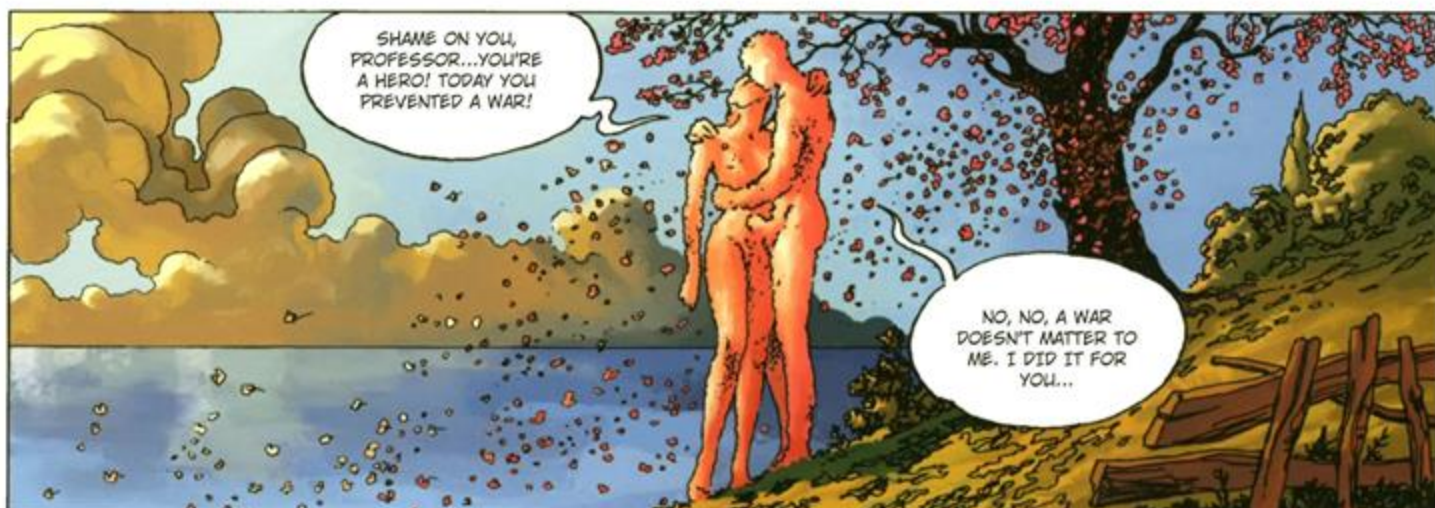
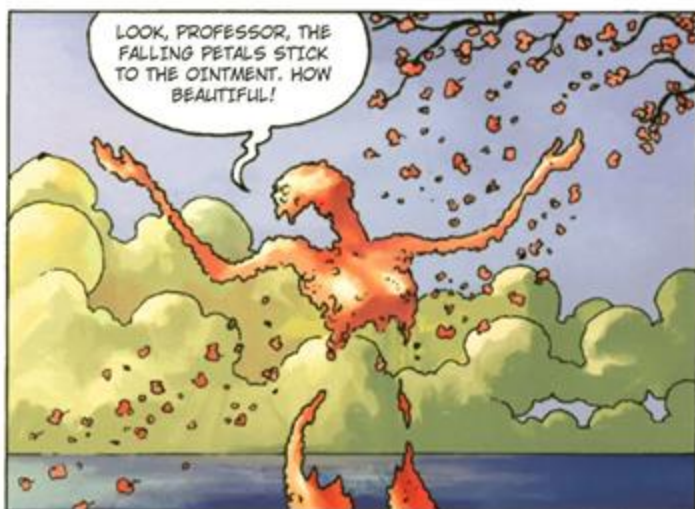
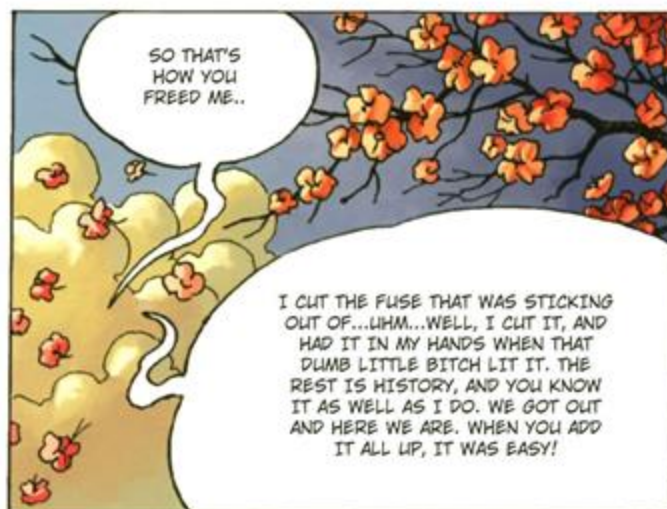












THE END

