

BEDTIME STORIES TO KEEP YOU AWAKE!

CARNAL TALES™



NO.1
AUG/SEPT



10¢



CHILLING
FIRST
ISSUE!

BY
JAMES
LEMAY

GOOD EVENING, MY
SUCCULENT GUEST! WELCOME
TO *INCUBUS MANOR*. ALLOW ME
TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, I AM YOUR
HOSTESS: *COUNTESS NOSFERA*.
TONIGHT I SHALL RELATE, FOR YOUR
WICKED PLEASURE, TWO OF MY
FAVORITE TALES OF *HORROR*
AND *PERVERSY*...

...SO SIT BACK, RELAX AND
PLEASE IGNORE THE FEARFUL
SCREAMS ECHOING FROM
THE *DUNGEON* BELOW.

OUR MAIDEN *SPINE-
CHILLING* CHRONICLE BEGINS
WITHIN A SMALL, QUIET VILLAGE IN
18TH CENTURY *GERMANY*. BEHOLD,
AS A YOUTHFUL *BAVARIAN FRAÜLEIN*,
UNAWARE OF THE *DANGER* LURKING
IN THE *DARKNESS* AHEAD, FINDS
HERSELF MERE MOMENTS
AWAY FROM *LEARNING --*

"--A
LESSON
IN
LYCANTHROPY"



THE
HAMLET
SURE LOOKS
EERIE AT
NIGHT!

I'M SO
GLAD *HOME*
IS JUST A FEW
PACES FROM
BEYOND THE
ARCH BRIDGE
TUNNEL.

I CAN'T
WAIT TO
CRAWL INTO
BED AND--

!?

YOU
SHOULD NEVER
VENTURE *ALONE*
AT NIGHT...!

...IT'S
UNSAFE,
YOUNG
LADY!





MAYOR WULFE?!

FRANZISKA, YOU MUST GO HOME... NOW!

B-BUT MISTER MAYOR!

YOU'RE NOT WEARING ANY CLOTHES!



I SAID LEAVE NOW...!

...BEFORE THE BEAST WITHIN ME EMERGES!

OH, DEAR LORD!



RUN!

R-RUN... BEFORE... it's...

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TOO LATE.

NOT A SINGLE TRACE OF THE MAN IS LEFT.

IN HIS PLACE, HUNCHED OVER ITS SOBBING VICTIM, IS A WILD CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!

THE WERE-BEAST IS BORN AGAIN!

GRRRRRRROWL



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I had never felt so alone.

So cold.

So scared...

...On that fateful night, so many decades ago.



To this day, I have no memory of how I came to be there...

...Standing at the threshold of that eerie, final resting place for the dead.



Perhaps under the influence of some supernatural force, I was soon compelled to enter the graveyard.

I remember feeling totally powerless...

...In a trance-like state...

...As my bare feet softly caressed the dew-laden blades of grass which surrounded each tombstone.



Like a ghost hovering among the deceased, I ventured forward for what seemed an eternity.

Until the silhouette of a macabre structure caught my attention...

...The crypt.

R.I.P.
Here Lies
James Lemay.
Storyteller
& Artist.

In an endless maze of marble, death and decay, I somehow knew that inside the mausoleum is where my destiny awaited...

GREETINGS,
MORTAL...

...ENJOYING
THE VIEW...?

...OF THE SCANTILY
CLAD FEMALE AIMLESSLY
WANDERING IN THE CEMETERY
DOWN BELOW, IS WHAT I MEANT,
YOU PERVERT!

I SEE YOUR
INSATIABLE LUST FOR MY
DEPRAVED HORRIFIC STORIES HAS
LED YOU ONCE MORE TO INCUBUS MANOR.
COME THEN... DO NOT BE AFRAID... JOIN
ME ON THE MANOR'S UPPER BALCONY SO
THAT TOGETHER WE MAY WITNESS
WHAT WILL TRANSPIRE NEXT IN
THIS SPICY, MORBID TALE
I CALL...

"MEMOIRS
FROM THE
GRAVEYARD"

After inexplicably slipping
off my negligee, I blindly
entered the dark tomb.

...Or was it something
far more sinister?

As I shut the heavy
doors behind me, I
began to wonder...

...Was it in fact
the hand of fate
that had guided
me to this place..?



The answer to my query came in the form of an icy claw swiftly emerging from the impenetrable darkness...

...I desperately tried to scream, when razor sharp fingernails brushed against my cheek, sending a chill to my very soul..!

...But not a sound could be heard from my quivering mouth.

And so, upon my slowly turning around...

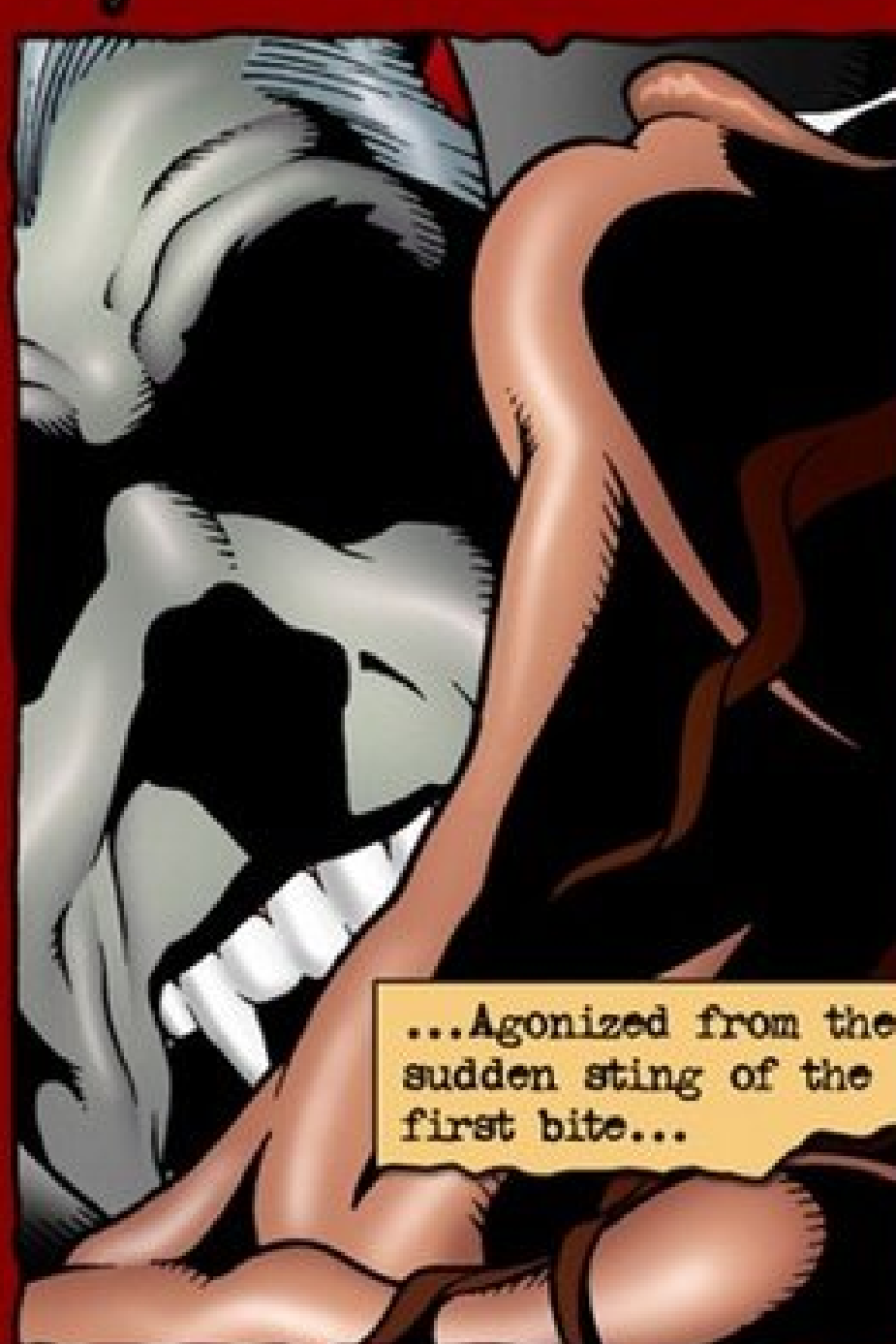


...I gazed into the fiery brimstone stare of deep crimson eyes...

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...Felt the cold embrace of lips long dead...



...Agonized from the sudden sting of the first bite...



...But relished the exquisite pain of the many more that would follow...

I began feeling weaker and weaker with each skin laceration...

...But strangely enough, the bloodletting also enhanced every one of my senses... slowly transforming me, it seemed, into something more than human!

It was at that moment that I knew...

...I would never be the same again!

On that night, I became the third of his undead brides.

My destiny fulfilled.

I would remain, forever young, by my immortal master's side until the end of time... or so I thought... but in the end, it was not to be.

Soon thereafter, a hunter's wooden stake would take my beloved away from me...

...making me a widow...



...A widow with an undying grudge.

The end.

THANK YOU FOR BRINGING IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT, MRS. PRYCE...

...I TRULY ADMIRE THE FACT THAT IN THIS AGE OF COMPUTERS...

...YOU CHOSE AN OLD TYPEWRITER AS YOUR WRITING INSTRUMENT.

YOU COULD SAY I'M OLD-FASHIONED.

Intercourse
With The
Vampire

By Anne Pryce

INDEED... HOWEVER, HERE AT DOUBLEDDEE BOOKS, WE DO NOT PUBLISH WORKS OF **EROTIC FICTION**.

LET ME ASSURE YOU, DEAR SIR, THAT I HAVE **NOTHING TO GAIN** FROM MY BOOK BEING PUBLISHED---

?

--I SIMPLY WANTED YOU TO READ IT, SO YOU COULD **UNDERSTAND** WHY I'M HERE TONIGHT...

...YOU, MISTER **VAN HELSING**, ARE THE LAST KNOWN DESCENDANT OF THE MAN WHO MURDERED **COUNT DRACULA**...

...MY HUSBAND!

WHA--?!

N-NO! STAY AWAY!

SLASH

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE MRS. PRYCE'S NOVEL WAS **NOT** A WORK OF FICTION AFTER ALL, BUT RATHER HER OWN **AUTOBIOGRAPHY!**

MMM... I BETTER GO POUR MYSELF A **BLOODY MARY**...

...THE SIGHT OF ALL THAT **FRESH BLOOD** HAS MADE ME **THIRSTY!**