

Anatomy: of Love

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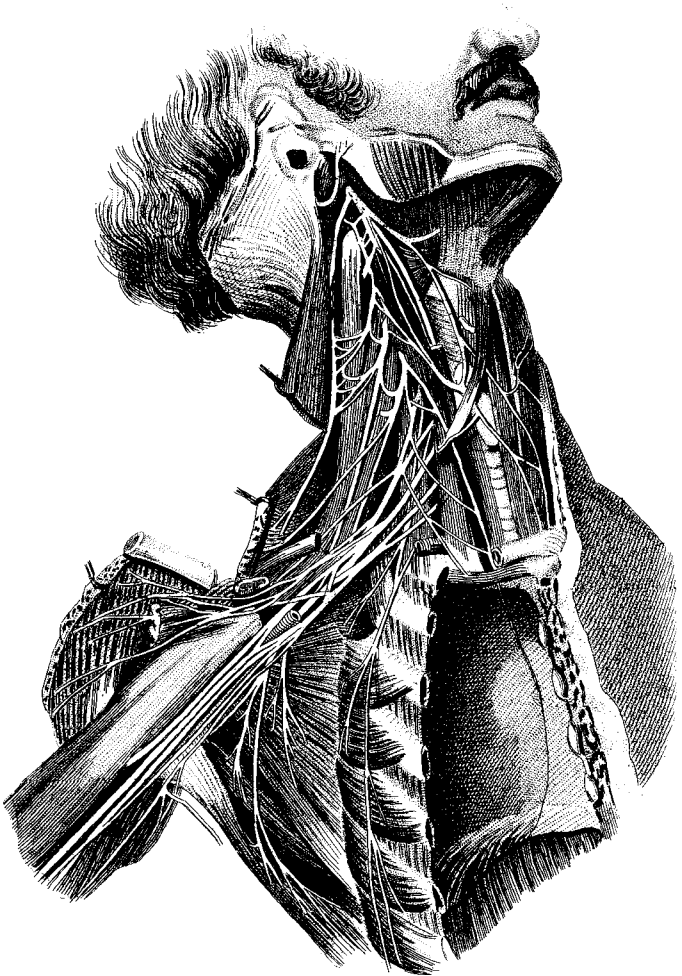


Figure 1.71(a): *The party was in full swing as Baron Ruprecht von Haasendaag entered the room. Same old faces, same old stories.[§]*

[§]*He took a breath and headed for the bar.*

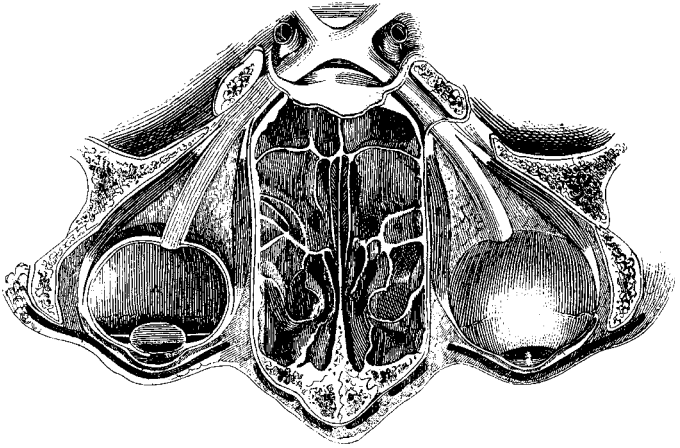


Figure 1.72(b): He casually surveyed all around him until his eyes fell upon her.[§]

[§]He was captivated.

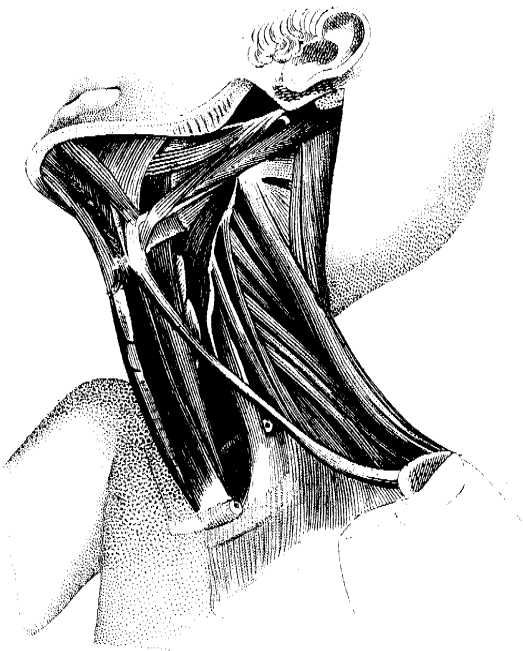


Figure 2.15(g): One of her party told a joke. She threw back her head with gay abandon, offering the most heavenly guffaw Reprecht had ever heard.

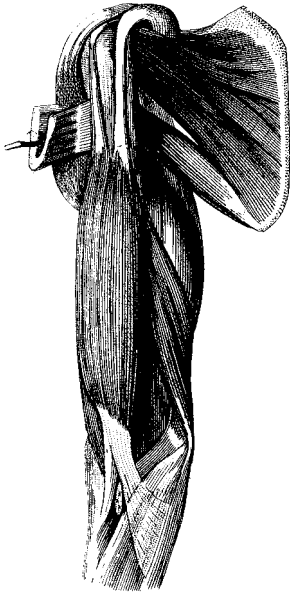


Figure 4.18(a): Still on the other side of the room, he noted that her gown was an off-the-shoulder number made of white silk.[§]

[§]It looked like she worked out.



Figure 4.19(b): Ruprecht made his way over.[§]

[§]As he neared he saw that the thigh-high split in her dress revealed a pair of legs that just didn't quit.

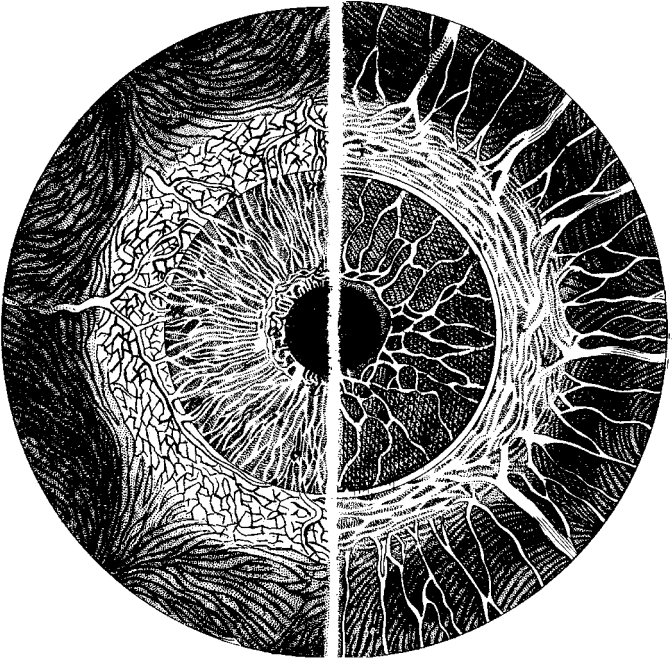


Figure 6.1(a): *As he lowered himself for an introduction he gazed upon the biggest, bluest eyes he'd ever seen.*[§]

§"I think perhaps you've been spying on me," she said.

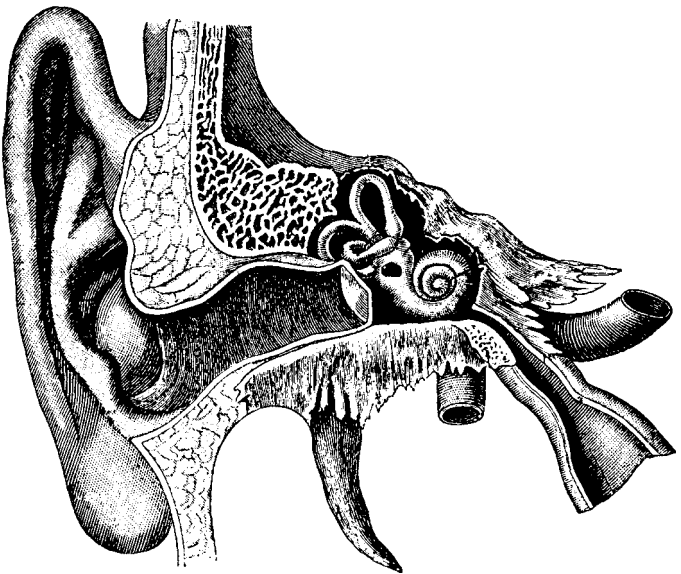


Figure 5.2(d): *"I'm sorry, but I don't believe we've met," he replied, then whispering in her ear, "except in my dreams."*

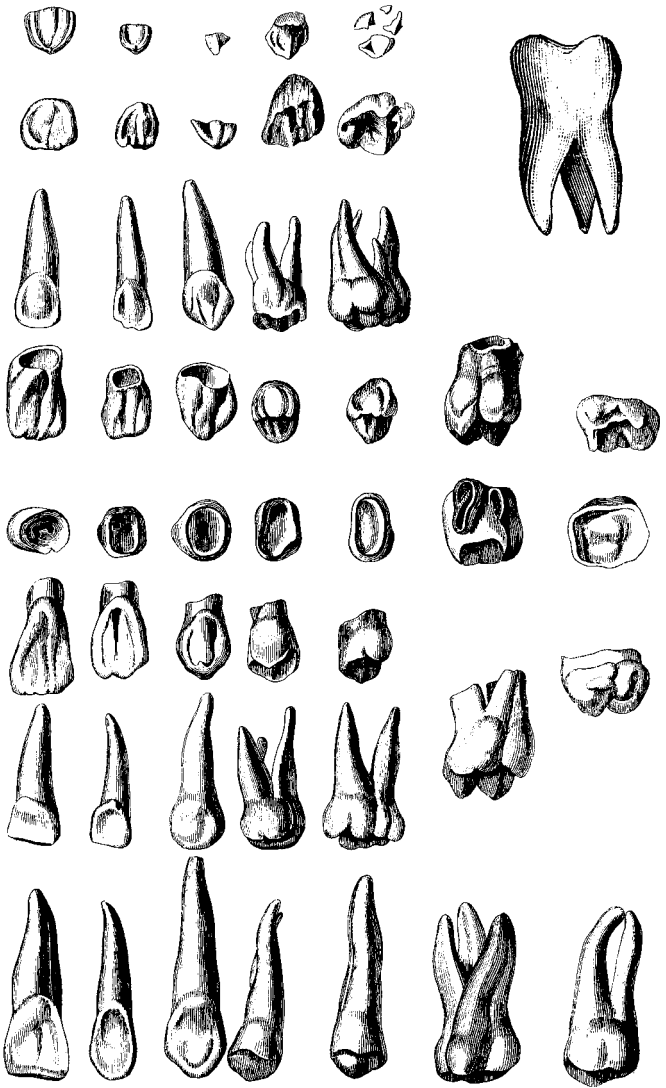


Figure 6.9(a): *She smiled.*

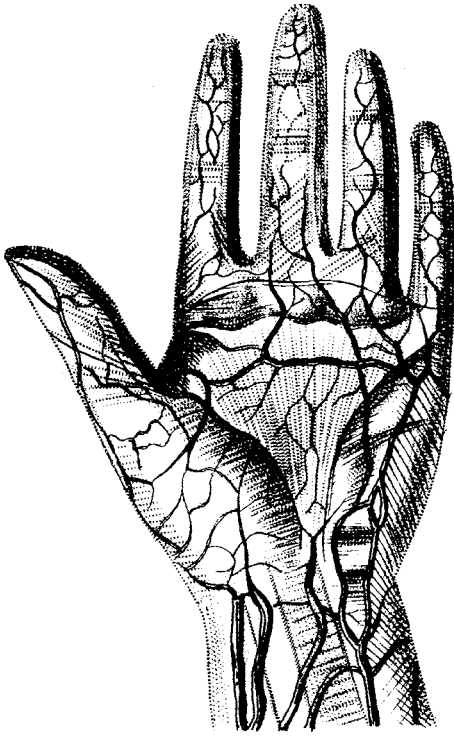


Figure 3.31(h): *He offered her his hand and they made their way onto the dance floor.*

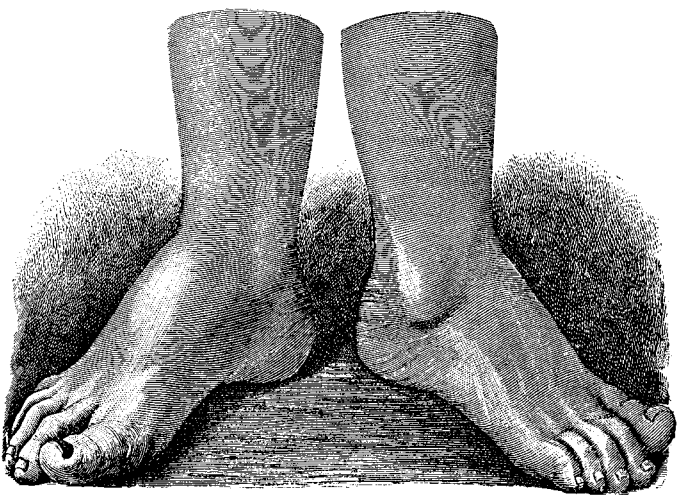


Figure 16.1(a): *"Before I danced with you I always felt as if I had two left feet," he half-joked.[§]*

[§]*"Let's get out of here," she whispered.*

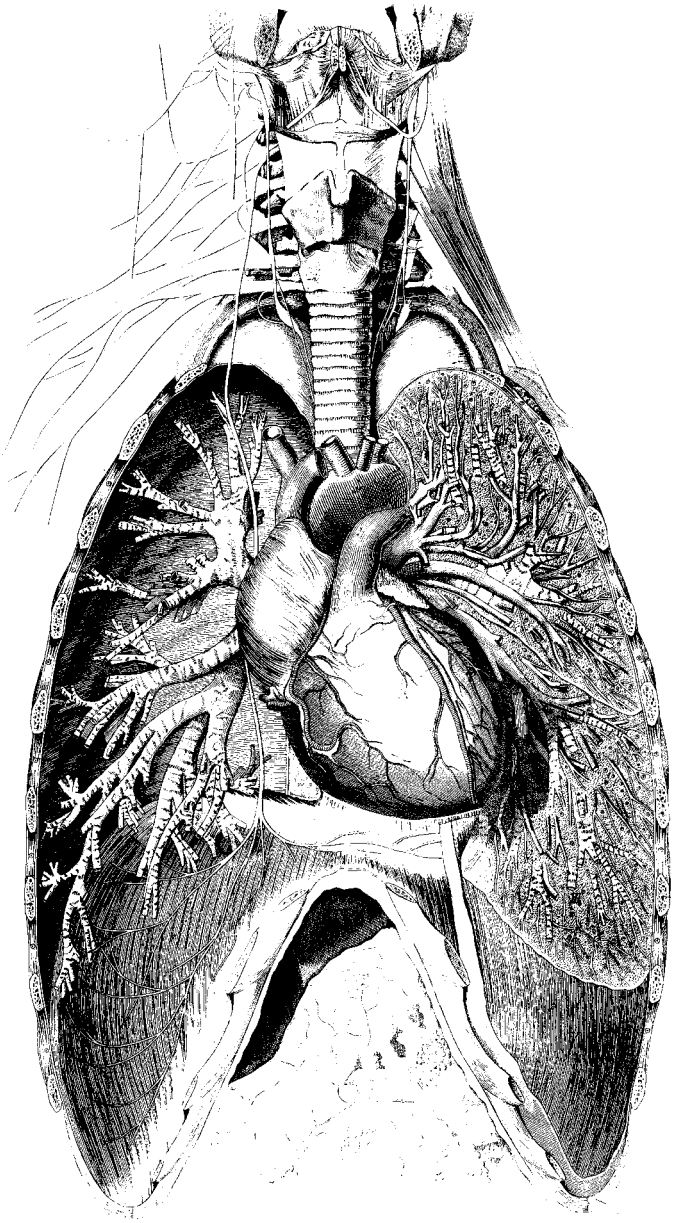


Figure 2.1(m): *He felt queasy. Was it love?*

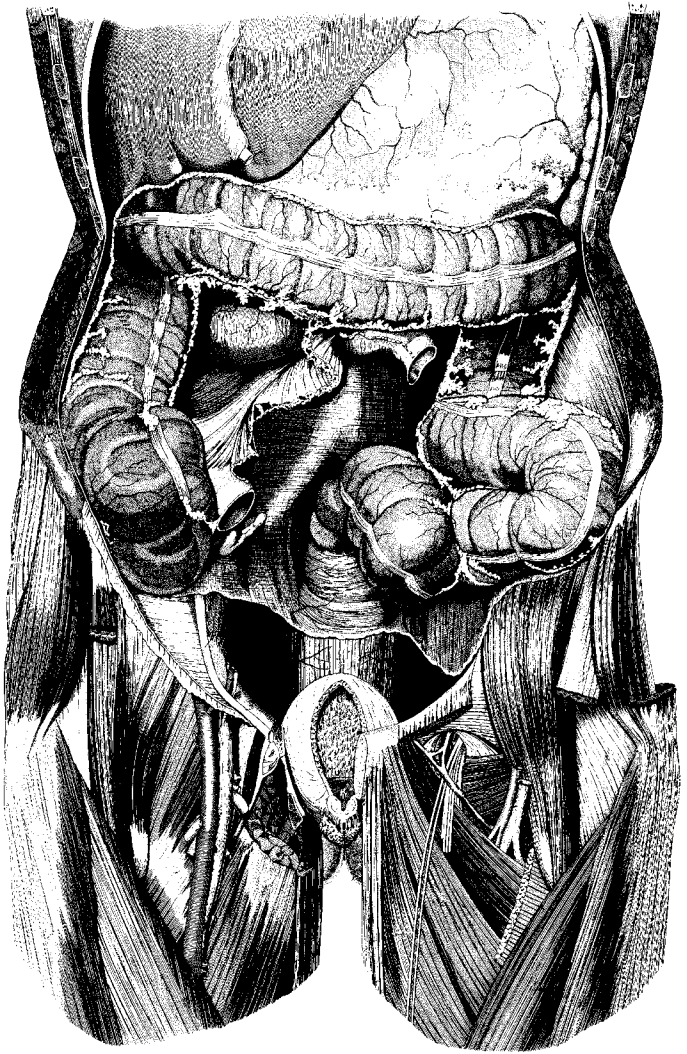


Figure 2.1 (n): *Or was it the prawns?*

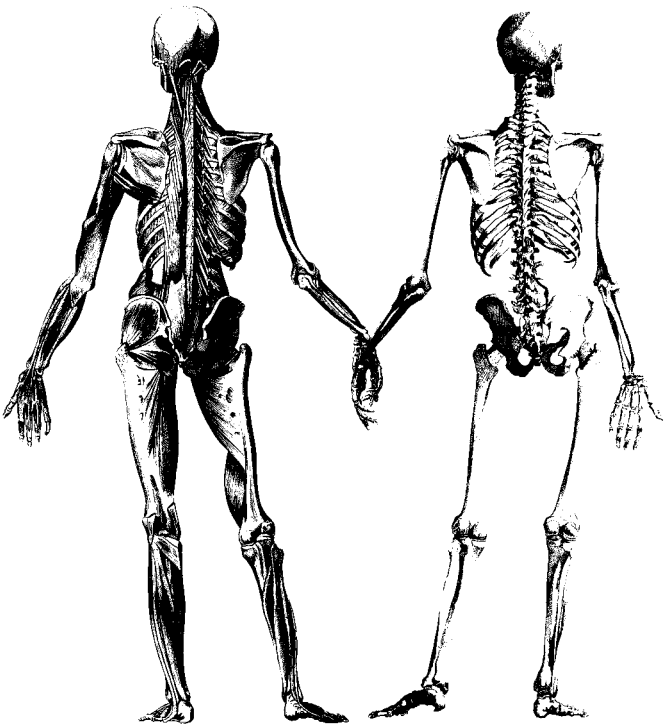


Figure 16 (a): *Whatever it was, they left hand in hand...and lived anatomy ever after.*