



*My cats  
take me  
to the  
next  
world*

*D.A. Sanford*

## **My cats take me to the next world is a work of fantasy.**

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### **Readers be advised**

**Warning:** Contains adult content due to graphic descriptions of any or all of the following:

Battles, Language, Sexual

### **Chapter 7: A tea party is a hard chapter about a brutal sadist be warned**

*A special thanks to my beta reader and editor  
Spijder.*

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for permission from the author contact [danielsanford@sbcglobal.net](mailto:danielsanford@sbcglobal.net)

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From the author:

# **My cats take me to the next world**

## **by D. A. Sanford**

### **Chapter 1: The Old World**

I love reading.

My favorite type of book is the genera where the main character usually dies young in an accident and gets sent to a fantasy world of monsters and magic where he wins battles while forming loving harems with talented women, all extremely beautiful, of course. They overcome terrible odds to win in the end. In the fantasy worlds, there are all types of humanoids.

Why is it always teenagers or young adults! What about us, the seniors of the world. Worn out and lonely. Don't you think we deserve another chance?

I guess I should introduce myself. I am Justin Martin, age seventy-three, six foot four inches, green eyes, hair that used to be a brownish red now totally gray, and almost three hundred pounds, I once was fit and trim but now age has caught up with me.

The back room of my lake cottage is where I mostly reside. There are the normal rooms that any house has but my room is the bedroom and living room is kinda like a studio apartment. This cottage used to be a home with a wife and son but now it's just four walls with the roof.

You see, I lost my wife, Rae, two weeks short of our fiftieth wedding anniversary a little over two years ago due to strokes during COVID and my son died only eighteen months after that from cancer. My reality sucks. Per their wish's, they died at home. The experience with both deaths resulted in my PTSD.

The only thing that distracts me is my modest wood working shop in my basement. With plenty of time on my hands, I make wooden boxes and chests. Most of the time I let the wood tell me what it wants to be. I made their cremains box's and mine also for when my time comes.

Other than the easy listening music channel this house is quiet. At times too quiet. So quiet that my thoughts keep on playing the same scenes over and over. Guilt, sadness, anger and above all loneliness then fills my mind

This lake cottage is very quiet. The only sounds that I really hear is when my two cats get into mischief. The male, Chip, is a large orange tomcat with green eyes. He is very insecure due to the fact that he lost his best bud, my son. Chip must check on me all the time to make sure that I am still here and he talks to me all the time. That can get on my nerves because he is very needy and I get very cranky.

He has many habits. For instance, he seems to know what time I should get up, not when I want to, and will continually meow until I get up. The thing with that is it is almost the same time each day in the predawn.

When I go to the kitchen, he feels that he must lead the way. He walks in front of me but it looks like a ship in World War two. He will zig-zag up the hall as he escorts me to and from the kitchen. He'll wait at the bathroom door while I take my shower. He waits until I come out and then he leads me back to my room.

He sits in my lap at times. He is warm so I like it on a cold day. Most of the times he will go to sleep but sometimes he will start to look up at the ceiling behind me. I'll look up and see nothing.

"What are you looking at?"

I ask him but after a while he will go back to sleep. Like he would answer me. Cats can't talk.

His sister, Missy, all black, slender with gold eyes and sees herself as the alpha female. Smaller than Chip, she bosses him around. She will push her head under his head to force him out of the food bowl that he is eating out of because that must be the better bowl. Missy will seek him out and the two will sleep on my bed together. At least she has a warm body to sleep next to on those chilly nights. I miss that with my wife.

Whenever she sees me, she rolls on to her back for belly rubs. Sometimes Missy, when I get ready to go to bed, will come in, flop over on the bed for her belly rubs. I will jokingly say to her

"You need to grow taller and look humanoid." then I laugh saying, "but you have not grown an inch."

Now I got ready for bed, Missy got her belly rubs, I laid down on the bed and then I drifted off to sleep. This turned out to be my last day. Even if I knew it was my last day, I wouldn't have cared. I'm tired and fantasy worlds are just that fantasy.

Boy I was wrong, in a big way. Old men avenged!



**Justin Martin and Missy Old world**

## Chapter 2 The New World.



**Justin Martin New world**



**Missy**



**Chip**

I woke up the next morning and felt something was off. It was chilly in my room but I felt a warm body next to mine. It felt bigger than my cats and nicer. Without looking, it feels like I slept like I have never done before, feeling completely refreshed. Chip did not get me up in his usual manner. I opened up my eyes.

Instead of the usual time it takes for my eyes to focus, the second I opened them, they were as clear as clear can be. I was in a very large bed and facing me was a beautiful female with black shoulder length hair but she had feline ears. Her head was on my arm and her golden eyes were opened as if she was watching me sleep.

“Good morning, Master.” she said with a smile. “You told me I had to get bigger.”

My first thought was that I had to be sleeping and this is the most realistic dream I have ever had. Looking around this room, I saw that it wasn't my room. It did not even have the same smell. This room is quite larger than my small back room is. It was like one you would see in those picture books on the ultra-rich and their mansions

The morning rays of the sun were penetrating the room since the drapes of the window were partially blown open by the cool morning breeze. It was modestly decorated but more clutter than decorations. The clutter was clothes, wooden boxes, rolled scrolls and weapons. Weapons?

Strange, I have had realistic dreams before. After a while something makes me realized they were dreams. I then would wake up. That's what this has to be. I need to wake up, my morning pills are waiting in the kitchen. The cats should have been after me to feed them by now.

I heard a knock on the door and a not quite six-foot muscular built orange feline humanoid comes in to the room carrying a breakfast tray with eggs, bacon, toast and hot dark beverage on it. He was dressed as a butler would dress. I looked at him and then looked back to her.

"No, no, no, no, NO!" were the first words I spoke, then asked.

"What the hell is going on here? Who the heck are you two? And where in the hell am I?"

The butler, in a very formal manner, set the tray down on the stand, bowed and said,

"I am Chip your combat butler. The vixen in bed with you is Missy. We saw that you were suffering in your previous life. You kept on reading those novels about being young again and living in a fantasy world. You see, you died in your sleep last night in the old world but were given a chance to live as a young man in that world of magic and swords that you dreamed about. We were sent along with you, by the Watcher, to help as your familiars. The Watcher said that you would need us."

"Watcher?" I questioned, "I'm dreaming. I know that is what this has to be!"

I thought I knew how to prove to myself that this is a dream. I grabbed the knife off the breakfast tray and proceeded to cut my finger. Being a dream, I won't feel the pain,

"DAMN THAT HURT! AND I'M BLEEDING! You mean to tell me that I'm young again and I get a do over?"

Missy, as she, while licking the wound clean, answered me saying,

"It is not a do over, it's a new life. You have been given this manor house, wealth, and servants including my subordinate useless brother. You have what you wanted. Your age is twenty three again, you're now an adventurer. and have been given a really good back story for this new life. You will remember your previous life but you will also have your new life's past memories. The only thing you lack now is your harem."

"Well," she proudly proclaims, "I'm here to state that, based on what you had told me in our previous life, I'm your first wife in the harem."

Chip formally scolds her, "There you go again sister, trying to boss people around. It is up to master Justin to determine who is going to be the first female in his harem."

Missy stuck out her claws in a threatening manner and hissed at him.

Still having trouble wrapping my head around my new reality, I start to accept that what they're saying may be true. I realize that I have to get up, get dressed and explore my new surroundings. In my dreams I've been able to touch things but there are certain basics to the human brain.

One half is logic and the other half of the brain is artistic. Dreams, being on the artistic side, when you open a book, in a dream, it very rarely is understandable. Normally just a jumble of letters and symbols. I need to find a book or anything written, so I got up not even caring my state of undress.

Without a conscious thought, I found myself walking towards the room that served as a library. One of the shelves contained a modest number of leather-bound books. I pulled one off the shelf, and opening it. Much to my consternation, my new situation was confirmed. I could read the words written upon the pages.

Those pages felt strange. They had a rougher texture than the paper that was in the books I used to read. There was an old dusty smell that was more associated with the unread tomes in an old college library. Still not believing what I see, I put that book back on the shelf and pull another one. It has the same feel and smell that the first book had. Opening that one, I found that it was a history of the world that I was in and I could read it.

The wall prevented me from falling as I slid down to the floor. I could feel the chill of the flooring on my still naked butt.

"I guess this is real."

Chip said "Yes, it is."

"Now Master Justin, we should get you dressed. Being that this is your first day of your new life and should be considered your birthday, there is no excuse to wander around the manor in your birthday suit. Think of the servants."

Missy looking at me with hungry eyes said, "I don't mind at all!"

I was finally dressed in the clothes that Chip is laid out for me. The pants and shirt seemed semi-normal, a little more formal than I would have used to wear but usable in my opinion. They were type clothes that my mom would yell at us kids, "change out of your good clothes before you go out to play." Looking at Chip with a semi-irritated look, he read my look and replied,

"They are your work attire."

Missy, now also fully dressed in an almost skintight black dress that accentuates the curves of that new body ending mid-thigh with a slit from the hem to the upper thigh. It barely covered, shall I say, her assets.

Slightly playing with the hem she asks "Do you like what you see?"

"I do like what I see but it's going to take a while for me to get used to it."

She looks a little confused at what I said. Chip looked at Missy with a disapproval. He told his sister,

"You should be dressed in your chamber maid's uniform, not what you're wearing!"

She just told him, "The Watcher told me that this would please the master."

"Who is this Watcher that you both have mentioned?" I asked.

Missy replied, "The Watcher is the ethereal that has chosen to watch over you in this new life. The Watcher will only talk to us. It gives us information as to the way to best serve you and keep you safe. In this life you will be going on adventures and getting into trouble. We are here to see that you remain grounded and safe. We, but mainly me, will also offer guidance when it comes to your harem."

"So basically, you both are my guardians. Do I get a say in this?" feeling a little perturbed.

"You get the final say. We are only to advise and protect you." Chip replied.

Now that I have somewhat accepted the facts of my new existence here, the first thing is that I think I need is to familiarize myself with my surroundings. I start to wander the manor. It, to me, should be called a mansion compared to my modest lake cottage. To say it is not overkill is like saying that the Grand Canyon is just a ditch. This place is living large. I'm having a hard time believing this is mine.

Aside from my personal quarters, which consists of a sitting room, bedroom and bathroom that appears to be able to handle quite a few people at one time. it resembles a Japanese bath house.

The manor has a dining hall that I would guess would easily hold sixty to seventy people comfortably. The kitchen belongs in a 5-star hotel. There is a formal gathering room, and a ton of rooms for guests to stay over. Each with a luxurious bathroom that has sunken large tubs and equally large showers.

As I walk around in what should be an unfamiliar house since I just woke to this new life, I have that feeling of Deja Vu. I know where I am. I know what room is where it is. I am not wandering lost.

This must be my programmed new past memories. Since that is what it seems, the outdoor exercise area should be this way.

I go down the hallway to a back door and there it was, my exercise area. Large enough to fit quite a few football fields side by side. There was a running track, on one side a large open dirt area for combat practice. At the far end is a target range. It is set up for archery practice. There is an out building that contains changing rooms, showers and armory.

I see in the combat area, a figure doing what I could only describe as a master dance.

Chip was doing his morning sword exercises. He displayed the fluid movements of someone that was born with that sword in his hand and had a lifetime of experience. There was no wasted motion. Every step, every sword position, every thought showed that this was a grand master.

I watched him for a while and say to myself,

“What I wouldn’t give to have that skill.” Suddenly I heard a voice,

“Grand Master Skill Set. Select all or this page only?”

I look around and find no one. It did not look like it even was heard by Chip because he continued his dance. Taking a chance, it’s a fantasy world,

I said “explain please.”

The voice tells me that I can copy and paste the skill sets of the person I am observing in its entirety or only a certain part. By select all, you copy all of the subject’s skills. If you select this page only, you just get the partial skill you are observing. Then you need to copy and paste. After paste is done you will have what you selected. Either selection is almost instantaneous.”

“What the hell, select all. Copy and paste. enter”

I threw in "enter" because it all sounded like a computer program. That AI girl’s voice was on all the computers, TV’s and such in the old world but it had a familiar sound to it. I almost immediately felt an unnerving buzz in by body.

“Complete” said the voice after seconds, and the buzzing stopped.

As soon as it stopped, I knew those movements and had the muscle memory of both the dance of the swords but also various martial arts, especially feline instinct martial arts. In other words, everything Chip could do, I now could do. I get a sword off the rack, walk out to the dance and join Chip.

He is amazed then says "Care for a match, of course, for now, no physical contact?"

I take my stance and the match is on. As you would expect when two perfectly matched competitors meet it only can result is a stalemate. After a few minutes, Chip throws his sword

away and starts hand to hand. I do the same. After a strong match of various methods of the arts, we both stop. Again, a stalemate. Both Chip and I have big smiles.

“Now I have a little less to worry about” says Chip.

“What do you mean a little?”

“We need to work on your recklessness”

“Why?”

“You put yourself in jeopardy based on a feeling that you knew something.”

I guess he was right.

Just as we finished, I was tackled by a feline from behind. Based on the impact of firm but ample breasts on my back, I guessed.

“That has to be Missy.”

“Yup! I saw it all. You were wonderful beating my brother in everything he threw at you.”

“Beat?” Chip replied, “It was a draw” and he started to come up to Missy.

She took it as a challenge and started to have a go at him. Unlike the old world, he did not feel intimidated. This set her off and she started to go at him. After they “tussled” for a while. When I saw it was accelerating into a full brawl, I thought maybe I could use the old cure,

I yelled at them, “Stop it right now or else I’ll clipper claws!” Yes, I did say “Clippie”

It was like someone hit pause on a movie, this action stopped and they both had a horror look on them that told me they remembered. Both got up, bowed towards me and said that they were sorry.

“You need to say it to each other”

They now grudgingly said “sorry” out of the sides of their mouths. I figure that I will need to get out the clippers and have it on a necklace, just in case I need to follow through.

After that, it was a smooth couple of days. Exercising, no chair here will trap my butt, eating and such. Just getting used to my new life and my new routines. I was enjoying myself. The only thing I still had trouble with was Missy climbing into my bed each night.

Nothing has happened, so far, but, just like me, she doesn’t wear anything to bed either. O natural. I feel it is only a matter of time or a matter of her taking things into her own hands, so to speak. I still have that small black cat that wanted belly rubs in my mind. This version is looking for more than belly rubs. I’m now hearing her soft purr as she grinds into my back. There is only so much of this I can take.

It was about a week after I arrived that I was told, by Chip, that a local wanted to hire me for a job he urgently needed done.



**The Manor**

### Chapter 3: The Mage

I'm sitting in my office when the visitor was shown in by my butler. It seems that I know him.

He is a local merchant, John Bagley. He owns the general store in the village of Beall. Not wealthy, but was well off by local standards. He was married and had both a son and daughter. The son was helping him with the store while the wife and daughter were visiting relatives in the next town.

John was desperate. He had just gotten word that the caravan his wife and daughter were returning on was attacked. It appeared that they were just robbers but they also took the women with them to be sold off as slaves.

This was heard by a man who was wounded and played dead. He said that all were fitted with slave collars just in case of magical abilities of the women. I had the knowledge that come to me of how those collars worked but also how to defeat them. It seems that I had encountered them in the past and found the secret of removing them.

Mr. Bagley offered everything he had to rescue his wife and daughter. All that he owned, money, store, house and possessions is being given as reward for getting them back. He had it in writing and handed the paper to me. It was a hastily written document. Signed and dated, all official.

I looked at it then said "I'll take the job but on my conditions." then I ripped up his paper. "I will take the job with the promise of reasonable expenses also I have exclusive rights to the salvage and spoils."

I reached out my hand and Chip gave me our standard letter of agreement stating with what I just said.

"You must agree to this in writing. There are other conditions. You must never tell anyone about my conditions with the exception of the salvage and spoils. You will agree to speak up if there are any questions as to my rights to them." Mr. Bagley is stunned but agrees, then signs.

"We will start right now. Please give my butler the location of the incident and any other information you have that will help us." John immediately says that the survivor said that the gang acted like one of Everett Ratten's mob.

Everett Ratten is this countries' criminal boss. He runs a collection of smaller local gangs. He is an Orc about 6 foot 6 inches in height. He really is bad on his hygiene, brags that the only baths he has is when he gets caught in the rain.

He's smart enough to run the big operation but leans more on numbers rather than talent. Generally, he is trouble but Justin knows him and how to deal with his type. Goad him into anger then he will throw more expendables than talent. His leaning on numbers beats numbers in battle is a weakness I can and will exploit it. Never gets the idea of skilled people.



Everett Ratten

That's all I needed to hear. "Chip get that information."

"Missy, we have a quest, get the packs ready and include a week's rations for each of us. It will be you, Chip and myself. We leave within the hour."

She always waits just to my right side when we have a client. The watcher told her where to stand but it was a past memory that told me she would be there. That program again. She nods, then leaves the room. In less than that hour, the horses were saddled, bags tied down and an arsenal of weapons on our bodies, no fire arms in this world. Much the pity. We climbed on to the horses, we were off.

The attack was to the west of Beall about six or eight miles away from the village. We headed north east. That is where I knew Everett's local safe house was. The gang would be heading there by the roundabout route. It was going to take them a day or two to get there because they would want to make sure they were not followed, also the women walking factored into the time. That was their usual course.

Habits are good but when you are a criminal, habits can be a problem. They were cautious but they relied on the fact that they had numbers on their side. Everett made sure that all his gangs had approximately twenty-five to thirty members. That way the prime members had expendables to wear down any opponent.

Their biggest problem is that they now have to deal with a three perfectly trained team of rescuers. Training and knowing that each member is not expendable is the key to success. Each member is an integral part of the attack force.

The worst situation is being in a defense situation. What we do is put the enemy in that defensive position. Planning is important but knowing that your team members have each other's backs makes numbers null in void. That is my team. Luck does not play into this. Every action is planned beforehand including contingencies.

I knew that it should be around dusk or early night time when they would be at their safe haven. Most likely night because they were forcing hostages to walk those miles. I plan to launch the rescue attack just after the gang reaches the safe house and settles down. They will be tired; most will be either drinking or asleep.

The hostages will be in a locked down room in an out building so I do not worry about them. Chained, collared and locked down, the gang will not be that worried. They will post minimal guards. We have planned the situation and practiced the actions before. I do like the idea of a night time ambush.

The safe house is approximately ten miles from the attack scene and around five miles north east from the manor. Our horses will be able to make it there in a few hours. Slower than a horse at a full gallop but it will allow us to sneak up to the location. This pace will still give us plenty of time for scouting the lay of the land. I really expect the operation to be done before midnight. This gives us time to finish setting up the ambush.

Why take a week's worth of food for the three of us you ask? Not knowing exactly how many women there are and knowing that they will not have been fed, they will be tired, hungry and scared. Not the group you want to be marching through the countryside in the dark. Food and rest, knowing they are safe, is what is needed. The morning light and breakfast makes a journey shorter.

As I said, we got to the location of the safe house just before dusk. The area is woodland as you would expect for a hide out. It could have been a farm at one time but was abandoned for a long time before the gang discovered it. Now over grown, the small crop field shows signs of tree saplings growing. The house appears to be a one story, maybe two if the attic space is open.

There is an outhouse around fifteen feet from what is the back of the house. The intimation that other structure was a barn is questionable. It very well could have been a large chicken coop. For all appearances it may have been a good farm at one time. Whether it fell on hard times, family tragedy, no one will ever know but now it has fallen into the wrong hands and only will produce woe instead of produce. A sad thing.

That small pen should be where the women will be caged. There appears to be just two maybe three people that are here guarding the place. One of those should be the guard for the night watch. It will be Missy that attacks that guard, then will defend the hostages. She is more than just eye candy that I may be tasting really soon,

Missy is a cat fighter. Meaning, when she fights, she is a mean, nasty berserker. Merciless, unless they surrender, which is not likely. Depending on the crime, we take no prisoners. Too much trouble. Try to kill us, so sad, too bad we will kill you and may not even bury you. The wolves need to eat.

Chip will take one side of the building and I will position myself among the saplings in the field. Once the hostages are locked up and an hour has passed. Missy takes her place. The guard then will take his forever dirt nap. She will try to keep the women quiet by sneaking up before her kill and telling them to be quiet.

Once she has done what she needs to do she will screech like a wildcat when ready to fight. That is our signal. Both Chip and I will converge on the house.

Anyone that comes out is dead, both of us can do the dance of the swords. We will then rush the house and the martial art demonstration begins. When the outside is clear. Missy joins us in the main event.

It was just at nightfall when the party guests arrived. There was only twenty gang members escorting their prisoners. That makes me cautious. There should be more so I caution both Chip and Missy to plan on extra guests. There was no indication that they lost any members at the hold up.

As expected, they lock up the women but we hear the talk of taking a few inside for fun but they needed to eat and have a drink before they chose. That eliminates the option of waiting until they sleep. We set the plan in motion just as soon as the gang enters the building.

We reach our positions. Missy was able to get to the women and tells them to keep quiet, hopefully they listen but their guard sees her and tries to yell out to the house but can't. It's hard to yell when your throat has been ripped open by two sets of razor sharp claws.

Naturally seeing the mess, some of the women scream at the sight and some cheer. Missy gives the signal, I'll tell you this, it's a sound that you don't want to hear unarmed. This causes the gang to come out of the house. I said to myself

"Well, I guess the dance is open air tonight"

The gang is now outside, Chip and I get into the dance of the swords. I will say that for my first new world fight, I was astonished that the initial fear that I felt disappeared when I started. It just seemed natural. Chip and I were playing slice and dice with our swords. I don't know about Chip but I really felt no real difference between flesh or bone. Must be the swords strength, maybe not.

We were making short work of the gang when I was in a position of seeing Missy. There was a group of five that were trying to gang up on her. Missy screamed then slipped into berserker mode. It was a fascinating yet frightful sight. Claws, teeth and blood, the blood is theirs not hers.

She was a blur, she looked like that cartoon Tasmanian Devil. A tornado with teeth and claws popping out of the funnel. There were not any body parts falling to the ground. All that you could see was them disappearing into a red mist resulting in just a red puddle left on the ground while the tornado winds itself through the enemy.

As I watched I thought that's fantastic, I heard "Berserker skill Select all or" I did not let the voice finish." Current page, copy and paste, ENTER!" I again felt the momentary buzz and then I had that skill..

Much to Chips dismay, seeing that there were only a few left and those had to be the leaders, I threw down the swords and went into berserk mode. I suddenly had claws and teeth like her, I became a blur. Now I was creating the red mist.

I had almost as big a thrill as I did with the birth of my son in the old world but this was a primal feeling of satisfaction. I didn't stop until Chip yelled at me about clipping my claws. Both Missy and I stopped dead, pardon the pun. We shifted back to normal. My normal teeth and hands were back.

Looking around at the scene, it was like a celestial blender was used on the gang. There was not a solid body left especially the ones that fell to the claws of the two of us. Those ones were just a red puddle. I say claws because I don't remember if I bit anyone throats off. Chip looked at the both of us. Shaking his head,

"Her, I expected this but you. Throwing your swords away during the battle almost caused me to have a heart attack. If you value our lives, please warn me first. you left it out of the play book."

I say, "Spur of the moment. I'll try to write you a memo before the next time." Missy giggles.

With the lecture over and the dust so to speak settling, the women caught our attention. There was absolutely no noise coming from them. I went over to the cage and asked,

"Is everyone all right?"

"You aren't going to kill us? Please don't hurt us. We want to go home!"

Missy tells them that we are here to free them, not hurt them.

"Is there a Mrs. Bagley and daughter here?" I ask the women.

"Here we are"

"Your husband John contracted me this morning to rescue you. Are you okay?"

"Yes, just totally confused."

"That will be cleared up by the morning."

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