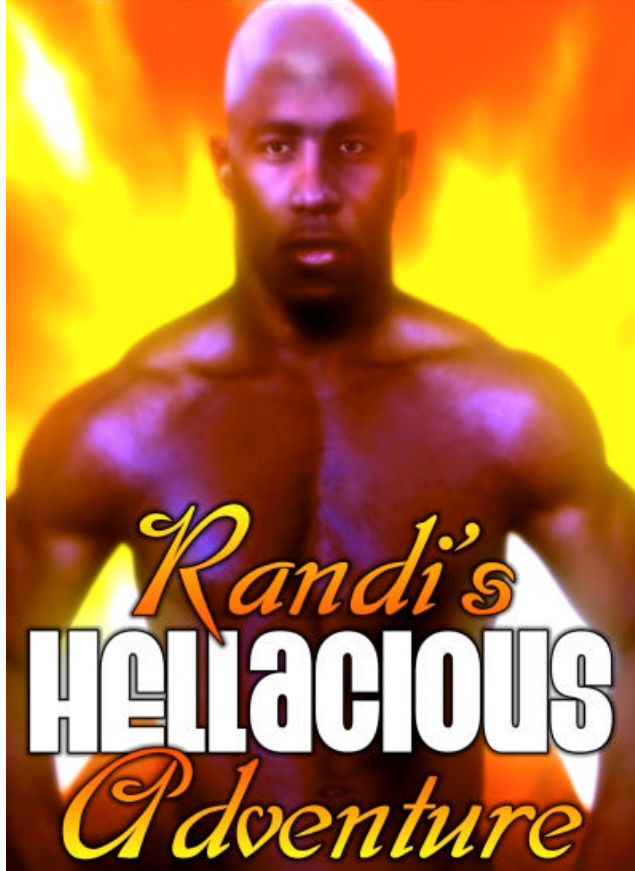


DEIRDRE O'DARE



Randi's
HELLACIOUS
Adventure

RANDI'S HELLACIOUS ADVENTURE

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"Hello, sweet thing. I can tell you're new here. How about I show you around?"

His voice is like dark chocolate, deep and rich and smooth. I feel it all over. What does one say to a naked, huge, black man? I can't even breathe, let alone talk! Do people really walk around here like he is, bare as they were born? Then I realize two other odd things about this man. First, it looks like he has hooves instead of feet, and second, he definitely has a tail! Otherwise he looks perfectly normal, well, as normal as a nearly seven foot, ink-black, beautiful, gorgeous, hunkalicious nude could look.

Finally I found my voice. It came out huskier and lower than I usually speak, but at least I could talk. "First, can you tell me where 'here' is?"

He smiled. His teeth were white and flashed in the flickering glow. "Why, you're in Hades, darlin'."

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BY

DEIRDRE O'DARE

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RANDI'S HELLACIOUS ADVENTURE
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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This book is dedicated to the great staff of Amber Quill Press. Two years ago they took a chance on me in their first erotica short story contest. Since then, they've supported and encouraged me as I tried my wings in various new directions. Their continual striving for excellence encourages all their authors to reach for new heights on each effort. I keep working to be all that I can be as a writer and make each work published a little better than the last one. Thank you friends; you prove it is possible to be totally professional but also friendly, almost like another family for each of us. I am so pleased and thankful to be part of the group!

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Everyone tells me how lucky I am. You know, like, “Miranda Ashley O’Neal, you are just too blessed for words.” I guess it’s true. I mean I have everything a girl could want. Well, almost everything. But lately life seems to be unbearably tedious. Like today, I spent all morning cruising my favorite boutiques along Scottsdale Road and didn’t find a thing I wanted. All at once, I just couldn’t get excited about another Vuitton handbag, a new pair of Manolo Blahnik shoes. Not even jewelry. I mean is that sick or what?

I was just so bummed. I’d given up shopping for the day and was driving home in my little red Jag when it all happened. I really would have preferred a Maserati, but when your father has the Jag dealership in town... Of course you’ve heard of Daddy. You know, “If you’re into steals, try O’Neal’s Deals on Wheels.”

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Mom says the slogan has no class. She insists he ought to change it, especially now that he has the ritziest dealership in the metro area. He says he's used it since he opened his very first lot back in the last millennium and he's not about to change it now. Something about good luck and keeping a talisman and nonsense like that.

Anyway, before you start to think I am like so totally spoiled and crass and shallow, let me tell you that I'm working on a degree in child psychology. When I finish, and find out where Matt is going to hang out his shingle, I intend to open a practice to counsel troubled children. I mean there are so many nowadays and so many parents don't have a clue what to do for them, you know? For now, when I'm not in class, I help my friend Heather Hollister in her art gallery and volunteer three days a week in the children's wing down at University Hospital.

Matt? Oh, yes, that's my fiancé, Dr. Matthew Marcus Conlan III. Well, almost a doctor—he's got a few more months to go. Quite the catch, everyone says. My parents adore him. He's everything a girl could ask for—good looking, incredibly suave, and he'll be as rich as Trump and Gates once he sets up his plastic surgery practice. A dream come true, they all say. We're a perfect couple.

Right now he's doing his residency, though, and that means hours and hours of work. Of course he's so stressed and exhausted he doesn't have much left to give us. I understand. I swear I don't pout, but it hurts all the same. He acts like I can't really understand about his work and everything, but I do. I really do. I'd coddle him if he'd allow it, but he won't. I mean, what is a woman supposed to do?

We announced our engagement at New Year's when he gave me a bling the size of Texas. It has this huge yellow diamond and around it are little white ones for my birthstone, which is April, and little sapphires for his, which is September. All my girlfriends just drool over that ring and naturally over him. He plays tennis and handball to keep fit, even now when he's slaving in the hospital, so he still looks

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totally buff. He says I'll always be beautiful to him, even if I inherit the Blaisdell double chin like Mom is getting. He'd fix it, of course.

So what's wrong with me? I'm not feeling anything lately. No buzz to my toes when we kiss, no fireworks in bed. As for the big O, well, half the time I fake it, and the other times my world barely rocks. I'm wondering if maybe I'm frigid or something. I mean, like that would be awful! How come I don't get turned on? Really, the only time I came close to being wild with passion was back in my freshman year when I dated that foreign student.

Oh, my! He was Spanish and Egyptian and soooo gorgeously sexy, but Mom and Dad thought he was totally out of my league. A foreign son-in-law would've given Mom the vapors, as Grandma used to say. We broke it off after a few weeks, but since then, sex is just like, well, having dinner or taking a shower or something. I am so disappointed. I know it isn't supposed to be that way.

It's totally depressing. I've really started to wonder what is wrong with me. I was lost in thoughts and not paying strictest attention to my driving, I must confess. I know I didn't run that light, though. I don't care what the cops say or that drugged up redneck in the monster truck. I was in the middle of the intersection, but there were other cars ahead of and behind me. Then all at once this humongous four-wheel-drive truck comes roaring up on my side. It loomed over me like Godzilla in those Japanese animé flicks before everything went into slow motion.

I heard the crash, metal scraping on metal. Tires were squealing on the pavement, and people screaming as the truck began rolling right over my little car. I smelled gas and oil and blood. I felt a series of terrible crunching jolts, then nothing at all.

* * *

I just woke up. *Sheesh, it's hot here, almost like Arizona in July.* It feels like a dry heat though, so it won't bother me. It's kind of dark and smoky smelling, you know?

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Where am I? Where's my car and the city and everything?

All I can see are jumbles like some kind of ruins and a brassy, red-gray sky overhead.

I start to look around, but it's hard to see very much. I can hear some music in the distance, like a bad garage band practicing. A few distant voices, mostly like people are yelling or screaming. This is so not familiar.

Where am I?

After I walk a ways, I see a crowd milling around and head toward them. The light is a little brighter here and they seem to be congregating along the edge of a huge fire. As if they need the heat when it must be at least a hundred-fifteen degrees. Yes, I can see the band now. They're all ragged and dirty looking. Their instruments look the worse for wear, too, as if they salvaged them from a really bad pawn shop. Still, the music isn't too bad. Up close I can almost recognize the tune, something out of the nineties I'd say, though I can't quite recall it.

A few people glance at me and then look away, not at all friendly. Well, poop on them too. Looking down at myself, I see my shorts are dirty and stained with oil or blood, something dark and sticky. One side is ripped almost up to the waist. My pullover top is not in great shape, and I only have one shoe.

Good grief, I'd never go anywhere looking like this. Where am I?

Finally someone approaches me. He's tall, way taller than Matt who is six-two. Broader shouldered. Built, really built. He's black. I mean not African American black, but ink-jet-ebony black, shiny, almost like iridescent. As he gets closer, I can see he's totally nude, too. Oh, my God! He is huge, and I'd say he's uncircumcised. I know I'm staring like a ninny, but I can't help it. Finally I tear my gaze away from *that* and look up at his face. He's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, like a Grecian statue of black marble come to life.

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“Hello, sweet thing. I can tell you’re new here. How about I show you around?”

His voice is like dark chocolate, deep and rich and smooth. I feel it all over. What does one say to a naked, huge, black man? I can’t even breathe, let alone talk! Do people really walk around here like he is, bare as they were born? Then I realize two other odd things about this man. First, it looks like he has hooves instead of feet, and second, he definitely has a tail! Otherwise he looks perfectly normal, well, as normal as a nearly seven foot, ink-black, beautiful, gorgeous, hunkalicious nude could look.

Finally I found my voice. It came out huskier and lower than I usually speak, but at least I could talk. “First, can you tell me where ‘here’ is?”

He smiled. His teeth were white and flashed in the flickering glow. “Why, you’re in Hades, darlin’. I have no idea how you came, but you obviously just arrived. As you can see, it isn’t nearly as bad as publicity makes it sound. Actually if you meet the right people, you can have a great time.”

“Of course you’re one of them?”

“Of course.” He offered me his arm. Since I was limping a bit with my missing shoe—the ground was rough and really hot—I took it and let him lead me away. His arm felt like low nap velvet over iron, a sleek covering over a hot and unyielding core. I wondered why my hand didn’t burn, lying on his skin as it did. I felt no pain—tingles, but no real burn.

He led me around the band, past groups of people milling around, talking. It seemed like everyone talked, but nobody listened. Many of them wailed, cried, complained and cursed, while making rude gestures at everyone around them. I tried not to stare, but it was hard to ignore all the weird sights. A lot of people were nude, I realized, although many were clothed too. Some in filthy rags and others very nicely. I

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glanced up at my escort, trying not to flirt or play coy, although that wasn't easy. I mean like he was so male and so big.

"What's your name, dude? I mean, I don't ordinarily go off with total strangers."

He smiled, another one of those toothy smiles. I swear he had half again more teeth than normal. They were white and shiny, as gorgeous as the rest of him. "I'm called Azareal," he replied.

To me it sounded kind of like that—AH-za-ray-al.

"Of course informally I'm often known as Aza Long Dong."

My gaze had to drop to the appendage he mentioned. Yes, it was doubtlessly long, and big around as well. *Hmmmm*. Like the bottom roller on the wringer of Grandma's old-fashioned washing machine.

"Next to the Boss," he continued, "I'm the big dog around here. Consider yourself privileged, sweet thing. I don't ordinarily take new recruits under my wing, but there was something special about you."

Wing...something about his words sent a chill down my back, like someone had dropped an ice cube down my shirt. As surreptitiously as possible I tried to look behind Azara—well, I'll just call him Aza.

Did he really have wings? It seemed like his back was always in the shadows, but I thought I saw something there. More than shoulder blades anyway, and it certainly wasn't clothes! If he did have wings, they were folded, so I was not under one at all. Yes, I know that's just a saying, but it gave me such a strong image—myself tucked under a leathery span, kind of like a bat's wing, only enormous. It gave me the weirdest feeling.

In the reddish, flickering light, his eyes kept changing. Now red as the fire, then yellow-green and glowing like a cat's. A second later they were flat black, as if they ate up every bit of light that came his way. In all, he was like one really weird dude, you know? But sexy, really, really sexy!

I should have been scared spitless. I was, and yet I was also

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growing more aroused by the minute. The strange musky scent of his body seemed to wrap around me like a sensuous fog. He had long fingers. He'd folded them around my hand when I withdrew it from resting on his arm. I could imagine them touching me everywhere, all over my body, slipping into every secret sensitive place. Oh, my God, just the thought had me ready to incinerate!

My thong panties were getting damp and the seam of my jean shorts rubbed against my swelling clit. My skin felt itchy all over, like it was too tight, making my clothes an almost unbearable irritation.

"Wait." My voice sounded hoarse and strange. I pulled my hand free of his as I stopped. One of my bra straps was broken anyway, so it didn't take much to shrug the other one off, reach up the front under my top to unhook the clasp and pull it out. I wanted to yank the top over my head, too, but I didn't. I stuffed the bra into a pocket of my shorts. It was from Veronica's Treasures and had cost me plenty. I wasn't about to just drop it. Just because I've always had money doesn't mean I'd throw it away so carelessly.

Aza watched me with a knowing smile. "That's it," he said. "Get comfortable. No one stands on ceremony here. If it feels good, do it."

As we continued our stroll, I saw many more who were nude. No one seemed to think it odd. In this region we'd now entered, there were fewer who looked ragged, dirty or appeared lost. In fact most of the females were young and attractive. The males were pretty hunky, too, although none could match Aza. This dude was one amazing piece of eye candy, even if he was a demon or something—wait a minute. Just where did he say this was?

Could it really be...then why am I...? "Oh, my God!"

"Watch your language, sugar. We don't talk like that here. It really upsets Nazagal to hear that word. I told you. This is the place known as Hades, hell, the underworld. No point in being alarmed. In fact, I can almost guarantee your fondest wish will be granted and I promise I can

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show you the best time you ever had.”

My instant of panic faded before the silky power of his voice. Moments later we arrived at some kind of club. Walls partly broken and no roof, it ended up being a kind of amphitheatre open to the reddish-gray sky. This band was fab! No garage band of untrained boys here. In fact I would almost swear everyone in it was legendary. I began to imagine Jimi Hendrix, Eric Clapton, Mick Jagger, one of the Beatles—as if the top rockers of days gone by were playing together and really jamming.

The beat was a throb of pure sexual energy. My blood coursed to it, my heart beat with it, and my bare foot tapped silently on the shiny black-and-red parquet floor. It was impossible to stay still. I was getting so excited that in a few more minutes, I'd be playing with myself in sheer lust. I glanced up at Aza. “Do you dance?”

He nodded. “Of course.” Taking my hand again, he led me out onto the floor. Couples moved to make room for us. A few of the women looked at me with envy. Apparently Aza had not lied about his status. He was clearly a personage here, so anyone with him was touched by his glory.

I had never danced like that in my life! Between the music and my partner, I think I learned to fly. He tossed me up and caught me, twisted me across his muscled thighs and around his shoulders. I leaped and turned, shook my booty and did tricks I had only seen on MTV and shows in Vegas. It was exhilarating. It was wildly arousing. After a while I realized I had lost my shirt. Somehow it didn't seem to matter.

Aza flipped me into a somersault so I landed straddling his thigh. His erect cock brushed my leg sending a rocket of desire straight to my intimate center—no, my cunt. That's what it was. Why be prissy about it? I was no longer with Matt, who wanted words to be clinical and precise, nothing so crude as the four-letter kind.

I was about to go up in flames. “Ehrrr, Aza, can we go somewhere,

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some place a little more private?"

He smiled once again, a smile full of teeth and silvery glittering eyes. "Do you really want to leave? We don't have to, you know. We can do anything you want right here."

I looked around then. I'd been so caught up in dancing that I hadn't noticed, but half the couples in the place seemed to be engaged in some kind of sex. I saw positions I'd never even dreamed were possible. Both men and women kneeled before their partners to pleasure them with hands or mouths, women with women, and men with men, and threesomes, and foursomes, and... Like wow. It was shocking, but also titillating in the extreme. To think I could get fucked right here in front of everybody. There was no doubt Aza was ready and able. No doubt I was ready, too, almost dripping now.

In the back of my mind I knew I should be shocked, even horrified. But I wasn't. This place made the wildest party I had ever attended look like Sunday School, but it didn't put me off. My panties were so wet I could've wrung them out. Still straddling Aza's heavy thigh, I rocked, rubbing on the iron heat of his muscular leg. Quivers of pleasure rippled through me. A little more and I'd climax without any other stimulation.

He sat back on one of the little round tables, balancing me since my toes barely touched the floor. From somewhere he produced a pair of little clips linked by a glittering chain. They looked like miniature clothespins, the kind grandma used to use years ago when I'd visit the farm back in South Carolina.

For a moment, he lifted my breasts in his hands, their weight resting in his wide palms. He feathered his thumbs across the nipples until they sprang up, hard and beaded. Then he fastened those clips on them, one to each erect nipple. That hurt, but not so much I couldn't bear it. The small pain also instantly made me hotter, hornier than ever. Right now I didn't care if the whole of Hades was watching. I wanted that huge

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black cock in me and I wanted it now!

I wrapped my arms around his neck and stretched up to kiss him. His lips were as hot as the rest of him, magic in their mobility, tasting of sweet aphrodisiac spices I didn't even know existed. His breath was both burning and somehow soothing as it drifted across my skin. I'd never been so hot in my life, so hungry, desperate and insatiable! His tongue slipped between my lips and stroked the inside of my mouth, traced along my teeth and into each cheek. His hands lowered from my breasts to cup my butt, fingers curling around my cheeks and squeezing. I thought I was going to explode.

"Please," I said breathlessly. "I'm going to die if you don't."

He laughed. "Strange choice of words there, princess. What is it you want?"

I'd never just blurted it out before. Matt would have apoplexy, but I sensed Aza would not make a move until I said it right out in plain words. "Fuck me," I said. "No more fooling around. Just do it!"

When he stood, he lifted me as if I weighed no more than a child. Then he turned and sat me on the table. He finished ripping the side of my shorts, pulling them out of his way. My thong went the same route. Then he was ramming that powerful cock into my dripping cunt, hard and fast. If I had said he'd never fit—which I thought—I'd have been wrong. I guess I'm bigger than I realized because he sure wasn't smaller! It would take two of Matt's cock to make Aza's, even though Matt isn't exactly under-endowed.

I bounced as the table rocked with the force of our movements. As flesh slapped on flesh, I clawed at his shoulders in my passion. If my nails marked his ebony skin, there was no sign of it later. I was moaning and whimpering, feeling the clips bite into my engorged nipples as his hard chest bore down on me. Finally the coiling tension inside burst in a whirling maelstrom that swallowed me whole. I came and came and came, until I felt like I was turned inside out. If he did

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also, I was too far gone to notice.

“There,” he said, as the aftershocks started fading. “One worry laid to rest. You’re definitely not frigid, sweetness. Do you believe that now?”

I think I nodded, still dizzy and shaken by the very biggest big O I’d ever even imagined. Only one tiny regret nibbled at the edges of my ecstasy. *Why could it not have been that way with Matt?* I loved him and I hardly even knew Aza. I guess I ought to feel guilty, like I was cheating, but I was here and Matt was still there, back home. I might never see him again, at least not for years and years. He’d never come here anyway.

For a second or two, I was so achingly homesick I wanted to cry. *What a dolt you are. You just had the greatest sex ever and you’re wishing you were home? Get a grip, girl!*

“That’s just a sample,” Aza said, drawing my attention back to him and my surroundings. “But I think you get the idea.”

Indeed I did. I liked it. I wanted more already.

Catching me by the waist in his big, long-fingered hands, he pulled me off the table. He set me on my feet just long enough to shift his hands as he spun me around to face the table, my back to him. Fisting one hand into my hair, he bent me over, until my whole torso rested on the table. The dingy marble felt cool against my overheated flesh. It also mashed the little glittering clips into my breasts enough to hurt, quite a bit. I wiggled, trying to ease the pressure, but he held me down.

Reaching between us with his free hand, he rubbed the side of it along my slit, spreading the sticky moisture across the labia. With a fingertip, he flicked my clit. It was still so sensitive and swollen, I thought I would fly apart at that touch.

I clutched the edge of the table, holding on for dear life, as he lifted my hips to ram his shaft into me once again. Maybe he didn’t come a while ago, I thought vaguely before I became too lost in sensations to

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think at all. This position had him thrusting against the front of my vagina, that sensitive spot behind the clit on the inside. The G-spot they sometimes called it. *Wow, oh wow.*

I quivered from the roots of my hair to the bottom of my feet at the agonizing ecstasy exploding along my nerves. It was too much, too intense, too overwhelming. I was going to dissolve into a zillion tiny shards if he didn't stop. Yet if he did stop, I was sure I would die—at once. Except I guess I'm already dead. I mean live people don't go to Hades, do they? What a weird idea, being dead and rutting like some kind of wild animals. This whole scene was really too bizarre.

As complete sensation took charge, I found I couldn't hold onto a thought long enough to analyze it. All I could do was let go completely, while this incredible pleasure-passion-pain took me where it would. The shattering explosive orgasm tore through me in waves, twisting and convulsing along my vagina.

As the aftershocks faded, I lay limp across the table, too wasted to move. This time I was pretty sure Aza came too. He seemed to hesitate for a moment before drawing free of me. I could hear him breathing in heavy panting gasps for a few moments. My own lungs sucked in greedy breaths, while blood pounded through my head with every heartbeat.

"By now you know there's no question about you being inadequate in the sex department, right, sweetness?"

I nodded, barely bobbing my head.

"Nothing could be much farther from the truth, right? In fact, some would pronounce you hot as a two-dollar pistol."

"Saturday night special," I supplied, from the current vernacular.

"Whatever," Asa said negligently. He grabbed my arm, the left one, dragging me to my feet. "Come on. We've got many more places to go."

Surprisingly, I really didn't feel tired once I turned to follow Asa

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from the club. The place was beginning to quiet down now. The band had either left or were taking a break. In couples and groups, the crowd began to drift off.

I couldn't tell how far we walked, maybe a few blocks in normal distance. I have trouble estimating here. There are no landmarks and not a lot of light. Even moving feels different somehow. It's more like the ground moves under your feet than you're moving over it.

Finally we came to what might pass for a neighborhood, sprawling houses or villas along a chasm where a river of fire ran, deep between black cliffs. Entering one, we found a group sitting around on a kind of patio. I was growing used to seeing strange beings. I don't know whether to call them people or not. Anyway, a tall, blue female stood and came to meet us.

As Asa was ebon black, she was electric blue, all of her, and, of course, quite nude. I was nearly bare myself now, although I had grabbed a cloth off one table as we left the club to fashion myself a brief sort of sarong since my shorts and panties were shredded beyond salvage. I wasn't really sure what had become of my top. I felt a moment's regret for the expensive bra. Well, no use weeping over a bit of lost ca-ching.

Asa pushed me forward with a kind of proprietary pride. "Meet my new recruit. She just arrived this evening. I saw promise in her and decided to induct her into our circle."

The blue lady smiled a toothy bright smile, much like his. "What a cute, little thing. How did you come to be in Hades, child?"

I bridled at being called a child. "I'll have you know I'm...well I was...twenty-three. I'm not sure how I got here. I think there was an accident."

Asa laughed. "Don't take offense, sweet thing. This is my sister Zazara. She's younger than I am and hates to be reminded of it." He cuffed her on the shoulder as he spoke, looking at her instead of me as

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he continued, "Behave yourself, kid. You don't want to give our guest a bad impression of demonry."

Zazara sniffed. "Don't go lording it over me, just because you're a bit older. That's not necessarily a good thing. Anyway, it's obvious she can't stay. She's not—"

"Hush! She's here for a reason. We haven't completed everything yet."

They were discussing me now as if I was deaf or not there at all. I tugged at Aza's arm.

"What did she mean? Why can't I stay? I mean I have to be somewhere."

He looked a bit uncomfortable. "I think you'll be going back, babe. It's one of those things. Don't you want to learn a bit more about being bad? Learn the tricks to having a really good time and turning a male into a raving demon, a veritable sex maniac?"

Thinking of Matt and his controlled, constrained ways, I nodded. "Yes, that'd be helpful if I really am going to go back. What's next? I mean what else is there to do?"

"We've barely gotten started," he said. "'Zara, get Baelthane to join us. We can introduce our visitor to the pleasures of a real orgy."

When Zazara beckoned, one male detached himself from the group and ambled over to join us. I know I stared. He was odd, even in comparison with Asa and 'Zara. I'll never think of myself as "white" again, for sure. This dude Bael was white, alabaster white, totally lacking in color. He wore a scrap of scarlet, a kind of loin cloth, but his body was utterly white—hair, eyes, everything. The effect was extremely odd. Apparently he and 'Zara were something of a couple. He slung an arm across her shoulders as he stopped beside her.

"What's happening?" he asked.

'Zara shot me a sharp glance before she smiled up at Bael. "Aza wants us to help teach his guest a few more tricks. One on one is a bit

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too tame. The three of us can show her some things I'm sure a sheltered, little earthling would never experience."

With a lazy wave of her hand, 'Zara assembled a pile of cushions, plump pillows and mats enough to create a comfy sprawling space for the four of us. I stayed close to Aza, not quite trusting or feeling comfortable with his blue sister. I got the distinct impression she didn't like me. Maybe she was also concerned Bael might start liking me too much.

Bael reclined on a heap of pillows, unwinding his loincloth as he lay back. He was not as impressively hung as Aza, but adequately endowed. 'Zara sank to her knees between his spread legs.

"Pay close attention," she said, with a hint of a hiss. "Here's one of the best ways to please a male. If you exercise proper control, you can tease him to distraction and make him so hot he'll do anything you ask to earn his release. Of course, without finesse, it's just another blow job, like that creature gave your leader."

With that, 'Zara took Bael's marble-white cock in her hand and bent to taste him. I swear she had a forked tongue. She put it to good use, swirling it around his prick, lapping the length of it, deftly teasing until he was hard as stone. I wasn't sure how Matt would react if I tried that, but I vowed I'd try, if I ever got the chance.

Bael was soon writhing and groaning, pumping into 'Zara's mouth. True to her word, she didn't allow him to climax. Whenever it seemed he was on the verge of it, she drew back. She either simply held him, flicked his balls with one long, blue nail or drew all four fingers the length of his cock, scratching enough it had to hurt. Then, before he subsided, she had him in her mouth again.

"Now let's see what you can do," Aza said, calling my attention back to him. He, too, sprawled back across the cushions. I crawled around to settle between his strong thighs. His cock was already half stiff. Face to face with it, I was more than a little intimidated. I mean he

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was big. Even if he'd fit into my cunt, it seemed like a lot more than a mouthful.

I drew in a breath, then wiped my hand across my mouth, trying to come to terms with what I was about to do. Bending down, I tentatively swiped my tongue across the head of his cock. He tasted a bit salty or like salt mixed with baking soda. It was odd, but not unpleasant. His flesh was warm, a weird combination of soft-hard that intrigued me. After licking a while, I got bold enough to fit my mouth over the head of his cock. I found I could. By relaxing my throat, I could take maybe half his length.

Once I got past the fear and a tendency to gag, I began to suck and bob up and down as 'Zara had done with Bael. Aza watched me with a strange glitter in his eyes. I found myself wishing that my hair was longer. Then it would swing down and brush along his legs, maybe even against his balls. I felt sure it would tickle in a pleasantly stimulating way. For a moment I kind of lost myself in the repetitive motions.

Suddenly 'Zara grabbed a handful of my hair and jerked me upright. "Slow down, fool. He'll come in another minute at that rate. You earthlings have no appreciation for the eroticism of denial, of dragging out the final satisfaction as long as possible. Instant gratification is all you know!"

She sounded completely disgusted. I was torn between embarrassment and anger. She'd let go, but that jerk on my hair had hurt like –well, like hell! I was on the verge of getting mad.

"Leave her be," Aza said in a lazy voice. "She's going to be more than a match for that stick-in-the-mud doctor when we're done. It's not as if she had to abide by all of our ways."

'Zara sniffed indignantly. "I thought you intended to teach her, not just enjoy a bit of strange pussy and some mouth-fucking. Honestly, Aza, I thought you had more taste!"

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I wasn't sure what to do now. I looked up at Aza for guidance. Before he could say anything more, 'Zara and Bael both sprawled down beside us. All at once I felt a warm, wet tongue sliding up my slit and 'Zara's long nails scraping very lightly across my breasts. After that I quickly lost track of who was doing what to whom. There were hands and mouths and tongues and cocks every which way. I just shut my eyes and kind of went with the flow.

It was hard to concentrate on Aza's cock—or maybe by now it was Bael's, although it seemed larger. But anyway, with a forked tongue teasing around my clit, while someone's finger was probing into my pussy, and a hand clutched at one breast, as another drew the chain tight so the clips pulled at my nipples, I just kind of lost it. I didn't know a person could feel so much at one time, until it all just kind of blurred together into a hodgepodge of sensations that took me to the brink and then retreated so many times I totally lost track. It was like being drunk or high or both.

I guess I may have simply passed out from a sensory overload. Anyway, when I came back to awareness again, I was alone with Aza. We were still on a pile of pillows, but no longer seemed to be in the same place we'd been with 'Zara and Bael.

I kind of ached all over from having been tensed up just short of coming so many times. I was a bit sore inside, too, from the probing of Aza's long dong, maybe Bael's and who knew what else. At one point it had seemed to me that 'Zara had a dildo strapped on, which she used on Bael's ass and, for all I knew, on me, too. It was all just as mixed up as, well, scrambled eggs in my mind. This time I really was tired. I didn't think I could get up and walk anywhere to save my soul!

I looked up at Aza, who reclined, propped on one arm, gazing down at me with a pensive expression. He smiled, but with less show of teeth than before.

“Well, Earth-girl, what do you think?”

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I shook my head. “Think? I haven’t got a clue, Aza. I’d never have guessed half of this was even possible, much less that it could feel so good in kind of an awful way! Is there anything else?”

“Oh, hell, yes. We’ve hardly scratched the surface, but I don’t think you’re ready for spanking, stretching, bondage and real pain. I doubt your friend the doctor would be inclined that way either. If you want to explore that on your own, feel free, but I’m not going to initiate you into it at this point.”

I lay there quietly for a moment, trying to assimilate all of it and maybe to frame the question nagging at the back of my mind. “Is it really true I’m not going to be staying here? Does that mean I’m not really, well, not dead after all?”

“Apparently not, sugar. I didn’t realize it at first. In fact ’Zara noticed before I did that your aura was wrong for a newly dead person. You left your body. On Earth they probably think you’re in a coma, but your heart is still working and your brain still functions in limited ways.”

I looked at him, hearing, but not fully understanding what he was saying. It was very confusing. I was so terribly tired, feeling kind of fuzzy.

“Actually, it’s up to you—you can choose to go back or not. One could say you’ve had a near death experience, but one a bit different than those normally reported. Apparently you were unhappy at the moment your body came near to death, so you just left it. Understandable. I hear things are so dismal on Earth that for one to go to hell is a bit redundant, maybe more like taking a vacation. I haven’t been there for a long, long time, but that’s what I’ve heard.”

I thought about it. I remembered then the day leading up to the accident, how depressed I’d been and everything. Now I felt like I had the power to control my own pleasure, at least a lot more than before. I was pretty sure I could get Matt so hot he’d lose control completely.

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Then I'd have him at my mercy. The prospect excited me, even though my body was too sated to react in more than a most minimal way.

I drew in a slow breath and let it out, smelling the sulphurous, smoky scent in the air. I missed even the scent of exhaust and dust, to say nothing of the way the desert smelled when it rained, the roses in Mom's garden, the sweet powder-and-soap smell of babies, even the odors of the children in University Hospital.

"I think I'd like to go back," I said. "Up until now, I really haven't lived. I existed, but that was about all. I'll be a lot more aware of things now. I'm pretty sure I can liven up my relationship with Matt so we'll both be totally satisfied. I'd like to try anyway."

His smile seemed to hold just a hint of regret or sadness. "I guessed as much. I really don't blame you. It's been fun, sweetness, and I wish you all the best. If you get by this way again, look me up, okay? You've got great potential for being bad in a good way. For me, your having a soul adds to your appeal, gives you something 'Zara and the others can never have. I might miss that, just a bit."

I struggled to my feet, clutching the checkered table cloth around me, all at once not wanting to be nude anymore. "I appreciate all you did, Aza. I really do. I'm going to owe you a lot if things work out like I hope they will. Of course, I can't tell anyone about my adventure, but I'll know. Maybe that's all that matters."

He nodded. He gave me a light kiss, one not meant to seduce but just a mild caress. Then he gave me a little shove. "Get going, sugar. They're waiting for you. It's time you got back to that body before it misses you too much."

"Wait, I don't know where—" Even as I spoke, the darkness softened around me, the smoky air went hazy and then brightened. I felt myself falling, or perhaps drifting is a better word. There was a definite pull on me, a magnetic sort of tug drawing me where I needed to go. I relaxed and let it happen, although I was a little worried what I would

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find when I got there.

* * *

There was brightness, intense and painful, outside my closed eyes. The lids were weighted, too heavy to lift against the pressure of that glow. Vaguely I sensed that I reclined, almost flat on my back, though my head was elevated slightly. As awareness grew, I heard a faint hum of machinery, the whisper of voices talking very quietly, muffled noises from beyond walls and doors. Then I smelled the strong sharp scent of disinfectant. The odor was familiar because I guess there isn't a hospital in the USA that doesn't use it. I knew then where I was.

I was alive and in some hospital. It really didn't matter which one or where. I was back. Maybe I'd been there all along and only dreamed my strange adventure. I guess I'll never know. I wanted to smile, remembering the sweeping power of my orgasms, not just one but many, so many I'd lost count! Wow, it was amazing.

Then, for a moment, fear clutched at me. Could I be so badly injured I'd be unable to live a normal life? Would I be disfigured, so marred even Matt's skill or that of the doctors he had studied with could not put me back as I was? Had I made a grave error in choosing to come back to my body and continue with my life? I mumbled a fast prayer in my mind, a fast, silent prayer.

"Please, God, let me be all right, almost as good as ever, okay? I'll do anything you ask of me if I can have that. I'll work in the children's hospital every day and put money in the offering plate every Sunday and be totally faithful to Matt and...well, anything. Honest, I swear I will."

Just then, without me really willing it, I blinked. The light hurt a little bit, but I caught a glimpse of bright blue Arizona sky through the window off to my right. I'd never seen anything so beautiful.

"Randi? Oh, baby, are you waking up?"

It was Matt's voice, a little bit uncertain, a good bit anxious. I

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forced my eyes to open again. He sat there beside me, his earnest gaze fixed on my face,

My voice came out in kind of a croak, but I could speak. "I'm here. I'm alive and back and—"

"Oh, thank God!" That was Mom, then I heard Dad's voice as well, booming much too loud for a hospital. That was Dad.

"Of course she is. I told you she was tough. She's an O'Neal. Let me see my girl."

But Matt didn't budge. He leaned down and kissed me, very softly, on the lips. "I love you, Randi," he whispered. Only then did he edge back to let Dad come to my bedside.

Dad might be talking tough, but I saw tears in his eyes as he looked down at me. "That stupid yahoo smashed your pretty car all to smithereens, babykins, but I've got another one waiting for you. You get well now and come home, you hear?"

I think I nodded. As Daddy backed away, Matt moved closer again. I looked up at him, trying to see if there was shock or pity in his face. There didn't seem to be. Finally I had to ask.

"Am I going to be all right? Is my face okay? Did they have to operate and take anything out?"

His dear blue eyes were bright as the sky outside. He smiled. "You're going to be fine, darling. It's a miracle, but you came out of that wreck in amazing shape. It was as if there was a bubble of protection around you, almost as if you were not there at all. When they got the remains of the car off you, except for being unconscious, there was hardly a mark on you."

He touched my arm and then my face, his hand not quite steady. "They ordered a MRI and a CAT scan to be sure, but there was almost nothing in the way of injuries. We couldn't figure out why you hadn't waked up. It's been twenty-four hours, almost to the minute, but now you're back. Everything is going to be fine."

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Thank you, God. I shaped my face into a smile for him. “Can I get out and go home pretty soon, do you think?”

“Count on it, sweetums. I’ve asked for two weeks off so I can be with you. Your parents wanted you to come home, but I’m keeping you with me. I almost lost you. I don’t want to let you out of reach for a while. We have some catching up to do.”

Picturing some of the things I planned to do with my gorgeous hunky fiancé, I had no problem smiling, really smiling. “I had some wild dreams,” I said. “While I was...well, wherever I was when I was unconscious. We do need to do some catching up. I expect I’ll need to spend some time in bed, too. If you’re there with me, it won’t be so bad, though.”

“For the next two weeks at least, I’m your slave,” Matt said. “Your every wish is my command. When I think how close I came to losing you forever, it scares me to death! Anything your little heart desires.”

I grinned. “I have all sorts of plans, lover boy. Just you wait! But you’ve got to promise not to be shocked. Forget about being proper and strait-laced Dr. Conlan for once.”

He arched a brow in an unspoken question but then he winked. “Okay, darling. As I said, your every wish is my command.”

At that, I reached up and pulled him down for another kiss, a real one this time, not just a butterfly brush of lips, but a real lip-lock, tongue-dueling, wet and wild kiss.

“That’s just a start,” I whispered as he drew away, a silly besotted grin on his face. “I think we’re going to have one hell of a time!”

DEIRDRE O'DARE

Deirdre O'Dare, who also writes contemporary romance as Gwynn Morgan, has loved reading and writing since early childhood. She started writing—simple verses and paraphrases of Nancy Drew and Zane Gray—before she was out of grade school and finally settled into romantic fiction in the last decade after leaving her “day job” as a civilian employee of the U.S. Army. She lives in Arizona and frequently sets her stories in the Southwest she knows and loves, but now and then another locale calls to her creativity and she strays, even as far as prehistoric Greece and places that exist only in her imagination.

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