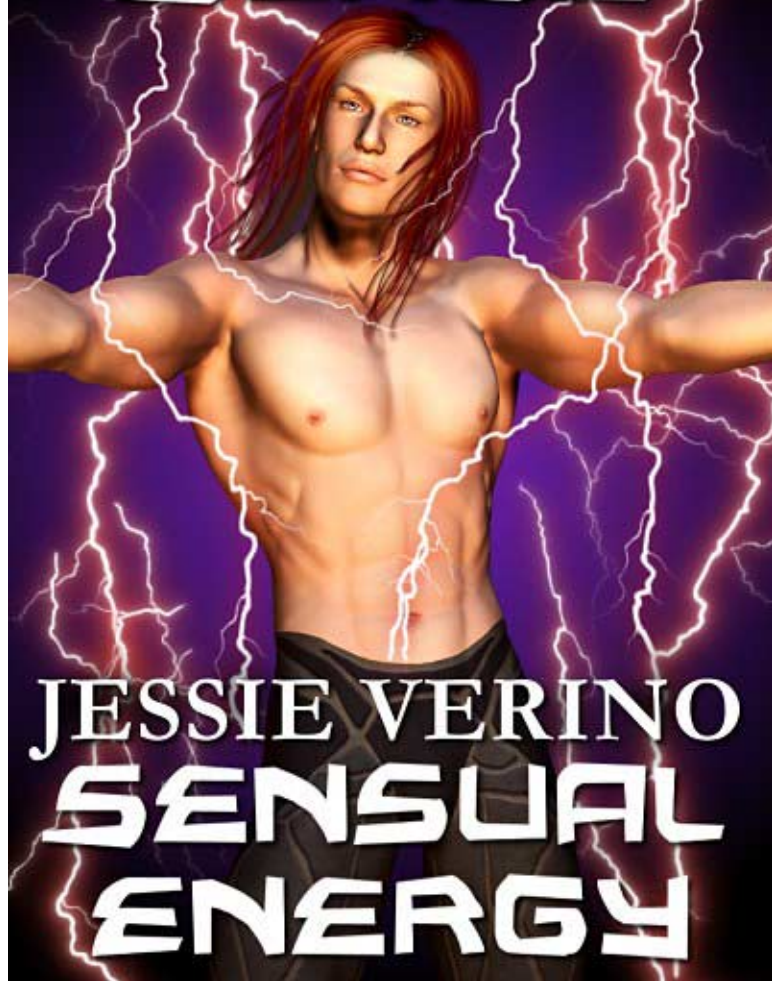


HEATSHEET **SURGE**



 PHAZE

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eBook ISBN 1-59426-559-3

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Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

www.Phaze.com

With only half a mile left in the race, Jake felt lighter on his feet than he had when he started—until the pain hit him like a sledgehammer to the chest. It stopped him dead, *dead* being the operative word, sending him hard to the pavement and forcing the last bit of air out of his lungs with a *whoosh*.

Weightless and without substance, he looked down upon his lifeless body, now bathed in a bluish white light like Hollywood used for ghost scenes. Who would have guessed that Hollywood could get something right?

He watched with interest as the paramedics worked on him, especially the sexy brunette who straddled him. She performed CPR while the other one grabbed the defibrillator. Damn, the woman had one nice, tight ass, and even in his ghostly state he could feel his cock harden when she ripped his tank top to expose his chest.

Yeah, right. His heart couldn't survive a 5K race; no way could it handle what he fantasized doing with her.

Trying to erase the image of her little heart-shaped ass inches from his groin, he moved to where he could watch her work over him. Sweat drenched the white uniform shirt she wore, making it cling to her skin. The nametag over the breast pocket read *Amy*. She wiped her palms against her thighs and took the paddles from her partner, rubbing them together to spread the gel. Watching her work the gel made his hard-on throb. Was it possible to have an orgasm as a ghost?

Concentration darkened her chocolate brown eyes in

contrast to the gel glistening in the bright afternoon sun. “Charge to three hundred!” Her voice shouted over the din of curious onlookers as she moved to his side. “Clear!”

The first jolt of electricity surged through his lifeless body, causing it to buck in an awkward imitation of sex.

Amy waited a second, then checked his pulse. “Again. Charge to three fifty.” Once more, she moved away from him. “Clear!”

Darkness fringed his peripheral vision, closing in, and pushing him toward his body.

“Again! Five Hundred! Clear!” Amy’s voice sounded distant.

Disoriented, he spiraled toward his body and entered it with enough force to make it buck wildly on the pavement. His sudden movement knocked Amy off balance, and he grabbed her left arm to keep her from falling. The paddle in her right hand went to his chest, and the force of his motion pushed the paddle in her left hand against her chest.

Electricity discharged through their bodies. The sharp pain traveled across his nervous system, and even though he tried to let go of Amy’s wrist, he couldn’t. She collapsed on top of him, trapping the paddles between them. One of the handles jabbed into his chest; it was the last thing he remembered before losing consciousness.

* * *

“What the hell happened?” Amy rolled off the man, stunned. She’d never had anyone resuscitate as violently as the runner, and hoped to never experience it again.

Where was everybody? She blinked to try and clear her vision, but all she could see, in every direction, was a strange ethereal cloud and nothing else. The only light was the supernatural glow of their bodies. The white of her shirt took on

a blue luminescence, and her skin projected an aura of the same eerie hue. The runner's skin radiated a reddish hue. The very air around them seemed charged with energy.

Maybe this was nothing more than a near-death experience. She'd heard all kinds of weird stories about the white lights and ethereal beings while working for the Clark County EMT unit, but the idea of her being dead *felt* wrong. She'd never heard of a shared experience, and the runner still lay unresponsive beside her.

Instinctively, she checked her own pulse, and relief washed over her when her fingers detected the rapid flow of blood through her veins. She rolled to her side and felt for the man's pulse. It also beat strong and steady beneath her fingers.

Taking a moment to study the man, she examined him from head to foot. He had a nice body, not long and lanky like the typical runner. More athletic, more muscular, especially in the arms and chest. She could tell from the defined pecs underneath the coarse hair on his chest, and an impressive washboard stomach, that he worked out.

Stirring to life, he slowly rose to a sitting position beside her. His gaze focused on her, and he smiled. "Hello, Amy. My name's Jake."

He surveyed their surroundings, the look on his face showing curiosity more than anything, especially when he held his hand in front of his face and flexed his fingers. "This doesn't look like Heaven, or feel like Hell, so where are we?"

"I have absolutely no idea. We're both alive, though. I think. At least I felt a pulse."

"Are you wearing a watch?"

"Of course."

"What time is it?"

She checked her watch, then tapped it a few times. "Damn.

This is a brand new watch, waterproof to twenty-five feet. Now the second hand is all wacky, going one direction, then the other.”

“We’ve time shifted to another dimension.”

Her watch forgotten, she let her arm drop to her side. “Excuse me?”

“The electrical energy flowing between us must have polarized and created a temporal field that pulled us out of our dimension. That’s why we’re glowing—we’re charged.”

Amy stared into his green eyes, noting the seriousness behind them, but couldn’t bring herself to believe the weird explanation, even if he did. “Of course. Happens to me all the time. I was just about to suggest the very same thing, but I thought you might think it was, oh, I don’t know...absurd.”

“Look, I know how this sounds, but trust me.” He took a deep breath and tentatively stood. “I work at Pine Ridge Labs, and some of the scientists have been working on this sort of thing since the Philadelphia Experiment in World War II.”

“So, are you an engineer, physicist, what?”

His aura darkened, like a blush, although she didn’t think he should be embarrassed by her question. Even the janitors at Pine Ridge Labs made more money than she did.

“Sorry, I can’t answer that. Classified.” Holding out his hand, he smiled, took a step closer, and offered to help her stand.

Their fingers barely touched, but the light contact sent sparks flying. The shock sent erogenous heat radiating through her charged system, igniting her libido.

“Did you feel that?”

Amy hoped he hadn’t felt the same jolt of lust that still hummed in her veins, and answered with the obvious. “You mean that static electricity?”

“Not static electricity. Sensual electricity. I got the first

shock, and it must have taken on the characteristics of my nervous system which was pretty revved from watching you straddle me.”

Sensual electricity. That was the perfect description—a high intensity aphrodisiac shock. Addictive. She already felt the need to touch him again.

Before she could stop herself, Amy took a step forward and wrapped her arms around him as if some kind of magnetic force pulled them together. A sudden burst of red and blue energy engulfed them. The arcs coalesced into a purple haze, enveloping them in the heat of a cocoon.

This sensual electricity, as Jake called it, streamed across her nervous system in waves of pleasure so intense that all she could do was hold on to Jake for support. Amy felt Jake’s erection pressed against her stomach through her khaki pants, and her nipples hardened instantly at the contact. Moisture drenched her panties, and as she closed her eyes she imagined what his hard cock would feel like inside her wet pussy. The orgasm hit her hard and fast, making her muscles tense and her pussy clench, but it didn’t satisfy her.

Jake’s voice sounded ragged, strained. “Amy, please don’t do that again. At least, not without me.”

His words brought her out of the euphoric stupor. “You felt my, umm, reaction?”

“All the way to my boner...I mean bones. I think we can safely assume it’s not dead. I mean, we’re not dead.” He refused to look her in the eye. “Is it getting hot, or is it just me?”

Amused, she managed to pull herself free of his hold. “It is getting a little warm. Maybe we shouldn’t stand so close together.”

His eyes widened and he snapped his fingers. “That’s it! Every time we touch we discharge some of the energy, and the

discharge creates heat.” He started pacing in front of her. “But the polarization is drawing us together. Can you feel the pull, the magnetic attraction?”

Oh, boy, could she. If it were any stronger, she’d be taking his shorts off with her teeth. But he didn’t need to know that. “A little. Is that bad?”

He stopped pacing and took a few steps back. “To be honest, I don’t know. Discharging might get us back to our dimension, or...”

“Or what?”

“Or when all the electricity is discharged we could drain, like a battery, and possibly go dead.”

Okay, that put a damper on her sexual fantasies—a very small damper. “Darn, I left my defibrillator in the other dimension. Guess there won’t be any recharging.”

“How can you joke about this? And will you please turn around, your buttons are killing me.”

Her hand went absently to her shirt. “My buttons?”

Heat practically radiated from his eyes as he stared at her shirt. “I’ve got this insane urge to rip the buttons off your shirt. Hell, I want to rip your *shirt* off.”

Understanding his frustration, but unable to stop herself from teasing him, she took a small step forward. “What about my bra?”

He groaned and took a step back. “Amy, you’re playing with fire, and I don’t know how long I can keep it from burning out of control.”

“It’s lace.” The enticing words were out of her mouth before she could stop them.

In three strides, he stood in front of her, muscles tense and barely restrained. Bright arcs of sensual electricity sizzled between them, curling around each other and tightening. Before

she could think coherently enough to step back, the arcs bound them together.

Jake's hands followed the currents and grabbed the lapels of her shirt. With one quick movement, he pulled them apart. The buttons flew off and were instantly consumed by the heat.

Tiny currents licked at her skin, but they couldn't compare to the intense shock of Jake's fingers tracing the lacy fabric of her bra. He followed the outer seam lines of the cups and felt his way to the back, unclasping it and letting it hang loose. His hands slid over her skin and underneath the material, lingering for a moment on the curve of her breasts before his fingers moved to her nipples, teasing the tight buds mercilessly.

The heat generated by his hands and the waves of energy flowing between them drove her to seek relief. She managed to strip off her shirt and bra without too much struggling, but her shoes and pants would require Jake to remove his hands.

His fingers lightly squeezed her nipples as if he knew what she was thinking, and he refused to let go. His lips followed his fingers, feathering light kisses over the sensitized flesh of her breasts. Tiny sparks crept over her skin every time he kissed her, flooding her with his sensual energy. Her whole body burned for Jake, a wanton desire driven by the delicious heat that pooled between her legs. Yet, despite the warmth, his touch made her shiver.

Without warning, he seized one nipple and sucked. Blood rushed through her veins, traveling to her pussy and leaving her lightheaded and dizzy in its wake.

He released the nipple and smiled at her. "Whoa, slow down, sweetheart. We don't want an overload."

Amy gasped for breath. "I think I overloaded about ten seconds ago, and I'm getting dangerously close to short circuiting."

His teeth grazed across the other nipple. "Then you need to release some of that energy so that you don't. Can you cum for me? Have a breast orgasm?" Playfully, he nipped at the tip.

A small moan of pleasure was the only answer she could give him.

"Then cum for me, now." Jake squeezed her breasts close together, wrapped his mouth around both nipples, and sucked. His tongue flicked across the hard peaks, and the action sent her over the edge.

Under the onslaught of his mouth, her whole body tensed and throbbed. Currents raced over her skin, following the blood that rushed through her veins, and engorged her clit and labia until she drenched her panties and nearly collapsed.

Jake caught her in his arms and held her until she could breathe again, but with the constant feed of sensual electricity; the affectionate gesture had her panting with need again in seconds.

She squirmed out of his arms and took several steps back. "Just stay over there and don't come near me."

"Don't worry, I don't think I can walk. At least, not for a few minutes." He placed his hands on his thighs and bent over, taking several deep breaths.

"Do you feel any different, like maybe the energy is weakening?"

"No, you?"

"Nada." The energy made her edgy, and before she knew what was happening, she had walked halfway to Jake.

"Amy, stop!"

She spun around so she couldn't see him. "I can't help myself. You're the one who works with the rocket scientists, don't you have any ideas or theories on how to stop this? Are you sure that if we discharge all this energy we'll get back to our

own dimension or die? Are you sure we *can* discharge all this energy?"

"I certainly don't mind trying."

Even though she couldn't see his face, Amy could imagine the wolfish grin that accompanied the statement. "That's not the answer I was hoping for."

"Sorry, but I don't know the answers. But, we've got to do something. Without any food or water we're done for anyway, and I don't think we're going to find any around here any time soon. In all seriousness, I believe discharging the energy is our best bet." He paused for a moment, and she imagined him in deep concentration. "Maybe we need to, you know, get off, in order to release the energy."

"I got off twice already, and I can't tell any difference."

"But I haven't."

His words made her feel about two inches tall. She'd been so caught up in the intensity of the experiences, and what she was getting out of them, that she hadn't even thought about what Jake wasn't getting. And, in a weird sort of way, it made sense, especially taking into consideration that this alternate dimension resulted from his overactive libido in the first place.

Determined to see this thing through to the end, whatever end it might be, she turned and faced Jake. "Too bad there isn't a bed, but I don't guess we need one." As soon as she said it, the magnetic attraction hit her full force, like it had been waiting for her acceptance.

The sensual energy produced a sensation like nothing she had ever experienced. It burned like a hunger, and she couldn't get her shoes and pants off fast enough to quench even a small part of it.

"Leave your panties on." Jake's voice slowly registered in her mind, and she removed her hands from the lacy underwear,

even though Jake now stood perfectly naked in front of her.

Amy's gaze went immediately to his cock. Every time it pulsed, waves rippled through the red aura. A small drop of moisture clung to the head, and she ached to lick it off, to taste him. The need moved her forward until they were a hair's breadth from each other.

They weren't touching, but the arcs of sensual energy flowed between them. Her hands followed one of the arcs, and her fingers curled around his erection. Tiny sparks erupted at the contact, but Jake didn't try to remove her hands.

Bending over, she squeezed the base of his cock, flicked her tongue over the head, and licked off the salty pre-cum. It, too, seemed to add unneeded fuel to her desire, and she wrapped her lips around him, taking him into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around his shaft to get it good and wet, then started pumping his cock with her hands while she sucked on the head.

His fingers tangled in her hair. "Do you know how sexy you look with your ass up in the air and your mouth on my cock? Damn, just like a sex fairy surrounded by that purple glow."

Taking him deeper into her mouth, she let him know she appreciated the compliment, then wiggled her ass to encourage him.

The pulse under her fingers quickened and Jake took command. His hold in her hair tightened enough so that it held in her place, and he pounded his cock in and out of her mouth.

Her breasts bounced with the force of his thrusts, and all she could do was hold tight to the base and hang on for the ride. Tingling from the sparks, her lips slid over the smooth, slick flesh of his erection until her fingers stopped their progress.

"Take all of it, baby. I know that sweet mouth of yours can handle it."

Blowjobs had never been her favorite, but his words—or

this sensual energy, or a combination of both—made her feel like the sexy fairy he'd called her.

He slowed the pace and she let go of his cock, letting it go deep enough to brush against the back of her throat. She moved her hands to his butt and grabbed the firm cheeks.

Thrusting one last time, he plunged deep and stopped. Warm semen filled her mouth, and she swallowed greedily, savoring the taste of him. With her tongue, she swiped every last drop off his still throbbing erection.

"Damn." The word came out like a moan. He collapsed to his knees, forcing her to relinquish her prize or fall with him. "That was incredible."

But Amy wasn't listening. Over his shoulder, she could see the back of an ambulance and paramedics huddled next to it. It appeared like a dream, cloudy and misty, but it was definitely where she and Jake had been laying when they were transported.

She bit her tongue to keep from screaming her excitement. "Jake," she whispered. "Jake, turn around slowly and tell me what you see."

He turned his head, and in profile she watched his eyes blink several times, then widen as comprehension set in. "Holy shit! It worked!" Then he practically tackled her in his enthusiasm. "We're close, Amy. Really close."

As soon as their bodies touched, flashes of sensual electricity sparked from the contact and ignited their passion. Jake's hands clutched her butt and drew her full against his body. His cock, already hard again, rubbed her clit through her panties. "I love the way wet lace feels on my dick. Soft and prickly at the same time. Just like a woman's pussy during good sex."

Clenching her teeth, she ground her mound against him in frustration, but he refused to move any faster. "Get them off me, now."

In one swift movement, he rolled them both over and she was trapped beneath him. “You didn’t say please.” He rose to his knees and straddled her the same way she had him earlier. A jolt of energy swept through her from the point of contact, and her body instantly responded. Sweat covered her skin, trickled between her breasts.

Jake leaned over her and licked off the moisture off.

Her nipples peaked and her back arched. “Jake, please!”

Without any warning, he lifted off her, grabbed the waistband of her lace panties, and ripped them from her. His hands gripped her thighs and spread her legs wide. His dark eyes lit with lust, and she thought for a second sparks were going to shoot from them straight to her pussy. Instead, his fingers parted the slick folds of her sex and thrust deep inside her.

Amy might have screamed with the intense pleasure, but she wasn’t sure. The purple haze their combined energies formed seemed to muffle the sound. But it didn’t matter. His fingers were relentless, stroking and plunging into her sensitive flesh until she thrashed beneath him. The pad of his thumb grazed across her clit, and she shattered. This time there was no doubt, she screamed his name.

“That’s it, baby, go with it. Let me see that pretty pussy of yours cum all over my hand. Let me know you’re ready to take my dick.”

Lines of energy still sizzled across her breasts, down her stomach, and over her pussy. Even after coming so fiercely, she still wanted more. Amy tried to speak, but her voice refused to work. She broke her gaze from the hypnotizing energy and stared at his cock, hoping Jake would take the hint and screw her brains out.

Instead, he nearly collapsed beside her. His actions confused her for a moment, then she realized that as his sexual

energy drained, he grew weaker. If they were going to get home, she'd have to ride him.

She rolled to her side and crawled on top of him. Physically, they were both exhausted, but the constant feed of sexual electricity from him fueled her, stoked her until she thought she might erupt in flames before she could get him inside her. She spread her legs over his crotch and guided his cock into her pussy. The sudden shock rushed through her body, and she clutched his chest to keep her balance.

Fireworks erupted from their joined bodies, showering them in a sensual rain of sparks. She moved her hips, slowly at first, adjusting herself to the fullness, then started a steady grinding rhythm.

Jake lifted his hips and met her thrust for thrust. The feel of his cock inside her and the friction it created fed her desires more than any sexual electricity or sparks could ever induce. The familiar tingle started low in her stomach, and she stopped for a moment to savor the feeling. Its intensity built quickly, helped by the small sparks still falling on them from the discharge, but she didn't need them now. Not with Jake's hands on her hips urging her on.

Amy locked her feet underneath his thighs and increased the rhythm of their lovemaking to a frantic pace. The tingle bloomed and spread to her bouncing breasts until her whole body tensed. "Cum for me, Jake. Let me feel your cock throb inside me. That's the only 'discharge' I need."

He moved his hands to her ass, gripping it hard and holding her motionless while he pushed one last time.

Her pussy clenched around him and milked every drop of cum from him. The final bursts of red and blue energy shot into the air like flares, blinding her as her body convulsed in the final spasms of orgasm.

* * *

It seemed like hundreds of people crowded around her, suffocating her.

Randy, one of the paramedics she worked with, elbowed his way through the crowd and disbursed them in seconds. “Amy, are you okay? Can you hear me?”

She struggled to sit up, but he placed a hand on her shoulder and forced her to lie back down. “Don’t try to move. You took a pretty good jolt, and I don’t mind telling you it scared the hell out of me.”

Her voice came out in a croaked whisper. “Seeing someone disappear would scare me, too.”

“Disappear? What are you talking about? You were knocked out cold, but you didn’t go anywhere. You must’ve dreamed it.”

“How long was I out?”

He checked his watch. “About nine minutes.”

She and Jake had definitely spent more than nine minutes in the alternate dimension, or had it just been some freaky hallucination brought on by the shock? She didn’t want to delve into that right now, not with Randy, so she changed the subject. “How’s Jake?”

“The guy you were working on? You got his heart started, and we’ve already transported him to the hospital.”

The other paramedics insisted that she go to the hospital and get checked out, too, even though she assured them the jolt she received didn’t do any damage. The emergency room doctor performed an EKG, treated the small burn mark on her chest, and declared her fit to return to work the next day. She didn’t mention the hallucination, or whatever it was, to the doctor, but she couldn’t shake the feeling that it had all been real.

She left the hospital tired and famished. Fast food had never

really appealed to her, but she had the strangest craving for a huge, greasy burger and French fries, so she stopped at a local burger joint on the way home. After wolfing down the meal, she fell into her bed, clothes and all.

Shafts of early morning sunlight streamed through her window and woke her hours before she had to be at work, but after a night filled with dreams of her and Jake, she didn't want to hang around her empty house. After a quick shower, she drove to the nearest florist and purchased a "Get Well" bouquet for Jake and headed back to the hospital to deliver the flowers in person. Amy had to know if her memories of what had happened were real, or if they were some sort of weird hallucination brought on by the electric shock. The only way to find out was to ask Jake.

She spoke to his treating physician, and the doctor had declared that there was nothing wrong with Jake's heart, but they wanted him to stay in cardiac observation for a few days and undergo some tests—just to make sure. She reached his room and shifted the vase to her left hand and knocked quietly on the door.

"Come in." Jake's voice sounded strong, and not at all like a man who had been defibrillated less than twenty-four hours ago.

Walking tentatively into the small room, she kept the flowers in front of her face until she reached the bed. When she placed the vase on the table beside him, she noted the look of shock that crossed his features and gave him a shaky smile. "Hey, remember me?"

"Amy, right? The paramedic who saved my life?" He shifted and smoothed the sheet covering him. "What are you doing here?"

The suspicion in his voice threw her off guard. "I just came by to see how you were doing. The doctors said you were

severely dehydrated and that caused your heart to stop. We don't usually see that on a short run."

He looked a little sheepish. "I'd tossed a few back with the guys the night before, then overslept. So, I grabbed a couple cups of coffee before the run."

"Yep, all that alcohol, caffeine, and sweating would cause a potassium imbalance, and cause your heart to stop. You're not a serious runner, are you?"

"How could you tell?" He grinned at her. "My boss *volunteered* me and a few other people in my department for the charity run. Good community relations and all that."

That was the opening she needed. "Your boss at Pine Ridge Labs?"

He slumped back against the pillows, a stunned look on his face. "It really happened. We actually time shifted. I thought I dreamed it or something." All the blood drained from his face and he gripped the sheet until his knuckles turned white. "Then, we...you and I..."

"Did the nasty in another dimension? Oh, yeah."

He looked like he might pass out. "You can't tell anybody. Swear, you won't tell anyone about what happened."

Amy leveled her gaze at him and balled her fists in her pockets. "You're married, aren't you?"

Surprise flashed across his features, then confusion. "No, and what the hell does that have to do with time-shifting?"

Idiot! Of course he meant don't say anything about the time shifting. How naïve could she be? If the people he worked for ever found out, they'd both be subjected to all kinds of testing. The thought sent cold chills down her spine and made her shudder. "Don't worry, I won't tell anybody about the time shifting. I don't think anyone would believe it, anyway. According to the other paramedics, we never left. I thought you

were referring to the sex.”

An awkward silence filled the tiny room. Amy let her gaze drift around the room and finally focused on a smudge that spotted the window. Still, he didn't say anything. “Well, I guess I'd better get going.” If he could pretend it never happened, so could she. “I hope you're feeling better soon and they spring you from here.” She turned and walked toward the door, and almost made it before he stopped her.

“Wait!”

Her hand froze above the doorknob.

“We made a lot of sparks, didn't we?”

“Yeah, we lit up the sky,” she answered without turning around.

The rustle of sheets sounded behind her, followed by the squeaking of the bed. He now stood behind her. “Do you think we discharged all of that energy?”

Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath. “Touch me.”

His fingers skimmed lightly up her arms and brushed the hair away from her shoulders. A familiar warmth radiated from the simple contact, and when his lips grazed the nape of her neck it sent a delicious tingling over her skin.

“I think I felt a little spark,” she said, turning to face him. “But I need to make sure.” She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him close. Their lips met in an explosion of sensual energy.

Breathing heavily, he broke the kiss and hugged her close. His heartbeat sounded fast and strong in his chest, but she wanted to make sure he wasn't overdoing it. “How's the heart?”

He placed a tender kiss on her forehead. “Feels great. Besides, if anything happens, I know it's in excellent hands.”

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About the Author

Jessie Verino lives in the South, where hot sultry nights inspire erotic thoughts, and beautiful mountain views inspire the romantic in her.

Jessie writes erotic paranormal romance, as well as what she terms "sci-fantasy"—erotic stories blended with science fiction concepts and dark fantasy elements sure to set your imagination and blood on fire.

When she's not writing, she's riding her motorcycle, a teal & silver Suzuki Volusia, through the beautiful scenery of North Carolina and Tennessee (at least during the warm months), and hopes someday to own the Harley of her dreams. You can learn more about Jessie at www.jessieverino.com.

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