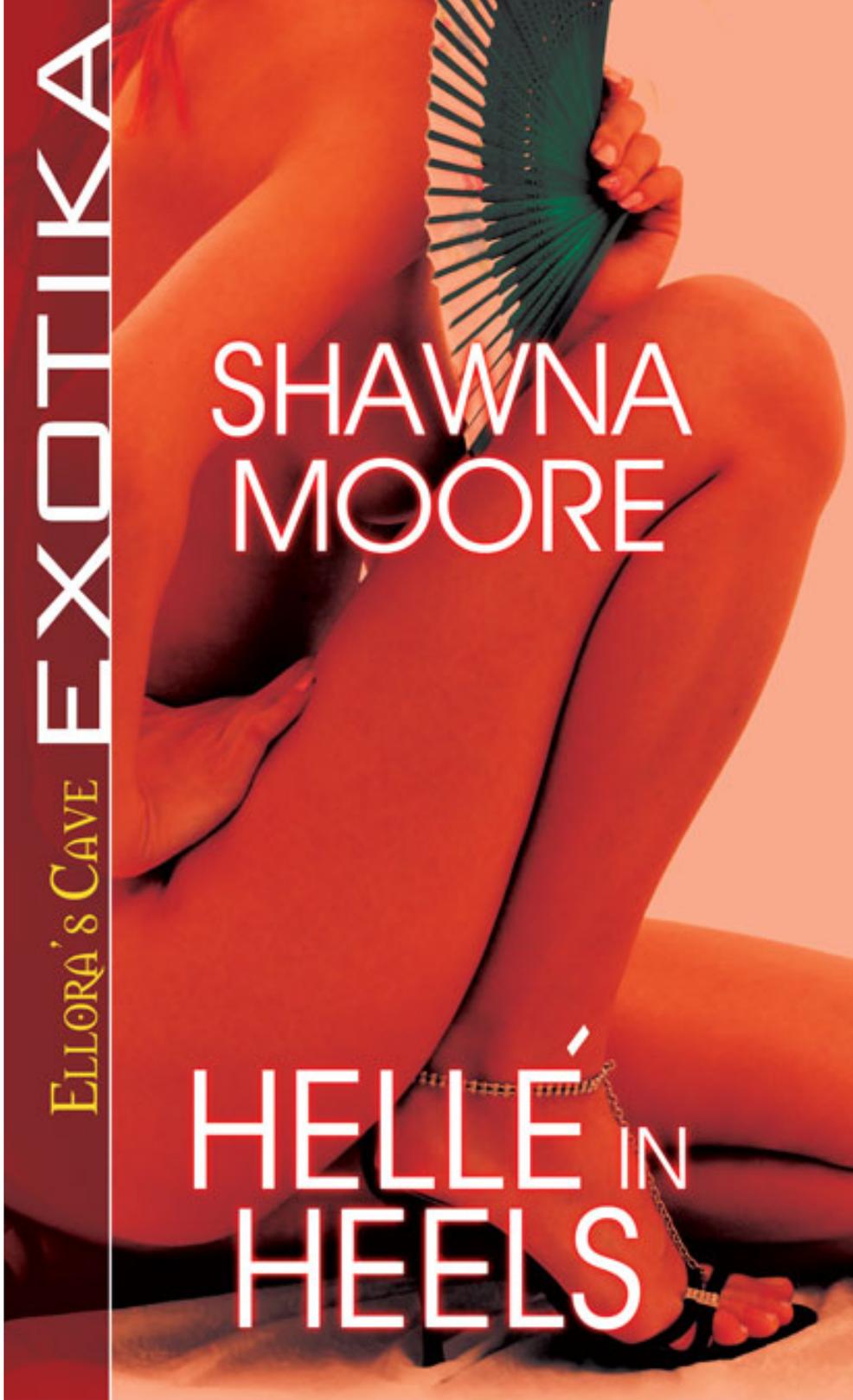


EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

SHAWNA
MOORE

HELLÉ IN
HEELS



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Hellé in Heels

ISBN 9781419910241

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Edited by Ann Leveille.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: April 2007

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HELLÉ IN HEELS

Shawna Moore

Dedication

My heartfelt thanks to my beloved late mother—the woman who gave me life and introduced me to the joys of reading at a very early age. Memories of her loving nature and indomitable spirit spur me onward every waking and working day. And if not for the love and support my real-life hero, my stories may have never gotten past my gray matter.

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Chapter One

The last gulp of Bloody Mary burned going down. The cocktail glass left my hand and smashed against the craggy flooring where magma flowed underneath my toes and bare soles. Only one drink for this morning. Today I couldn't afford anything compromising my otherworldly concentration.

When better day to get the hell out of here than on July 13—a day forecast to go on record as summer's hottest? I scraped my crimson pinky nail over the calcified wall deposits. As soon as I swallowed the mineral and herbal elixir-cum-traveling cocktail, I'd blow this fire-ridden prison and make a divalicious debut in the city that pulsed with a rhythm far faster than Hell. The bit of alcohol in my breakfast bracer would act as a catalyst with the pulverized ingredients in my post-breakfast bracer and catapult me away from a family feud that escalated with each second my ass didn't disappear for good.

The ten-thousandth fight with my father, Sir Satan, resulted in only more bad blood being exchanged between us. What everyone on Earth believed was true. When it came to dealing with the Devil, one had to always accept his terms. Terms so narrow you could shove a million of them through a needle head and still have room for the thread. Still, the fact he'd banished me from this underworld sucked more than Vinny Punziore, the vampire who suffered a stake on his twelve-hundredth birthday and occasionally hung with my minions and me. He'd given me my first neck wound, but after a small sip I'd made him put his teeth and tongue away. Damn this making travel plans on such short notice. No more batmen to tease and please. And Caligula threw the best orgies. I never had to worry about coordinating my outfits for his bangs and bashes. The leather collar or my twenty-four-karat Omega necklace was more than enough. Barer was always better for that Roman ruler.

Though I'd relish one more heated debate with my father, time was of essence. I couldn't let the Devil have his way. If I didn't leave before another day dawned, he threatened to bring destruction and peril the likes of which Earth has never known. At least he'd taken the liberty of providing me with an alternative identity. Before taking a hellcat-nap, I'd memorized my social security number and new name.

Hellé Hawthorn. Only my father, old fire-breath, would bestow upon me the almost identical surname of the author who'd penned a famous book about a woman scorned. Forget scorned. More like scorched when his breath singed the back of my red leather miniskirt. And all because I tried having the last word. Speaking of thorns, he was the real prick for even dreaming he could bring irreparable damage to the Earth that G—the guy upstairs and through the clouds had created. No matter how much I despised him winning our private battle, there were billions of others who mustn't suffer Satan's wrath because of a father-daughter squabble.

In a couple hours, New Orleans would be my new playground. Plenty of men to fulfill my fantasies and lick my clit at any hour of the night or day. Hellé wouldn't even have to snap her fingers for minions to come running. Men aboveground would eat me up and hang on my every word.

Once breaking through the portal, I'd portray a victim of identity theft. Daddy's human connections had created police files and even contacted the credit bureaus. My tragic tale would appear before anyone making a background check. As for cash, my bank account at Union Infidelity would be frozen and appear emptied by the miscreant who'd robbed me of my riches.

A prickling bedeviled my skin, drove deeper and wended its way past bone. All right, you spell-casting, skin-prickling tyrant. I know it won't be long before I lose my psychic powers upon touching down in the Crescent City. Until then, butt the fuck out of my business and get your grimy hands off my gray matter.

If I maintained physical strength while dwelling on Earth's surface, the elixir's protective elements would render me impervious to human disease. The only downside to drinking my ticket out of here was I might never experience little hellions of my own.

Dead ahead, the sexiest horned beast in Hell fucked one of Medusa's granddaughter's granddaughters. Morea screamed with each impact. Her partner's cock extended beyond a foot in length—even Morea couldn't swallow or contain the entire thickness. Her shoulders scraped against the rough wall, but only she and the Devil knew whether her screams were from pain or from passion.

Well, I had a pretty damned good idea Priennius' cock brought her the ultimate pleasure. I sprinted past them, sidestepping the puddle of sweat and cum. Such filthy fuckers. At least they could clean up after themselves.

At climbing to the middle level, where my living quarters were, far removed from those of my despot father, I summoned my own group of Hell's own Angels. Garmula, Shenda, Ulevi and Barden interrupted their pussy party with Vuldor and danced around me.

I raised my arm at their approach. My myriad gold and diamond-encrusted bangles held them in a hypnotic trance. Though it was such a bore being down here for so many years, powers like these were worth more than their weight in precious metals and stones.

Victoria's Secret and *Playboy* had nothing on these beautiful bitches. Vuldor whipped in front of Garmula and crouched. She parted her legs and his lizard tongue licked her pussy. With each giggle she gushed and rewarded him with a special hot cum shower.

A crook of my right index finger stopped her sexcapades and brought them all closer. These gal pals had learned their sexual lessons well and worked it like never before on Departure Day. Full tits. Heart-shaped asses that rode men's laps raw. Lips full and always wearing the latest shade of gloss. As a special farewell treat for us devilish divas, the man-beast Curvias' cock had provided a clear gloss that rivaled any

of the products sold on Madison Avenue for luster and long-wearing appeal. We'd taken turns pumping him and primping.

Glancing sideways, my heart thumped harder. The precious bust of my man, Menlikus, rested dead center on the bedside table. A Greek merchant who'd perished by the sword so many centuries ago, he was my truest and most skilled lover. I grabbed the marble rendering and placed it between my legs. Leaving him behind hurt worse than Hell, but I couldn't let sentimentality interfere with my focus. Besides, it was time Hellé broke out of this prison. Each pass of the polished stone artifact over my pussy made Ulevi wail more than any of the Sirens on the lower level. They were a damned silly bunch of mermaids if anyone asked me. Even if they didn't, how many of the sailors of yesteryear found those fish-bodied wives appealing escaped me. Those men would have done far better to remain lost at sea and allow my mother, a Cape Cod fisherman's daughter, or one of the sea-shes to find them.

I set the slippery artifact down. Stop bawling. Tears aren't allowed. They only fog the special contact lenses that adorable product developer designed for me after I gave him a ten-hour blowjob.

Rumbling from the lower level caused a faster gush of lava over the rocks beneath our feet. Now what did he want? There wasn't time to continue our pissing match. Time was running out, and I needed to detail my minions regarding their earthly duties.

A point of my finger dispatched Shenda. The former art historian turned lap dancer who'd succumbed to life in the fast lane and a bad hit of heroin was one of Satan's favorite playmates. Age didn't matter when it came to his getting off. Too bad he'd have to find someone else to dance on his greased pole. Shenda's massaging hands would be required aboveground when I set up that day spa in the French Quarter. Only men would be welcomed and allowed once our doors opened for business. Our oiled fingers and irresistible charm would provide special pampering sessions for men after a hard day's work or a difficult merger.

From the desk, I removed a Montblanc and scratched the pen point over a piece of fuchsia stationery. At finishing, I delivered the directions to Garmula, the best head in my small army of hellcats. I slipped Vuldor the tongue and milked his cock. A handful of red-hot cum resulted. Even when madder than hell, I still had the touch that brought men to the breaking point. The remaining minions passed the paper among themselves, lips moving but not uttering a single word. One thing above all, they were brainy bitches. A surgeon. A sculptor and art historian. An engineer. All could get me out of the deepest shit, literally or figuratively speaking, if need be.

I licked off Vuldor's sticky gift and plucked a grape from the woven clusters around Ulevi's neck. As my teeth pierced the fragrant purple fruit, juice trickled over my chin and between my breasts. While my minions licked their lips, one look from me bade them to keep their distance.

"Come, Vuldor. Lick me clean. Find where all the juice is and taste it."

Muscle rippled with each step he took. Tanned skin, slick with man-beast sweat and sesame oil, brought a rush of saliva onto my tongue. I sucked out the grape's pulp and tucked the sticky skin between my labia.

Let's see how much this demon goes after what he wants with muscular Menlikus only a single layer of rock away behind the adjacent wall.

A snarl curved his kissable lips and a growl worked its way up from his gut. One flick of his pointed tongue dried my chin. From there he licked over my neck and down my cleavage. Looking up, he winked, golden fire flashing in his teal eyes. Teeth bearing tips just shy of being razor-sharp raked over my nipples. He sucked the outer curve of my right breast and my pulse climbed. A shift of his chin brought the tongue back into position with my turgid coral-pink nipple.

With my nipple secured in his mouth, he looked up at me again. The fangs flashed. "Something for you to remember me by." His jaw clenched and a roaring ensued inside my skull. After a couple heartbeats he released his hold.

Should I smack him silly for such impertinence? Despite my hellishly high thresholds, even the Devil's daughter experienced pain.

Barden rushed beside us and waved her hand in front of my face. "He wants you to wear this. Now that he's marked the spot, I'll put this on."

While Vuldor licked his lips, Barden fitted me with the fine-wired gold nipple ring. Her surgical prowess, guided by Vuldor's partial piercing, drew barely an extra drop of blood. She teased it back and forth and the gift winked at me each time.

"Thank you." I knitted my fingers through the curly black hair of a kneeling Vuldor. "V...vvv... Oh fuck it."

He sucked away the grape skin and tongued my clit. Each pass of the sandpapery length of flesh made me squirt. A couple of his fingers teased along the crease of my ass before plunging inside. A current of cool air passed briefly by my crotch before he hauled me closer and stuck his stiffened tongue deep inside my heat.

The she-devils worked themselves into another lather, kissing nipples and rubbing themselves like women waiting for backstage access to a rock band after the concert. But on my un-dresser table, the sand had shifted more than enough in the hourglass shaped like Adonis.

Nothing beat watching the crystal rendering of a perfect man and counting down the minutes at the same time. And the sand was almost up to his balls. I shuddered at my release and clawed Vuldor's scalp.

Men could flirt with me or give me cunnilingus but I'd not fucked another since dating Menlikus.

Vuldor fell back and took his tongue with him. Orgasms were the best any time of day, but my crystal Adonis told the best time of any. The sun had already risen in The Big Easy. I must prepare myself for the metamorphosis. Today, I wouldn't become a vaporous entity as I'd accomplished several times in the past. Listening to the Beatles at the London Palladium. Checking out the latest at Gucci and Prada prior to their runway

shows. Witnessing those morning showers by a certain blond actor who occupied my thoughts more than twenty-four hours.

I heaved a hot breath—so hot the mirrored portion of the ceiling and walls fogged. Now unable to stare at their reflections and feverish antics, my captive and carnal audience disappeared. Vuldor would likely jerk off several times before going to the sunken pool. The others would finger or stuff themselves to orgasm and join me several hours after my size sixes made contact with the banquettes on Bourbon Street. They'd come to me once I'd found a place for our spa. Somewhere there dwelled a property ready for a takeover and makeover by me. My negotiation skills were second to none, especially when the deal involved a man.

More wetness trickled down my thighs. That horny Vuldor. Of all times for him to make me wild enough to consider rides on several of the choicest cocks in Hell before ascending to Earth—the place where good and evil coexisted in the hearts and minds of all except a chosen few.

After years of cavorting with the undead, I was ready for all Hellé to break loose with a real man, one with mega-rich red blood flowing through his veins. Okay, so I was inherently a materialistic and sex-starved bitch. Still, the emphasis wouldn't have to be on such a degree of richness that all that mattered to him was his money. But after my fantastic journey ended, I wouldn't settle for someone only out for a night of fun who'd later tell me to fuck off. All these years of multiple partners and living on the edge were the best learning for my curves, but monogamy intrigued me most.

For longer than I cared to remember, I'd remained monogamous with Menlikus. But my pending trip to Earth had created a potent sexual hunger. Those herbs and minerals I'd soon swallow would likely intensify my carnal cravings. If I wasn't going to ever see my former lover again after today, why shouldn't I indulge my every sexual fantasy? Ride those cocks. Play erotic games. Stir up as much sexual trouble as suited my desires. Before we'd hooked up the Devil had made me do it with as many men as possible. However, sex with a single man proved less problematic, and there weren't so

many names to keep track of when screaming out during an orgasm. After all, I could easily do with one man the same things I'd done with ten. Those tricks I'd take with me would last him and me a mortal lifetime.

If all failed—and my body couldn't sustain my metamorphosis—I'd be forced to queue up for a chat with the Devil's adversary. Access to Heaven was much more difficult than a one-way pass to Purgatory or Hell. It took good deeds and repentance to get one past those pearly gates. A day spa where we took care of men all day and into the night wouldn't pass His Holiness' muster. Those gates would slam shut before a single one of my toes made it past the grillwork.

Another glance at Adonis revealed a sandy sac between his glass legs. Time to get that papaya juice and jinjuang plant. The lab and a hot mixing session with Menlikus and Tony awaited me.

Chapter Two

Tony, a chemist whose left testicle had never descended, passed me the flask. Liquid the color of crushed tanzanite sparkled inside the glass. I passed the potion underneath my nose and sniffed. Not your momma's grape juice either. Quite fragrant, much as when one crushed lilacs, rare orchids and other purple petals between hot fingers. I passed it back to him.

Menlikus stroked the length of my back. "This day I lose that most precious to me."

"Oh, cut with the sobbing and sentiment, Men. You'll find another to thrill and fill once I break through the barrier separating Hell from Louisiana."

"You've discovered a portal? One allowing more than vapor to pass through?"

"Absolutely. Geology, chemistry and physics were always my best subjects. Even Tony over there said I had the best head on my shoulders."

"Shoulders?" Laughter rocked my lover's body. At closing his eyes and opening them, lush rust-brown lashes came together and then kissed his upper lids. "He's been between your legs. You've screwed him into submission as you've done others."

Shit. "Not recently. Not since you."

"And what about that old Casanova? You put him under quite a spell during the Feast of Ganaea."

"Big deal. So he skewered my bit of chicken with his shish kebab. Maybe he just hadn't had enough to eat otherwise?"

"There's always enough of Hellé to keep at least a hundred men happy."

My fingers met with the buff suede of his loincloth. I cupped his heavy balls and the cock threatening to burst from behind the animal hide. "Before we say goodbye forever, give me some Greek."

* * * * *

Fifteen minutes and countless reasons I should remain and try to reason with Father later, my Cocksman from Crete stripped off the loincloth and gave me one solid reason to linger in Hell for just little longer.

Okay, a lot longer. So many inches, so little time.

Menlikus flexed. So he was a bit of a poser. Not a problem for me. If only Rodin had used him as a model, that sculptor's statuary would have possessed even more value.

He canted his hips and his cock bumped the back of my hand. "Tell me how this will all work, Hellé. You are of womanly form down here. How will you differ once on Earth?"

Cuffing the swelling cock head with my thumb and forefinger, I milked him until a couple clear drops came out. "Various changes will take place on a muscular and metabolic level in my body. While these herbs and mineral crystal particles are at their most active for about a minute, they will evaporate most of the water in my body and soften my muscles allowing for a lighter weight during my rise to the Kellion level. For that short time I'll still experience all sensations as I would have otherwise. Once I reach Kellion I'll regain muscle mass and water weight."

"But you'll later break through the barrier or portal and emerge in solid form." He groaned and skimmed his fingers over my back and tickled the cleft of my ass.

"Yes. The components of the elixir are only at their most potent for a limited time. That timeframe coincides with the amount of time it will take me to ascend from Hell, find the portal and break through. Where I stand on the transportation platform will determine the place I emerge on Earth."

"Your father has tried this many times and failed. Your knowledge in this science is vaster than his?" His scent came stronger.

My mouth watered. I crouched, sucked his cock toward my tonsils and worked his hardness as never before. Blood beat against the engorged vessels of his shaft. I set his

cock free. "Absolutely. His focus is only on fucking anymore. Fucking women other than my mother. He can't prove theorems and formulas to save his ass."

"What about Ulevi, Shenda, Barden and Garmula?" Menlikus took a few steps backward, but his gaze remained fixed on my face.

"I've saved them each a portion they will consume once a certain hour strikes."

"Something could go wrong. What if they don't make it through or end up somewhere else?"

I clawed the taut flesh on his outer thigh. A crimson streak remained. "There's always the remote possibility, but I'm confident that won't happen. They'll drink what I drink. Where I stand on the transport platform will bear my heat impression for a solid day. Their sensitive toes will each, in turn, find the exact location where I stood. And we all weigh exactly the same. Those extra hours of working out near the orgy room's fire pit got rid of our extra water weight and a bit of butt flab."

"Will your friends land in the same place as you or merely the same city?" The claw on his right middle finger scraped along my clavicle.

Those marks would fade long before the memories of the sexual times we'd spent together.

"Same city. Once I've located a place for my spa, they will find me there. Due to the properties of the elixir, I will exude a potent scent for twenty-four hours. This will allow them to track me as long as we're within a thousand miles of each other. No one else will detect my signature essence. And they've already decided upon the place they'd like to land, so I've mixed in a bit of brischa seed to get them to the dressing rooms of their favorite designer boutique. Prior to their ascent they will concentrate on this location in order to reach it without failure. In those dressing rooms they can always call for clothes from a passing clerk. She'll get their size and won't question their nakedness hidden behind those doors."

"Ingenious, but how will they explain leaving the store in clothes with tags still on them? Or those security bands?"

“Don’t you ever tire of asking questions, Menlikus?” I reached out and pumped another cum drop from his cock head, wiped it off with my thumb and sucked it off. “They’ll simply claim they’re leaving their clothes behind if asked. I suppose you want to know how they’ll pay since they’re not victims of identity theft too?”

A nod brought a wave of rust-brown bangs farther down on his forehead.

“Before ascent they’ll place several specially folded fifty-dollar bills under their wide tongues. You know the Devil mints all denominations down here. Any change, we’ve all agreed, must be kept in a common cash pool once we rendezvous.”

His frown softened somewhat but those sexy lines still remained beside his blue eyes. “And you’re trading your rings. Would have been easier using the paper money. If you think I’m asking a lot of questions, wait’ll you see how it is up there.” His upper row of teeth caught his lower lip and then released. “I can’t believe you’re willing to be stripped of your powers.”

“I’m tired of pissing matches with my father. Also, His Satanic Supremeness has decreed that my presence is no longer wanted or needed down here. If I don’t leave, he’ll wreak havoc and destruction upon Earth. I’d never forgive myself if I didn’t do everything possible to prevent such a tragedy. All or most of my supernatural and psychic energy will be likely drained during the ascent. My only weapon as a newcomer to Earth will be my sexuality. That will remain intact. Oh, and I’ll have an even more magnetic personality, courtesy of the minerals deposited in my system by the elixir.”

“I’m sure many men will more than appreciate that.” He landed a pinch to my forearm that stung my heart more than my flesh. “How did Tony test the formula to make sure it’s strong enough and actually works?”

“Today’s ascent is our trial. If we fail then I’ll be burning up with more than desire for you later today. But my mathematical calculations are usually flawless.”

“Usually.” He clutched my hand and then released it. “But there is no room for error or failure this time.”

“No. There’s no hiding from the Devil down here. I tried so many times as a child but never succeeded. Once I almost eluded him, but he prevailed. My father would do anything, give anything, to get his hands on my formula. I had to hide the plugged vials containing the girls’ doses inside a loaf of white bread in Garmula’s cave. Daddy Devil despises white bread. Won’t go near it for anything. But he’s always ranted about going up there to Earth, manifesting in true manly form and taking over the world. But even his unparalleled powers haven’t made that dream become reality. As I said, it’s because all he thinks about is sex and watching the tube. But at least that World Screen in his orgy room provided a glimpse of everything going on up there over the years. If not for that, I wouldn’t have seen humans landing on the moon or rolling in the mud at Woodstock.”

“Staring at that screen is hard on your eyes.”

“So is eye fucking, but I enjoy it all the same. What better way to go blind?”

“Have you considered that the Devil might get your formula from Tony?”

“Tony only performed the heating and distillation processes of the elixir. I’m the one who wrote the formula.”

“If only that damned platform allowed men to leave this godforsaken place. I may still try to figure out a way around that.”

An ear-splitting crash sounded beneath us. “Shhhh. We don’t need *him* coming up here and fucking up my itinerary.”

“I’d go with you if I could.” His fingers traced the curve of my cheek down to my chin.

“I think the underworld of you for offering, but you would burn long before reaching the Kellion level, Menlikus. Otherwise I would have prepared a portion for you and left one of the minions behind.”

“It’s almost worth perishing to attempt an ascent. I only hope Tony doesn’t help your father out.”

My heart set upon a rampant pace. Never had a man risked his life to be with me. I laid my fingers over his quivering lips. “Your gesture means more than words can convey. As for Tony, once I measured out the ingredients and proportions according to my calculations and added them to the beaker he’d heated to a predetermined temperature I returned to my bedroom. After smearing my own blood over the sheet of paper containing formula, I burned it over a candle made from a rare pig’s tallow. Even the Devil couldn’t reconstruct those ashes and make any sense of the scribblings.”

“You wrote the formula in some sort of code?”

“Exactly. Since when can I trust the Devil, even if he is my father?”

He waltzed me around, kissing my mouth until it throbbed more than the lips between my legs. “It’s always possible your father’s greatest adversary could upset the groundwork laid for your trip.”

“The Devil is definitely making those humans do his bidding. He assumed total control of my cyber birth and new identity. But now it is up to me to get the hell out of here before he changes his mind.”

“The Devil has had a hellish time lately. Lots of things have gone wrong in the real world. People are proving how kind and generous they can be during hard times.”

“Sometimes G—good prevails, sometimes evil. That’s the only point those two have agreed on over the years. But enough about the battle of good versus evil. These marble floor tiles are cooler than the rock floor in my room. And so deliciously slippery. Fuck me on them, Menlikus.”

“I only wish you wouldn’t leave.”

“Being banished isn’t leaving. It’s being booted from the fiery depths by a powerful man wearing size-fifteen Doc Martens— with solid steel toecaps.”

“When has he ever really frightened you? You’re such a fearless woman.”

“I’m not scared. I’ve simply had enough of his shit to last a million lifetimes. Even my mother doesn’t share his bed anymore. She prefers the company of her pet wolf and

the boa to having him around. And there's no way I'll let him destroy human civilization."

Strong arms lashed around my waist and my breath rushed out. Eyes the color of Belgian chocolate stared me down. How delicious when his eyes changed color whenever he became aroused. "You are a she-wolf, Hellé. Prowling around at night. Going from one party to another. Bending over in those miniskirts and showing your gorgeous ass."

"But I've never taken it from behind." Double damn. I clamped my lips between my teeth. No man was ever supposed to know that. Everyone thought the Devil's daughter did everything sexually possible.

The fact I'd never been done doggy style wasn't Menlikus' business or any man's—mortal or otherworldly.

"Will you let me be the first to fuck you from behind? Those green eyes of yours always hypnotize me and other men. You always get your way and positions. We're always at your sexual mercy. Let me have a bit of control today."

"Are you complaining?"

"Absolutely not. But you've pissed off more than one sex partner during your time down here, Hellé. I've heard lots about the bed partners you had before me."

"I'll grant you one last release with me, but only if you promise to never tell another soul what I just divulged." My fingers formed a loose seal over his moist lips.

He puffed them away and then bit each fingertip in turn. "That will remain our secret. I want to reach around and rub your clit while you ride hard against me. Ride me like you did that foaming mad bull. Bareback."

"But you are far more appealing. And I don't do animals. Never have. Never will. Riding their backs is more than enough, thank you very much."

"You put those people up there at Billy Bob's to shame. You'll probably become a regular on the rodeo circuit."

“Me?” My laugh ruffled his bangs. “A cowgirl? Don’t think so. While leather is my favorite material, I can’t see me sniffing manure. Besides, the dust would mess up the makeup it takes me over an hour to put on.”

He lifted my red silk halter above my breasts and dragged his hard cock over my belly. “I see Vuldor gave you his goodbye present. Silly bastard. He can’t stop talking about you. Has it so bad for you he can’t stop coming.”

Images of Vuldor lying on his bed of nails while arcs of cum shot from his cock toward the cave’s ceiling sent my pussy into convulsions. Menlikus crushed his mouth over mine. So potent. There should be a way to be with him always. But how? And taking one of the living dead along would only compromise my heart. My blood thinned quickly when I experienced anything close to romance or bliss with these undercreatures. And while they could satisfy my every whim and desire down here, my time in Hades was marked.

His tongue flicked over my teeth. I opened wider and let it pass into my mouth. Each time I sucked his tongue a strange pulse ticced deep inside. A coil of heat wound around my belly and wrung it hard.

I broke contact and dragged my blood-red manicure down his hairy chest. The coarse hairs sprang at my touch and I continued until reaching the thatch at his crotch. Intense heat almost scalded my palm. Make no mistake. Menlikus was covered in brownish-red hair, but he was white-hot otherwise.

I tickled over his thigh and brought my hand underneath his balls. So full they filled my palm, and I bounced them. A quick bend of my knees brought my lips even with his mouthful. His sweat and male musk filled my nostrils. Snagging several of the cock hairs between my teeth, I tugged.

He stroked my scalp and said all kinds of things I tried blotting out. *Suck him. Fuck him. Then get the fuck out before Satan’s trident bludgeons your backside.*

The cock head shone redder than the rest of his skin. I licked a clear droplet away and pumped out another. While he groaned, I smeared the cum across my lower lip

then licked it off and swallowed. I closed my mouth over him. Inch after full-blooded inch stretched back into my throat. Still, several inches lay unclaimed beyond my lips.

Back and forth I mouthed and tongued him. His next hip thrust drove the erection a bit farther, and a blinding blue light flashed in front of my eyes. Landing my hands on his hips, I pushed away from our carnal contact.

“Do me now, bad boy.” I turned around, flipped up the floral organza skirt and smacked my bare ass.

“On the floor so you don’t slip and fall.”

There he was again. Being all sweet and nice. My lovers weren’t supposed to have saccharine running through their systems.

Once on all fours, I stiffened for the body blows sure to follow. While Menlikus was tender at other times, he often turned into a snarling he-beast possessing superior strength when we had sex. “Just don’t put any bruises on me.”

“Have I ever?”

“No.” Did a polite lover like Menlikus belong in Hades? Perhaps he’d taken a wrong turn and gotten lost during his ascent to Heaven? Not only was he concerned about my well-being, he’d even carried me across the Jhara Path of coals one day when more fire than usual flared.

He splayed my knees wider apart and tongued along my crease. But the tongue tip only rimmed my anus. “I will always remember the way you taste.” His slurps became more pronounced as did the dripping between my legs.

What a contrast. A hot tongue. Cooler marble. Warmth built at a rapid pace inside my body, enough to make it explode long before my pussy did.

The cock head split my labia and plunged inside. His hips pummeled me and drove me forward a couple inches on the slick flooring. Our moans echoed inside the lab cavern. Each cry lofted toward the upper level. Others in those dungeons and dens

would hear our ruckus and make one of their own. When one couple experienced sexual pleasure, many did.

The next collision of flesh and muscle brought my teeth together, and they sank into my tongue. "Harder. I want to remember you the next time I sit down."

And my command no sooner left my lips than he pumped me with greater ferocity. I milked and rode him. Sweat-slick arms wrapped around me and he pulled me upright until I dangled from him, leaning forward at the waist. During this sexual ascent, he remained deep inside me. While one arm held me fast, he removed the strip of corded leather from around his neck. He bent at the knees and lowered me to my feet. Rawhide whipped around my midsection, and I clutched my thighs. The cord burrowed into my damp skin and one jerk of the tether from Menlikus brought our bodies tight together. A raise of his hands teased the woven skin over my swollen nipples. His breath came in spurts against my shoulder and ear. Faster he dragged the cord over my chest and belly. I screamed and squeezed his cock harder. His howl rang in my ears and settled deep inside my skull. The tether struck the floor.

Heat flared between us as another orgasm flashed down my legs and claimed my toes. My earlobe lay captive between his teeth and his tongue lapped at the tip.

With another groan, Menlikus fell back and I pulled myself into a fetal crouch. Warm kisses came against my lower back and buttocks. Each time I moved, these kisses followed. I stood, spun around and confronted the man who'd loved me for the last time.

The stirrings of a smile played upon his lips. "How was I? Was it the best you've ever had?"

I drew a finger over my cum-smear and stuck it between his lips. He sucked it off and bit below my nail.

Reclaim your finger and your eternal single status. Love with this man isn't meant to be. "Some things are better left unsaid." Although I'd be hard-pressed to find a man to match Menlikus when it came to sexual gymnastics and multiple orgasms.

Chapter Three

Naked except for some of my favorite gold jewelry, I took one last look at the hellhole that had served as my private domain since birth. Lavender-blue deposits of ameniorite, a rare gem as yet undiscovered by those aboveground, twinkled where my mirrors weren't placed. Gorgeous ameniorite, the miracle rock that would seal the success of my elixir—or drop me back down to Hell and a fiery grave. A glance in all directions made my last memory.

Whatever I needed, I would pick up at the chic boutique on Bourbon. On the cedar chest, my favorite Kate Spade satchel lay open. If I were into blessing people, I'd bless the generous clotheshorse that descended here after an untimely death late last week. Who would have thought my pairing her with a wicked fashion designer would gain me such a special gift? She'd perished while still clutching that trendy piece and brought it with her to Hell. What a shame to let that lovely handbag behind. But better here than being reduced to ashes upon my special ascent.

Caminosh would find my goodbye note and claim the spring bag sought by many on Earth. She was a she-beast totally clueless about fashion but a friend to the end. Too bad she wouldn't part company with her hell-raiser and accompany me to what lay thousands of feet above us. I blew a kiss at the far mirror. As long as she polished these lovelies, I wouldn't care if she took over my favorite spot in the whole wide underworld.

But if a single fingerprint marred their shiny surfaces, I'd find a way to pay her a visit on Halloween and make her ass-length brunette hair curl like a poodle's.

I wound my black mane into a knot and fastened it with a fistful of pins. They'd likely all fall out upon my ascent, but at least they'd keep my hair in place until then. Stifling a yawn, I flexed the fingers not covered from bottom knuckle to middle by

bands of gold. Once I arrived in New Orleans I'd pay for my shopping spree with a couple of them. The shop owner would be far ahead in the transaction, since I always believed in heavy tipping.

I might be the Devil's daughter, but I never had to steal anything—even a date to the Devilish Debs dress balls in years past.

And once I hit the jackpot at Harrah's, my day spa and massaging divas would be on the lips of every male.

I claimed the vial from the champagne satin comforter, pulled out the cork and tossed down the bitter deep-purple contents. My gut roiled but soon got over its snack. Hopefully my body would cooperate once I passed from my world to the real world. Unknown to others, I'd reached the Kellion level several times but my lack of focus and the fact I had the hots for a particularly handsome former rugby player prevented me from breaking through.

Today failure wasn't an option. If I did, I'd perish in the pit of which so many had spoken in hushed tones. Hell wasn't home for me anymore, with Satan out to claim more than my soul because of a good argument gone bad after too many rounds and too many centuries.

I smashed the vial against the far cave wall and ground the glass shards into the spaces in the rock flooring.

Without a backward glance I rushed from the room and made my way to the Crystal Chamber. My body was already vibrating, my bones closing upon themselves. I quickened my pace and traveled through the various tunnels and passageways at warp speed.

At reaching the sapphire-inlaid altar, I clutched myself, fingernails digging into the flesh of my triceps. Flames rose from the adjacent fire pits. Smoke curled toward an interminable blackness. The same blackness my body would soon penetrate. A tapping beset my skin. I stared at the stalactites encrusted with rich mineral deposits. Those

deposits contained the most powerful energy down here other than that emanating from His Royal Pain-in-the-Ass, my father, the Devil.

I took several steps to the right and poised my right great toe over the rendering of Bacchus and the left over the Pyramids. Egypt and Rome were diametrically opposed cultures, but my research and formulas yielded these were my markers for a journey to New Orleans. My skin pulsed and violent spasms rocked me from my hair roots to my heels. I stretched my arms toward the sky that lay well beyond this world and my imagination. Energy exchanged between my body and the space where the crystals lay. Every pore on my body now seeped the substance providing the elements and energy that would draw me up and away from the world where I no longer belonged.

A peculiar force hauled me from the platform and I closed my eyes. The stench of damp rock. The nipple ring leaving my flesh. Cold fingers of air teasing my exposed body. A din that rendered me deaf except to the voice inside my own head. The voice that willed me to focus. Focus on getting the hell out of Hell.

As the air lightened, I opened my eyes. Swarms of mila bugs, each almost translucent and no bigger than a pin's head, flitted in front of my face. As my ascent stopped I puffed them away. I'd reached Kellion. Opening my fists, I drew my left middle fingertip over one of the protruding crystals directly above my head. Blood oozed from the wound and I milked out several more droplets. Then, placing my bleeding finger upon my tongue, I closed my mouth and eyes and focused.

"Blood from my body, serve as the final catalyst that allows me to pierce the Kellion and reach my desired portal." I repeated the words over and over.

My body pulsed, this time as though tossed by the waves of the ocean during a storm. I shot upward, my hair wrenched from the pins and nearly pulled out by the roots. Bile rose in my throat. Tears burned behind my closed lids. Hot and cold air alternated in currents over my damp skin.

Bring it on, Bacchus. *Laissez les Bon Temps Rouler*. Let those good times roll like never before.

The upward dragging stopped and I clawed my way out of the swirling curtain of air. I opened my eyes and blinked at my yummy surroundings. Plush sage carpeting. Wall-to-wall racks and several counters. The scent of leather emanating from designer shoes. Probably nearby there were some Italian handbags to die for, as if I hadn't done that more times than enough down below. The hibiscus-print skirt and blouse set hanging a few feet away screamed to be next to my skin.

Where I lay on the floor at the far corner of the shop, my blood scratched at the walls of my veins as the air-conditioning drifted down on me from the vent overhead. I conjured an image of Menlikus' cock and stunning eyes. Heat flared from my scalp to my pedicured toes. Nothing like memories of the perfect lover to get my system back on track. My blood melted and continued its regular course. I glanced underneath and around the clothes racks. Not a single soul to witness the wild-eyed naked lady who just missed sprawling in the aisle by a couple feet. At moving my arm, I brushed against a gorgeous salmon-pink Burberry coat. Absolutely perfect for covering my naked self. A couple tugs freed it from the hanger and I slipped it on while still sitting. The toggles proved no problem for my travel-numb fingers.

A closer look around my landing zone brought a cascade of chills over my body. There wasn't any picture of Marilyn Monroe back here. Something was rotten in more than Denmark. Despite countless calculations, somehow my destination hadn't been well enough defined. Still, this place was, indeed, a shopping paradise. Instead of the boutique, I'd ended up in a hotel, likely somewhere downtown. It wouldn't take me long to catch a streetcar bound for Bourbon Street.

I hugged myself and had to refasten several of the toggles. Big tits were a blessing and a curse. Nothing beat the Deep South for climate, clothes and Cajun cooking. Crawfish boils. Hot men with sex on their minds. My mouth watered at the endless list of lagniappe.

At stretching to my full height, I shoved my hands into the slash pockets and strolled toward my next purchases. While a few ladies questioned my choice of garment

on this summer day, I provided the perfect explanation. I was a very warm-blooded person whose system rebelled when faced with extreme temperature changes. That was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me Lady Godiva. No need to explain to these women why devilish divas who lived in Hell weren't used to central air and climate control.

From the display rack I snatched a Kate Spade bag similar to the one I'd left behind in Hell. The gnawing resumed in my gut. This was definitely too good to be true. Something stabbed deep inside. Was I on the good man's turf after taking a wrong turn or getting my damned fat toes on the wrong icons? Every muscle in my body ached. Waxing was a walk in the park compared to taking the hardest way out of Hell. I spun around and stared straight at a yummy pair of Ferragamos. This had to be Heaven. No pushy salesclerks. No lines at the cash register.

With the Spade bag in my clutches, I put on my best aerobic pace and grabbed the Ferragamos with four-inch heels and a delicious pair of Blahnik peep toes. These were perfectly warranted purchases. After all, I'd just been through Hell.

And I wasn't ever going back.

A salesclerk noticed my shopping burden and carried the various items while I pulled more hangers from the racks. At reaching the dressing room I unbuttoned my spring coat and hung it on a spare hook. Lingerie first. My stone-solid nipples appreciated my next effort, even though the lacy bra showed lots more than it covered. After pulling on the matching panties and the skirt set, the blood flowed warmer throughout my body. Delicious Ferragamos and the girly Spade bag completed my Hellé-on-Earth look. And my mirror didn't lie. I winked and bowed. I was ready to rock New Orleans.

A couple pulls of those slot machines would bankroll more wardrobe purchases and the spa business. Gathering the coat, I approached the sales floor and deposited my most decadent purchase on the counter. I glanced out the sparkling glass of the front windows. No doubt, this was a hotel. The elixir performed a dirty dance near my

duodenum. Time to charm the skin off the sour-faced saleslady who had my Burberry coat in a death grip. Cash was clearly king here, but my rings should seal the deal. Jewelry always worked with the Devil, unless he was after your soul.

After getting the tags cut off my splurges, I would set my sights on securing cash. Perhaps today playing the helpless woman would be my ticket? True, there were other ways for females to earn a couple bucks in the city, but those weren't for this she-devil.

My grin widened. What a wicked idea. Those banquettes along Bourbon Street would provide the perfect place for one of those fuck-me heels to become trapped and snap off. Surely there was a kind-hearted man strolling, or trolling, around at this decent hour who'd give me a couple dollars to catch a cab?

Kind-hearted? Yeeeeesh. I'd gone Girl Scout since leaving Satan behind.

Wiggling my fingers, I mulled which rings to offer in payment. My bill weighed in slightly below twelve hundred dollars, but the sales tax she rung wasn't right. Or had I forgotten the New Orleans rate? The Etruscan pinkie ring and the one burnished with five diamonds should well cover the bill. That Ponte Vecchio goldsmith still basking in the heat below had a weakness for hellcats with black hair and green eyes. So much my good fortune, as he'd showered me with many gifts for simply sucking his toes and talking dirty.

Who ever said blondes have more fun? Certainly not in Hell. For all those years I reigned as the Diva Devil with the midnight-black mane who took nothing she didn't want—but every drop from the men who shared her bed. Since Menlikus and I'd hooked up, I'd had quite a different sexual diet. But Menlikus kept me wet between the legs and completely full whenever I desired.

Banish those monogamous ways. Things have changed now that you're a mortal. Here on Earth, you'll have to rely on flirting to make your first connection.

An atomizer rested nearby on the counter. I picked it up and aimed the bulb's opening over my head. A delicate shower of rosewater sifted over my arms and scalp. Nice and subtle. Natural oils. The Devil's daughter didn't need a man-made scent to

announce her presence or fuck with the formula already coming out her pores. Drumming my nails on the glass partition, I swallowed my latest laugh. I preferred making my mark with these polished red nails for which most women would die. The rings came off without problem, and I laid them on the counter.

The scowling clerk picked them up and passed them back to me. "You surely don't want to leave these behind?"

"Please, keep them for now. I'll be back to pay a bit later. They are quite valuable."

Her gaze sliced through to my unmentionables. "We don't take payment of this type."

"Are you the owner?"

Her lower lip impacted the upper one, and burgundy lipstick smeared toward her nose. Someone needed to point this woman in the direction of a lip liner and a yoga instructor. Her chi definitely wasn't in check. "No."

The word ricocheted off the counter and struck my 38Ds. I laid the rings back down.

She turned, and her finger stabbed at a forty-five degree angle. "Ellen Oldenham owns this boutique."

"May I speak with her?" And charm those Kenneth Coles right off her narrow feet?

"Of course. Please, wait here." Miss Not-so-nice stomped over to Miss Five-foot-nine-and-wearing-a-frown.

They chatted for a few heartbeats and set a path straight for me. The so-called owner extended her hand. Chanel wafted my way.

"I'm Ellen Oldenham. Pleased to meet you..."

I shook her hand for a second before breaking contact. "Hellé Hawthorn."

"Pleased to you, Hellé. Mary tells me you're paying for your purchases with..." She palmed both rings, the corners of her mouth yielding to a smile. "These are of very fine quality."

“From the Ponte Vecchio.” But I was never there, only the goldsmith who gifted me with these baubles after a most memorable bacchanalia and toe sucking on my eighteen-hundredth birthday. Never let it be said the Devil’s daughter didn’t know how to throw a party.

“I see?” A slender finger repositioned the mauve wire frames on her petite nose. “Surely you’d prefer putting your purchases on account? Or using a credit card?”

If only I had a line of credit to establish one, that would be the solution. “I prefer using those rings to hold my purchases until I return.” Now’s the time to turn on the Hellé charm none can resist, even hard cases like Mary. “Someone stole my identity, and I’m still working on putting things back together. My main bank account is frozen. However, I do have another containing a bit less ample funds. Funds mainly for emergencies and necessities. The authorities and credit bureau are searching for the person they suspect committed this crime. I’ll be meeting a friend in a little while. Then I’ll return with the cash. Please, keep the coat and purse here behind the counter for me but clip the tags off my outfit. And keep the rings as proof that I’ll return.” What a performance, but still not as stellar as the one where I portrayed Lady MacBeth in Hell School.

Nothing from either of the skinny minnies. Radio silence. These broads weren’t buying what I was selling. I scratched the back of my hand. “A simple phone call will prove my story. If you have a phonebook handy we can put this scrutiny to rest.”

Come on, you tight asses. Don’t make my conscience cave in and put all of my purchases back. My conscience was the biggest thorn in my father’s side, totally a disgrace to the Devil that his daughter weighed possible repercussions before acting. To him I was weak as water—and during sex and arguments definitely reached a boiling point far sooner than that life-sustaining liquid.

It wouldn’t do to have me parading about town bare as the day I was born. That type of excitement wasn’t on my agenda.

Ellen’s tongue clicked against the roof of her mouth. “I see. How tragic.”

No, you don't, but that's beside the point.

Ellen reached for the telephone but made the mistake of maintaining eye contact with me. My powers of hypnotism rivaled most, and they still remained, although sapped by the ascent. The receiver met with the base and her posture softened. "You've been through enough. Give me your name and I'll keep these rings in our safe. I'll also keep all of your purchases here along with the note."

"Hellé. But I'll wear the skirt and shoes."

The glasses slid down again and she peered over them. "And the last name?"

"Hawthorn. I don't think you'll confuse me with anyone else."

"I should say not." She flung the rings down and stared at them.

Life on Earth was already proving a bitch, and I'd met two of them in the flesh. Too damned many details, my head throbbed thinking about them.

Mary swished away to wait on another customer while my interrogator remained behind. "I really should get an address. Phone number as well, even if you're unlisted."

Oh, I was about as unlisted as it got. Where was a diversion when I needed one?

Somewhere a fan hummed. A short walk to the front of the boutique pulled me deeper into the high-ticket world in which I'd landed. But only the best for me. As the only child of Satan and a mortal woman struck by lightning, I'd experienced the finest things evil could buy. Not that I ever had to do a thing to have anything I desired delivered by a fawning servant or a man with his tongue hanging out.

Fawning servants were tiresome, but men with tongues hanging...

"Miss Hawthorn?" Behind me, a pen tapped upon the glass countertop. "This has gone too far. You'll have to provide me with the information or take off those clothes." The pen stopped tapping and the tiresome bitch came up from behind.

An older man browsed the racks not too far away. There was my ticket to silencing this shrew. As he sidled closer, I unzipped the skirt and started sliding it off.

“Well, I... Stop undressing or I’ll call security.” The Sirens had nothing on this woman. “We can’t have any of that cabaret nonsense in here.”

My knight in graying armor picked up his pace. Okay, he liked the show. “What’s the problem?”

“This young woman is trying to walk out of here without paying for her clothes. She says someone stole her identity.”

What a witch, but a damned wise one. “And I have the police reports to prove it.”

“For heavens sake, Ellen.” He put a warm arm around my shoulders and squeezed. “Put them on my account. I’m sure Miss...”

Play along. “Hellé Hawthorn.”

“Miss Hawthorn will make amends.” A tongue almost as long as Vuldor’s sneaked out and licked along his upper and lower lips.

“Absolutely.” Something about those gray flecks within the light blue of his eyes. They studied me with a familiar intensity. “But why don’t you take the rings, sir?” I broke free of his grasp and slid the skirt zipper back up.

A glance at his wrist revealed a Rolex. On his left pinkie he wore a platinum band burnished with champagne diamonds. *Hellé, you fox. Your instincts were on the money once again.* More laughter wended its way up from my belly and I gulped it back down.

“Rings?” His mouth formed a pink bow. “Gold or platinum? I’m a jeweler and might be interested.”

Take that, tight-assed Ellen. A jeweler has fallen for my act.

Ellen huffed and shot me a glance capable of melting most women’s foundation. Not mine. My best shade had made it through Hell without a smudge. She retrieved the rings and passed them to the jeweler.

After only a few seconds he closed his hand over my birthday gifts. His jaw worked in concert with his eyes as he again assayed the bling and then me. “These are worth around two grand. Do her purchases amount to more than that?”

“Less.” The word hissed from between lips that had probably never been kissed except by her parents. “I have other customers. This matter must be settled.”

“And it is. Wrap Hellé’s purchases, put them on my account and let’s end this discussion.” My red-blooded American hero fumbled for my hand and drew it to his lips. “Such a favorable exchange deserves at least lunch at the Bellagio.”

Bellagio? Hold on, Tonto. I reclaimed my damp hand. Since when is there a Bellagio in New Orleans?

A slight pivot put me in a straight path with the front entrance. With those Ferragamos slammed into fast forward, it didn’t take me long to find the sensor strip underneath the jade and gold padded mat. An alarm screeched and Ellen bolted from behind the counter. At the wall panel, she punched a series of pass codes, but none silenced the din. Oh, I was such a diva devil. A couple steps back would remedy this bad situation, but it was far more fun putting her through the most hair-pulling maneuvers. When the natural flush of her face surpassed the rose-pink blush she wore dabbed above her cheekbones, I retreated about five feet. Dead silence and the sheen of sweat on a brow in need of Botox.

Ellen muttered apologies and homed in on me. After a cursory inspection she sniffed. “Thought you might be wearing a security tag. Evidently not.” The kitten heels on her slingbacks delivered her to the place where my purchases awaited her attention.

Martin Brandywine passed me his business card and I tucked it inside my top. Struck out by Satan’s daughter, he perused the rack of leather belts to his left while humming a tune I didn’t recognize. I studied the vanilla world owned by one of the good guy’s most vapid creatures. What a welcome. Not. Recessed lights shone from the ceiling and various wall units highlighted *objets d’art* arrayed on decorative shelving and in the front window. My curvy body reflected in the storefront windows. In the hallway, crystals dangled from chandeliers. A graceful staircase wound from this floor to the one beneath. Burgundy carpeting stretched the entire expanse. My gaze slid to the front door of the boutique. A golden image of Caesar rested dead center.

Caesar and Bellagio? Not in the New Orleans I knew. But maybe this boutique simply used Caesar's image for their advertising purposes? I drew my hands into fists and smacked them against my thighs. Though I'd triple-checked every detail, I'd blown this trip big-time. But why blame my brain? Damn my stupid toes. I wiggled them inside the black leather shoes. They'd landed on the wrong icons and sent me spiraling past the proper portal.

Concentrate on building your client base. Business as usual, even though you still have some portal lag. I set my sights on Martin. Such a nice man. Work that charm and booty magic a bit more. As he stepped back into the aisle, I pounced.

"I'm opening a day spa for businessmen soon."

A wide white smile brought out his dimples, and he came over to my side of the store. "I'd enjoy that very much. When is the grand opening?"

As soon as I can get my legs around the backer or find a slot machine that's easier than Ulevi. "I'm in the process of checking out a couple properties." Reaching down, I milked each of his fingers. No doubt about it. There was definite action below that belt buckle. "It will be well advertised."

"Don't worry about Ellen. Those eighteen-karat and diamond rings more than paid me for your purchases. You have a fine sense of design and fashion."

"Thank you. Comes from partying with the right people."

Only a few inches taller than me when wearing high heels, he bowed his head and placed his lips near my ear. "Sure you won't join me for lunch?"

"I don't do lunch. Excuse me, please."

Ellen had busied herself with my Burberry coat and Spade bag, but her muttering reached my sensitive ears. A few mincing steps put my hand in a proximity with his crotch. I dragged a fingernail along the curve of his cock where it rested against the tobacco linen suit pants. As the man-flesh flared, I cupped his balls.

He gave my ass a quick pinch. "What else do you do, Hellé? Other than set up spas? Care to tell me more once we're alone?"

"I've so many things to do this afternoon." And you aren't one of them although you have a considerable wad you could shoot at any second if I don't let go. "Thank you for agreeing to my little exchange. Please, visit my spa once it opens. I'm calling it Comus. You won't be disappointed. Your first session is gratis." I gave a final bounce to his balls.

"How could I refuse? Sin City will never be the same with Hellé around."

You can say that again, but don't. Sin City? Sin City? I stared at the gilt rendering of Caesar.

Double damn. Now it all made sense. I hadn't just landed in a wrong building but in a wrong city. Foiled again by my fucked-up sense of direction and the horrid toes I'd inherited from my father. This wasn't New Orleans. I'd hit the Gulf Coast and kept going straight up. With the tip of my right index finger I traced along Caesar's famous painted-on haircut. His icon was directly beside that of Bacchus' on the platform. I'd evidently stepped slightly to the left and ended up on the great emperor instead of the God of Wine and Intoxication.

Drunk on sex, I'd goofed. Instead of the delightful Bourbon Street boutique, I'd landed smack in the middle of Caesar's Palace. Underneath the summer-weight cotton blouse and lace bra, my nipples tingled.

My gene pool bit the big one. Of all possible chromosomal combinations, I'd been born with ones allowing for the Devil's big toes and my mother's conscience. Both of those always worked against me. Kept me in limbo between making a clean break from Hell and letting the bad girl come out to play for good.

Fear not, woman with the raging hormones. At least those toes and elixir landed you in Sin City, and Las Vegas has a Strip.

Chapter Four

Vacationers and businesspeople poured into the front lobby. Some of those women really needed a crash course in pairing the right shoes with a summer suit. Note to self—put your journalistic skills to good use and come up with a fashion column before you're another hundred or so years old.

Although I wasn't a proponent of doing away with the competition up here or in Hell, women should always be dressed to kill.

I strolled toward a vacant spot above the top step that led down to the casino. Closing my eyes, I contacted Garmula, Barden and Ulevi. Our telepathic session allowed the exchange of ideas for the grand-opening Halloween party we'd host once our spa opened.

In less time than it took most people up here to brush their teeth, we figured out the details as to how we'd advertise this naughty nighttime party. Once I secured a place, I'd let the girls know and they'd spread the wicked word as far and wide as possible. Barden was in charge of scanning the yellow pages and making sure all male businessmen were duly informed of the fun awaiting them behind our closed doors. She'd seduce their personal assistants into cooperating and allowing her face-to-face time with these men, even seducing the PAs if necessary. Then she'd deliver a handwritten invitation.

But our word of mouth was bound to garner the best results. When it came to anything involving lips or lip service, my minions and I never failed.

I opened my eyes. As my luck would have it, not too far from where I stood in this modern-day Roman palace, lights flashed and coins flooded metal slot trays. I smoothed my hands along my hips and threaded through a crowd that dragged around more luggage than necessary.

Travel light. Take me for example. I blew into this desert town naked and now was wearing a bitch-perfect outfit. In my left hand was the Burberry coat in a baby-blue garment bag. Wrapped through my fingers was the woven black cord attached to a gold metallic shopping tote containing the handbag that had it all in spades—Kate Spade, to be exact.

A balding man with his wife in tow held the door for her and then for me, and I thanked them both. Hell, why not? Missus Millionaire deserved the credit for demanding her husband observe proper decorum when in public. Manners mattered to me, even when it was Hell to pay otherwise.

Taxicabs and a white Rolls Royce jockeyed for position. Several doors opened and allowed the best designer shoe brands access to the smooth paving that reeked of tar. Why did those people mind the temperature out here so much? What better place to get your blood boiling than in the desert? Poor devils. Wilted as soon as they stepped into the dry heat. All they had to do was get their butts in gear, head to the bar for a tall cool one or enjoy some of the bottled water provided in their concierge and master suites.

A faint breeze teased the hemline of my skirt and I bypassed the idling vehicles and headed for the sidewalk. Several male heads swiveled. If only I had fifty bucks. Even twenty would do the trick. With all of the magnetic properties in my body since consuming the elixir, especially my blood, I'd surely put a new spin on those stainless steel cash cows. With the right positioning, I'd make one of those pay off my next purchase—a prime piece of square footage fit enough to house Comus.

For extra potency I'd added a smidge more crushed wantu root than necessary. If my minions and I survived a week our systems will have adapted to the new surroundings. Otherwise we'd have a likely audience with Old Halitosis in Hell. Or His Holiness if we concentrated hard enough, repented and converted. Still, next time around I'd much prefer meeting the gentle man above the ozone as opposed to the one who'd made a name for himself below the Earth's crust.

My conscience jerked again. Evidently my precious parent was missing me.

Yes, Mama. I'll make sure my minions put back every quarter I borrow from those slots – but without interest. I'm a generous bitch but I don't pay interest – only in handsome men like Menlikus, left behind to find another bedmate in Hell.

I stomped my left foot. Damn my father for fucking up my life. If I hadn't been banished from my real home, I would have loved nothing better than warming Menlikus' bed and balls for eternity. Now hard to tell for whom his balls tolled.

Selfish bitch. I'd find someone to satisfy my desires. Shouldn't Menlikus? I moved forward, but only my right foot followed. Mission accomplished and all during a fit of jealousy. Not only were the pink-lace thong panties wedged in my ass, my left shoe was wedged in the sidewalk and wasn't budging.

"Looks like you're stuck. Here, let me help." The bass voice caressed me from cuticles to crotch.

I shot the sexy voice a sideways glance. Holy guacamole. Good thing I had my contacts prescription updated before coming on this journey. All's the better to ogle the man in the dark-gray tailored suit and mint-green tie. My tongue could get lost licking a body like that.

"Thanks, but I think I can manage." Yeah, right. Manage to get my ass in even hotter water than was contained in the Wiruni pool in which my father bathed every night.

A steady arm supported my waist and I did the damndest stupidest thing known to divadom. I swooned and snapped off the heel of one of G—the good guy's most perfect creations. My propping post with muscles steadied me and the most delectable woodsy cologne assailed my nostrils.

His intense gaze drifted from my left ankle to my nipples and then back again. "Those weren't even broken in yet."

And neither are you. Care to help me find a bed where we can get horizontal and share some hummus and a cocktail afterward?

Monogamy be damned.

I braced my hand against his broad back and stepped out of the unfettered right shoe. “No problem. I’ll slip back to my place and get another pair.”

“Oh, no. Can’t have you walking around in your bare feet.” He knelt, lifted my left foot in the middle of a main pedestrian-filled street and brought the toes toward his lips. One by one he kissed and nipped them, spending the longest time on the littlest one.

At my attempts to break free his grip tightened. My fingers crushed a pocket of air between them and I balanced on a single sole. He popped the great toe in his mouth for a second and sucked it. His tongue and teeth made me wetter. At least my silly toes were good for something. The narrow crotch panel in my panties did little in preventing more wetness from making its way onto my thigh.

But not a single person stopped or gawked. Everyone was in such a hurry to get to the next casino, or those foot-long hotdogs farther up the Strip.

His lips opened and he surrendered my slick toes. I swiped my soles across the steaming sidewalk. Another second and I would have landed on my ass and convulsed in my first mortal orgasm.

But why blame this man for giving great toe?

From the inner pocket of his suit jacket he produced a stingray wallet. A pinch of his fingers produced a crisp Franklin. He folded it in half with one hand and passed it to me. While putting his wallet away, the coat flapped and brought more of his male scent my way. Sensory overload on the Vegas Strip. This guy should be fined for being so damned sexy.

And no caps on his teeth either. All natural, just like the cock making a bulge in his fine britches.

“There’s a shoe repair shop on Twain Avenue. They should be able to fix that stiletto while you wait. They take care of me all the time.”

“I’ll bet that keeps them busy.”

Hazel eyes with a hint of gray near the iris slammed my heart into fast forward.
“When I’m not traveling. I’m a hard man to keep track of.”

Hard? Damned straight. But I could keep you coming – and coming back to Vegas.
“Business keeps me busy too.”

“I’ll bet you’re a consultant.”

“I’m opening a day spa soon. For men only.”

“What’s the name? I’ll definitely check you out.”

But you already have. You’ve sucked my toes and sniffed my wet pussy. If there weren’t other people and police around, our asses would have been suffering concrete burn.
“Comus. You’ve never experienced anything like what I’ve envisioned for my spa.”

A cab pulled curbside and my toe-sucking friend rushed toward the open front passenger window. After chatting with the driver for a couple seconds he turned around. “I have a business meeting over lunch at Harrah’s. Going my way?”

* * * * *

While David Hammer sealed another deal over beef tenderloin and crème brûlée, I broke off the intact shoe heel, tossed it and the other one in the ladies’ lounge trash can and took my matching set of stilettos-turned-slippers to the casino. At the cashier window I split Franklin in half, but he likely didn’t mind. He had been one interesting fellow from what I’d watched on the World Screen, and would have loved anything the slightest bit kinky. Five rolls of quarters, a pair of Jacks and a Hamilton slid my way.

For twenty minutes I paraded past flashing odds and jangling bells. But each time I tried my own luck, it held about as well as a condom if worn by Caligula. Mmmm. Mmmm. That eccentric emperor put his flesh ruler in more problems than enough. True, he measured up – only if one preferred an earlier version of the Marquis de Sade.

After a few rounds with him I’d left the lower chamber and waddled my way back up the precipice to my own bedroom on the middle level. Messalina had taken over for

me, and from all accounts, she and a famous French courtesan had come to blows over who would blow him next.

Why didn't my body bring results with these slots today? My human self got plenty of attention, but I came up cold against these money-grabbers. I should be able to take control over slot machines as easily as I'd done men. But spin after spin yielded only pocket change.

Only a dollar seventy-five in quarters remained out of my gambling part of the fifty. And I couldn't spend the other half. The rest of my loan from David would help me secure the transportation to locate my spa property and find a decent place to spend the night under the desert stars. So many damned things to handle up here. In Hell I had servants and others taking care of grunt business for me while I took care of satisfying various cravings and checking out the latest fashions from New York and Italy on the World Screen.

Betty Boop blinked on the display and beckoned me to put a couple quarters in her slot. I scooped two from the cup. A couple button taps set the partitions in rotation. Three sevens appeared in the windows, all lined up the way I'd selected. A din almost loud enough to wake the dead resulted and people crowded around, leaving me little room for breathing.

Damn. I hadn't been this breathless at the last bacchanal.

Quarters spilled and struck the tray. As I deposited a handful of coins into the plastic container, a glance at the super-sized display made my heart thump harder than when I'd done a well-endowed former rock singer on my sixteen-hundredth birthday. The floor manager would soon arrive and validate my good fortune.

Six hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars. What better take for the Devil's daughter?

My spa property would become a reality. Who cared about the annoyances that came my way today? With only two rooms in one of the hotels or high-rises, I could

massage my way into the wicked world comprising Sin City. I'd have plenty left over to pay my minions and put a decent wardrobe in my future closet.

The floor manager arrived and shoed the crowd to other corners of the casino. Good. I preferred gloating in private.

Warm fingers pulled the hair from my face. Hot lips made a delicious imprint on my cheek. "Now I know what you've been up to while I've sealed another merger deal."

I turned toward the familiar voice, propped against the tray overflowing with coins and gazed into the eyes of a man who could make me reconsider sleeping alone. "Did I ever mention that I'm afraid of crowds?" Liar.

David's mouth found mine and he delivered a toe-curling tongue kiss. "You must be tired from all this excitement. Time to get you somewhere others aren't. The king-sized bed in my suite upstairs would be the perfect place for you to unwind. Either that, or we can check out the high-roller suite they'll offer you shortly."

* * * * *

Almond-scented bubbles spilled over the sunken black marble tub and tracked onto the coral tiling. High-roller suites lived up to their name. Footsteps came behind me. Eight fingers fitted along the curves of my waist while the thumbs teased my back.

"You might already be wet, but there's no point getting in there with your bra and panties on. Besides, I know I'll prefer you naked."

Wrenching free of David's hands, I turned around and backed him out of the bathroom. Dark brown hair covered his upper body and arms. His nipples poked at my palms. Each rise and fall of his chest brought a puff of hot air from his flaring nostrils.

As we reached the bedroom he pivoted and brought me down on the navy-blue satin comforter. His body followed mine and his legs pinned me fast. "You're so fucking beautiful. Let me help you undress."

Hmmm. There was a chivalrous streak running through this Dom Pérignon-drinking dealmaker. With that hard cock of his he could talk mergers with me any day of the week – twice as much on the weekends.

He retreated, taking my panties along with him. At least he didn't unfasten my bra. While I loved having my nipples sucked, a scab remained where my nipple ring had rested before being lost in the ascent. No sense inviting questions as to when and where I'd received those unique puncture wounds. I opened my legs and let the ceiling fan's paddle play cool air over my hot pussy. David licked along the lace crotch panel before tossing the panties behind him. Giving me a wink, he crawled between my legs and lashed his tongue over my clit.

After making me squirt he came up for a bit of air. "The hottest day of summer, and I'm with the hottest woman on the Strip. Such a sweet cunt. That's why I didn't eat any dessert." He nibbled along my labia, alternating bites with sucks.

A raise of my hips fitted my pussy against his open mouth. Fingertips with blunt nails bored into my buttocks and he pulled me wide open. His slurping beat into my brain and I clutched handfuls of quilted satin. Each time I came on his lips or tongue he shifted into a higher sexual gear.

He guided his tongue over my clit and up toward my navel before eye fucking me again. "I noticed you didn't fix that heel. Broke the other one off instead."

"I might be a fool for some things, but fashion isn't one of them." Some things came harder up here. David was one of them, but lying wasn't.

"You look good in anything. But best in nothing."

The coolness of the room did little to quell the fire within my belly that was spreading to my legs. I let go of the coverlet and latched onto his hair. "Fuck me until I scream. I wanna scream so loud it'll tilt all those slot machines."

He licked the remaining cum from above his upper lip. "You hit a jackpot on one. Isn't that enough? Once we're finished in your complimentary suite we'll continue fucking in mine."

I drew in a deep breath of sweat and cum. Peppercorn fragments from his tenderloin lingered in his teeth and on his tongue and made my pussy tingle. "Stick your tongue in me."

He teased the tip around my opening. "Let's fuck the foreplay and fuck each other."

Taking control of my wet dream, are you, Mr. Merger? "Feed me your cock. After all, I skipped lunch to get rich."

"You're the most gorgeous bitch on the Strip. Caesar's will have to wipe off the walls where they hang your picture. You'll have a cum-smeared temple there."

I pointed toward the bedside table. "That candy bar is tempting me."

Through the slits of his eyes the brown-gray irises burned. "You'd rather put that candy bar in your mouth than my cock?"

"You'll see." A buck of my wide hips sent him sprawling sideways.

After we finished laughing like lunatics, his large feet hit the floor on one side while mine hit the other. He grabbed a fistful of coverlet and snapped his arm down. Our soft landing spot sifted to the floor beside the night table. Another grab of his hand secured the candy. The ripping of paper filled the room. He crumpled the wrapper and tossed it aside.

His left fist delivered me the bar of dark chocolate from the gift shop. "Lick to your heart's content. I'm going to the casino for a smoke."

"Oh no, you're not." Before he could take another breath I tackled him back onto the bed, straddled his hard body and snatched the candy bar from his hot hand. "Prepare to become the ultimate dessert. Eating melted chocolate off you will make me wetter and you harder."

"How are you going to melt that?"

I traced my tongue over my teeth and winked. "Watch and be amazed."

With the slender rectangular confection laying across both my hands and poised less than an inch from my crotch, the solid form liquefied. A pool of deep rich cocoa and sugar coated my palms.

“Son of a bitch. That’s a trick I’ve never seen. You’re full of surprises, aren’t you, Miss Hawthorn?”

“If you keep a man guessing about the right things, he won’t get involved with the wrong woman.”

“And a philosopher too. Hey, spread some of that...”

A smear of my right hand coated my pussy. I crouched and caught his cock in both hands. No telling how slippery he’d become. Better to get a good hold on what would rock my world in short order.

Up and down the erection, I painted a chocolate picture. Swirls. Xs. Even a few question marks. Then I started at the base and worked my way in one tug to the top where the head watered. His balls jumped and I let him go.

While I closed the distance between my crotch and his mouth, I dragged my nails over his tanned chest. Not hard enough to draw blood but hard enough to make his breath come out in hisses and pants. His arms lay at his sides and I shimmied up to his shoulders.

Once there I opened my legs wider and balanced over his face. “Care for some late dessert?”

“Better late than never.” His tongue came out and claimed some of the stickiness as well as the hood of my clit.

I smoothed the damp brown strands of hair from his forehead. *Remember, Hellé. This isn’t supposed to mean anything. Sex is sex.*

Get off and get out.

Sweet Menlikus. David reminded me of him in a remote way. Menlikus couldn’t resist chocolate. We bathed in it. Painted each other with it and devoured every drop.

One drop of the melted bar struck the center of David's closed lips. Then another. Cupping my hands against the sides of his head, I guided his mouth onto my pussy. As soon as one set of lips met with another, I rose away from him.

Growls rattled in his throat and rushed out at me when the lips opened and he licked away the chocolate. "So damned sweet. Let the tonguing begin."

Without coming up for air, he cleaned every trace of candy bar off me. I rode his face until another explosion bubbled within me. *Menlikus is alone. Menlikus is probably missing you.*

Menlikus. Menlikus.

I backed away, inching my way down his body. At reaching his belly, his bucking hips tumbled me off. My ass bounced against the thousand-thread-count white sheets. He now straddled my shoulders and his cock worked into my mouth. The pillows shifted from underneath my head and toppled to the floor. He fed me another couple inches and I moaned for more.

I milked him and the cock head swelled. He let out a half growl, half scream and a warm flood struck my tongue and upper palate before surging down my throat. His damp fingers rolled my left nipple. Above me he shuddered and then calmed. I swallowed several times. His touch stilled. He rolled off and slumped beside me, his face buried between my arm and breast. I ran my tongue around my mouth and continued tasting him. His tangy ejaculate blended with the mocha-sweetness already coating my tongue.

The spasms in my legs quelled. I eased away from my heaving sexual beast and turned on my side. While he watched I pumped his cock.

A kiss left my lips and lofted toward him on the air. "I know there's more in here for me."

Beneath my finger cuff, the stiffness returned. He hauled me onto his lap, where I hovered above the engorged veins and full-blooded shaft. "Damned straight. Ride me and find out."

Challenge the Devil's daughter and you'll get more than a ride. "The hottest day is about to get hotter. You won't believe the way we scorch these sheets."

Chapter Five

David Hammer was the ultimate darling. I kissed the sheaf of paperwork and whirled around the spacious room where we four hot-blooded bitches would perform daytime massages and manipulations. By this time on Wednesday my minions would be white-hot between the legs and ready for rubbing oil into human flesh. The steel and glass door behind me would open for business. I'd already sent Garmula, Ulevi and Barden on a mission. Now that they knew our spa's address, the invitation campaign had begun.

Wearing the latest from the Guess line, they were out tramping and trolling various clubs and hotels along the Vegas Strip, spreading the word about the day spa that would debut on the fifteenth of July. With their spare money and time, they had instructions to fill their stomachs and find us some clients. Returning without men was a sure ticket back to Hell for those hussies. I had only to slip them a certain cocktail and they'd once again face an audience with my father.

And the welcome they'd get upon returning would burn their asses far worse than ever before. Any and all of my A-list pals, except for that traitor Shenda, were so low on the Devil's roster they didn't dare ask the position—only assumed one.

I closed my eyes. The moans and groans of satisfied mortal males would make my father gnash his canines and molars over the day he'd banished me from my old bedroom and place in Hell. Though his powers were profound, he couldn't do a damned thing to crush or control the world I built aboveground. Up here, as one with the Devil's blood flowing through her veins, I was impervious to his control. He might mess with other humans but not with me. My mind and body were controlled by no one else. And it was time someone spread the word that his so-called powers didn't

amount to shit in the sewer when it came to the real world and not one hidden beneath dirt and layers of rock.

I kissed the sheaf of papers again. The lease with an option to buy was ideal. If things didn't work out, or if Vegas authorities came snooping around and got too hot on Hellé's heels, I'd simply take my minions, satisfied clients and tables to one of the surrounding counties and set up shop. After all, prostitution was legalized in those places. Though whoring wasn't something that ever struck me as sexually appealing, or as a trade we'd ply here on the thirteenth floor, my playful hellions would keep those men coming in other ways—and coming back for more. And the extras wouldn't cost the men anything. Only the legitimate manipulations would come with a ticket attached. After dark it was every minion for herself, and the special services provided then would only be to our most valued clients or lovers.

After regular hours everything was free and no holes were barred.

Though at first he appeared only after sex, David further proved his worth as a friend and bed partner by loaning me the down payment of the first month's rent on the place. Nearly eight hours spent on Earth had delivered orgasms and good luck. The lump-sum payment from my jackpot would be in the bank in another twenty-four hours. Then I'd repay David. I'd spent so much time filling out tax paperwork in that floor manager's office my fingers were more cramped than when they'd pumped Caesar and a good portion of his army to climax. But the background check on my new identity proved no problem, thanks to the Devil's ingenuity and many contacts above the Earth's crust. My files were as airtight as the closet in which I'd had sex with François the vampire. The bite mark scars remained on my neck as a reminder of my indiscretion on an All Hallows' Eve before I'd met Menlikus.

If David or any other mortal queried me about them I'd simply hint about my fondness for the unusual when it came to sex.

A glance at my Catwalk watch showed six minutes remaining until six o'clock. Not too shabby a day. I'd broken through, scored some designer clothes, fucked like a fiend

with a man who even took time for foreplay, inked a rental deal for my business and ordered some of the sexiest supplies for our shelves. Only the detail of filing with the city was left, but David promised to help me take care of that first thing in the morning. What a man.

He even worked while on vacation—and allowed plenty of time for extracocricular activities.

Closing my eyes, I began another telepathic session with my three minions. On opening them, I hugged myself.

Thanks to David, I'd been introduced to the man who agreed to rent me an office space formerly used by another massage therapist. Fucking perfect in every respect. The massage tables were already intact, left behind by someone who got the hell off the Strip for reasons unknown. Toys and oils would be delivered there from one of the Strip's most popular sex shops, Surge. The former occupant had also left behind a cupboard filled with clean drape sheets and towels. I twirled around. Everything was coming together for Comus. Soon the thirteenth floor of the Montgomery Building, at the very edge of the Strip, would serve as the headquarters for Sin City's only day spa dedicated to men's pampering needs. Dear Comus.

Who better than the god of nighttime pleasures and revelry to grace my business's door and embossed calling cards?

* * * * *

David's teeth grazed my calf and tore another section of the silk hose free. A deep breath brought another rush to my brain and body. My hotel suite was infused with sex and his ginger-lime aftershave. I stomped my foot but failed to unseat his hungry mouth.

Around the opening in the hosiery, he circled this tongue. "Patience, Hellé. We won't be late."

"If you rip through another pair of hose I won't be responsible for what I do."

“I’ll get you another pair. They aren’t very expensive.” He tackled me to the floor and we rolled around in each other’s arms. “Like I’m worried you’ll tie me up and whip the badness out of me.” His gaze burned through to my bones. “Still, I wouldn’t mind hanging from the ceiling while I jerked off into your open mouth below.”

One thing about David—it was no wonder he’d masterminded the latest merger and risen in the corporate ranks less than six years after earning his Master’s. His mind worked in the same devious and deviant way as did mine. Nothing was off-limits. The bolder, the better.

“A shot from the ceiling? Hmmm. I’ve never tried that before. Remind me to visit one of those boutiques selling sexy goodies before the week’s end. There’s something I’ll pick up there if you care to give that last idea a try.”

The skirt of my black crepe cocktail dress crinkled underneath his caressing hands. “Have you ever been to Noir?”

Another kiss deposited some of my cinnamon-red gloss on his smiling lips. “No, but I’m all for participation.”

“Think you’ll conduct a bit of marketing and branding while you’re there tonight?”

“You might say this is my coming out in Sin City. Not like a debutante ball, more like a bacchanal.”

“They have fire involved in one of the skits. Looks real too. But damned if I’m risking burning my balls. If you want to perform more power to you. Talk to the owner. He’s always around and looking for hot talent.” He sucked on the swell of breast flesh above the tight bodice of my dress.

“Think I’ll make a good impression?”

His mouth stilled. With a wink he stood and offered his hand. Breath rushed from my body as he hauled me upright and hard against his emerald-green silk shirtfront.

More golden fire blazed in his irises. "Good? You'll be the best damned thing that ever hit this gambling town. High stakes won't matter anymore. Only a chance at a piece of Heaven with Hellé."

"H-heaven? They'd never let me up there." Not that I didn't need to work out a contingency plan that included the Pearly Gates if my time here became marked.

"I'm sure you have many redeeming qualities. You don't look like someone the Devil would want. Far too nice for an awful place like that."

If only he knew the truth in the words he spoke. A woman like me, with a conscience and concern for mankind, didn't belong with the Devil. I popped open his top two shirt buttons and took the gold crucifix in my mouth. Spasms claimed my tongue. Blood boiled in my veins.

I dropped the relic that symbolized the Christian spirit and soul of my latest lover. "But terminally nice girls never have any fun. I'm a girl who lives to be bad. I'm your mother's worst nightmare and your father's wettest dream."

* * * * *

Tomato juice dripped from the celery stick and struck the tip of my tongue. I sucked it off and sank my teeth into the crisp green flesh. My stomach rumbled and after chewing a couple times I sent it another scant offering.

"They just dimmed the house lights." My fingers closed around David's thigh. "Hold on to your balls. Tonight Hellé will make a big splash in Sin City."

"How? Don't tell me you're going up there? I thought you were just joking back at the hotel."

"Hell yes, I'm appearing with those dancers. I've already spoken with the club's owner as you suggested. He doesn't have a problem with me getting all wet and participating in a little touchy-feely with the other performers."

"I've never dated a woman who put everything out there."

And I've never dated a man who dined and whined all the time. "There's always a first." I slipped a hand underneath my black satin panties and rubbed my slick labia. While David watched I smeared my scent over his lips and then planted a kiss over the wetness.

He deepened the kiss, his tongue almost teasing my tonsils. When he came up for air there was barely enough breaths left in my body to put a gnat in flight. I shook free. At least this man had lots of reserve. No matter how many times I sucked or rode his cock, he came. Quite the sexual demon. Satan would love securing David's soul.

I backed away and brought my butt to the edge of the leather booth seat. "Save some of that for later. Once I dry off from the stage act I want to get wet all over again."

* * * * *

Lemon-lime beams of light tracked over the stage. How sweet, standing behind this curtain and waiting for my cue to go out there and play with them. The dancers performed several skits to a Foreigner dance track. One nubile bitch ripped the white T-shirt off her partner and clawed his chest. Where the manicured talons likely caused welts she licked with a ball-studded tongue. His hands filled with her spiky black hair, he canted his hips for her to lick his codpiece. As he let her go, she raised her head and the spotlight froze on them. The others mock-humped on the floor while golden stars of light spangled their bodies. Clawed-and-cute hauled the black-haired bitch into his arms and spun his devilish woman around. Muscles bulged in his thighs and calves. Hard. Slick with oil and sweat. I sucked in a deep breath and held it for a second before letting go.

Various colognes fought for olfactory victory over body musk and the mint gloss some of the girls wore on their lips. A panel opened overhead and brought a shower upon them. Bits of silvery glitter rained down and coated their sweat-wet flesh. The troupe's well-built star set his pierced partner down and smacked her ass. The black vinyl thong gifted me by Gino Deminissi, the club's owner, became wetter where it rode against my pussy.

With his fingers splayed over Stud Girl's buttocks, the starring male attraction pushed her forward. Each of her movements mirrored robotic precision, but after getting free and moving about ten feet away from him she stopped.

Work that ass and ride his cock. Give us a real show.

But she only pivoted, bent over and wrapped her arms around her lower legs. Her face poked through the splayed legs and a roaring erupted in the club's confines.

No doubt that slim strip of vinyl was now snug against her slit, and her pussy lips were highlighted by the multicolored light beams. How many men came in that audience from wanting to lick her dry?

A tribal drumbeat thumped as the next track played. I stopped stroking myself and forced my shoulders back. *It's show time, you satanic stage stealer. Strut and purr like never before. Show David what a hellcat is all about.*

And don't get another case of worrying about what others think of your exhibitionism. Fuck them...but only if that's their pleasure.

The ruby and gold-beaded curtain swiped against my arms and shoulders and I stepped onto the wet stage. After advancing a couple feet I paused and looked left and right. By the time I stared at the crowd, both water jets activated and sprayed water toward the ceiling. A single swallow and a fountain of teal-tinted water spurted in front of me. Arms stretched straight out, I burst through the spray to a round of applause.

While the guitars and drums provided the song's foundation, the vocals suddenly kicked in and made the song whole as it blared throughout the club. Oh, yes. We were about to engage in some creative positioning that would bring our smoke-and-mirrors dirty deeds to a rapt audience. But these staged acts were hardly done dirt cheap. However, not one person present would argue the show we'd put on wasn't well worth the hefty cover charge and long lines.

The jet-haired contortionist straightened slowly as though pulled by a puppeteer's strings. She pivoted and crooked a finger at her partner. Beneath his codpiece his cock had to be twisting. He shook his head and pointed to me.

Let the show begin, and let Hellé get her man. Well, not necessarily the man with whom she'd spend eternity, or even the rest of the evening. But all work and no play would make Hellé one dull human.

Other water jets activated and slicked the stage. In the borrowed black patent fuck-me pumps, I picked and wiggled my way toward the stud with the studded codpiece. Competition with legs to spare tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and mock-slapped her away. She collapsed onto the stage, a study in grace and muscle control.

Tall, dark and slippery grabbed me by the waist and dipped me. The ends of my loose black hair swished in a puddle and he brought me back to my feet. I placed my hands on his shoulders and smoothed the oil into his skin. We moved back and forth in a battle for position, a rough tango that brought on a different set of more subdued house lights.

Fuchsia. My favorite color besides red.

As the chorus blasted from the speakers and took my eardrums under siege, I shoved him onto his ass and straddled the oiled he-beast from a standing position. With the backbeat under my skin and calling the shots with my muscles, I bumped and ground my way toward his crotch. His legs shot straight out and stilled against the slick flooring. A couple more jets turned on and a fine mist cloaked me from shoulder to lower spine.

My ass didn't need any artificial lubrication. As always, my overactive fantasy switch and pussy kept things plenty wet there.

My soles planted on the slippery stage, I shot a glance to my right. David's disturbed gaze met with mine. Shit. Now wasn't the time to think about monogamy. Not when I'd always dreamed of performing on a real stage. Tonight was all harmless sex play. After turning in the costume and swiping a towel over my body and hair, I would return to the man with a big enough heart to make my business dreams come true and a colossal cock to make me come, period.

I returned my attention to the studded man squirming beneath me. Give me a break. We both knew this was an act, and I hadn't even made contact yet.

The drumbeat swelled. I gathered my full mane and bumped closer to the leather-and-metal-covered cock. Damp strands clung to my arms but I let them remain. Once only a few inches separated us I brought my hands hard against his rising chest. His hot breath struck my breasts, covered only with a latticework of red vinyl strips. A certain sassy lingerie company should try a design like this for their winter bra collection. Lingerie like this would keep more than home fires burning.

The overhead lights bore down on my scalp and sweat trickled onto my cheeks. Stage performers must all have a dash of the Devil in them to work under such steamy conditions. When within an inch of obvious perfection and bragging rights, I stiffened my leg muscles. A wail came from behind. Right on cue the woman I'd seemingly whipped for a chance at riding the hunk beneath me played her part to the hilt.

But our script didn't call for anything else being played or ridden to the hilt.

Still squatting, I swooped and licked his right nipple. His panting became more pronounced and he whispered an invitation I refused.

That's right, Mama's girl. Don't let her or David down. Monogamy is best. If it couldn't be with Menlikus, David was a perfect alternative.

Shut up, you silly conscience. Go back to dreaming about barbed wire fences and a yard filled with little hellions chasing after their wolfhound pup.

Happily ever after isn't possible for Hellé. No matter how much I wanted that, even daughters of demons never rode off into the sunset without getting burned.

My curtain of hair hid our next bit of action from the audience, but the din rose to an almost deafening level. My ass might be poised over Studly Do Me Right All Night, but our carnal desires would never reach consummation on this slippery stage. I reached down and flicked open the snaps on the codpiece.

Only a few more seconds remained until the soundtrack ended. My fingers closed around the steel hubs and leather casing. He lifted his hips. With a touch I'd practiced

countless time during orgies and other such flesh festivals with medieval men, I plucked the cock cover from his stiffening dick and tossed it toward the crowd.

Shrieks and screams blended with catcalls and hearty applause. As the last note sounded I shifted my ass slightly backward and away from the stirring cock and collapsed with great care upon his heaving chest. The stage lights snuffed out and bathed us in darkness.

The heat from my partner's cock made my pussy wetter. A pulse pounded deep within my belly. My nipples burned as though they'd been sucked for a whole day straight. And his smell. Oh, what a delicious musk this man possessed. Far more potent than Caligula's and almost as mouth watering as Giancarlo's—the simply fabulous Italian who'd popped my cherry at the ripe age of fourteen hundred while we floated in the shallow pool beside his den on the lowest level.

“Let me show you around the Strip tonight, Hellé.” The man who was bared for my pleasure and others' tugged a section of my wet hair.

I toyed with the diamond stud in his left ear. Sex just wasn't the same without Menlikus around. “I've had enough sightseeing for the day. For the next couple hours I'm off to dream about bringing more men past their knees.” And into a flat-out position on those massage tables the day after tomorrow.

Chapter Six

Ulevi trailed the pink tickler feather over her left nipple. “Those massage tables back there are good for more than muscle therapy. Didn’t you just love that guy who brought up our breakfast? You all should have let me get him off.”

“Uh, when there isn’t enough to go around we all go hungry.” Barden replaced the batteries in her bullet vibe. “And I’m not talking about what was under those pieces of cellophane and wax paper either.”

“Hard to believe we’ve been on Earth almost a day.” The feather waved in my direction. “And we haven’t died. But we will if we’re under Hellé’s thumb for long. Working for her is harder than for her mother.”

“Yeah.” Barden dragged the buzzing gold bullet over her clit while she stuffed her ass with a thick flesh-colored dildo. “Cornelia threw one hellish hissy fit when she learned we were leaving.”

“Mother is a drama queen. I’ll miss her. But at least I know I have three real friends. That damned Shenda. To think she stayed behind and sucked off my father. After all I’d done for her. She makes Judas Iscariot look like a saint.”

Barden bucked her hips and groaned. “She always has been the Devil’s pet and plaything.”

“Has Garmula gotten her quota of clients for the grand opening?” The mango-scented lotion absorbed into the dry skin of my soles. Even wiggling my toes proved painful, and I could tolerate torture meted out by the Marquis himself. The stage shoes were hell on heels and every other part of my feet.

Ulevi sashayed from the room in her white marabou slippers. At the entranceway she paused and waved the feather at me. “Definitely. Gar-Gar has some sinfully

delicious men for us to touch. We know better than to disobey the Devil's flesh and blood."

"At least if we do wrong and are punished, Hellé isn't into spanking like Cleopatra was. That woman made my ass burn on more than one occasion." Barden puckered her lips and blew us both an air kiss.

"Especially when she caught you fucking Caesar near the serpent pit." No sooner did the last word leave her lips than Ulevi and her cartoon nightshirt vanished into the hallway.

"Think we'll make it here, Hellé? I mean, life is rough for everyone these days, and we're all now only around twenty-five in human years." Barden puffed out her lower lip.

I plucked the cotton balls from between my crimson-polished toes and tossed them into the trash can. The last coat of lacquer had burned off at Kellion. "We've aged damned well in Hell over the centuries." Spinning sideways, I pinched my bare buttock between my thumb and forefinger. "I've plenty of flesh to spare on my skeleton."

Glossy girl's ass devoured more of the dildo. "Something's bothering you. Out with it."

"What did Shenda do with the portion of elixir I gave her? If it falls into the hands of my father..."

"Hell's bells!" A toss of her head mussed the titian waves. "If your father drinks that stuff, our asses are sunk. And you'd have more than Hell to pay."

"I dare him to tail me here. He's never seen me at my worst. Still, I'm hoping she poured it into the crevices in her cave. It'll be lost among the rock layers."

"Shenda do something sensible? We can only be so lucky when it comes to that ball-gazing, ball-licking, lap-riding witch. But on a more pleasant subject, the five men I'll be massaging are really something else. One is a singer in a rock band that's just garnered an indie contract. Two others are bodybuilders here on a convention. Rob owns two

restaurants in Detroit. And Talon, another rocker, has part interest in a New Age shop in San Francisco.”

“Let me guess,” and I was the best damned guesser of all time, “you prefer Talon. He’s seen more than your smile since you arrived in Sin City.”

Barden turned off the clit vibe but still pumped her ass with the thick fake cock. “Men are such sexual creatures. All I had to do was wear that short skirt and keep crossing and uncrossing my legs.”

“No wonder you kept his attention. No panties?”

The dildo came out with a pop and she cast both cum-smearred toys aside. “No use with those. Only the real thing gets me off.” She giggled. “What type of woman do you think I am? I was wearing panties when Talon and I met.”

“What kind of woman? The kind who’s taken on Caligula and three other Romans at the same time. You didn’t have enough holes for them to all fill.”

“So I let one fuck my tits.” The polished purple claw on her index finger pointed at me. “There’s always a way around every problem, even when it comes to men with hard cocks that won’t go down.”

“You fixed Caligula though.”

Barden licked her glossy lips and tweaked her breasts. Both nipples hardened and turned deeper pink as she worked her fingers. “Put that powder in his wine. Took longer than usual to work, but my ass was sore from all his nonsense. Knocked him out so I could get back to sucking off that sexy rodeo guy who was gored by a bull.”

“Are you ready for tomorrow?”

Barden nodded and assumed a cross-legged position on the floor. “I’m loving life here and ready to work the tension out of those men’s muscles. Your David is so sweet. Too sweet for you if you ask me.”

“Well, I didn’t. But thanks for helping me unpack and prepare everything. Too bad the one set of Turkish towels was out of stock. The supplier apologized and promised to

have them here on Thursday. We'll need some extras if we don't want to be at the laundromat several times a day."

"I can't believe we're renting for practically a song. You sure there isn't some bad karma surrounding this place?" Barden crawled across the honey-beige carpeting and flopped at my feet. My slave anklet commanded her attention and she traced along the length of gold chain to where it secured around my ankle. "Got yourself a new trinket."

"A reward for my efforts and math genius."

"Too bad you didn't make enough formula so Menlikus could have joined you."

"You know men can't leave Hell. The Devil has those men by their balls. And Menlikus didn't seem too upset about my leaving."

She grabbed a nearby fashion magazine and flung it across the room. "Not upset? Girlfriend, you shattered whatever heart he had. That beast was one sorry mess. After your ascent he retired to his den and didn't even emerge when the Sirens announced an orgy. Only a man in love would resist their calling."

"He's tone deaf." And hopefully a one-woman man. But damn, that hope was emptier than the cracked vessel in which Pan had hauled water to my sickroom when I had a higher-than-normal fever as a child.

Would Menlikus seek another's affection and body warmth to pass the never-ending time in Hades? He was prettier than a new penny and twice as tasty as chocolate ganache. Any woman who wouldn't eat him on sight was madder than the hatter who outfitted that fickle fashion maven Lucretia Borgia. Around Menlikus, women would prefer his cock to any flavor of cake – even Devil's food.

That bitchy Miz Borgia had a peculiar way of entertaining her parlor guests. One particularly dapper hatter had worked his way into her favors, or so he'd thought. Either he'd known nothing of her history or was a fool for love because after those teacakes he was stiff as shoe leather and twice as smelly as the insoles.

A bubble that matched her gloss formed between Barden's lips. As it reached the size of a small cantaloupe she sucked the watermelon-scented rubber back into her

mouth. "Hell isn't for the faint of heart or the exclusive of sexual favors. Polygamy is what makes the underworld beat with a pulse no one up here understands."

Soft footfalls sounded in the hallway and Ulevi popped her head around the doorframe. "Sorry to interrupt your party, but Hellé has company."

* * * * *

To reach the square footage that would serve as our reception area, I beat the time of any bull that ever ran in Pamplona. I might sport a perfect pedicure now, but I once gave Athena a run for her daddy Zeus' riches and still had some precious metal to show for that marathon.

As I slowed my pace and came within sniffing distance of the broad shoulders and nice ass of my male caller, my fancy metal hair clip unfastened and my hair came tumbling down much as the walls of Jericho. I smoothed tingling hands over my crimson lounging pajamas.

Mystery man turned and pinioned me with a grayish-green gaze intense enough to strip all polish off my toes and fingers. A lazy smile curled his full lips and he extended a meaty hand.

No hounds from Hell needed to nip at my heels. My size sixes made short work of the distance between the most heart-stopping male specimen this side of the city and me. Besides, David hadn't returned my calls. Probably because I wouldn't sleep with him again.

Resist or succumb? What's a diva to do when it's almost opening day and her minions are busy doing more things than decorating office and therapy space?

"Interesting place here." Hard-on-my-heart pointed to the bubbling cherub fountain. "Very Old World. A bit romantic for male clientele, don't you think?"

The pit of my belly ignited. "No, I don't. But I'm always open for comments."

"She's open for more things than that." Gum snapped and Barden, dressed in her black satin rode, sauntered past. "Lots more."

Of all times for the Mouth from the South to appear. The Devil should have left her there after Lee surrendered. "Please finish hanging the art prints and pictures on the walls in the other two rooms."

A tendril of reddish-golden hair wound around her left index finger. "But I need a break."

"And I need a million more dollars, but one can't be greedy."

She slinked away, a whipped hellcat for now, but after dark she'd come into her own.

The man with the smile and eyes that missed nothing closed the distance between us. "Please, forgive me. Michael Kennedy. Welcome to Las Vegas, Miss Hawthorn."

"You're the official greeter of this gambling town?" And know my name.

Laughter bunched his clean-shaven cheeks and brought out the yummiest dimples. "I've heard you're opening a spa that will cater to men." He shook my hand.

Nothing likely got past the keen eyes and ears of this desert-dwelling man.

As he broke contact, I grazed my nails over his palm. "Please, call me Hellé. I've only been here a short while." I settled into one of the half-oyster leather lounge seats and patted the one adjacent. "Make yourself comfortable, Mister Kennedy."

Beneath his sturdy chest beat a heart that could likely withstand countless rounds of the wickedest sex. That he-beast's heartbeat had my ears ringing. Curiosity brought this babe magnet here. Was he into bondage or simply a night filled with champagne and fucking in a king-sized bed with cushy sheets?

"Call me Michael." He settled into the chair beside mine. "Let's not be on such formal terms."

Each swish of my crossed leg narrowly missed his left knee. Long fingers played against the khaki of his pleated trousers. Not a wrinkle on him anywhere. The anise in his cologne set me on high alert. Licorice always made me horny. Before I sucked my

first boyfriend's cock, I'd dreamed of those days with a stick of licorice between both sets of my lips.

"Fine. I prefer casual. And I want our clients to feel at ease here. Most men won't admit how much they enjoy pampering at the end of a busy workday. They won't even admit it to themselves."

He reached out and clasped my right hand. "In this town tension is as high as some of the jackpots. Speaking of those, you scored quite a win at Harrah's yesterday."

News around here traveled as fast as the wind passed by the Strip's buffet bingers. "Those winnings will bankroll this business."

"Such a tragedy about your identity. It appears there is a fairly solid lead to the woman who's playing you. I don't think she'll succeed for much longer."

"You seem to know a lot about my past and misfortune." But how?

If this man wanted to sniff around my ass, it better be because he wanted sex not the truth.

"Just a hunch." He milked each of my fingers, never breaking gazes. Over the nail beds he applied the most delicious pressure that hardened my clit and nipples. "I have a couple free hours tonight. Maybe you'll tell me a bit more about the massages and other services you'll provide here. Over cocktails at Plush? I'll pick you up here at, say, seven? Don't want to keep you up too late. You probably want to get an early start tomorrow."

If he only knew how many sleepless nights I'd endured since my bizarre birth. Hellé was a creature of the night. No better place than Sin City to explore the erotic possibilities after dark.

Cocktails? Hunch? If my hunch that he was a cop wasn't a direct hit, I was headed for sainthood.

Mouthwatering David Kennedy might not want to keep me up too late, but I couldn't say the same about him since he'd incited my mouth and pussy. Not only did

he know more about me than anyone but the Devil, he also knew the hottest spots. "It would be a pleasure filling you in about Comus over tapas. If time permits afterward, I'll work some of the stiffness out of you."

* * * * *

Plush only scratched the sexy surface of the club where Michael had VIP privileges. On the outside patio, aptly named Lagoon Terrace, palms and ferns waved around us, caught in a balmy desert breeze. Michael repositioned the bolster behind me on the bed. One of the lagoons lay to our left and the falls to our right spilled flamingo-pink water into the pool below. The devils at the power company probably delighted in the bundle they raked in from those decorative backlights.

Michael lay on his side and greeted a passing couple. The sandal straps cut into the vamps of my feet, but they were so chic. Barden had picked them up for me in her travels about town. Such a good friend. No matter how many errands my mother or I heaped upon her, the smile never left her glossy lips.

My chocotini and Michael's cola arrived along with a plate of sweet potato fries. Those tapas were tempting, but not as much as the man lying beside me. Lying in more ways than one, if I wasn't mistaken.

He raised his highball glass and I followed suit with the cobalt-blue martini glass. "May you find true happiness and continued good fortune here in Sin City."

Our rims touched and he took a long draught from the fizzing beverage. Something about his manner mimicked another's. But I'd made that mistake with every man I'd run into since hitting the Strip. The man to whom I'd lost my wild heart was still down below, keeping the hellfires burning.

"What brought you here, Hellé? The Strip isn't the type of place a victim of identity theft will find much peace and quiet. And photographers must be dogging you since you hit that jackpot?"

And if you ask one more question, I'll scream loud enough to deafen half of those lounging out here. "On the contrary, I don't want to go into hiding. The Devil will have his day with the woman who's pretending to me." I swallowed some of the delicious cocktail and set the glass down on nearby table. My hands were shaking worse than anything over the San Andreas Fault during an earthquake. "And I know how to deal with those annoying photo hounds."

His laughter drowned out the suggestive conversation not far behind us. He grated his blunt thumbnail over the cocktail napkin. After another sip he shifted forward on the bed and brought his knees against mine. "Interesting names, you and your business. Are you of Swedish descent?"

"Swedish? Yes." Among others.

"Comus was a pleasure god. Of nightlife, revelry and drinking. Surely, Hellé, you're not planning any of that for your establishment when the sun goes down, are you?"

Here I lay on a bed at Plush. In bed with two men in less than twelve hours. This was Hell on Earth, even better in many ways. "You know your gods. I wasn't sure anyone would pick up on the connection."

"Will there become a connection?" He popped one of the crisp sweet tapas into my mouth.

Of my body and yours? My teeth and tongue made short work of my deep-fried snack. "A good businesswoman never tells her secrets."

* * * * *

The couples on Plush's dance floor generated enough steam to straighten my stubborn waves, but I kept my hair in a tight coil on top of my head. Only during intimate times would I take it down...along with the pants of a man who measured up to my exacting standards.

Deep purple lighting played along the club's walls. Go-go dancers writhed and shook their nearly naked tits, but Barden and Ulevi could teach them some dirtier moves.

Michael reached up and jerked the skewer stick free. Gooseflesh rose on my shoulders as my hair spilled over them. Gently he combed two sections forward and swept the rest behind.

No. Couldn't be. I was still stuck in the past. Still, in all of my existence, only one other man arranged my hair in the same manner. While we danced a tarantella or the Hustle, Menlikus would pull the pins and ribbons free.

"You are such an intense woman, Hellé. Something or someone is weighing heavily on your mind. You probably left someone behind you cared about."

Nothing ever spooked me, but this sexy man was getting close. "Don't we all?"

"You're not an easy woman to pin down."

"Get rid of that hair accessory and get a hold on me while we're out here on this dance floor." I stilled my slow-grinding hips and opened the lamé wristlet. "Drop that skewer and give me a good reason why I shouldn't have turned in earlier tonight."

"You were a busy woman before coming here. The boutique you owned in Denver got lots of press." He brushed his lips against my quivering nose.

"You might say I've always minded my own business." In more ways than one.

The shiny stick left his hand and disappeared in the gift presented me by Ulevi for bringing her out of the Hell she hated. Michael's fingers closed over mine and we started moving. But our steps were far from dancing. Luckily those sandal straps were sturdy, or I'd have been barefoot by the time we reached the wall toward which we were heading.

Stopping, he cupped my shoulders. "This type of scene isn't for me, Hellé. I prefer more intimate dates. There isn't time for us to exchange much more than goodbyes soon."

Not even a little saliva? “So, you’re going to kiss me off?” My watch read ten minutes until ten. “If you have a half hour, I promise to make this a night you’ll never forget.”

Chapter Seven

The elevator delivered us to the thirteenth floor. That was the best thing about after-hours action. No one remained in the Montgomery building except for a couple tenants in upper-level apartments. The rest of the occupants only came here in the daytime, and most observed banker's hours.

Not me, born at midnight and a woman who shunned sleep and partied well past each sunrise.

A chime sounded and the elevator doors swung open. Michael stuck his head out and looked left and right before motioning me out first. Little did he know his date could take care of herself—no matter how high the stakes or rough the territory. Only one man had power over me, and that was only while I was in Hell. Our paths would never again cross. I'd do my damndest to make sure of that. Like the undead, I'd remain on Earth and only change my appearance if I succumbed to cosmetic alteration. But a physical change might come in handy if my spa came under scrutiny. Barden's surgical skills would render me unrecognizable, and I could go into hiding somewhere in the desert until the wounds healed. Afterward I could massage men in any one of several surrounding counties where my skilled touch and morals wouldn't ruffle some fusbudget's feathers.

Most of my casino winnings remained, and a U-haul could hold all the spa stuff. I was a whiz at filling out paperwork and filling in all the necessary details. Details that were airtight thanks to my trident-toting father. No one pulled a disappearing act better than Hellé. Those afternoons spent chatting with Houdini would come in handy here in Vegas if Vice turned on the heat.

But why worry? Michael was only after my ass for sexual reasons. Wasn't he?

I unlocked the front entrance of Comus with Michael hot on my heels. The recessed security lighting cast a silvery-blue glow over the ivory leather-and-steel furnishings. From the front counter, I pulled the appointment book and a pen.

Sucking the safe end of the writing implement, I turned and eyed my grinning companion. "There's an opening now if you're interested?"

Breath rushed out of my body as he pinned me against the wooden barrier. "My job is interfering with my desires tonight. I'm due there in about an hour." He looked away for a moment before staring me down with those gorgeous eyes. "Need any help applying for a driver's license?"

My fantasies slammed into park. Just how on Earth did he know so much about my affairs, and why did he care? "No. I don't have a car." I lifted my leg and grazed my knee above his. "City traffic sucks. These stilettos and feet were made for walking. And I don't mind public transportation on occasion."

A thrust of my hips brought my crotch against his. No mistaking the stirring of his cock beneath those tight jeans. I dropped my leg, reached down and fitted my hand over the swelling. "Relax. There's no one else waiting. I think I can work you in without any problem."

"Any charge?"

Men and their asinine questions. "Of course not."

The stiffness melted from his muscles. "Where do I get out of this shirt?"

Now *there's* a proper question. "Once we peel ourselves apart, follow me."

* * * * *

Water gushed from the sink tap, and I worked a liberal amount of the moisturizing vanilla-coconut wash into lather. A quick rinse and towel dry and my hands were ready to rub the broad chest and back of the man who had yet to tell me much more than his name and the fact he was a night worker. Too damned bad most of my psychic powers had remained behind, but at least my feminine intuition was left intact.

I headed toward my first earthly massage client. Even in the dim lighting, more than his cock was up.

"I'll bet you already have a full schedule for tomorrow." Shirtless and sitting on the table, Michael stretched. The muscles on his chest and abs were sculpted to perfection.

"You seem curious about what I'm up to here."

"Aren't all the men who've heard about Comus?"

Barefoot, I padded over to the display and pulled a bottle of sesame oil from the wire shelving. Menlikus always tasted so good wearing this. "That's the way I like my men. Curious. It's fun keeping them guessing."

"I think you want more than curious men."

"Name it."

His mouth flopped open but no words came out. Both of his sneakers sliced the air with each pump of his tense legs.

Jiggling the bottle of oil, I winked. "I meant name the type of massage you prefer."

"Anything is fine. I carry most of my stiffness in my shoulders."

I drifted my gaze to the bulge between his legs. "Don't think so."

"Are you a certified therapist? Some clients might want to see your credentials." He licked his lower lip.

At that remark my screech slipped out and struck the high ceiling. "If they're worried about paperwork while they're here, something's wrong."

"Not many light fixtures in here. You all set with the utilities?"

"Everything but a phone. That will be installed at a later date." Like the twelfth of never.

His eyelids narrowed and obscured the intense grays, lovelier than any fox's fur.

Score one for me. Hellé's hot on the trail. Maybe by adding that dash of pulverized druzo to the elixir I'd maintained more of my keen senses than expected? Without a doubt I'd hit a sensitive spot on Michael, but where?

“If your business is aboveboard, Miss Hawthorn, you won’t have any reason to worry about the men who come here for the massage services. Otherwise...”

“I’ll be forced to take my tables and masseuses elsewhere. Don’t tell me you’re a member of the Moral Majority.”

His laughter rocked me to my natural black roots. “Hardly. But a spa featuring sexy ladies has to live up to what it’s advertising.”

“We’ll advertise therapeutic massages and that’s what we’ll provide. The only thing fake in this place will be the fur in the rugs we’ve placed on order. I’m not into killing animals for decoration.”

“I agree. Too much senseless killing anymore.”

Hotter than Hades between the legs, I closed in on my spa’s first willing flesh. “If we had more time, I’d perform some Shiatsu.”

His hands left his lap and grabbed mine by the wrists. “Are you sure these are strong enough to work on me?”

The bottle of oil almost dropped, but my squeezing fingers maintained their hold. “Definitely.”

The tension faded from his fingers and they opened. “Lying down or sitting up?”

“Lying down would be better, but it’s up to you.”

Without removing his sneakers or the smug expression that screamed “I’ll bet you’re not strong enough to release my trigger points”, he lay down, adjusted the position of the foam contour pillow and dangled his arms over the sides of the table. “These tables are nice.” His nose worked like a rabbit’s. “Clean linens too. Cleanliness is next to —”

“A rarity in the world today.” *None of that other sentiment here, please. I’m trying to keep my hellcat status intact.*

Halos would only interfere with the spa’s ambient lighting after dark.

Still, if I failed, I would attempt a rendezvous with His Holiness as a last resort. Anything beat facing off with the Devil again.

As I walked around the table, his legs shifted and swiped against the vinyl covering. The black strip of his leather belt rode just above his hips. I hooked my fingers into one section and tugged. His crotch came up off the table and I let him down easy.

"Glad to see you're relaxing."

"Not that much. You're a very strong woman. I weigh over two hundred pounds."

"Working out with weights and practicing martial arts has its advantages."

"Guess so. You might get some characters in here."

I dragged my index and middle fingernails from the bottom of his spine up to where the reddish-brown hair lay against the back of his neck. "We'll keep them under control. Actually, we won't accept just any clientele in here."

"Don't tell me you'll conduct background checks on the men you'll massage?" His left fist clenched and released.

Careful, handsome and possessive. Your body language is giving you away. "Not that in-depth. Let's just say we four women will know the good, the bad and the depraved."

"No whips and manacles in here?"

"All depends on what you want."

Michael's palms slapped against the table and his torso rose. "This spa caters to the S&M crowd?"

I set down the oil on the floor and returned to the front of the table. "We're not into doing anything harmful to our clients, if that's what you're asking." A squeeze of my shoulders forced my tits together.

For a moment he stared at my cleavage, and his tongue came out to play with the corner of his mouth. "Sorry."

"You've visited those types of establishments?" I eased him back onto his belly. His arms again dangled and I rubbed circles over his left biceps.

“Yeah.”

“Tell me about the things they do in there.” *And then I’ll do them to you.*

“You wouldn’t be interested. I’m sure you’ll run a high-class spa. Nothing illegal. No sex trade.”

“Whores have their place and I have mine. I’m not into peddling my pussy. Money doesn’t mean anything when earned with your mouth or ass.”

He siphoned a sigh. “Vice cops around here have enough to deal with.”

“I’m sure.” Once at the side of the table, I played my hand along his tight waistband and his breathing quickened. “But you never told me what they do at those places.”

“Tie people up. Engage in sex with bodily functions. A couple use snakes in their act.”

Especially Medusa when she romped with men she didn’t turn to stone. “Have you ever had chocolate licked off your body?”

A tic thrummed in his left cheek. “N-no.”

I retrieved the glass bottle of sesame oil and played it along his arm and flank. Ulevi’s passion for gourmet cooking paid off. She’d found this oil and several others during one shopping trip and hadn’t come within a hundred degrees of breaking a sweat. No more of her Italian cuisine for Mama Cornelia and the Devil.

The biscotti-making babe was up here now.

I fitted the bottle into his fingers and pressed them closed. “Hold on to that for a second.”

His back muscles flexed. “Where are you going?”

“Just over here to the shelf.”

From the topmost corner I grabbed the plastic container of chocolate body mousse. The lid yielded to my twist and I screwed it off. A tablespoon’s worth was missing. Barden. Next to my passion for chocolate, that sweet-toothed she-devil’s came in a close second. I returned to my prone and stiff pussy-wetter.

“What’s in there?” Even in the mauve mood lighting, his eyes were wilder than a Bengal tiger’s.

“Something my tongue and you will always remember.”

* * * * *

I flipped through the latest edition of *GQ* Barden had tossed across the room earlier today. What a feast of hotties for any harem. If I ever had the luck of hosting anything close a bacchanal here in Sin City, my minions would be sent scouting for wide smiles and hard bodies such as the ones spread over these glossy pages.

Water rushed through the pipes. What the hell was Michael doing in there, getting himself off or just taking care of bladder business?

I wanted that wad all to myself. No sense coating drain pipes when my pussy deserved it more. Those tight jeans he wore did little at dispelling the delicate saltiness of his pre-cum. His balls were full. No doubt about it from the way he adjusted himself after getting off the table.

Mmmm. That smell. Delicious. Similar to...

Footfalls sounded and my massage subject appeared. The coil of his cock had relaxed. Damn. I’d have to get him hard all over again. Time simply wasn’t on my side tonight.

“You worked a miracle on my shoulders.” He flexed and the six-pack made me thirsty for a drink of whatever was left in his snack sac.

I placed the magazine in the rack and patted the table. “Lie down on your back. This will only take a couple minutes.” I’m a quick lick.

He glanced at his watch. “Have to be downtown in about a half hour.”

“Not a problem. I promise not to make you late.”

The staring match began, but I lured him my way. Nothing like my potent perfume to bring any man to his knees. He assumed the position and stared at the ceiling.

From the table's drawer, I pulled a black satin sleeping mask and placed it on him. "You'll like this better if it's a surprise."

Silence. His muscles relaxed.

I scooped a liberal portion of mousse from the container and worked it over his chest. Not an ounce of fat on this prime piece of rib. His nipples pebbled and I pinched them hard. A moan left his half open lips and the cock bulge returned. Where cocoa-scented body butter glistened, I licked it off. Each time I tongued his taut pink nipples, his fists thumped the table.

"You are a bad girl, Hellé."

"And damned proud of it."

"You sure there's no charge for tonight's session?"

"Not a cent. From one friend to..." I sank my teeth into his left pucker.

His chest forced against my slick palm. "You have a damned...crazy way of dealing with your friends."

I released his delectable flesh morsel and his breathing returned to normal. Into the divot of his navel, I applied a small amount of the chocolate cream. His hips rose with each swirl of my little finger. Wetness pooled in my panties and I worked my crotch against the edge of the table.

His belt buckle opened with ease and I popped open the button on his jeans. A soft rasping filled the room as the zipper traveled toward the bottom of the track. Bronze hairs coiled above the metal zipper tab.

"Wait a minute." The words gasped from his lips. Others simply gurgled in his throat.

I laid a hand over his hardness for a second then removed my touch. With my lips next to his ear, I licked the lobe. "Waiting is for patient people. I'm not one of those."

When his body calmed against the table I returned to the task I'd soon have in hand. Along the tight right section of denim clinging to his crotch, I shoved four fingers.

The thatch of coarse hairs whispered at me. His hips came up off the table and I jerked the jeans to the middle of his thighs.

Full-blooded and ready for me to ride, the cock of my dreams greeted me. Engorged veins tracked along the shaft and the full head shone even pinker, compliments of the room's mood lighting. Without removing my gaze from the thick dick, I rammed my fingers into the mousse jar nearby and scooped out more of the sticky stuff.

The fragrant butter warmed my entire body as I smoothed it between my palms. Blood pumped through me at a faster rate than normal. *Careful, girlfriend. Playing with Michael Kennedy is playing with fire. Though he doesn't sport a wedding ring, he's clearly not into commitment tonight and probably never.*

But never let it be said Hellé wouldn't give any worthy man her best shot—and hand job.

At contact with his cock, my slippery hands burned. Such sexual energy pouring from the man on my massage table. If I wasn't careful he might explode. Make no mistake, men on Earth were every bit as powerful and potent as any who strutted around on Satan's turf. They just took longer getting a tan.

Much as one would start a fire with sticks, I worked my hands up and down his swelling. Two drops of cum rolled from the head and I claimed them with the tip of my tongue. Michael's breathing and moans kept a counter cadence to the sunburst clock's ticking.

But something else now mingled with the ticking. Faint snickering came from the adjacent room—the room where Ulevi, Garmula and Barden were likely fingering themselves while listening to us.

I let his cum lay on my palate. Full and tart like grapes from my mother's arbor. A unique musk, much like Menlikus'.

Howling beset my brain. *Stop comparing every man to the one you left behind. You'll never see your beloved Menlikus again. Move on. He will find another and so will you.*

A slight stretch and crawl brought me onto the table and over his lap and I drew his balls into my mouth. The soft plump flesh sac lay against my tongue. I sucked gently and his load shifted.

“Suck my cock. Taste more of me, Hellé.”

Were my ears deceiving me, or was my trial client falling to pieces at my lips and hands?

At freeing his balls I backed up, shoved the jeans to his feet, spread his legs and climbed between them. My hands closed around his hips while my lips slid down his swollen cock. The head grazed the roof of my mouth near my tonsils. I surrendered a slight bit and a couple more cum drops drizzled onto the back of my tongue. Another deep breath and I sank down the remaining inches. Now deep into my throat passage, the cock cut off my breath.

I reached down and cupped his balls. Slight pressure from my teeth caused another surge in his cock and the balls drew up toward the base. Bit by bit I let him go. His growls and the pounding of his fists against vinyl stoked the fire in my belly and drove it toward my pussy.

How I wanted to ride him. Ride him so hard until I'd milked every last drop from those musky balls. But not tonight. He didn't have time and I didn't know enough about this human creature to trust or lose myself in lust.

I raised my head. The cock left my mouth and only a string of saliva attached me to the object all of my holes craved. Pussy wet and legs tingling, I slid off the end of the table. From the counter behind, I claimed the pink feather. With a bit of sex talk Italian-style, I removed his jeans and reclaimed my position. Heat had barely faded from the spot where my knees had pressed the vinyl seconds earlier.

A couple afternoons spent with Casanova taught me a great deal as a teen-devil.

Ripping the elastic band from my hair, I fashioned a special slipknot and secured the tether around the base of his cock. With the feather pinched between my thumb and

middle finger, I tickled along the underside of his balls and the tender crease where his leg met his torso.

“Fuck, yes. Put my cock back in your mouth.”

With me, my actions always spoke louder, but I couldn't resist his words. I inserted the tip of my index finger into the cock tether but let it remain somewhat loose around him. While he beat against the table with greater force, I licked him like my favorite cherry lollipop.

A stream of profanities lofted past my head and continued toward the rear wall.

Over his balls I passed the feather while I put him back in my mouth. Each time the quill end came into contact with the space between his balls and his ass, his breath hissed out hotter.

More wetness soaked my panties. When I reached the middle of his hardness I stopped and jerked the tether tight. Faster I tickled and sucked. His hips rose up and fed me more inches. I tested the tightness of his scrotum. The skin was drawn and I loosened the tether.

Back and forth I applied and eased pressure with my lips. My sucks alternated with tickles and sometimes the two combined. I manipulated the feather in my fingers until the tip met with my nail. Another drag of the exposed rough end across his perineum and his sac clenched.

The slipknot came undone at my urging and a flood of warm cum struck my tongue and throat. I swallowed the first load and sucked the rest out. When I let him go he pulled me down on top of him.

He delivered a soft kiss to my left cheek that caught the corner of my mouth. “Tomorrow night. Promise you'll put me down on the schedule as your only client.”

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A middle-aged couple chatted on the lobby's couch. Two more travelers stood at the front desk awaiting their room assignments. Here I was, back home at Harrah's, but

only for tonight. The thin heels of my sandals struck the polished marble before making their way onto the grand entrance mat emblazoned with the hotel's logo.

Tomorrow I'd set up sleeping quarters at the spa. There were four tables, but I preferred hard floors any day. Nothing to tumble off of when I became restless. And there wasn't a more restless woman on Earth than Hellé Hawthorn at this hour.

Actually, I'd rather curl up on the plush leather backseat of Michael's Lexus. The beige animal skin covering that seat had been buttery soft against my legs as he drove me back here to my high-roller destination. As I approached the desk the white-shirted night manager greeted me with a smile. *Probably he's going to tell me that they know I tilted the machine and the police were on the way.*

But what fun I could have with the arresting officer while wearing those cuffs for a couple minutes, then slipping out of them and putting them on him.

He looked down and fumbled behind the marble partition separating us. "Here's a message for you, Miss Hawthorn. From your friend David Hammer." The folded slip of canary-yellow paper peeked from between his pinching fingers.

I accepted the note, thanked him and walked away. In the lounge a piano player launched into "As Time Goes By", and one young couple, probably newlyweds from the way they stared at each other and missed some steps, slow-danced near their table. Standing in the doorway, I opened the note.

Sorry to leave without saying goodbye in person, but I have a flight to catch. Business has called me back home to Chicago. Hope to see you again. I'll call you in the morning. I still remember your room number. We'll meet again in a couple weeks when I stop over on my way the Seattle conference. Don't worry about repaying the rent money. We can always settle that later.

David

Don't worry? Repay later? Someone might as well have sandbagged me and tossed me off a gondola at The Venetian and into whatever water filled that man-made canal.

Who was he kidding? While I appreciated his kindness, Hellé never owed anyone anything. I'd probably never see him again. Never have a chance at repaying my debt.

Call me? My brain screamed louder. The spa had no phone. At the time we moved in, it had been one less detail to sign for and provide an explanation in regard to identity. Michael seemed to believe my bit about eventually contacting the phone company. If David didn't find Comus on his next trip to the Strip, or if I had to get the hell out of town for some reason or another...

Debts were worse than any time in Hell. I sprinted the short distance to the soda machine. This oversized cooler would prove far easier than those slot machines. No one was looking, so I embraced the humming steel beast as it cycled through another cooling process. Nothing. I cleared my mind, drew in a deep breath and blew out all the stale air.

Another bear hug yielded the same result. Nada. Not even the slightest vibration or rumbling other than its normal machinations. Since I'd put on those Ferragamos at the boutique, there was no mistake my powers were sapped. Oh, I could still do many more things than any regular mortal but some tricks were gone forever.

From that defeat, my mouth dry as dirt and my blood boiling at a dangerous rate, I headed to the public phones. Those were the easiest targets for practicing my remaining tilting skills. Shouldn't have had that preflight cocktail. Never trust anything but top-shelf liquor. That was probably what fucked up the formula's potency.

With both hands pressed against the metal front panel, I concentrated and waited for my body to do its special thing. Still nothing.

The man from the lobby couch walked past and picked up the receiver in the bay beside mine. No sense standing here looking like the fool I was—a fool with no change, no phone number and no man to sing her his version of an adult lullaby as Menlikus had done for me so many times.

Face it, you banished bitch. Yesterday that jackpot you hit was pure luck. By leaving Hell you gained luck but lost some of what made you special. But one thing you still have, strong as

ever, is your ability to charm the socks and underwear off any man with whom you come into contact. You don't need those other powers once the spa is up and running.

Hopefully the elixir would remain potent enough and allow our systems to adapt to Earth's atmosphere within the week. Afterward its half-life should allow for another week of adaptation.

The stranger beside me started his conversation. I turned and drifted my gaze to his left hand. No flirt, no play. He's married.

Hellé doesn't do married men – on Earth or anywhere else.

Chapter Eight

Barden stroked her body and both nipples poked at the black lace of her wrap top. “Ulevi got an offer to audition for the Pussycat Dolls Club.”

“Sure did. Why didn’t you stay at Harrah’s a little longer, Hellé? You’re a rich bitch, and rich bitches have influence on the Strip. That Pussycat Dolls Club is a real hot spot. They have such awesome ceiling swings there.” Ulevi sucked off the last shred of orange lollipop and tossed the cardboard stick away.

“I wanna be a Crazy Girl.” Barden did her hellish best bump and grind. “I have the ass for that stage persona.”

Someone jangled our brass bell and the club-crazy minions scattered. They were both true-blue pals and so was Garmula, but sometimes they let their sex drives overrule common sense.

And as soon as that thought ended all three hellcats reappeared, but why? I hadn’t summoned them for anything. Something sure got their curvy asses moving faster than when half of Caesar’s army threw an orgy.

“What’s so important I can’t finish my pineapple juice and bagel? Breakfast is the most important meal of the day up here.” I tossed the crusty bit of sesame-seed-covered bread aside and set down the almost full glass. The pale blue napkin curled in my fingers.

“Worry about balancing your diet some other time.” Garmula stuck out her leather-covered ass and smacked it. “Our first two customers have arrived. If they start flashing the plastic, how will we take care of that?”

“Cash only.” I rubbed my fingers together. “That’s our policy. In Vegas there’s no reason anyone should be without a ready supply of bills.”

“One’s the rocker, Talon. The other is my guy, Gary. He owns a sporting goods store in Palm Springs.” Ulevi, dressed in black jeans and a pink T-shirt with a red heart in the center, motioned me forward before disappearing.

I followed her bare feet and wiggling hips. Great. This spa was my business and everyone else was taking dibs on the male flesh.

Both men whipped out their wallets and paid the exact amount. Good thing, since Barden had been too busy playing with one of Garmula’s clit vibes to visit the bank and get some change.

Talon wore a black T-shirt and faded jeans. He’d shaven and wore a scent that reminded me of a well-built man who’d once flirted with my mother. When Father made it clear he wasn’t into sharing his mortal wife turned demon-in-training, the shunned Romeo went up to the top level and settled down with someone else. At least that’s how Mama told the tale, but I always believed my father had his lackeys dig a hole in the coals not too far from my mother’s room and bury the lusty Paolo there. Several times I’d spied her standing in the same spot, her tears striking the flaming coals and steam creating a curtain around her quivering body.

Barden padded past, Talon in tow and her cinnamon-scented tongue pointing at me. But while she guided him with those healing hands, not once did she allow him to pinch or poke the ass encased in the leopard-print leather miniskirt.

Ulevi hooked up with Gary, the two of them already holding hands and eye fucking each other. After she showed him the way to the changing room and Talon followed, I called a caucus with my minions.

Only one thing concerned me—and it wasn’t how much oil these two would pour over their clients’ bodies. “What if one of those men is a vice cop? You waltzed them back there faster than Messalina comes.”

Garmula kissed the Grants and shoved them into a file box left behind by the previous renter. “She’s right, you know. If the cops bust our asses, we won’t get a chance to see how strong those tables really are after dark.”

“Nobody’s busting us.” The breath mint tracked around the front of Ulevi’s teeth. She beat a hasty retreat behind Barden.

I started as the bell dangling from the gold braided cord attached to the door struck the glass. Turning, I locked gazes with Michael. “Gar, go see if our first two clients are ready for their massages.”

Garmula shot from behind the desk faster than any ball from a Civil War cannon. “What about you? What are you going to be doing while we’re up to our wrists in oil?”

I drew in a deep breath, blew it out and displayed my sweetest smile for the man whose essence still lingered on my breath despite a light breakfast. “Michael is probably here to confirm his appointment for later. He had a lot on his mind last night.” And more in his balls. I licked my lips. A whole hell of a lot more.

* * * * *

Michael removed the navy polo shirt. Gary’s casual wear and Talon’s grunge wear were already hanging on the clothes rack’s hooks. I hung Michael’s shirt at the end opposite the other men’s clothing. So he couldn’t wait until tonight. While I peeked from the spare room—the Orgy Room as we four she-devils had dubbed it—Michael studied the massage techniques of Ulevi and Barden.

Ulevi had chosen an orange-mint body frappe and worked the froth between her fingers. Prone on the table, Gary chatted about his business and golf handicap. Before her human death, Ulevi had been a sculptor and she showed her pawing prowess today. From the nape of his neck, down over his trapezius and then to within an inch of his coccyx she delivered a therapeutic rub that would rival any of those offered at trendier Vegas properties.

And we only charged fifty for a half-hour of pampering and polite conversation. Okay, on occasion the conversation might become as blue as my breakfast napkin, but these minions had recited the limits I’d imposed.

Barden kneaded Talon's right upper thigh. He'd supposedly suffered a torn ligament last year after taking a dive off a concert stage. Why didn't he tell the truth? There wasn't any crime in injuring yourself after your girlfriend tied you to the bed and left your cheating ass to get loose on your own. I'd bet the last five out of my original fifty from David that this was Talon's tortured tale.

And if he pissed off Barden she'd tie him up and make him rue the day he got on the wrong side of her massage table.

My palms and pussy dampened. Go out there and rub Michael the right way. Behave for a little while but give him a glimpse of what awaits at him at ten tonight.

Barden crouched in front of the table. Her giggles filled the scented air as her sportsman licked along the outline of the heart tattoo on her left shoulder. Michael's cheeks were drawn, his gaze narrowed. Except for his fine human form, he mimicked a snake waiting for the right time to strike.

I approached the table upon which he sat. Not the same one as last night but the one closest the window. Ribbons of sunshine sneaked past the beige vertical blinds. My toes tracked along the warmer patches on the polished hardwood. Even in the desert my hot blood needed much more exposure to Sol or my heart would risk breaking over more than a man.

"You need to check on the air-conditioning system." Michael swiped a hand over his stubble-free cheeks. "It's hot as Hell in here."

"Hardly, but consider this morning's sweat a healthy one. A cleansing sweat."

Flecks of gold appeared in the gray depths of his irises. "How would you know, since you've obviously never been to Hell, unless here on Earth?"

That's right. Try but you won't succeed. Nobody can stare down the Devil's daughter. "I won't miss the chilly weather and snow of Denver one bit. What can I massage for you today?"

"There's an area near my left rotator cuff. Hurt it during a dive one time. Think you can work your magic again?"

“If you’re still sore after last night, then I mustn’t have worked anything worth mentioning.”

“Your touch is amazing.” He winked. “Helped a great deal. Bet you’re not one to complain about pain.”

Pain? Complain? Hardly. Bitten by vampires and other men caught in the throes of what they thought was passion, I didn’t flinch. I was the fastest healer in Hell. Wonder if we’d run across any vamps here in Vegas? They love nibbling my neck and sucking my reddish-black blood.

Regardless of their rabid appetites and feeding frenzies, Hellé wouldn’t mind one bit if they came out to prey.

Ulevi stood at the shelf reading the labels on the various mousse, balms, lotions and oils. I snapped my fingers and pointed to the container of caramel-scented balm. A toss of her strong arm winged the wicked stuff my way and I caught it one-handed.

“You’re definitely on the team, Hellé.” He snatched my free hand and tugged me toward his massage table. “As for what you worked last night,” his tongue toyed with my hoop earring, “fan-fucking-tastic. No woman has ever had that profound an effect on me.”

After opening the balm’s lid, I laid both it and the tub beside him. A plunge of my finger removed a moderate amount of the sticky unguent. His spicy cologne complemented the sugary notes of my salon product, and I worked it through my fingers.

“The left one, right?”

Laughter gave him Santa cheeks, all bunched and with a hint of a flush. “You are an enigma, beautiful lady.”

If only he knew. “Keep everyone guessing. That’s my motto.”

He nodded and stared past my right shoulder while I worked on his left. Underneath his tanned flesh, the connecting tissue and striated muscle networked. With

the tip of my index finger I found the affected nerve path and performed one of my special compress-and-release maneuvers.

“Stretch your arm straight out beside my head. Don’t twist your body either.”

More stroking and smoothing eased the entrapment and worked the mouthwatering cream into his skin. A growl wound its way up from his gut and lodged in his throat. I squeezed my legs tighter together.

Too late. This he-beast’s nose quivered much as a hound’s while scenting small game.

Get a good whiff of Hellé, Mister Hard on My Heart and Every Other Major Organ. When the sun goes down you’ll be up for quite some time.

“Okay. Relax your arm and then rotate it slowly, backward and forward.”

His reddish-brown eyebrows dipped. “Those sports physiatrists did lots of stuff, but nothing has ever worked.” Five sets of arcs each way and then his arm stilled. “Those hands should be insured. I’m glad you run a clean operation. There are so many pussy palaces in this state. Hard to keep track of them all.”

“For some, but not for a vice cop.” I pulled a clean towel from the drawer and wiped my hands. After passing the loopy white cotton over Michael’s upper back and left shoulder, I drew back my arm and let go. The towel soared over Ulevi and Gary and sank into the lined bin just beyond their table.

Michael grabbed my hands. “So you know my game. I would have told you before I left. And I’ll pay for my therapy today.” As though winding up for the Dodgers, he put his arm through several more cycles and contortions. “You are a miracle worker. The world needs more women like you. Honest. Hard-working. More beautiful than a dew-kissed rose at the first moments of the morning.”

The ache within my heart burrowed deeper. Soon he’d break through my last barrier. I couldn’t let that happen. I’d pledged my love to one man, and that man would have been here with me had the Devil not damned all of his sex to Hell for eternity.

“You’ve had more than enough losses in your life, Hellé Hawthorn.” One by one each of my fingertips met with his lips and soft kisses came. “I wish you all the best with your business. If you ever need anything, or if any of your walk-ins refuse to walk out without additional services, give me a call.”

“I don’t know your number and don’t have a phone yet.”

“I’m listed under local government in the phone book. The precinct number is in there.” Both of his hands caught my hips and the thumbs tickled the most sensitive places on my pelvis.

Between my giggling and gulping for air, I tried glimpsing past his eyes to the human soul he undoubtedly possessed. I’d saved the world from destruction by the Devil, but I couldn’t save myself from falling in love again.

Putting my trembling hands against my face, I drew in traces of Michael’s bergamot and spice scent along with the caramel richness of the oil. Olfactory overload without a damned doubt. I dropped them and stared him down.

“I have to get back downtown.” He scooted closer to the table’s edge and heaved a long sigh.

Before Barden’s slick fingers reached Talon’s skinny ankle, I left and returned with Michael’s polo shirt. “No charge for the release of your nerve impingement.”

Staring at my hard nipples, he slipped into the shirt. “Thanks. You must have been a healer in another life.”

Never a healer, unless one spelled that with a double “e”. Shoes and seduction were my callings. “Just a businesswoman.” Who kept track everyone else’s business as well as my own while in Hell.

With all but the top button fastened, he left the table and towered over me. His hand fumbled for mine. For a heartbeat our fingers clasped and then separated.

“Take care of yourself, Hellé. You seem to be on the right track.”

“Don’t forget,” I whispered and played my palm over his tan trousers and coaxed the cock from its dormancy, “I have you down for ten tonight.”

* * * * *

Though the calendar read July 15, tonight the sign on Comus’ front door announced that all who passed beyond the steel and glass barrier were celebrating “Halloween With Hellé”. Those telepathic sessions and advertising campaign couldn’t help but pay off tonight. Curious customers liked partying as much as anyone. Skeleton lights hung from the hooks the minions and I had placed at intervals in the ceiling tiles. Each of the boneheads cast a yummy grape glow over the Orgy Room.

“Stop daydreaming and get busy.” Garmula pranced toward me in a crotchless black lace catsuit. “We’re doing all the work around here.”

“And where would you be if I hadn’t brought you along?”

Beneath a crisscrossed network of black vinyl strips, Ulevi’s breasts bounced each time she giggled. “She has you there, bitch.”

The pumpkin orange panel of her vinyl dominatrix suit shifted and Barden gave us all a glimpse of her pussy when she bent over to adjust the fog machine. “I’d be fucking Zeus. You know, an uncut cock is something else.”

“Where’s your whip, girlfriend?” Ulevi delivered a smack to Barden’s ass that sent her sprawling toward the wall.

The sassiest of the minions stood up and wheeled on her tormentor. “The end I hold will be up your ass if you try another stunt like that again.”

Garmula, wearing a purple negligee with matching marabou trim, positioned herself between the hissing hussies and stomped her bare right foot. “Enough of the shit. Let’s get this place ready. The beasts will be here soon.”

While they oiled the whips and tethers, I sneaked into the reception area and glanced at the door. Not a soul yet. Almost nine o’clock. Weren’t these human males anxious to see what we did when the sun went down? In Hell, it was worse than any

stampede at those orgies. If one didn't suffer bruises in the first couple minutes he hadn't been properly enthusiastic or had already been reduced to eunuch status.

Opera music blared from the back room. Of all the...

I plunked a couple more candy bars into the plastic jack-o'-lantern on the front counter. "Cut the comedy. Put on the *Bolero* soundtrack."

"We couldn't find that. How about some disco music?" Barden shrieked. "Or we could do some country. That would be too sweet."

"Not. Stick with the disco." And get Barden to stick any more suggestions up someone's ass.

* * * * *

Licorice-scented votives lit the way for our guests. One by one they arrived, some wearing street clothes, others wearing Halloween costumes. If the police were ever to raid us, tonight would likely be the night.

July wasn't the month for fake-blood-wearing vampires and circus clowns to come out, but then this was the Strip.

A cowboy wearing only a flesh-colored jock underneath his leather chaps ambled in. "Know where I can find Ulevi?" He cupped my breasts and flicked the nipples. "But I'd like your hands on me too."

"She's back there."

He spun me around, dragged the barrel end of his six-shooter down my ass crease and brought it to rest at the bottom. I bent over and cold metal tapped against my hot, wet pussy. When I peeped over my shoulder he lifted the mock weapon and shoved the tip into his mouth. He sucked for a couple seconds, swallowed and withdrew the toy from between his lips.

"You taste damned good. Ulevi promises a night to remember."

"That's our intention."

The Count of Monte Cristo arrived next. He fumbled with the front of his drawers, walked past us and peered into the hallway.

Those girls would have a fit. Count Mouthful's modified pantaloons were now gaping at the crotch and his thick cock was on display. He no sooner uttered three words than Garmula came out of hiding and led him away by the balls. Another shadow streaked across my feet.

I turned toward the opening door. Our next guest wore a black moustache, compliments of a marker. No mistaking the man parodying the famous comedian's waddle but still wearing the same clothes he had this morning. At extending my hand, his kisses dampened each finger and he sucked the thumb.

"Can't fool me with that Charlie Chaplin bit. You're a bit early. But better early than late. Come in and join the rest of the party."

Michael lifted me into his arms and carried me toward the shrieks and laughter coming from the Orgy Room. I reached down and toyed with my clit as we wended our way along the fog-covered path.

The place might be a mess tomorrow, but tonight it was all about celebrating our being here for three whole days and not having our fine asses reduced to ash.

"Who will greet the guests?" Michael's right eyebrow arched.

"We'll hear the bell and someone will answer. Otherwise our guests won't have a problem finding the party back here."

Coconut, chocolate and strawberry blended with other flavors and created a carnival of scents. Bodies lay on the floor and two of the massage tables had been moved in here. Barden sang a sea chantey while pouring melted marshmallow over the cock of her eye-patched sailor. The spoon sailed from her hand and almost struck Ulevi's ass as she went down for the Count...of Monte Cristo. Garmula had roped the cowboy in the opposite corner. I swallowed a laugh. Those girls changed sexual partners more than most changed verb tenses.

"Looks like there's no lack of entertainment tonight." Michael set me on my feet.

“And you’re going to put us all in jail before I can have my wicked way with you.”

“Wrong. I want to spend some time with you, Hellé. Intimate time. I’m just not convinced this is the place.”

The end of Barden’s whip sang low and lashed past Michael’s shoulder. She mumbled an apology and ran past us, nipples painted with hardening chocolate and a matching chocolate heart on her bare ass.

He licked his lips. “You look quite the Devil’s daughter in that red vinyl suit.”

“Care to see what’s underneath?” I grabbed his hand and guided him toward the outer room where he had his massage earlier today.

“I’d be crazy not to.”

* * * * *

While I sat naked on the floor, Michael shut off the fog machine. First his trousers came off and he tossed them onto the next table. His polo shirt followed. The black lace-up casual shoes left his feet and landed beside Barden’s dildo.

“Don’t go anywhere. I’ll be right back.” Clad only in black boxer briefs and a pair of black socks he headed toward the reception area.

Who cared if someone else came in? Wasn’t he listening when I told him they’d find their own fun in the Orgy Room? I fingered my clit and studied the crack in the one blinking skull. Yeah, I had to have a hole in my head to think about fucking a cop. And curiously, a cop who wasn’t interested in hauling us in for our sexy antics.

Michael reappeared carrying a votive candle and something else tucked between the closed fingers of his left hand. “I’ll bet you didn’t have any dessert tonight. Chocolate should taste good...on you.”

Chocolate *on* me? Now there was a sweet suggestion. He set the candle down and ripped off the cellophane wrapper. Laying the candy aside, he shucked off his briefs and treated me to a feast of human cock that shot past my lips and plumbed my mouth.

Garmula and a clown bounded into the room. Never a one-man woman, my friend Gar. While I sucked on Michael she performed a perfect handstand and spread her legs wide. The red-nosed clown gripped her hips and licked her until she screamed.

“You might want to join us, but we don’t want any spectators.” Michael’s voice rose with each word spoken and drowned out the surrounding noise. “I want time alone with this special woman.”

The clown took his tongue back and Garmula found her way to her feet. They skulked away while Michael’s cock rasped over my watering tongue. As my eyes closed he shifted his hips and pulled from me. I stood up and stretched.

Thunder rumbled beyond the window. Heat flowed between us. Intense. Melting the remaining fog. My pussy glazed his stroking fingers and he devoured my cum with one lick.

He sat down on the floor, his cock still full-blooded. “Come here, sweet she-devil. I can’t resist you any longer.”

I sprang at him, settling into his lap. Reaching between us, I sought his hardness and milked it until more drops spilled and wetted my thumb. “What do you want me to do?”

“Fuck me, Hellé. Men like us cannot resist your beauty. We love you so much sleep eludes us.”

Men like us? Men like whom?

Menlikus!!

“Menlikus?” I lifted my hips and then sank onto the thick cock head. “It cannot be! How?”

He pulled me into a better position, his hands kneading my hips. Those gray eyes blazed and skeleton heads shone in each of the pupils. “I persuaded Shenda to give me her vial of formula. The addition of zalendum brought the necessary balance and brought me to Earth.”

“That is why you seemed so familiar. But there were others...”

His stilled my lips with a hard kiss. “I arrived soon after you. Remember the jeweler at the boutique?”

“You used him as a host until your own body adapted. You’ve been here to help me all along. No man has ever cared as much.”

He nodded and worked my pussy over his cock. “Very astute, my love.”

“What about David?”

He came harder into me, tipping my body back and drawing it forward. “He was a vile interference.”

My G-spot swelled and sizzled as never before. “But at least he helped me.”

“Helped and fucked you. The woman I love more than anything.”

“Last night... I tasted you when I sucked Michael. The man I thought was a Michael. I’m so sorry.” I smoothed my hands over his face. The skin contorted at my touch. “But I’m looking at Michael right now. You are inside Michael.”

“When zalendarium is ingested by males, it allows for metamorphosis. One male being can usurp the body of a living or a lifeless one, and all outward traits of the two will then blend. It’s what your father always consumes before those masquerade balls. But zalendarium doesn’t bring about metamorphosis in women.”

The buzzing in my brain intensified.

He bucked his hips harder. “Before I came up here, I drank a couple ounces of red wine. The acid in the wine will temporarily blunt the effect of the zalendarium and allow me, the living being, to emerge from the dead one, Michael.” He kissed above my brows. “The wine is beginning to take effect in my system. Close your eyes. Think about our love. The love that brought me here with you.”

“Are you sure you won’t become Michael? Or even result in two separate beings?”

“No. Michael was killed in the line of police duty. I’d followed him. He was working alone. No one else around the crime scene. While he lay there with a broken

neck, I usurped his body. Placed myself inside him so I could find you and reveal the news. His unmarked car was parked nearby. The keys were in his pants pocket. He also had spare clothes in the back of his Lexus. The face and body you've witnessed are both Michael's and mine for the time being. This unique metamorphosis is what has allowed me to exist in a city and escape the recognition and questions of anyone knowing Michael."

"But...?"

"Michael's soul was marked for Heaven so I set that free. He will forever remain a missing person. Once you touch my face, the heat from your hands will complete my rebirth. Michael will cease to exist. The violent chemical changes that will take place during my reemergence will render him forever gone."

My eyelids squeezed shut. Energy exchanged between us. My palms met his cheeks and electrical charges snapped at my flesh. The orgasm claimed my whole body, and I pitched back and forth. We both screamed. As our din settled so did the boiling in his skin. I opened my eyes.

Before me sat Menlikus. Handsome, bronze-haired Menlikus. A man who'd dared the Devil and broken through to be with me.

"I loved you too much to lose you. But there is one problem. There is another reason I had to follow you. To warn you about the elixir."

Vision still wavy, I climbed off his lap and sat beside him. I bent down and sucked more cum from his softening cock. "What about it?"

"I examined the area where you extracted the ameniorite from the wall in your cave. It contained a vein of hespinite. From what I know of hespinite's properties, it will sap the potency of your formulation."

"And this means?"

"You and your friends will perish at the end of seven days. That tainted formula has no way of sustaining you four. Tony confirmed this."

“What about you?”

“I followed a formula almost identical to yours. That was the only way I could get up here. The only thing different I added was zalendum. But there is a possible way for us to remain together and avoid eternal damnation.”

Eternal damnation? More like burned to a crisp or poked full of holes. Two licks across his upper lip, and the acid in my stomach turned to lava and flooded my body with delicious heat.

Even when danger presented, sex could salve any jitters. “Tell me more.”

“The zalendum I consumed will give me about a month’s time here on Earth.” He patted my ass. “And there’s a way for you to get an adequate helping to sustain your strength.”

Okay, he always loved giving me puzzles to figure out. But dammit this was hardly a time for racking my brain when my whole body was soon likely to melt faster than that famous witch when water was dumped on her.

Another look into those gray eyes stimulated my gray matter. Zalendum is an element requiring an alkaline base for sustenance of its potency... “Sucking you off would sustain me? Zalendum is secreted primarily in seminal fluid?”

Amber fire blazed in his eyes. “Right on both counts.” Soft, warm kisses moistened my cheek. “Semen is the perfect medium and preservative for zalendum.”

Who would have ever thought that hideous orange-black mineral deposit that clashed with every color in my wardrobe would be good for something someday? “What will happen after a month’s time is up?”

The obvious, of course. Hellé would meet Heaven in the worst way.

“We’ll need to acquire more zalendum before then.” He snatched the candy bar and stuck it into his mouth.

“But the only place it’s found is in Hell. If we go back there, Daddy will fry both our asses and fuck with everyone up here. There hasn’t been an extra tremor yet, but I

wouldn't press our luck." I licked a smear of dark chocolate from the corner of his chewing mouth.

"Maybe only because he has a lot of extracocricular activities in Hell taking up his spare time." Menlikus pulled me down beside him, turned toward me and lopped his right leg over my hip. "But there is a way for us. Shenda owes me big-time. And she knows my deal for cashing in."

Shenda? Had Menlikus done my former friend? The bitch with the pussy from which she squirted sugary cum—at least according to the Devil and his sweet tooth.

To think I worried about remaining monogamous. "How did you two become fast friends?"

His fingertips traced hearts over my back. "She coveted the Kate Spade bag you left behind. I told her that in exchange for the bag and the time I saved her brother from the Devil's horning, she had to extract more zalendium from the wall in my former cave."

Blood boiled behind my eyes. But a couple blinks and some deep breaths brought the temperature down several hundred degrees, and I focused on my lover's face. "If His Royal Horniness catches her in your old cave, he'll run her through with his trident."

Menlikus smacked my ass. "No, he won't. She's taken over that place since my departure. It's now her home in Hell."

What a clever guy, my Menlikus. "Daddy always carries his trident. She'll get him to put her in those wrist manacles on your old wall, spread her legs, open her mouth and possibly enable our togetherness forever." My kiss brought his tongue out to play with mine.

Chocolate never tasted so yummy.

"I'm hoping that's the case. He'll dislodge enough rough with those sharp tines. After he goes soft, she'll stay behind and clean up. She'll hide the rock shards in her pussy until she's certain he's gone bathing."

“You think she’ll be able to deceive the Devil? He’s pretty sharp.”

“He always turns off the World Screen when he goes to fuck her. You know that. Then your mother can’t watch them.” Menlikus’ heel rubbed up and down the cleft of my ass. “You know Shenda’s the only one in Hell he half trusts. After several sexual rounds with her, he retires to the Wiruni Pool and often falls asleep for several minutes. Only upon awakening will he turn the World Screen back on and watch everything happening on Earth and in Hell. By then, she’ll have hidden the zalendium underneath the platform until I can return and collect it. If I leave by morning, the zalendium from the original elixir will still be at a strong point in my system and allow another return trip to Earth. Another good thing about zalendium is it prevents usurpation of thoughts.”

“Awesome. I was always able to block him out, and now that fire-breathing bastard can’t read your mind. Guess his secret isn’t a secret anymore?” Tangling my fingers in his hair, I pulled until he groaned. “You’d risk your life for love? And play with pieces of rock that were once in Shenda’s pussy?”

More kisses came and deflected my words. “Jealous as ever. Probably more so since you’re up here. I don’t give a shit about Shenda. I’ll do anything to make sure we’re together as long as possible. Life without you isn’t worth living—in Hell or anywhere else. We’d be fools to let a formula glitch put an end to more good times together.”

I clawed his right nipple. “Won’t the zalendium have to be pulverized for consumption? Shenda won’t be able to do that. She can’t even separate an egg yolk from the white without fucking up.”

Bass laughter hit my cheek and continued on to my ear. “I’ll accomplish the mineral extraction once I’m back up here. Piece of cake.”

Such a hero. Just like the ones in the romance novels my mother read. “How are you going to go to Hell and come back again without being discovered? I can’t believe the Devil hasn’t struck you down up here by now.”

A couple of his fingers plugged my tightest hole and worked back and forth like a piston. "I pissed him off by demonstrating my wrestling skills. He couldn't care less what happens to me." Menlikus winked. "I must find a dead body marked for Hell. A quick prowling after dark will provide me a lifeless male form to serve as my host for the hellish descent. Doesn't have to be an evil human. Could be a rabid dog."

My ass muscles pushed and pulled his thick fingers. "Once you've entered Kellion, chemical changes will occur, you'll emerge and allow the dead body to proceed to Hell?"

His fingers left my anus and his next swat bumped my chin against his. "Yes. The Devil can't see into the Kellion, or the outlet to Purgatory, as some up here call it. I'll wait a moment before descending farther, sneak down to the platform, claim the rock shards and return to you before the Devil gets wise."

"What if you fail?" I nipped his nipple and left teeth marks.

"Then at least I tried." He moved his leg, tipped me back and bit my nipple. "Tried saving the woman I love."

From somewhere in the spa, Barden screamed.

"What about Garmula, Barden and Ulevi? Will there be enough zalendum for them?" Reaching down, I grabbed his cock and pumped until the veins undulated against my palm and the undersides of my fingers.

"Definitely. I've made sure of that. Still, once each has her share, she will have to use her keen sense of taste to find the right man. She'll then slip some of the zalendum into his drink or coat her tongue with it and suck him off. Pretty much trial and error, but at least those girls will have a shot at survival this way."

A shot? Try several if I knew my sex-crazy friends. For the sake of more orgasms, they'd gladly screw up on the first attempt or two at finding Mister Right.

"My guy is not only sexy and one who has a thirteen-inch cock, his IQ is well above genius level."

His fingers traced along my chin. "If we can all last up here a month afterward, we won't have to worry about return trips to Hades."

Menlikus pried my pumping fingers loose and backed away from our embrace. He stood up and helped me to my feet. Gripping my waist, he lifted me until my breasts were level with his lips. I screamed louder than Barden, clutched his shoulders and fitted my legs loosely around his midsection.

His hands slipped down and so did I. He squeezed my buttocks. Hot as the place he'd left in favor of Earth, his cock head prodded my pussy and he pushed it inside me. "The only woman I've ever loved in Hell or elsewhere. Here's to my plan. May it work and keep us together."

I licked the beads of sweat from his shoulder. "You're only man I've ever loved and allowed to see me without makeup. Here's to success, eons of being together and maybe even another Vegas jackpot." As my hips slammed forward, our groans mingled. "Long live we, our sexual appetites and my best girlfriends. Now...give me some Greek."

About the Author

Since childhood, Shawna Moore has delighted in creating fantasy worlds and fictional characters. After many years of working in the medical community, she traded clinical and clerical duties for a full-time career writing fiction.

When she's not writing, editing and researching, Shawna enjoys traveling, listening to the music of the Beatles, reading and spending time with her real-life hero. Of course, she also dares to be divalicious every day of the week.

Shawna welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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