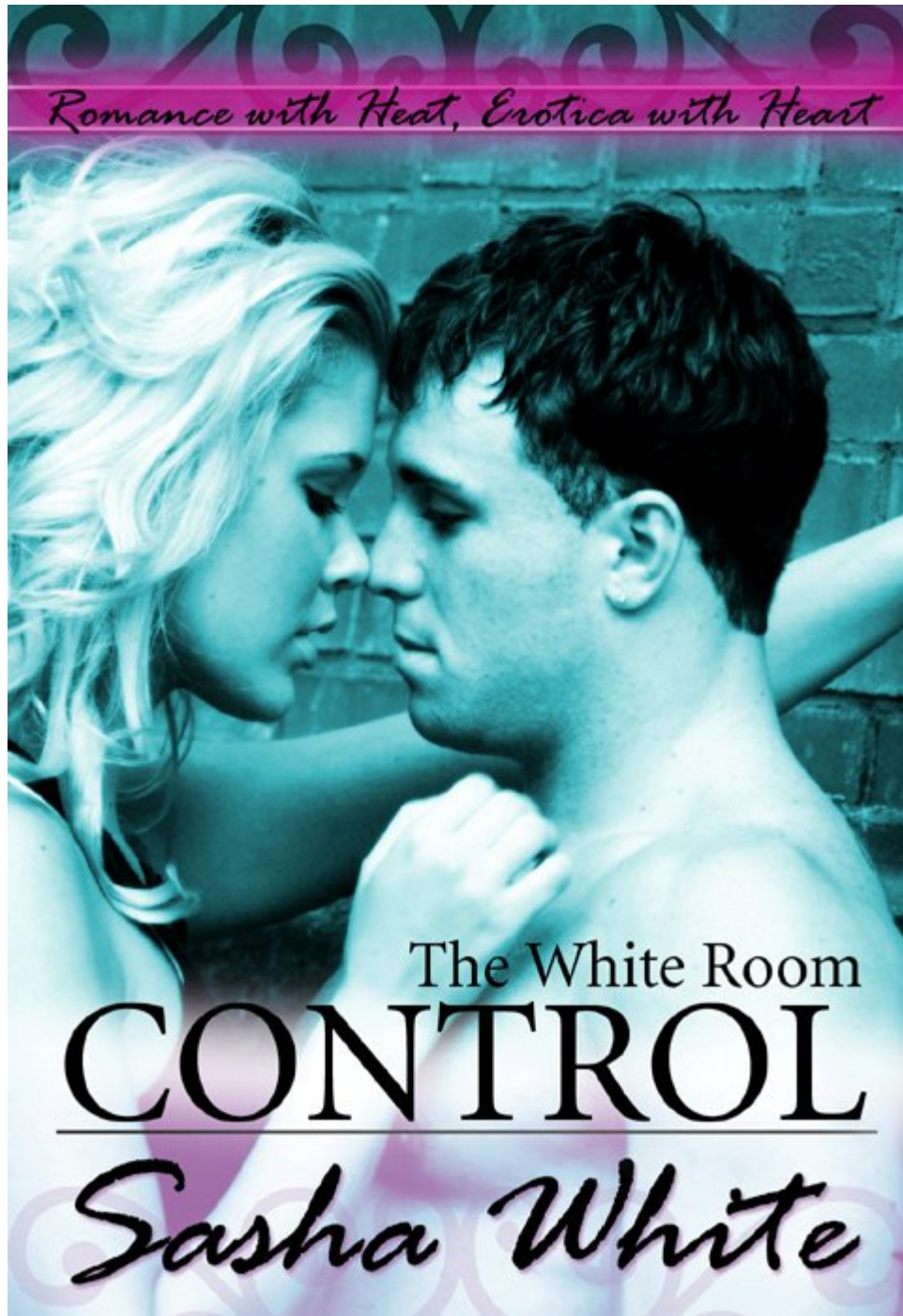


Sasha White



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Warning: These stories are sexually explicit and meant for
Adults Only.

The White Room: Control
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HOME STUDY

It was a quiet night on the train and Jane sank thankfully into the orange cushioned vinyl seat. It had been a tough day at work and her stop was a ways away. Relaxing back in her seat next to the window, she let her mind wander as the scenery passed by in a blur.

Usually the cars were crowded full of people reading books or newspapers, consciously ignoring one another, or simply staring into space. Tonight there were only four others on board. They'd clambered onto the train at the stop after hers like a group of rambunctious puppies. College boys. Cocky as only young, good-looking and athletic college boys can be.

"She wanted me bad." One said loudly. "I could tell just by the look in her eyes. She was creaming her panties just wait'n for me to ask her out again. Next week, when we go back, she'll cream them when I walk in the door. I won't even have to talk to her."

Laughter from the others signaled that not all of them agreed with his assessment of the situation.

"Get real Scott. She won't give you the time of day next week. She works in a pub full of guys that hit on her everyday. Girls don't like it when you lead them on like you did, and she's hot enough that she'll be onto someone else by the time you get back there."

Jane thought the one that spoke looked like the smarter of the foursome. Good looking in a studious way with a quiet authoritative voice. The type of voice that gave her orders in her dreams and made *her* cream her panties.

They didn't bother to try and be quiet so she just closed her eyes, laid her head against the window, and let herself be entertained by their conversation.

They argued amongst themselves about how much a woman would put up with if the sex were good enough and just how good each of them was in bed. When a particularly stupid comment was made a snort of laughter escaped her and they fell silent.

Knowing that they'd heard her, she opened her eyes and looked into a mix of charmingly perplexed and embarrassed aces. May as well tell them how it really is, give them something to think about.

Smiling softly she said, "First of all, yes, a woman will put up with a lot if the sex is good. Second, just because you can get it up quickly for

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rounds two, three and even four, doesn't mean you know how to use it. It only means you have stamina, which is a given at your age."

Their reactions, clearly stamped on their expressive faces, shifted from surprise to anger to awe. Jane figured that most girls didn't talk frankly to them and if they did they were written off as ice queens.

"Yeah? And I suppose you're going to tell us what makes it good then?"

The challenge came from the loudest one, Scott. He'd been the one boasting about the waitress when they'd stepped onto the train. He was tall, well muscled, and obviously the self-proclaimed leader of the group. Jane eyed him a second before moving on to check out the others - all with shaggy hair, young eager faces, and hard bodies that made her fingers itch to touch.

Making a spur of the moment decision she stood up and faced them square on as the train slowed. "I'll do better than tell you. I'll show you. If you're brave enough to come with me now and do everything I say, I'll teach you what pleases a woman."

The train stopped and she stepped off and began walking towards the stairs without looking back.

Behind her a voice called out, "Everything?"

"Everything." She answered without hesitation.

Pounding footsteps signaled them catching up to her. When their presence was felt close behind her, she stopped, and turned around.

Looking over the three that had followed, anticipation made Jane's breath catch in her throat. They were eager students, and the power their willingness gave her worked as an aphrodisiac. Blood heated in her veins and rushed through her system to pool between her thighs.

She couldn't hold back her smile when she spoke. "I live just up the road. Once we walk into my house you will act on your best behavior. Treat me with the respect you would any of your professors, for I am about to give you your most valuable education."

The walk to her house was silent after that, each person with their own thoughts about what was to come. Anticipation had Jane walking fast, but the boy had no trouble keeping up with her. Once at the small old house she rented they filed into the living room.

"Make yourselves comfortable boys. I just need to make a quick call."

Jane went to the kitchen, picked up the phone and dialed automatically. Her roommate answered at the Pub on the second ring and

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Jane told her there was a special surprise for her at home. Maybe she could leave work early?

Returning to the living room Jane found the guys all seated on the sofa, shoes and jackets off, talking quietly amongst themselves.

“Tell me about yourselves,” she asked.

Tom, Nick and Steve were all on the university basketball team together. They also shared some of the same classes, and were consistent B students as well. When questioned about career dreams Jane was impressed to learn that their friendship had surpassed the basketball court to plans of becoming future business partners. “We know that not all of us can make a career out of basketball but we want to keep playing as long as we can.”

They were so cute and earnest when voicing their plans for the future that Jane couldn’t hold back any more.

“O.K. First lesson.” She walked to the big picture window that looked out on the street and pulled the blinds closed before continuing around the room lighting candles and dimming lights.

“Set the stage guys. Women, no matter what their shape, feel antsy the first time they get naked in front of a guy. Make the light the most flattering and they will feel comfortable. The more comfortable they are, the more uninhibited they’ll be and then more fun is had by all.”

She strolled over to the stereo and put on her favorite Enigma CD for some quiet background music

“In order for you to make her feel comfortable you need to be comfortable as well.” Her lithe body started to sway to the music. Slowly taking her clothes off, she danced as if she were alone.

Eyes closed, she ran her hands over her rounded breasts and spoke softly as began to unbutton her blouse. “You should know where she needs to touch you to please you and how she needs to touch you. Soft, hard, a lick or a bite.” A quiet gasp escaped her and echoed clearly in the quiet room when she pinched her nipples hard through her shirt. “If you don’t know what pleases you, how are you supposed to know what pleases her?”

Soon she stood in front of them in nothing but a purple silk bra and matching panties. Lust and eagerness vibrated off her captive audience and arced through the air. It was clear they wanted her, and all she had to offer; yet none of them reached to adjust the straining erections in their pants, let alone relaxed enough to pull them out for her to see.

They needed help.

Jane reached down and grabbed Steve’s hands from where they rested on his knees and pulled him into the middle of the floor with her. “Dance with me,” she instructed. “And you guys need to relax. Get comfortable

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with yourselves. Pull out your cocks and stroke them for me. I want to see how you touch yourselves.”

Steven pulled her close and they swayed with the music. His chocolate eyes staring into hers as they moved. His big hands roaming up and down her back as if she were a delicate, breakable doll.

She brushed her body teasingly alongside his until he couldn't stand it anymore. He grabbed her ass in his rough hands and pulled her hips tight to his so that his cock thrust obviously against her belly.

Jane unbuttoned his shirt slowly as he kept their bodies moving together. After pulling off his shirt she stepped back. “Continue the dance for me. Slowly taking off all your clothes.” She looked deep into his eyes for a brief moment before turning to the two on the sofa.

They'd been watching and had done what she'd said. Tom's dick was short but fat, with an angry red head that made her mouth water. Her tongue darted out and over her lips before she eyed Nick's cock next. Long and thick with drops of pre come already wetting the tip it made her pussy clench in anticipation of being filled. “That's it guys. Get up and get undressed.”

Jane then settled herself on the empty sofa and watched as they quickly stripped down to nothing. When all three stood with dicks waving in the air waiting for further instruction she smiled and gave her next command. “Make yourselves cum.”

They looked at each other uncertainly.

“C'mon now guys. You need to be totally comfortable with yourselves first, and I need to see how you like to be stroked. No shyness allowed.” To get their attention back on her, and off of each other, she slipped off her bra and fondled her breasts openly. Pinching and rolling her nipples around she watched each of them reach for their cocks. Unable to help herself one hand slide down her body and between her legs. “The first one to cum will be the first to move on to the second lesson. How to eat pussy properly.”

She watched hungrily as they started pumping themselves. Hands fisted over hard cocks, hips beginning to thrust as they moved towards orgasms. It was a tight race. As she watched them pump and groan her finger was flying back and forth over her own swollen clit. The fact they could see her hand moving inside her panties, and not see anything else was just the right tease they needed to help them towards their goal.

“Ohhh...uhmmm,” she moaned.

Spreading her thighs wider apart she could feel her climax getting closer. Her finger worked her clit harder... harder...there. Colors exploded

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behind lowered eyelids and her muscles tensed and trembled as small waves of pleasure rolled over her.

“Ughhh!”

Jane opened her eyes in time to see Nick’s eyes slide closed as a loud groan escaped his mouth and cum erupted from his throbbing cock. Grunts from the other two followed closely as they too shot jism into the air.

“Well done boys.” Came a soft voice from the entryway. “What has Jane promised as a reward for that performance?”

Jane stood and walked over to the woman in the doorway. “I’d like you guys to meet my room-mate Emma. She’s come home early to help me out with your lessons.” Then she leaned in and gave Emma a soft kiss on the lips. “Thanks.”

“All right.” “Oh yeah.” came murmurs of approval from over her shoulder.

Jane’s hand cupped Emma’s soft cheek as she smiled into her eyes. “I promised you as the reward.”

Reaching for her hand she pulled Emma into the middle of the room where the guys surrounded them. “Oral sex is different for every woman. When one tells you they don’t enjoy it, it’s because they’ve never had it done by someone who really knows how to eat pussy.”

She walked in a slow circle around Emma, feeling the heat of the boys gazes burning into her and letting her hand run over Emma’s body. Patting her fanny, cupping a heavy breast, and then stopping directly in front of her. “Whatever the case is, you need to get her going first, don’t just dive between her legs thinking that will warm her up, because it won’t.”

Jane saw the flames of arousal flickering to life in Emma’s green eyes and knew that her friend was just as turned on as she was by the fact that they had three lusty young men there that thought they were in heaven with the two older women.

With teasing hands she unbuttoned Emma’s blouse before peeling off the rest of her clothes. Fingertips brushed against the curve of a breast, skimmed over a hard nipple. First Jane’s fingertips, then her lips trailed lightly over a smooth belly, the back of a knee, and finally the insides of her thighs. When Jane realized she was doing exactly what she’d told the boys not to, she stood.

Tangling her fingers in Emma’s chestnut curls, she pulled her close and opened her lush lips up with her tongue. Cupping a firm tit in one hand she reached behind her and fondled her plump ass with the other.

Tearing her mouth away, she licked her way down to the breast cupped firmly in hand and suckled at the nipple until it was rigid and Emma

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was moaning softly into the silent room. With a final nip at the little morsel, she let go and led her over to the sofa.

Jane knelt down between Emma's legs and spread her thighs wide. "Look at that. A sight to behold." Using her thumbs she opened her friend up crudely and leaned forward to deliver a firm lick up the crease of her pussy lips. "Firm strokes with your tongue, boys. First you poke around a little, licking, maybe a nibble or two, avoiding the clit."

Jane demonstrated with them watching over her shoulders, their heavy breathing clearly heard over the soft music. Her fingers keeping Emma's thick pussy lips spread so she was totally exposed. Her scent was strong and musky, her taste a mixture of sweet and tart. Once Jane could feel her tunnel grasping at her thrusting tongue she backed away and urged Nick into place.

"First prize Nick," she whispered in his ear. "I want you to give her multiples. All you need to do is stay at it nice and steady. Firm strokes, a nibble here or there, and then, when you know she's almost there, suck on her clit. Use your fingers, tongue, and teeth. Anything goes when you're in this situation. Listen to her moans and read her bodies signals as to what pleases her most."

Jane turned and pulled Steve over to stand behind her as she leaned over Nick's back and braced herself on his shoulders. Pulling off her own soaked panties she wiggled backwards until Steve's prick rested hotly between her ass cheeks. He put one of his arms around her waist and held her tight to him.

Getting hornier by the second, watching Nick's mouth and tongue work over Emma's pussy Jane gripped Steve's hand and placed it between her own legs.

Needing no further encouragement he began to explore gently. His thick fingers parting her and sliding into her slick hole. He thrust in and out briefly before his thumb found her engorged clit and he began to work it over good. Not wanting to be left out Tom stepped in closer and began to fondle Jane's tits, pinching and rolling the nipples around as he watched his friend eat Emma's pussy.

Jane's breathless voice kept whispering words of advice into Nick's ear, occasionally taking a nibble of her own on the side of his neck. Emma's cries were getting louder, and getting everyone hotter. Jane reached down between Nick's legs and grasped his rigid dick firmly. He grunted and his tongue hesitated in working Emma for a second.

"You can't get distracted, Nick. She's almost there."

So was Jane. Spreading her legs wider she arched her back and pushed against Steve shamelessly.

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Emma's hands reached down and she laced her fingers through Nick's hair, pulling him in tighter. She could see her hips moving and heard the whimpers that she knew signaled Emma's approaching orgasm.

"Don't stop," Jane coached. Both Steve and Nick followed her instructions. "Keep it gentle for a minute. There, that's it, she's coming, I'm coming, harder now, harder, yes there that's it. Yesss..."

"Yess," echoed Emma.

"Stay there, Nick," Jane huffed out as she fought to catch her breath. "A little push and she'll come again."

Nick tickled a finger lightly over her anus and he sucked her clit into his mouth. Sure enough, Emma's cries filled the room again.

Jane shifted her hips a little, and Steve read the silent instruction perfectly. His cock thrust deep a second before he moved both hands to her hips and began to pump steadily. Jane's teeth bit into her bottom lip but she couldn't keep from moaning aloud.

With one fist still pumping Nick's cock called Tom over so she could suck his cock into greedy mouth at the same time and be surrounded, filled, by hard cock.

The pre-come flowed steadily from Nick's cock head over her fingers and she knew he wouldn't last much longer. The throbbing of Tom's dick against her tongue testified that he was close as well. Closing her eyes Jane reveled in the sensations assaulting her body from all sides. Then a soft hand stroked under her chin and she opened up to let Tom's meat slip from between her lips.

Jane watched as Emma urged Tom to straddle her on the sofa, where he could fuck her mouth.

Soon her senses were on overload. The scent of sex in her nostrils and the feel of Steve's cock thrusting in and out of her body, the pulsing of Nick's hardness in her hand and the sight of Tom fucking her friends mouth. From where she was she could see his buttocks clench and release with each thrust between Emma's lips but Nick's view of this act was the breaking point for him.

A guttural moan filled the room and Nick's cock swelled magnificently in her hand. His cum rushed through the veins of his cock and shot into the air.

Seconds later Jane pulled her hand away from his shrinking dick and placed both it next to her other on his shoulders. With Nick resting his head on the sofa between Emma's thighs, watching Tom shaft her mouth, he was still well positioned to be a brace against Steve's thrusts.

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Jane's head fell forward and her back arched for deeper penetration. A whimper of pleasure escaped and Steve's cock hit home, deep in her womb. He grunted and picked up the pace, his cock hammering into her as he watched Tom pull out of Emma's mouth and spray jism all over her tits.

"Oh yeah, Steve," Jane cried out. "Let go, fuck me. Fuck me hard."

His hands gripped her hips fiercely and he panted loudly and fought to hold back his own orgasm. Her belly tightened and she felt her cunt clutching at him.

Then the tremors started. Deep inside her orgasm gathered force.

"Yes, that's it. Harder! Yes. Fuck, fuck, fuck," she chanted until her pussy walls spasm'd and juices run down her spread thighs in release.

A few more hard thrusts and Steve's cum shot into her hotly before they both collapsed onto the floor, only to stay there in a languid heap trying to catch their breaths.

She must've drifted off to sleep because the next thing she heard was Steve's soft voice from a distance as she was gently lifted from the floor.

"I'm ready for Round Three when you are."

Jane lifted her heavy eyelids and wrapped her arms around Steve's neck. She directed him to her bedroom with a sultry smile before looking over his shoulder to see Emma cuddled up on the couch between Nick and Tom.

Tom's hands were trailing lovingly over her breasts, plucking at her nipples, and Jane knew that he too would be ready for Round Three soon.

Ahhh, the benefits of being young and horny.

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SERVE ME

When I walked into my apartment at seven thirty I was pleasantly shocked to find Erik kneeling naked in the middle of my living room. My heart jumped and my pussy immediately began to drool.

We'd talked about D/s role-playing; who would be dominant, who would be submissive, what we would do to /for each other, yet we'd never given it try. I guessed he was ready to try it.

I strolled around the room. Looking at his magnificent body from all angles trying to decide how to play this out. It was obvious by the hard-on he had that he was enjoying this new game as much as I was. An idea formed in my head and I commanded him to stay put as I left the room.

It took some time for me to gather all the things I needed from around the apartment and when I stepped back into the living room his impatience was clear Erik's face. "Are we going to play or what?"

"You dare to question me?" I quirked an eyebrow at him. "You will be punished for that."

I set my bag of toys down and pulled out a blindfold and a video camera. I set the camera aside and placed the blindfold over Erik's eyes. "I want you on all fours," I whispered, making sure my lips brushed against his ear.

Erik dropped into position and I set up the video camera to tape us. I was still wearing my simple black business suit and I stripped off the jacket and blouse underneath only to be left in the tight skirt, stockings, high heels and black push up bra. I pulled out an old riding crop out of the bag and trailed it across his back.

"We play when I want to play, not when you want to. You are not allowed to question me." A flick of my wrist and the end of the crop landed sharply at his out-thrust ass. First one cheek and then the other. When his ass was an attractive rosy red and his head had dropped down I raised my leg and placed a foot in between his shoulder blades and pressed down lightly. "On your elbows, forehead against the floor."

What to do next? I wanted to settle myself on the floor and have him inch forward until his face was between my thighs, his breath fanning the flames of lust that had me slick, wet and ready to be devoured. But I also wanted to play with those firm round and now rosy cheeks of his. I stood behind him, the palm of my hand itching to make contact and my own mouth watering at the site.

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Without giving it another thought I shook off the last of my inhibitions and bent forward to sink my teeth softly into the firm round cheek of his ass while my hand cupped his hot and heavy balls.

Reminding myself that I might not get another chance like this, I pulled my hand away and backed up a step.

Another flick of my wrist and the slap of the crop hitting his firm ass cheek sounded in the living room. Then another, and another, first one cheek and then the other. When his ass was an attractive rosy red and his head had dropped down I raised my leg and placed a foot in between his shoulder blades and pressed down lightly. "On your elbows, forehead against the floor."

My mouth watered at the sight of his ass tilted high in the air and I went to kneel behind him. Stroking my hands across his cheeks tenderly I bent over and licked up one cheek, then the other. Spreading his cheeks wide with my hands I lightly trailed my tongue down his crack, past his tightly puckered hole, to where his balls were tight against him. I licked his balls firmly and then sucked first one, then the other into my mouth. I played them around my mouth and sucked on them for a few seconds before letting them fall from my lips and dipping my head further between his thighs.

I rolled onto my back beneath him and had his cock directly in front of my face. I blew lightly on it and watched as it twitched closer to his belly. I could hear Erik's breath rasping as he waited for me to take him in my mouth. I licked up the underside and played my tongue firmly around the head of his cock. I could taste drops of liquid already.

Seems Erik enjoyed a little bit of punishment. His groan of pleasure echoed through the air when I took all seven inches of his hard cock into my mouth and began sucking in earnest. It felt so good in my mouth, throbbing and growing even harder as I sucked. I pulled my mouth back and concentrated in the tip of his cock, sucking hard bobbing my head fast. Then I took him deep again. Slow and deep thrusts, hollowing out my cheeks I sucked so hard.

My hands spread his ass cheeks as I continued to eat his cock hungrily. I slid a hand down and gripped his cock, sucking and playing, covering a few fingers in saliva and pre-come. Taking his cock deep into my mouth once again my fingers returned to play around his puckered anus. I rimmed him a few times before gently easing a fingertip in to the first knuckle. A few gentle thrusts with it, his hole relaxed, and I was in. Timing my thrusts with the stroking of my mouth on his cock I knew he wouldn't last much longer.

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Sighs of pleasure escaped him as I released his ass cheek and cupped his balls. It was too much for him, a hand squeezing his balls, a finger fucking him, and a mouth sucking him. With a guttural cry his cock throbbed in my mouth and warm liquid shot down my throat. I kept swallowing until there was nothing left and his cock started to go limp in my mouth. With a final gentle lick I released him, and wiggled out from underneath so he could collapse in a pile of satiated male flesh.

We lay on the floor recuperating for a while before moving ourselves into the bedroom. We cuddled for while and drifted off to sleep. I was awakened in the middle of the night with Erik's cock already inside me. Thrusting slow and steady he drove me to the brink of orgasm, and then changed his rhythm before I could come. Reasserting his control he once again brought me to the brink before letting me come.

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Author Bio

Gifted with a salacious imagination, Sasha White's brand of ***Romance with Heat, and Erotica with Heart*** is all about sassy women and sexy men. With a voice that is called “distinctive and delicious” by The Romance Studio, Sasha White has published over a dozen erotic short stories in genres such as contemporary, paranormal, suspense and science fiction and is going strong. Sasha’s first single title novel with Berkley, **Bound**, has been called “the best sort of erotica for an erotic romance fan” by Sex, Sizzle and Snark reviewer Jaynie R.

She loves to hear from her readers, and as a full time writer and part-time bartender, you can find Sasha on her websites’s blog most afternoons.

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Backlist

PRINT BOOKS – Single Titles

GYPSY HEART

Release date: July 2006 – Genre: Contemporary
Samhain Publishing – ISBN: 1599981297

BOUND

Release date: June 2006 - Genre: Contemporary
Berkley Heat - ISBN: 0425212742

PRINT BOOKS – Novellas in Anthologies

TEMPTING GRACE, part of the ALLURING TALES anthology

Release date: March 2007 – Genre: Contemporary
Avon Red – ISBN: 0061176036

WATCH ME, part of the two-author anthology KINK

Release date: February 2007 – Genre: Contemporary
Berkley Heat – ISBN 0425213994

SEX AS A WEAPON, part of THE COP anthology

Release date: October 2006 - Genre: Contemporary
Kensington Aphrodisia - ISBN: 0758215312

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THE CRIB, part of the PURE SEX anthology
Release date: July 2006 - Genre: Contemporary
Kensington Aphrodisia - ISBN: 07582144669

PRINT BOOKS – Short Stories in Anthologies

SHIFT CHANGE

part of the SEX IN THE OFFICE anthology,
Release Date: Spring 2005 - Genre: Contemporary
Publisher: Virgin Books, Black Lace - ISBN: 0352339446

HOME STUDY

part of the MAMMOTH BOOK OF WOMEN'S EROTIC FANTASIES,
Release Date: Fall 2004 - Genre: Contemporary
Publisher: Robinson Books - ISBN: 0786714107

THE GYM

part of the DOWN AND DIRTY VOLUME 2 anthology,
Release Date: Summer 2004 - Genre: Contemporary
Publisher: Pretty Things Press - ISBN: 1576122107

THE MIRROR

part of the DOWN AND DIRTY VOLUME 2 anthology,
Release Date: Summer 2004 - Genre: Contemporary
Publisher: Pretty Things Press - ISBN: 1576122107

HANDLING AMANDA

part of the WICKED WORDS 9 anthology,
Release Date: Fall 2004 - Genre: Contemporary
Publisher: Virgin Books, Black Lace - ISBN: 0352338601

HOT AND HARD

part of the WICKED WORDS 8 anthology,
Release Date: Fall 2003 - Genre: Contemporary
Publisher: Virgin Books, Black Lace - ISBN: 0352337877

GYPSY HEART, novel

Release Date: April 25, 2006 - Genre: Contemporary
This is the re-release of the original GH previously
published at Liquid Silver Books.
Publisher: Samhain Publishing - ISBN: 1-59998-053-3

THE PETSHANI, short story

Release Date: March 19, 2006 - Genre: Paranormal
Publisher: Amber Quill Press - ISBN: 1-59279-501-3

CONNECTION, short story

Release Date: February 5, 2006 – Genre: Contemporary
Publisher: Loveyoudivine

TRANSPLANT, short story

Release Date: Nov. 2005 - Genre: Science Fiction
Sequel to ABDUCTION
Publisher: Amber Quill Press - ISBN: 1-59279-455-6

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LOSING IT, short story

Release Date: Sept. 2005 – Genre: Contemporary

Publisher: Amber Quill Press ISBN: 1-59279-423-8

ABDUCTION, short story

Release Date: July 2005 - Genre: Science Fiction

Publisher: Amber Quill Press - ISBN: 1-59279-401-7

MEANDROS, short story

Release date: June 2005 - Genre: Contemporary

Publisher: Amber Quill Press - ISBN: 1-59279-381-9

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COMING SOON

LUSH

In stores April 3, 2007

Principles OF Lust: Story 1 in LUSH

Prologue

At first glance it was rude. Yet, the longer Teal looked at it, the more details she noticed ... and the faster her pulse raced. The photograph shifted from rude to ... raw, as she looked past the shadowed anus and the pouting pussy lips.

She noticed the strength of the hands caressing those curved hips. The water droplets scattered over taut skin of beautifully molded buttocks and firm thighs, as if recently washed, but not dried. The background was dark, the bodies anonymous. There was nothing else to the photo. Erotic in it's simplicity, the only thing that mattered was the touch of those hands and the sensations created.

The visible wetness that covered the woman's swollen sex made it gleam lasciviously and Teal almost wished it were her that was bent over, being caressed, being prepared masterfully for a night of erotic attention. She swallowed and squeezed her thighs together as the photograph evolved from raw to...luscious.

It was in that moment that the idea came to her. She'd been feeling a little lost and alone, like she didn't have a purpose. Her parents were happy

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in their corner of the world, and her brother had found a career he seemed to thrive in. Yet for her, jobs came and went, men came and went. Nothing seemed to challenge her anymore.

She knew there was more to life than partying and she *wanted* to have goals, she knew she could do anything if she put her mind to it. She'd just never had a clue what she'd wanted to do before. Other than be successful, be independent. But right then, when she looked at that photograph, a lightening bolt struck and she knew.

She could use her ambition and drive, her salacious mind and her ability to think outside the box, and finally carve her own special niche in the world. A successful and unique place that would be all hers.

And it would be called... Lush.

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1

With less than a week until Lush's opening day, Teal Jamison didn't have time to time to fuck around. Especially with something as frustrating as some punk kids spray painting nasty messages on the front of her building. Pissed off and stressed out about all the piddly little things that kept screwing up her plans, she strode into her soon-to-be art gallery muttering to herself only to stop dead in her tracks.

Anger turned to desire and excitement of a different sort flowed through her at the sight that greeted her. Soft faded denim stretched lovingly across perfect tight male glutes.

All thoughts of temperamental artists, inconsistent suppliers, and juvenile delinquents evaporated as she watched the man straighten from his bent over position and enjoyed the sight of a worn leather tool belt framing his ass perfectly.

Now, that's a work of art.

"Looking' good, Zach," Teal purred as she dropped her backpack on the reception desk and continued in his direction. An hour or two of uncomplicated no strings naked wrestling with him would certainly take the edge off her stress level.

The carpenter ran a loving hand over the custom built mahogany shelf he'd just installed before turning to her. "Thanks, Teal, but I'm just helping bring your vision of the place together."

"Oh, I've no doubt the gallery will be beautiful, but I was referring to the view when I walked in." She winked at him and gave his impressive form an obvious once over.

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His eye's flared brightly at her brazen comment before they closed in a slow, lazy blink that made her knees weak. When he looked at her again, the heat was banked and his smile was unhurried. "Well, that's the point of the set up right? That the view be good from every angle?"

Zachary Dillon had come highly recommended as the finish carpenter for her new art gallery and she'd made it a point to be completely professional with him. But his work for her was almost done, and she was ready to be more than his boss.

Her eyes followed his movements as he pulled a cloth from his tool-belt and wiped his hands. His rough, calloused, manly hands were large enough to hold her C-cup breasts and make her feel small. Her nipples pebbled in response to her thoughts and she lifted her gaze to his.

"I was talking about you, Darlin'." She couldn't help it. Flirting had always been second nature to her, man or woman, it didn't matter, she flirted and charmed ... and usually got whatever she wanted.

From the start, just being around Zach had made her blood heat and her pulse race, but she'd remained professional. Teal prided herself on always being a professional, no matter what job she was doing, but she was working for herself this time. Lush was her place. Her baby. And she didn't want anything getting in the way of Lush's success, especially her own libido.

Waiting until his work for her was completely done would be the smartest thing to do, but she'd had a shit day and her emotions were running high. Maybe letting herself go this once would be a good thing. One night

Sasha White

of steamy love'n and her hormones would calm down, and she could concentrate on work again.

Yes, that was exactly what she needed.

She touched his bare arm lightly and gave him the slow sultry smile that always got her whatever, and whoever, she wanted. "You're looking good."

"Thank you." His voice was a bit deeper as he shifted his weight to his other foot, taking him just out of reach. A knowing smile lifted his lips as he reached for the sweatshirt lying on a nearby stool, and pulled it on over his ragged t-shirt.

"I can't do anything else until I pick up more varnish, so I'm done for the day. I'll see you bright and early Monday, Teal." He picked up an old wooden toolbox and waved to her with his other hand. "Have a good night."

Teal said goodnight and watched him saunter away.

What the hell had just happened? She'd come on to him, in fact, she couldn't have been more obvious if she'd stripped off her clothes and said, "Let's wrestle naked." And he'd walked away!

Men never walked away from her.

Her cheeks heated and she chewed on her lower lip. There was a definite attraction between them. She knew the spark of lust when she saw it. By investing all of her savings into opening the very first completely erotic art gallery around, she was betting her future on knowing that look.

So why would a big, healthy and attractive man walk away from a woman he desired?

Sasha White

WATCH ME in the KINK anthology In stores February 6, 2007

Prologue

What is it about the tease that's so hot?

You know what I'm talking about. That tingle you get between your thighs when someone exciting catches your eye, or when *you* catch his. The lingering looks, the hair toss, the silent communication. That time when your blood heats up and your body awakens as you feel the magic of "what if?"

It's almost ... intoxicating.

I used to flirt a lot. Men used to flirt with me. Then I got married. I haven't gained weight or let myself go, but somehow, I've changed. I know it, and they know it. I think it's because the chase is over. The magic of flirting, the heightened awareness that arcs between two people, the building of anticipation... it's gone.

And I don't know exactly when, or how, it disappeared.

The sad thing is, it also seems to have disappeared between my husband and me.

Now, don't get me wrong. I love my husband. Grant is still very attractive in every way, and leaving him has never occurred to me. I'd never cheat on him, either.

Yet, I can't deny that a certain restlessness has been building in me for some time.

Sasha White

1

The bed shifted beneath me, and my hand stretched out over the cotton, seeking warm flesh. When I found only empty space, my eyes cracked open and I saw Grant's muscular back as he perched on the edge of the bed, running his hands through his thick dark hair.

Inching closer, I reached out and stroked my hand over those delicious muscles, all the way down to the small of his back. The sigh that broke the early morning silence as my fingers ran through the fine dusting of hair there was soft.

My body warmed, waking up slowly. With a lazy touch, I walked my hand around his waist, heading for that morning hard on that could be used to really wake me up and start my Monday off right. But as I reached him, the alarm clock sounded off and Grant smacked it.

He flopped back onto the bed and wrapped his arms around me. Soft lips touched my forehead in a loving kiss before he spoke regretfully, "Sorry, babe. I've got a big meeting, and I can't be late."

He gently rubbed his stubbled cheek against my forehead before pressing his mouth to mine. His tongue darted out for a quick swipe across my lips and I parted them, eager to take things further.

With a tortured groan and a sharp pat on my backside, he stood up and went down the hall to the bathroom. I tried not to think about it, tried not to let my body's disappointment invade my brain. Instead, when I heard the shower come on, I rolled over and went back to sleep.

Sasha White

Fresh from the shower and, wrapped in a silk kimono style gown fresh from the shower, I strolled into the bedroom with coffee cup in hand. Ugh! Monday mornings were never my favorite. Mornings in general were hell, but Mondays were the worst. Which is why I liked my job at the boutique so much. As manager, I didn't need to be in the store until ten and that gave me the extra time to become human before facing the public.

Only one thing really wakes me up with a smile on my face, and that's morning wake up sex. I'd tried to get Grant into it that morning, but he hadn't been interested. It sort of felt that way a lot lately. Like I was a little kid trying to get attention from her favorite teacher.

I stepped back from the mirror and studied my reflection. Married almost four years and still looking good. I hadn't gained any weight, and I certainly didn't look thirty-four years old, so that wasn't why the spark had gone out of our sex life. And by no spark, I don't mean we don't have sex. We do, it's just not...exciting anymore, or often enough.

When I was single, two weeks without sex wasn't a big deal. I was used to it. But sleeping next to the sexiest man I knew night after night, and not being touched and teased or set on fire the way I *knew* he could... it was hell. A sneak up on you long slow roasting hell.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a movement. I spun around and saw a man on the roof of my neighbor's house. Hmm. That's what that nagging pounding was. I'd thought it was just my brain protesting its awakened state.

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I couldn't see the roofer's face very well, but even at a distance I could tell he had a killer body. And as usual, the sight of a bulging muscles made my pulse kick up a notch.

Shoving the image of the roofer's hard body to the back of my mind, I went to work on my makeup. Ladies weren't supposed to drool over men who weren't their husbands.

Unfortunately, my eyes wouldn't listen to my brain. I kept glancing in the mirror and checking him out. That was when I noticed he was glancing my way too. Adrenaline started to ease into my blood stream, a long absent awareness settled in, and a naughty idea sprouted in my half-awake mind.

Exaggerating my primping in the mirror, I piled my russet curls on top of my head and let the belt of my robe work itself loose. I stuck pins into my hair randomly so it had the sexy 'just tumbled' look to it, and bent deeper over the dresser.

The next time he glanced my way, if he was paying attention, he'd see the bottom of my butt cheeks peeking out from below the edge of my robe. After applying my mascara I straightened up and flicked a glance at his reflection. He was still working, but slowly. In the ten seconds I watched him, he glanced my way three times.

"Yes!" I hissed under my breath. A tingle of pride, of awareness, whipped through my body.

Then I realized what I was doing and my spirits fell. Flashing a stranger was the sort of thing Ginger would do. She was the "wild one", not

Sasha White

me. That's not to say I was an angel, but when it comes to wild and crazy things, my tattooed and pierced spirit sister beat me out by a mile.

However, when I saw the roofer pause in his work and look my way again, I spun around quickly so my robe flared out, and gave him a quick glimpse of my naked body. I couldn't stop myself. Pulling a casual sundress from the closet, I tossed it on the bed with a flick of my wrist and went back to the dresser.

A quick glance in the mirror assured me I still had the stranger's attention, and arousal burned low in my belly. With a shrug of my shoulders, the robe fell to the floor and I stood naked. Trying to look natural, I reached into the dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of panties. With slow teasing movements, I slid them up my legs and adjusted them on my hips, then snatched my dress from the bed. Once the material had settled loosely over my curves I gave myself a last critical look in the mirror.

A flush had bloomed on my cheeks and my blue eyes sparkled. Squelching a tinge of discomfort at my behavior, I peeked over my shoulder and saw that my audience was still enthralled. Energized, I picked up my unneeded coffee and strolled from the room, ready to start the week with my long lost sense of allure back in full force.

Sasha White

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BOUND

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~ 4.5 Stars Romantic Times book Reviews

Excerpt

I was stomping across the small parking lot of my apartment complex, digging in my purse for keys that I’d probably left inside behind my locked door, when I saw old Mrs. Beets across the parking lot. She was waving and calling my name in that nasal screech unique only to her.

“Katie. Yoo-hoo! Katie Long!”

Rummaging a bit more frantically at the bottom of my bag, I finally found the keys and flashed the blue haired old lady a big, false smile.

“I can’t stop to chat right now. I’m late!” I called out and jumped into my car as fast as I could. “And even if I wasn’t, I don’t want to talk to you, you nosy old bat,” I muttered while buckling myself into the seat.

Pulling out of the lot, I headed for my mom’s place. Twinges of remorse prickled at the back of back of my brain, and I couldn’t stop myself

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from apologizing. “Okay, I’m sorry I called you an old bat, even though you didn’t hear me. It was uncalled for. You’re not that bad, just extremely nosy, and I really don’t need the third degree right now.”

Mrs. Beets couldn’t hear me. I knew this, but it made me feel better to say it just the same. Well, better about calling her names, but not about the sharp left turn my life had taken the night before.

I glanced at the dashboard clock and grimaced slightly, I was late. I was never late. My Mom was going to be in a snit if she wasn’t on time for her hair appointment. I shoved the clutch to the floor and shifted gears to climb the mountain road, trying not to pay attention to the satisfying aches that made my body pleasantly heavy in a way that only the well fucked would understand.

Memories of what caused the aches, and had made me so exhausted I’d slept through my alarm clock, fluttered through my head, and I fought the rising tide of panic in my chest. Instead, I pretended life was perfect and flashed another fake smile. This time it was directed at Matt, the mechanic who sat in front of Morgan’s Gas Station all day every day, watching the world go by while he waited for his next customer.

What the hell had I done last night?

It felt as if I’d grabbed a tiger by the tail and tugged. The tiger would be tall, dark, and dangerous looking Joe, and the tug would be the show I’d put on for him yesterday afternoon at work.

I still couldn’t believe it wasn’t all a dream. Only the stiffness of my muscles and the tenderness of my pussy convinced me that it had been real.

A huge sigh forced its way up and out. It’d been a long time since I’d

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put anything in the “questionably smart” category of my life. I was due.

The steep incline of road leveled out just before I hit the center of town. Like most small towns in British Columbia, traffic was pretty sparse on the streets of Chadwick, but the sidewalks were full of people strolling the small downtown area and enjoying the summer sunshine. I drove past the small park and couldn't stop a grin from spreading across my face at the sight of the kids splashing around in the wading pool.

My cell phone rang just as I turned off Main Street and onto Pine Road. Reaching over blindly, I found my phone on the top of the junk in my purse and flipped it open without looking at the caller ID. I already knew who it was.

“I'm almost there, Mom. I just turned onto your road.”

“You're late, Katie. You said you'd be here by ten o'clock and it's almost quarter past.”

“I had a late night last night and overslept a little.” Late was a very polite way to describe the almost sleepless night I'd had. “I'm sure Mary will hold your appointment if we're a few minutes late. Come on out, and we'll be there before you know it.”

I folded the phone back up and pulled into the driveway of my parents' two story home. Except it wasn't my parents' home anymore. It was just my mom's since Dad had lost the fight with cancer almost fifteen years ago. I saw the curtain in the window shift and knew she would step out the door in just a moment, ready for her appointment at the beauty parlor, and unhappy with me for being ten minutes late.

The good girl in me made it impossible to say no to her when she

Sasha White

asked things of me. No matter how many times I tried to subtly tell her I wasn't her personal driver, and that she could drive herself, or even take a taxi, she couldn't grasp the concept of doing anything on her own. I guess it was partly my own fault because she'd been so lost after Dad died that it had been easier to do for myself, and her, than to remind her that *she* was the adult.

Lydia Long stepped out of the house and hurried down the driveway. "I can't miss this appointment, Katie," she said as she buckled herself into my passenger seat.

Shifting gears I backed onto the street, using the fact that I had to look both ways to avoid her gaze.

"You won't miss it, Mom. Why are you so worried about it? It's not like Mary doesn't do your hair once a month and will always make room for you in her day."

"I have a date tonight and I want to look my best," she answered with a girlish giggle.

Ahh, that explained a lot. Every time Mom met a new man she started acting like an infatuated teenager, demanding and exuberant at the same time.

"Well, I know if you tell Mary you have a date she'll fit you in no matter what." It was true, too. When Mom told the other ladies at the beauty parlor she was seeing someone new, they would *all* turn into giggling teenagers.

"Why don't you see if one of Mary's girls can do your hair too, Katie dear?" I could feel her critical gaze roving over my simple ponytail and I

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tensed. I knew what was coming next. “You have such beautiful hair and you never do anything with it. Maybe if you did your hair once in a while you’d be able to get a boyfriend, too.”

Sigh. Here we go again.

At fifty-six Mom was from a generation when women were all about marriage and family, and she had a hard time understanding that there could be more to life than finding a husband.

“I had a boyfriend. It wasn’t all it was cracked up to be, Mom. I’ll just stick with the manicure I have scheduled.”

I pulled into the strip mall on Burke Street and parked in front of Mary’s Place, just as Brad Marks was stepping out of the hardware store.

Speak of the devil, or in this case, the ex-boyfriend, and he shall appear. My gaze swept over his wiry frame and I felt nothing. With his short blond hair and clean-cut features, he was attractive, I couldn’t deny it. Yet, he hadn’t been attractive *to me* for a few years now.

Mom waved at Brad and jumped out of the car. She started to close the door behind her but stopped and poked her head back into the car. “That was a long time ago, Katie, and I don’t blame him for breaking up with you. You never did appreciate him the way he deserved.”

She shut the door before I could remind her that it was me that dumped Brad, not the other way around.

I closed my eyes and prayed for patience and tolerance. Traits that were desperately needed if I was to get through the rest of the day without strangling her.

Not that it mattered; it was inconceivable to my mother that a woman

Sasha White

would break up with a man for any reason. I should know. She let every one of her loser boyfriends walk all over her before they walked right out the door. “Any man was better than no man” was her motto, and she lived by it.

Making one last plea to God, I opened my eyes and saw her flirting with Brad on the sidewalk. She gestured to me in the car, and they both turned expectantly.

Pasting my fake smile on my face, I eased out of my car and started toward them. The ache of stiff muscles again caused a warm flush to flow through my body. Joe had made good use of my body and my complete willingness the night before. And the lingering after effects were making it impossible not to remember the intimate, dirty details with every step I took.

“You’re going to be late for your appointment, Mom,” I reminded her when I stopped in front of them.

She glanced at the beauty parlor window, saw Mary waiting for her and rushed away, throwing a quick goodbye over her shoulder.

“Your mom’s quite a whirlwind isn’t she, Katie?” Brad winked at me, a fond smile tilting his lips up at one corner.

He looked good. At thirty-four he was close to the same age as Joe, but he didn’t have the hard-lived look that Joe did. Brad’s wholesomeness didn’t make my heart race the way Joe’s rough looks did.

“She does get more energetic when there’s a man around,” I agreed. I didn’t really want to talk to him, I just wanted to go somewhere and think about the events of the day before, but politeness and proper social courtesy was bred in me so deep that I couldn’t just walk away.

“How are you, Brad? Things going good at the store?” Brad had

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gone to college after he graduated from school here in Chadwick, and then he'd returned to work in his parent's hardware store.

When Brad returned from college and a few years in the big city, he was twenty-five. And I thought he was the most worldly guy around. I'd go into the hardware store with excuses to ask him for help with something. He'd flirted with me, but he never took me on a date until I'd turned eighteen.

He was a good guy. It always surprised me that nobody gave us a hard time when we became a couple, me being eighteen and him being twenty-seven, but we were accepted. The sex had never been anything spectacular, but the companionship was nice. After four years together, it became clear to me that no matter what I said or did, Brad had no intention of ever leaving Chadwick again. Then I really started to lose interest.

He wanted to take over his parent's store, get married and raise a happy little family. I wanted more for myself than this town had to offer, and no man was enough to make me stay there.

Only familial guilt and sense of responsibility could do that.

"I'm doing well, Katie. You? Still working out at Black's?"

"Yeah, it's a decent job." Black's is the casino just outside the town limits. I worked in the cash cage, counting the buckets of change and stacks of bills that people throw at the slot machines and gaming tables. I couldn't stop a grin from spreading across my face. After a glance at the watch on my wrist I gestured to the beauty parlor, letting Brad know I had to run.

"I like it there. It's never dull, and I get to meet all kinds of people," I said as I waved goodbye.

Sasha White

People like Joe. The man whose hands I could still feel on my body.

How was I to know that Joe's idea of good sex was total domination?

Or that I would like it so much?

Sasha White

ABDUCTION from Amber Quill Press

“This is a wondrous flight of fancy Ms. White has penned. Ms. White has the ability to write one great story after another with effortlessness!”

~ LoveRomance 4 Hearts

Excerpt

“I’m yours?” A spaceship named *Ghost? Humans, Durians, and Car-whatevers?* “What the hell are you talking about?” Without taking his eyes from hers, he stepped into his pants and pulled them up.

They were like sweatpants. Sort of. Dark green in color with a drawstring waist, they reminded him of the martial arts Gi he wore when he trained. That was good, he could move in them, fight in them if he had to.

“Yes, mine.” She met his gaze, and despite his anger and distrust, he felt his cock stir at the thought of being hers. Alien or not, she *was* hot.

“Let me get this straight. You’re an alien, and you came on to me in the bar last night in order to abduct me?” He paused and waited for her nod of confirmation. “And you have a dozen other men of various...species that are also on board this spaceship of yours, and you’re taking us to your home planet where they’ll be put ‘on the market,’ but me, I’m to become yours?”

“Yes!” Tyla beamed at him, relaxing her stance.

“Screw that! I’m nobody’s slave! I’m a man, a human being. You can’t own a human being. Slavery was abolished during the Civil War.”

“On Earth, yes it was.”

Sasha White

He opened his mouth to speak.

She put up a hand to silence him. “But not on *all* planets. As it is, Triton does not hold with slavery either. We do, however, have transplants. Males, like yourself, that we...invite to join us and live among us.”

“Oh? So this is an invitation? I can say ‘no’ and you’ll let me go home?”

Tyla’s cheeks glowed brighter and her eyes answered him.

“Yeah. That’s what I thought.”

He turned his back on her and took two steps before he realized he had nowhere to go. He could leave the room, but he couldn’t get off the ship. What was the point in leaving the room when he had the captain right there to answer any and all of his questions?

He spun toward her, scrubbing his hands over his face. He wondered if it *was* all a dream. Dropping his hands to his thighs, he eyed the woman standing patiently in front of him.

There was no denying she wasn’t human. She looked sort of human, except for the glowing skin and piercing gaze that seemed to see right through him. She stood about five feet tall with a small, tight, hard body. The body of an athlete barely covered by the skimpiest armor he’d ever seen.

She had two eyes, two arms, two legs, two breasts. Two very nice, small but firm and perky breasts...

Max gave himself a mental head slap. *Pay attention! She’s an alien! She’s glowing! She kidnapped you!!*

**FOR MORE INFORMATION ON SASHA AND HER BOOKS
PLEASE VISIT HER WEBSITE:
<http://www.sashawhite.net>**