

Sasha White & JJ Massa: A Shared Fantasy

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I was sitting in the hotel's bar. I didn't know anyone in this large city but I'd be damned if I was going to just go to my room like a good girl. It was fun watching the players try to score. It was even more fun watching the ice hard business women shoot them down.

I sipped at my wine and glanced at the door. My heart just stuttered for a second. I didn't think men that looked like that were real. Sure there's Brad Pitt, even Tom Selleck... but this guy, living flesh just walking in. I couldn't pull my eyes away but oh how I tried.

I didn't usually find clean cut men attractive, but despite this guys business suit and close cropped hair, there was no denying his bad boy aura. The one that said, "*Can you handle me?*". Oh yeah. Not only can I handle him. I made up my mind right then that I was going to.

He strode up to the bar, ignoring the hot glances the not-so icy-anymore businesswomen were shooting his way. And he stopped only two feet away from me.

What did I do? I tossed him a cool smile and then I ignored him. The bartender, a husky guy, more tattoos than skin showing, kept his eyes on me.

I winked and held out my glass. He might not have been *summa cum laude* when he graduated, but he could read. He grinned at me and filled it up.

"I'll have what she's having," a deep voice purred from just behind me.

The body-art bartender arched a brow. He was enjoying the free show as much as I was loving the thoughts of later — well, almost as much.

"She's having whatever she wants," the bartender rumbled.

"So am I," tall-dark-and-Oh-MY-God-did-he-smell-good, replied.

I turned to face him. Gazing boldly into his deep blue eyes I let a small smile play at my lips before speaking. "And just what is it you want?"

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One dark eyebrow lifted and he leaned forward, reaching for the drink the bartender had set on the bar behind me. His arm brushed lightly against my shoulder and his breath feathered across my cheek. "You."

Heat swamped my system and pooled low in my belly. I tried to keep my expression cool while squeezing my thighs together subtly. Now was not the time to let him know he could have me. He was way too confident, and the urge to take him down a notch was strong.

"You don't always get what you want in life." I was proud of my steady voice and the fact that my body's excited trembling didn't show in when I lifted my own drink to my mouth.

"Some people might not," he chuckled. "But I do."

I let my eyes run over his body. Tall, lean and hard, he made my mouth water. "You might get what you want if you're willing to work for it."

"Work for it, hmmm," he smirked at me. "That's fine, honey, I'm a workaholic."

Self-confidence I like, even a certain amount of arrogance. But this... he had to come down a little. With studied nonchalance I turned on my stool, bending to fix the strap of my heel. Silly thing was twisted you see. Shame it left all my cleavage on display. I was so lucky to find the nice, lacy support bra that actually did cover my nipples - not much else but what's a girl to do?

When I turned back to smile at the bartender, I accidentally brushed Mr. Cocky.

Well, really I brushed Mr. Cock. Seemed he had woken up and decided to play.

"I like a man with a good work ethic," I murmured. Right on cue, the bartender slid a fruit tray onto the bar. I snatched a convenient cherry and wrapped my tongue around it. "Are you okay?" I asked my new employee. He seemed to be choking.

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He regained his composure quickly, and stepped a bit closer, laying his hand on my thigh, and pressing his body against my side. "If I say I'm not ok, will you make me feel better?"

"Maybe."

His gaze roamed over my expression. I knew he was trying to get a read on me. To see if I was ready to take this to the next level.

I hoped the "*Hell Ya!*" excitement I was feeling was showing just enough to keep him on the hook.

His eyes darkened and he pressed against me a bit harder. "Maybe isn't good enough, Baby. Yes or no? You want to help me out?"

"Hmmm," I stalled, turning to face him. I spread my legs a little and rubbed the inside of my thigh along the outside of his leg. "I know a little CPR," I murmured, looking him up and down.

"Where should I apply the pressure?"

He lifted my hand from around my glass and pulled it below the lip of the bar. I tilted my head, wondering what he would do next. He didn't disappoint. He took my palm and flattened it against the rigid length barley hidden by two thousand dollar's worth of Armani's best work.

I licked my lips and did what any Good Samaritan would do. I applied pressure. Lots of pressure.

I felt him twitch beneath the fabric, and heard his sharp intake of breath. A euphoric sense of power merged with the pleasure flowing through my veins.

"Very nice,?" I murmured. "But nothing special."

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Pulling my hand away I nodded to the amused bartender and signaled for another drink. I could feel him tense beside me. He was off balance.

Good.

Wanting to keep him that way I slowly walked my fingers up his length.

“I don’t’ think this has grown to it’s full potential, do you?” I gave him a moue of disappointment. “I so hate when resources aren’t developed properly.”

He made a noise that sounded suspiciously like a growl. I squeezed the top of his growth prospectus. “Any chance we can move this conference to another boardroom?” his voice was low and almost menacing.

“Mmmm, in a minute,” I purred, keeping the upper hand. My lower hand slipped even lower, his sacs were tight. His breathing ragged. I sipped my drink.

Deciding to kick it up a notch I turned towards him and lifted my hand from his body. Locking my gaze with his, I brought the hand up to my face and trailed a fingertip across my lips. When his gaze wavered and his eyes dropped I let my mouth open slightly and my tongue darted out to flick at the tip before I sucked the finger slowly between my lips.

A low rumbling growl issued form his throat and I fought back a triumphant grin. "How do you feel about oral sex?" I whispered.

He cocked an eyebrow at me. "I feel pretty good about it. You?"

"I have this yen to do it in public every now and then.? I nodded in the direction of the booths in the back of the lounge... where the lighting was a bit dimmer.

We slid into the booth, ordered a couple or drinks form the waitress. When she walked away I turned to my companion, and sat back against the cushion.

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"Touch me," I told him.

He needed no further encouragement. A firm warm hand landed on my knee, and his fingertips tickled their way up the inside of my thighs.

Shifting in my seat I gave him a bit of room to maneuver, and that was when he realized I'd lied about the thong. I didn't have any underwear on at all.

"You li-"

"Thank you," I said sharply as I put my own hand over his in my lap and leaned forward to accept the drink the waitress was placing on the table.

When she turned and left I lifted my hand from his and leaned back again.

Meeting his gaze I licked my lips and smiled wickedly. "Are you better with our hands, or your mouth?"

A confident grin formed on his full lips and he scanned the room. His fingertip fluttered against my sex, I blinked, and he was gone. Two hands now slipped under my skirt, creeping up my thighs. Silk clad shoulders rubbed against the inside of my knees and hot breath feathered across my damp pussy.

It was all I could do to keep from melting into a boneless heap on the cushioned seat. Lifting my drink, I leaned back, allowing him to part my legs as far as he wanted. I felt completely hedonistic as I half sat- half sprawled in the booth, spread wide and waiting for my man to pleasure me.

My man? Where did that come from? He didn't let me down though. It was all I could do to keep from groaning out loud when I felt his tongue touch my inner folds tracing its way up to? What? Where'd he go? Suddenly, I felt a burning sucking on the inside of my right thigh.

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"What the hell are you doing?" I gasped.

"Your negotiations need work," he growled around a mouthful of my inner thigh. I knew without a doubt I'd have two large hickeys on the inside of that leg. I yelped - make that three.

"What. Are. You. Talking. About?" I could barely get the words out as he took my entire mound into his mouth, sucking hard and tonguing me at the same time.

Suddenly, I was on my feet and moving with no idea where I was going and what was happening. Vaguely, I heard a door opening and found myself in the dark, nothing solid but a wall behind me and his panting bulk in front of me.

Before I could so much as sputter, my skirt was around my waist, my right leg was draped over his hip, and his very healthy erection was buried deep inside me.

"Say yes," he ordered.

"Wha?" I stammered. That must 've been the wrong answer since he pulled back and thrust hard, taking my breath away.

"Like that?," he gritted.

"Mmmm," was all I could manage.

He pulled back and plunged again. "Want more?," his voice was raspy, breathless.

"Yeah," I panted.

"Say yes," he drew back and thrust again, hard, strong, God I wanted more.

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"Yes! Oh! Oh! YES," I groaned, ready to agree to whatever as long as he'd keep doing what he was doing, namely filling me, stroking me deep inside.

"Yes? To everything?" I felt his finger and thumb on my clit, ready to give me just that little bit more and I wanted it soooo bad.

"Yes," I forced out. "Anything."

Oh God, he did it. He pinched and plunged at the same time. I think I passed out.

Anyway - that's how I met my husband. You?