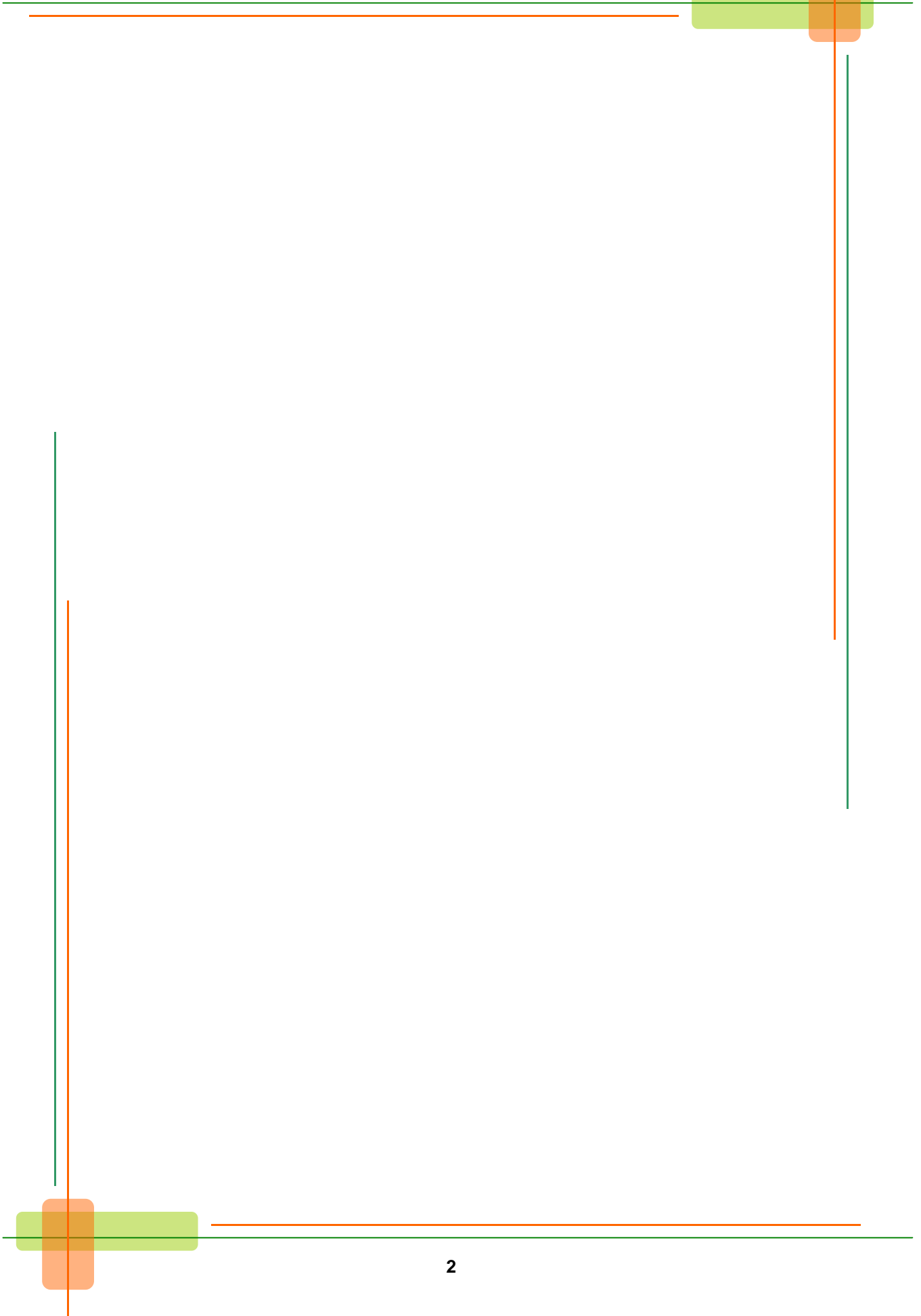


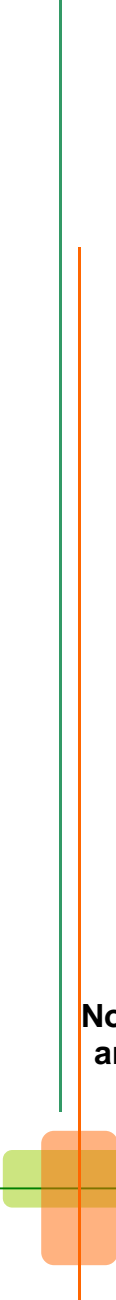


Cover Image © C.J. Ball

# Inner Sins




The  
**Inner Sins**  
Of  
Erotic Writer & Reviewer,  
C. J. White



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When you're through with reading the Inner Sins, I expect you'll sit back and say,

"Blimey, what an odd ball that Miss White really is."

You'll probably think that I take after that other weirdo, Carieta White of Stephen King fame. Well, you'd be justified in thinking that, though I cannot admit to possessing telekinetic powers. Damn.

I do admit that I am kind of odd but I don't mean any harm and doesn't that mean that what I do write will be so much more interesting to read?

So, in a way, this is why I've put together this little collection. So that you and my few fans of the erotic stories I pen can finally find out just how C.J. White really ticks.

Oh dear...

A very big thank you to the talented artists at **Deviant Art**.

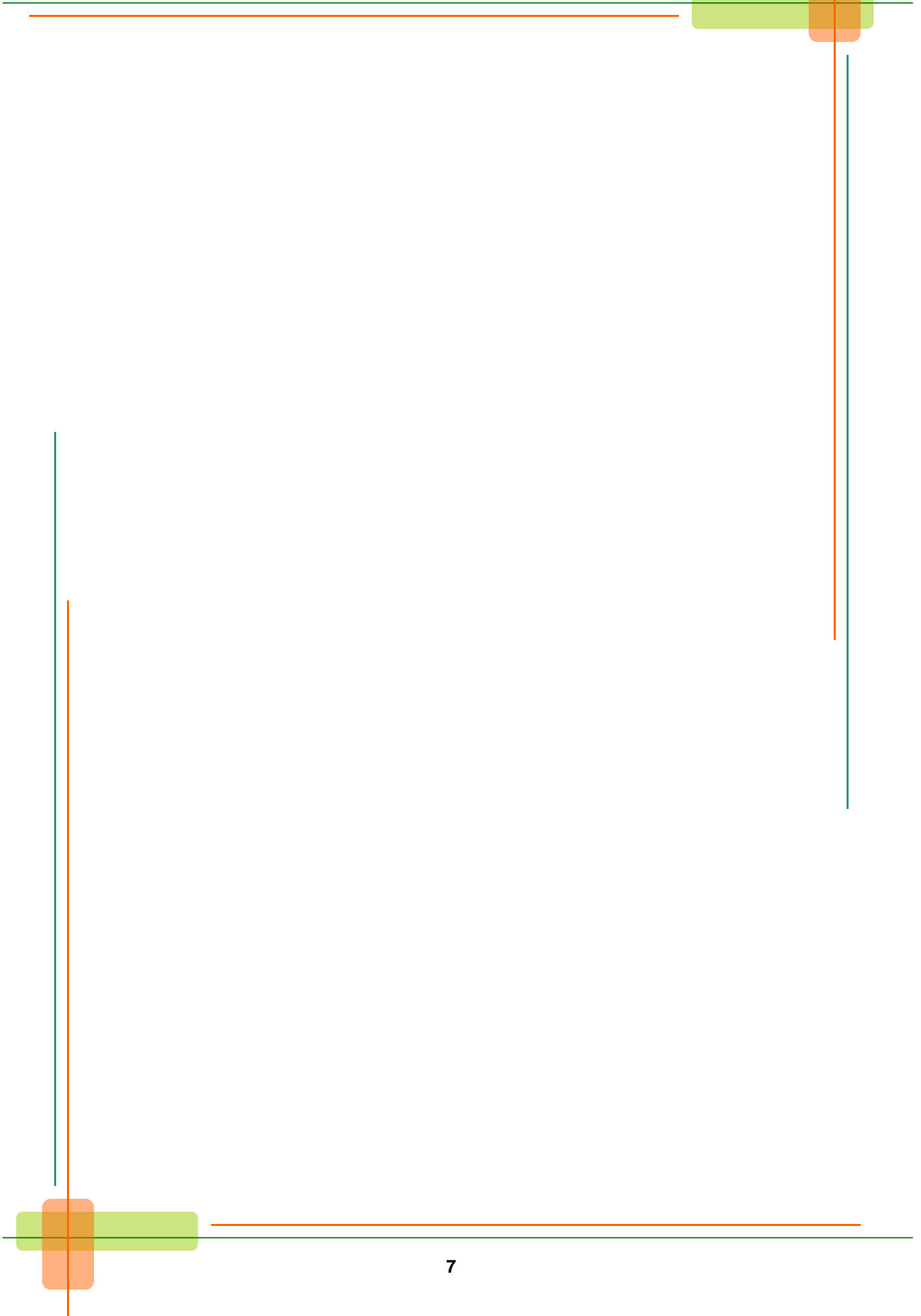
“I have considered my self as an acquired taste. I find that men either fall head over heels in love with me or hate me with a vengeance; there is no in between.”

C.J. White.

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Inner Sins



## Dark Secret



Image by nincrow7

I believe that everyone has a secret to some extent. As to whether that secret is 'dark' is another matter. That is up to the individual.

My secret: I am bisexual. Nothing new to some people but then I chose to reveal that part of me to them. I originally thought that that side of me had come about at the age of 18 when I first lost my virginity. Then, I had been close to another female for the first time in my life. During school years when most female bisexuals have their first lesbian encounter, I had been alone and had no close friends to confide or experience anything with. I fancied boys, though but I never had a boyfriend. My first encounter with a female then occurred when I was 30 years of age, just six years ago.

Looking back now, I now know that I had been aware than something was different about me at the age of 8. I used to borrow my bother's porn magazines and I masturbated. That is not common knowledge until now! Maybe that fact could be said to be a dark secret. More about this can be read in one of my earlier articles, **The Differences between Erotica and Pornography.**

But if I didn't have those sexual encounters until the age of 30, how did I know that I was bisexual? Well, you just do. You feel it within your heart as well as your mind and your body. It's a part of you. You can come to this decision, too, by really sitting down and thinking about your feelings towards members of your own sex. Could you embark on a sexual relationship with another woman/man? Could you live together as a couple? Would you be able to come out as a couple to your friends, family and society? Are you only wishing to experiment with kissing and touching because you're following a trend? Does the thought of becoming intimate with a member of your own sex repulse you?

To me you either are or you not and I know for definite I am despite my lack of experience. It's a big part of me and I chose to tell only those who I could really trust. I get a number of questions about my sexuality through my writing as I tend to write more about lesbian sex than I do heterosexual, but it doesn't automatically mean that the writer is bisexual or gay. But, in this case, it's true!

I am not ashamed of being bisexual. I am proud of the fact but at the beginning it was hard because my family is very old fashioned and do not like anything to do with sex at all. So I kept it quiet but now I think, "Who cares?" I am who I am and if anybody doesn't like it well then it's their problem not mine.

Take care.

## Erogenous Zones



Image by wilcoxo

Ever since I had measles at the age of seven, I've had this 'thing' with my ears. That has to be the first ever time I discovered one of my erogenous zones. That disease left me with moderate eczema in both inner ears which periodically would itch and weep etc. Obviously to most people that wouldn't sound like very much fun but it left me with very sensitive ears. I now love *anything* that is inserted inside them. Basically it would make me all 'gooey'; my shoulders would rise up to meet my ear and I would be at that person's mercy! The only thing I don't like is if things are too wet, like a sloppy wet tongue but run the tip of your tongue round the outside folds and my whole body would be a mass of tingles.

My second experience would have to be at the age of 19 when I used to work with horses in Exeter, Devon. I fancied the blacksmith and I believe he felt something for me too. Anyway, the other girls and I used to pinch some of his tools and hide them for a game and, of course, he would have to find them. One day he tried to find this tool he thought was hidden on me and he ran his hand across my stomach. Well, that set something off inside me and I have never forgotten the wave of pleasure that ran across my stomach. Unfortunately it has never happened again but I live in hope!

My third and final experience is not really the same as the ones above but it still sends shivers through my body. I have poor posture due to bad personal comments about me when I was younger and as I am tall I have stooped to try and compensate. So, as I have grown my muscles across my shoulders have become tight and stiff. Any form of massage in that area creates tiny tingles in the muscles throughout my shoulder and neck region. I am so desperate for regular massages to try and ease the muscles but have yet succeeded. It's really driving me nuts! Everyday I have this funny feeling in my shoulders as they cry out for attention!

Well, those three listed above are my main erogenous zones. I am sure that I have others but as of yet I have not discovered them. I can't wait for the day that I do!

So, in summary my erogenous zones are my ears, stomach and shoulders. The parts of me that definitely aren't are my nipples and breasts. I'm sorry but breastfeeding two kids remove any sexual feelings you may have about this particular area. It's hard to see them in any other way other than feeding machines.

## Erotic Dreams

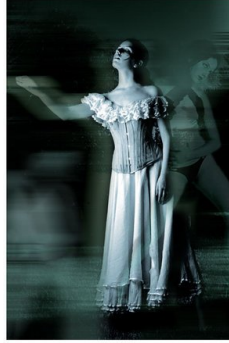


Image by hollowone

Dream interpretation is a passion of mine and I'm hoping to include this subject in **my very first erotic novel**; something I have only recently become interested in. After dreaming several times of one particular situation, I figured I needed to find out just what my dream was telling me. Eventually, I found the reason why I was experiencing this dream over and over again. It had something to do with my past and my difficulties with my family. I sorted it out in my own heart and mind and the very next night, the dream failed to materialise. So from that moment on, I had added another interest to my repertoire.

I have had a few erotic dreams but they have never occurred night after night. As they are 'one-off's' I can only presume they are a natural part of being a woman and a human being. Just as men have 'wet' dreams, women can also experience feelings of sexual excitement and orgasm and the occasional woman can ejaculate, but we're just able to hide it better! It's very uncommon, though, to hear of women having wet dreams at all.

I have had few intimate relationships so I believe that most of my erotic dreams stem from the fact I have not been able to play the field as much. I tend to dream of erotic encounters with men of whom I do not recognise. Sometimes it excites me to the point where I think I am no longer dreaming and then of course I can wake up rather frustrated.

I find that I cannot 'force' an erotic dream no matter how hard I try. It's just one of those things if they decide to materialise and I've learnt to enjoy them when they do!

I'm not ashamed to say that I am on medication for depression and these drugs can do wonders for your imagination! A lot of famous writers, artists and song writers are known to be sufferers and their best work has been produced

whilst in the deepest despair. Some of my darkest poetry has been created through this condition though I'm sad to say they've never been erotic.

Due to a medical problem where I have not been absorbing Vitamin B12 (it affects memory) I am unable to recall specific dreams without writing them down first so I thought I would write about my 'pre-dreams' that occasionally develop into something more.

I've often been known to try and 'trigger' an erotic dream by imagining different situations with usually nameless people of either sex before I drop off to sleep. Sleep has always been my solace and I've used it to block out pain or to 'dream' of erotic liaisons if I'm feeling fruity! I've dreamt of contacting someone (usually male) from the internet and arranging to meet them in my car down a quiet road. Things can get quite heated with kissing and petting. Or perhaps I've been in contact with a friend on the web that I've never met but have been cybering with and the passion has risen so high that it's hard not to imagine things going even further. Meeting in a quiet or dark place like a car park and being bent over the bonnet of a car, feeling his hands wandering over my body and making love to me.

Although I've few boyfriends I have had sexual attractions to a few men, I suppose you could call some of them 'crushes' but one in particular sent my pulses racing for a very long time after! I never had an intimate relationship with him as he was married but he fuelled my dreams for months even years after. There was a mutual attraction but he wouldn't step over that line because he was married. A good thing but also for me a not so good thing! I still think of him now. He is one of those lucky ones that I still dream about: I imagine myself back in those times when I first knew him and dream that things have gone further than they had.

Like I said, sleep is my solace and few people get to see inside my head during those times! ;)

## High-Priced Call girl



Image by No-one-in-your-eyes

My mobile rings, signalling the start of another busy evening. I only work nights. My days are spent sleeping, bathing and generally getting ready for each night's play. As I answer the phone I'm already dressed to kill. Black suspenders, long leather boots, short leather mini-skirt that clings to my bum. My underwear is the skimpiest I can find: black thongs that barely cover my minge. On my top half I wear a black corset, leather. My breasts are forced together and up, creating an extensive cleavage that any woman would be proud of! In my hand I casually flip a short whip. I don't use this though. It's just for show. I carry with me wherever the phone leads, a bag that contains my massage oils, aromatherapy candles and plenty of towels.

The voice on the phone is female, very unusual in my line of work, but welcoming for a change. She sounds young to me, but obviously in tune with her body and her needs. Why else would she be ringing me? My clientele are select but they pay me well. I have no other work apart from my hobbies. Her wishes are clear. Plenty of pampering in every way but she does not wish to see me, nor I to see her. Very odd, but at the price I will quote, I'm definitely able to accommodate. It does occur to me that this could be almost impossible.

She gives me her address, time to call and then she hangs up. Very assured of her self. I just hope I can please her.

Soon it is time. In less than half an hour I have received 5 more phone calls. Not excessive numbers but enough to make this one of my better nights of work. The address she has given me is of a Hotel a few miles outside of London. I know it well. I have been there several times over the course of a year. I prefer servicing my clients at their homes rather than a Hotel. It's so much more comfortable and the clients are more likely to be relaxed. I never cater for people at my own place. That is my sanctuary, the place where I can relax myself and pamper my own body in readiness for my work.

I arrive at the Hotel. The key is where she said it would be: under the mat. I slowly enter the room. I cannot see anyone immediately and think I have the wrong room. I place my bag on the nearest chair and look around. Eventually someone enters from the bathroom. To my surprise it is a man. He is already dressed in a towel bathrobe. He stands just taller than me at 5' 10", dark haired, he strikes me as quite old. A sugar daddy? Perhaps. I wonder if my visit is a present from his loved-one.

Whilst I lay out my towels on the bed, he waits patiently for my command. I cover the whole of the bed. Oils can be so messy! I command him to lay face down on top of the towels. He does so.

I set up my candles and soon the room is filled with lavender and chamomile scents, designed to relax and calm. I sit astride his back and on his butt. My hands are covered in the carrier oil and chamomile. Chamomile is an excellent muscle relaxant and will help to ease any aches or pains my client may have. The palms of my hands slowly but firmly manipulate the muscles in his back. I travel from his neck down to the small of his back, using the whole of my hands and weight. The attention elicits small groans of pleasure and I smile, knowingly. Years of practice have made me an expert in my field.

I stop to change over to more stimulating oils. This will be in readiness for my intimate attentions. I use Rosemary, Lemon and Eucalyptus, each one designed to stimulate and give energy. For this I instruct him to turn over onto his back. This is why I use the towels. All the oils are left on his skin.

Carefully I untie the strings to my corset. Already I feel the juices in my pussy increase. My breasts become exposed, my nipples erect. Just to make sure, I tweak them some more. I'm sitting just above his penis. I hover, my pussy lips just slightly touching his groin. He's stiffening in anticipation. I use the stimulating oils to cover my hands and breasts. Provocatively I massage my boobs, squeezing them together and glancing coyly at him.

Climbing off the bed, I retrieve a condom from my bag. I stand over him and ask him to place the condom on his penis as my hands are covered in oil. The oil would rot the latex and would irritate me inside. Whilst he does so I continue to massage my breasts, my hands slowly wandering up and down my body, being careful not to touch my pussy. He watches me and in doing so makes a simple job into a mammoth task. Eventually he lies back down and I straddle him again. This time I rub my pussy up and down his latex-clad penis. I gyrate my hips and his hands reach for my breasts. With one swift movement I impale my self on his manhood. Ripples of pleasure course through my body and rest down in my groin. We continue to rock, and thrust as our passions rise.

The whole experience is intensely erotic; one of the best times of my career. In time his body jerks as he climaxes. I follow shortly after, perspiration forming small tracks over my naked, glossy skin. I collapse onto him, our breathing becoming rhythmic and synchronised as time passes.

I entangle myself from his embrace. The time has come for me to leave. He clambers up from the bed and I collect all my towels and oils. I quickly wipe away as much of the oil from my body as I can. I then put my coat on, collect my bag, pick up a white envelope on the bedside table and go towards the door.

Before I leave, I glance back and catch his eye. I know that he will be in contact again. Perhaps his girlfriend will join in next time.

## Phone sex/Cyber sex



Image by sotoxic

To me these are one and the same. Okay, the medium is slightly different but you're basically doing the same thing. Getting each other off whilst talking/typing. Or, in my case, getting the other person off and not really having much in the way of release. Ahem. The trouble with me is, is that I'm way too good at my job.

Before I met up with my partner, Chris, I experimented with phone sex with both him and another man who I never got to meet. I didn't do them at the same, though! Eventually, I decided that phone sex wasn't for me as a sexual activity mainly because I did all the work and the other person got all the pleasure! I did this before I even started out as an erotic writer so in some ways it helped to establish that I had some degree of talent in the erotica genre. But, I quickly got bored and frustrated with the whole idea because I never received the same feedback

When I'm asked what I do for a living whilst online, the subject of cyber always comes up. Usually it's because people figure that if you can write erotic stories then you should be able to cyber quite well, too. Okay, it's true; they often go hand in hand. My only problem is that writing stories of an erotic nature is my job and sometimes, I just like to be able to switch off. Just like anyone who has a job. I need my off time, too. So, if I'm doing something online to relax like playing a card game, for instance, maybe, that's all I want to do.

If I'm lucky I may get paid for the odd one or two stories but I will never get paid for cybering or talking sexily on the phone unless I get a job doing this. Mmm, now there's a thought...!

To succeed with phone sex it helps if you have:

- A sexy phone voice. It does help you succeed in this area if you have a husky or sultry sounding voice. Of course, you'll never know

unless either you're told about it or you record your voice sometime and play it back.

- A way with words. You can practise the art by reading a lot of sexy novels and basically experimenting each time you do it. Think inside your head how you would like to be spoken to and try it out the next time your partner calls you on the phone.

Some simple rules to follow are:

- Only cyber or embark on phone sex if your partner is willing to join in. There's nothing more annoying than having a selfish partner who only wishes to get off themselves and doesn't really care about the other person on the other end.
- Never cyber if rules tell you that it is not allowed. Some chat rooms do not allow cyber and that is fair enough. Take your pleasure out of the chat room and do it via email, phone or IM.

Phone sex is particularly good with someone who sounds gorgeous over the phone. You often discover that if you meet them, though, they don't match up to their voice and the whole experience is pretty disappointing. My advice is don't meet up with a complete stranger you have phone sex with. Not only because of the safety factor but it usually ruins the whole sexual fantasy. Use your discretion.

## Cyber Sex

Sexy words and instructions are typed out onto a screen via one of many communication methods. These can include email, instant messengers, chat rooms, message boards (though I haven't seen many cyber chats there but it's not impossible) and game rooms. You'll be surprised just where and when these sorts of chats take place. It's not uncommon to find people looking for sex in game rooms like Cribbage. This is a room on Yahoo I frequent regularly and I have been asked to cyber on a number of occasions. My problem is with this is that I'm in the room for one purpose only: to play a game of cribbage. If I wanted cyber sex I'd go into a private chat room.

I've read reports that some chat sites will ban cyber in their chat rooms which is fair enough. Apparently some people think it is very immature but if you get your rocks off this way, there's no harm in at all. It should be done in appropriate places, though and game rooms and chat rooms where the act is banned are out of bounds.

It's surprising how serious people can take this sex act. Very often if you're caught up in cybering with someone and you're not keen or don't show willing,

they will abandon you to find someone else who will. Very odd especially if you thought you were getting on extremely well. Only recently I got chatting to this young female in Cribbage on Yahoo. She asked me all sorts of questions about my preferences and sexuality etc. Nothing fazed her until I refused to cyber at that point because I'd only had some fun an hour previous to coming online. Then she disappeared leaving me with an uncompleted game.

With cyber sex you can pretend you're someone who you're not. That's okay as long as it doesn't hurt anyone else. Be careful though. It's not uncommon to find out that you're not cybering with a curvy female with 38DD breasts but a man with glasses, acne and BO. You have been warned!

### **Common phrases that may occur:**

**ASL?** Age, sex, location.

**What do you look like?** Describe your body i.e. 36, dark blonde hair, dark blue eyes, 5'10", slim.

**Bi-Fem** – Bisexual female

**What you looking for?** Means what you are looking for online. I.e. sexy fun, chat or just friends.

**What are you wearing?** Describe what you have on at that moment. Or lie if you so wish.

**Stats?** Hip, bust and waist measurements. You can usually catch out the men because they frequently get this wrong!

**Do you have a pic?** It's not advisable to send a picture of yourself to anyone over the internet. Very often you will find your pic coming back at you from someone else several months down the line. Any pictures you do receive from someone will probably have been downloaded from a copyrighted source and are not of the person you are actually 'chatting' to. Stick with straight cyber.

## "Mark"



Image by frau-fon-Trauer

This guy's name is in quotes because he is a fictional character. Or, he just happened to be used as an example. The idea for this discussion came about because a friend of mine was propositioned online by this guy. He was a much younger person than the female in question and she was intrigued to know just how other women would react or deal with this particular type of situation. So here's my answer:

I tend to have a very similar problem but the men that are attracted to me are usually older and of a different race! Anyway, what I would say to Mark would be this:

Talk to me. One of the best ways of 'catching me' would be to use words and not necessarily sexy ones to begin with. This is how my present partner and I got together through an internet chat room. I had gone in there one day after I had finished with another relationship. I don't even think I was looking for another man but I got one anyway! I ended up talking to 5 men altogether, all of different ages, and one of them included Chris. What made him so different to all the others? Four of the other men were talking about sex. They all chatted me up but they all had sex on their minds, too.

Whether they intended to meet someone off the internet for a one night stand or perhaps to cyber with, I'm not sure but I soon lost interest. Chris on the other hand talked to me about his poor little one-eyed goldfish! There's romance for you but it worked. From then on, we couldn't stop talking to one another. We emailed (I did not have access to a computer regularly then so I used my mobile phone to email), wrote letters and spoke on the phone for 3 hours at a time but still we hadn't met. We both fell in love with each other long before we did meet and all because of words.

We didn't need to know what each other looked like even though we did describe ourselves and eventually sent each other a photograph (neither of

them anything like what we looked like!) Eventually the time came when we did get to meet up though this was spoiled by my family's intervention, but things are still going strong even now, almost six years down the line. Despite family difficulties, abuse and our own excess baggage we are a match made in heaven. We understand one another, we finish off each other's sentences, we laugh at the same things and we're both mad and eccentric! I believe we'll be together for the rest of our lives.

The trouble with women is that we can be extremely complicated. Several things need to be in place for attraction to occur. Even if one of those things is absent then sex or the opportunity for it just goes out the window completely. Very frustrating.

### **So that's what my advice would be to 'Mark':**

Don't ask me to cyber; don't even ask me what I look like. Woo me with words; understand, support and interest me but don't ever talk to me about sex!

## Oral Sex: Giving and receiving



Image by aro124

Ah, oral sex. What would a gal like me do without oral sex? Probably spend half her time masturbating. That's because I'm one of those women who cannot achieve orgasm through intercourse.

I've often wondered why, you know, though. Could it be something deep within my past and childhood that prevents me from completely 'letting go'? Or is it nothing at all? Just one of those things that maybe I have to learn to live with. It's not really that much of a problem though I'm told that I'm the only one that my partner has not been able to make come through sex. Mmm, something tells me that maybe he's not the sex god that he really thinks he is!

Funnily enough I've not had that much experience in giving oral sex to men but I have been told I am a first class felatrice. Why is that? How can someone who has not done the deed very much be such an expert in the act?

Ok, here are my tips...

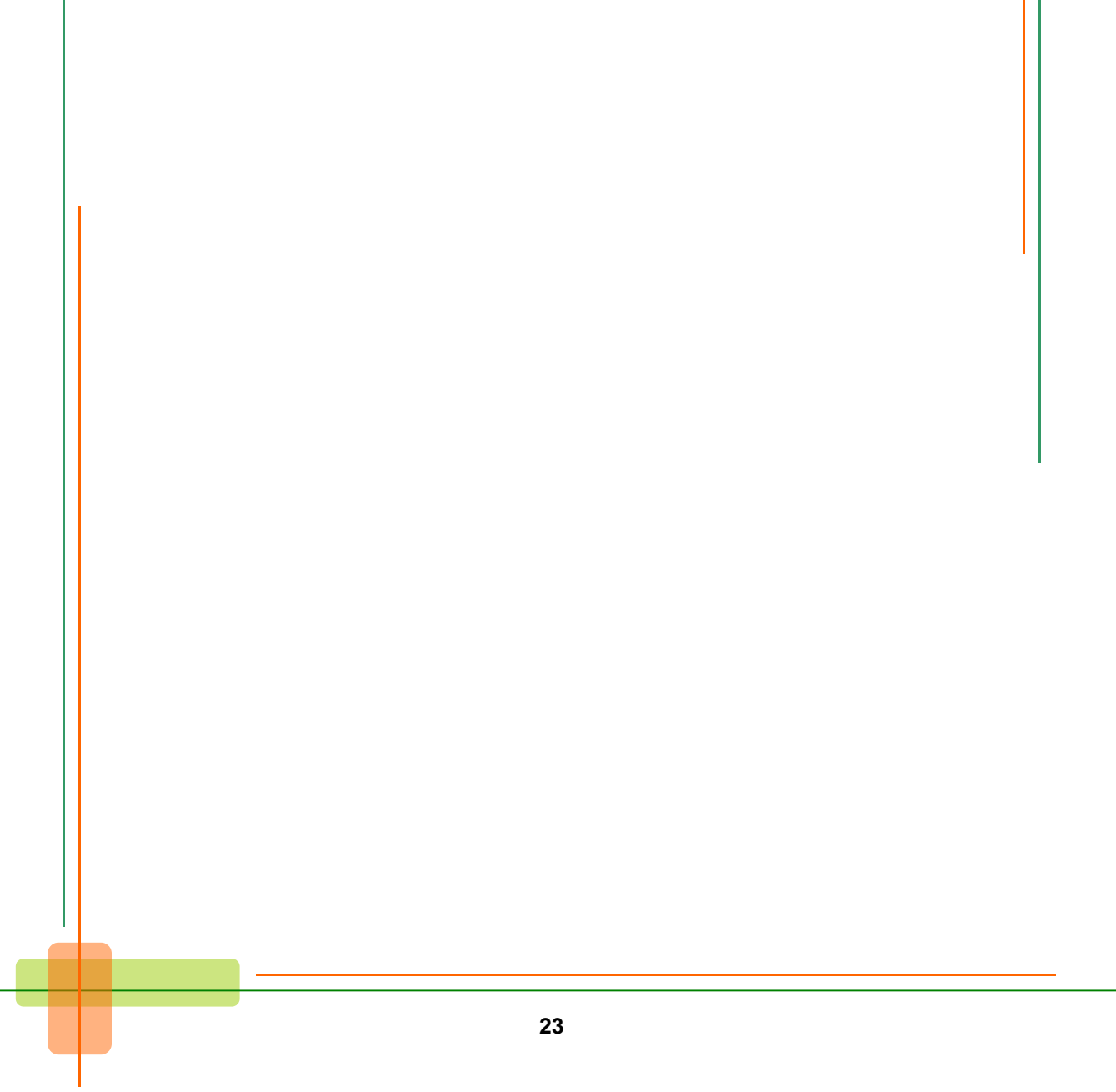
- I listen to my man. Every sound he makes tells me if I am doing something right or not. Usually it's the doing something right that I get to hear about. I've not had any negative feedback.
- I am not afraid to experiment. I have a general idea as to what can hurt and what can give pleasure. Every time I try and perform something new. The response I receive is usually along the lines of: "Crikey, where on earth did you learn to do THAT?" I can't really give the answer to it! I don't learn through practice!
- I read a lot. It's simple but a very important point. Read as many sex books as you can.

The above tips can be applied to women, too!

When I am on the receiving end of oral sex I love gentleness and sensitivity. I'm not overly vocal so it can be difficult to know when I'm happy or not but I think that it helps if you know your partner very well. Obvious really but I find that I respond better if I am feeling comfortable with the person I'm with. Also I like variation; to be experimented on without pain.

I do know that there are many other women out there like me that cannot achieve orgasm through intercourse. Unfortunately, it's a fact of life. Unless they have direct stimulation to the clitoris or the G spot, it just isn't going to happen.

So, guys don't dip out on the foreplay. Sometimes, it's the only way of giving your woman complete satisfaction.



## Pets



"Turner"

I wouldn't like to give you the impression that what this section is about is sex with animals. Oh no! I mean sex and what animals or pets think about it all. Do they react like children? Are they bemused, confused and downright disgusted? More than likely if you're talking about cats. So, aloof and independent but funnily enough do tend to get attached to one person if the situation dictates.

I've always had pets in my family and they always ended up behaving like they were mad! It was a running joke in the family for many years. I don't think that rule has changed much even now.

At present we, my partner and I, have four goldfish and one cat, named Turner. One fish is mine (I do have many more but they do have a habit of dying on me; can't think why!) and they reside in a tank in the bedroom. The other three belong to my partner and they are situated in the living room.

The cat, Turner used to belong to one of Chris's friends. Unfortunately he could no longer look after him so we decided to keep him. He's settled in very well and has attached himself to me.

I tend to all his toiletry needs, feeding and generally giving him lots of love and attention. I respect the fact that he is not a cat that you can pick up and he decides when he sits on my lap, if at all. Despite this, he does get miffed when he is unable to do it when he pleases. The fish are not usually a problem when things get intimate between Chris and me. They only get excited when it's feeding time! The way the tank is angled, alas or is that thank god? We can't see it whilst we're lying down.

Turner, on the other hand, gets very confused. Almost as if he's asking, 'What's that man doing to my mom?' So easily corrupted, unfortunately. He sleeps regularly on our bed on his own sheet and gets very miffed if more than one person climbs in to lie down or muck about! He moans a lot and then saunters off with his tail in the air. If he doesn't leave the room then he will sit down to watch; we hurriedly shoo him out and shut the door! Nothing is as

disconcerting as two wide eyes looking at you, innocently! Almost as if a child is there watching you!

Turner has a tuxedo on with a little line down the centre of his chin. One half of his chin is black, the other is white. Very cute! Perhaps we could train him to be our very own butler so that he can bring some after-sex refreshments! It's quite thirsty work!

Chris told me one story about an ex-girlfriend of his and her cat. Apparently they'd gotten fruity in front of the fire one night and the cat was sitting there watching them. He said he could see the cats' head going up and down in time to his own butt, thrusting! Needless to say, the fruity moment soon passed!

## Music



Image by 11b3rat3

Music is one of those things I listen to when I'm feeling very emotional. This could be with grief, pleasure or pain. If I'm not feeling emotional then music doesn't get a look in. I'm odd like that. In fact, I'm odd in a number of ways. My thoughts are unconventional and I don't follow a pattern. When you think of people, you think of sheep. Only I'm not one of those. I'm not a sheep. Generally, you can find me doing or thinking in the exact opposite way to everyone else.

As well as writing, music is a passion of mine and one of my earlier dreams was to sing on stage. Very few people close to me ever knew about my dream as it usually just provoked ridicule, but I did practise a lot when I was younger and even now I will sing alongside songs when I am alone. I have had numerous people tell me my voice is good but unless I make a determined effort to pursue this career, my dream will stay just that.

Usually, I can go long periods of time when I don't listen to music. I have to be in the right sort of mood. Singing to me is a personal and private thing so I suppose that's one reason why I will never become a professional singer.

I tend to sing when I am sad/depressed or emotional but never when I'm feeling sensual. Music just doesn't stir up those feelings in me; in fact, it's usually the exact opposite! So, in that way, like writing, music is a form of therapy for me.

My music tastes varies but overall I tend to listen to Madonna or any other artists that sing ballads. I listen mainly to the lyrics especially from artists like Eminem. I can relate a lot to what he says. Or, if I feel nostalgic, I might be found listening to Gene Pitney ;)

When I want to remember my father (deceased) I will listen to Abba as they were the group that he had always playing in his tape recorder.

I suppose it has to do with having an emotional and traumatic life. Whilst I was growing up there was very little laughter so it does affect how I am today. I'm still discovering things about myself and what gets me going sexually. At the moment, music just isn't it!

## Sexy Film Sex



Image by Grinning Maniac

Mmm, sexy actors or actresses, yum! Of course, if you're not bisexual then you will stick at the one sex. I have to admit to having more sexy men on my list than women. No reason for that other than the fact that I find very few celebrity women attractive. I do prefer my women dark haired though.

Okay, now here are my favourite actors:

- Edward Norton. It's the mouth...
- Edward Woodward. Must have been The Equalizer that did it.
- John Thaw. One of my heroes. Inspector Morse was the culprit there. Deceased.
- James Spader. It's the face again. Not one of your usual heart throbs but then I don't go for the usual ones.
- Christian Bale. Oops, the mouth again.
- James Marsters. Vampire with blonde hair and attitude.
- David Boreanaz. Vampire; dark and moody.
- Kenneth Williams. Not so much a sex symbol but I can relate to his thoughts and feelings. Deceased.
- Johnny Depp. Funny and gorgeous at the same time.

Favourite actresses:

- Sarah Michelle Gellar.
- Michelle Rodriguez. Dark haired and sassy. I like my women with substance.

- Angelina Jolie.
- Eliza Dushku. Say no more.

My favourite movie/book genre is horror and thriller. Anything else just doesn't get a look in with me. That doesn't mean that I haven't ever watched any other genre but, to be quite honest, I'd rather not.

With horror movies you're usually scared half to death and with thriller you're on the edge of the seat, so romance doesn't tend to get a look in that much, either. Most of the time, the lead character doesn't do enough for me to get me going. But saying that, if I'm already in a romantic mood, and I find the lead man sexy then you never know!

I have to admit that romance, comedies, war, historical and period dramas do not do anything for me whatsoever. Cross genre films are even worse! So how do I get in the mood?

Well, the horror film, 'Wrong Turn', got me going because, although the action wasn't overly sexy between the male and female, there was a bit of romance going on. A lot of which was left to the viewer's imagination. You could feel the sexual tension between Desmond Harrington (I had to look up his name!) and Eliza Dushku and that, I think, helped me to get in the mood.

And, dare I say it, but 'Bound' also did something for me. Two sexy women in an action thriller, my kind of thing!

But it's more to do with who the male lead is rather than the actual film, though saying that I'm not a great celebrity watcher. But if I'm shown an action or horror film with either Ed Norton or Christian Bale as the lead male then I will be more than likely to be putty in your hands!

## Snoring



Image by Shironu-Akaineko

Snoring what a passion killer that is! It can and has destroyed relationships between people which I think is a shame. To me snoring is not the worst thing you may have to worry about in a relationship. It's BO, halitosis or bad manners!

Snoring can be treated and the overall effect of the noise lessened to a degree. No one should have to suffer with the stigma of it.

It's one of those things that you always believe would happen to someone else other than you and your partner.

Several things can trigger a bout of snoring and these are:

- Being overweight - There will be more fatty tissues in the throat which means a narrower air passageway. Over the years of living in London, I've put on some weight. Must be due to Chris looking after me too well! Mind you, it's more to do with a decrease in exercise. Obviously, one of the things I worry about is the increase in risk of snoring. Overweight people tend to snore more than slimmer people. So, I'm determined to return to my pre-London weight if not for my career but my health and pride.
- Drugs and alcohol - I can vouch for this one. If I've needed to take some medication to prevent nausea and vomiting I tend to have a problem with snoring then. One of the side effects of this drug is drowsiness. Therefore, I'm more relaxed, too which increases the risk of snoring. I don't often have a problem with side effects from drugs but this one is particularly potent. I suppose the medication works in the same way as your typical sleeping tablets, in which is relaxes the whole of your body to prepare it for sleep. That includes the parts of your throat that triggers the snoring. So, yes, when I take this medication, I

can and do, snore. Luckily I don't have any recollection of doing so because I'm so far under. I, then, refuse to believe it! I will deny vehemently that I snore. How dare someone even suggest that I do! I'm a lady...well...to a certain extent. Deep down, though, I know I probably do.

- Asthma and/or smoking can also increase the chance of one snoring due to the irritation and constriction of the air passageways.
- Sleeping on your back makes one more likely to snore because gravity pulls the tongue and jaw down to the back of the mouth and limits the air passageway.

Omit or treat the reasons above and you are well on the way to finding a cure.

I have caught my partner, Chris, snoring sometimes, usually when he is relaxed enough to do so. But it's never a problem. It's usually quiet and it only lasts a few seconds if that. It's never got to the point where I've had to send the other to another room.

Over the years, my previous partners have not had a problem in this way either. So you could say I've been pretty lucky so far.

Anyone living with me is onto a winner, however. With my general interest in anything related to health and my cool head when it comes to crisis, I would do everything I could to help the afflicted, even if it means sending them to the GP. The lack of sleep wouldn't be a problem either as I tend to 'catch up' later in the day!

## "What is your biggest sexual regret?"



Image by Ephodine

Now if this had been a question about any other part of my life, you just would not be able to stop me from typing! Seriously, who hasn't gone back over some aspect of their lives and just wished that they had done things differently? We wouldn't be human if we didn't make mistakes and learn from them, but can we change how things are now? Unfortunately, sometimes the opportunities to do so have gone. Missed and never likely to return but as an adult there is one thing we can do and that is to compromise.

For me, this took some thinking about. As a late developer in the sexual sense, I don't believe that I've had as much experience as I would have liked to have. But, funnily enough, that is not my biggest regret. I lost my virginity at 18 and had a couple of boyfriends after that but they weren't long term. I think the longest short-term boyfriend I had lasted about 2 weeks! At this point in my life I went through an insecure period of time and went searching for reassurance and friendship. I was also desperate for people to like me, especially boys. Luckily this time didn't last for very long. It won't when you realize that your efforts are doing the exact opposite!

Truthfully, I can only say that I've been in two long term relationships. My first was with my ex-husband, who I've now divorced. For at least seven years of that relationship we were unmarried. It was a very long and difficult partnership mainly through his abusive and possessive nature but I stuck it out, hoping that one day things would change. Unfortunately, this is a common misconception about violent relationships. But, no one could say I didn't try to make things work. I even thought, stupidly, that marriage would help things along. So I set up the date. No proposal because that sort of thing didn't work with him! He was far from romantic. But it was my last attempt to make things better, if not for him but for my children and me (born in 1995 and 1998.) Suffice to say, it didn't work and things went rapidly downhill from then on. My second long term partnership is with Chris, and things are still going strong.

Finally, here is my biggest sexual regret:

After 'kicking out' my ex-husband from the house after he'd hit me for the very last time, there was a gap of about a couple of months before I met Chris online in Freeserve Chat. I decided to use this time for 'fun', something that I'd been distinctly lacking in my sexual life. My first thought was to meet some men and I actually managed to get in contact with one that lived a few miles away from me at the time. We became quite good friends until I moved to London. In that short space of time I didn't 'meet' very many men which was just as well but I suppose, this has to be my biggest regret: Not that I didn't meet that many or that I lowered myself down to that sort of level; placing myself at risk etc but the fact, that I didn't use that time to explore the other side of my sexuality. This was, of course, my bisexuality.

Although living in London has increased my chances of meeting bisexual women, I am no longer single so I do not have the freedom that I had five years ago. That was the only chance I had. I was single, free and confident enough in my own sexuality, to exploit that opportunity.

In summary, I'm not regretful that I placed my safety at risk by meeting strange men off the internet or that I lowered my standards morally or personally to do such a thing. I'm not regretful that I wasted a good 7 years of my life stuck in a violent and unsatisfactory relationship or that I went a bit crazy at 18 after I lost my virginity to this boy that wasn't even my boyfriend! No. What I am regretful about is that I failed to seize the opportunity to explore my bisexuality when that chance presented itself to me 5 years ago.

Go figure.

## Sex Toys



Image by ~the-shape

The pièce de résistance of sexual gratification but are they really? Am I the only one who doesn't get on with these things or are there others out there like me?

Despite the good reports of success with sex toys I've yet to find one that suited me or my body. Unfortunately, they've yet to deliver what they promised to via their marketing program. Again, it comes down to my rather sensitive body and my inability to tolerate pain or rough play. I am wanting to find that special toy (it must be out there somewhere!) so I've decided to extend my reviewing talents to include sex toys and gadgets. I am intrigued by the real skin sex toys and would really like to try one of these out. I'm hoping that because they promise to be very close to the real thing that somehow it will help me to feel comfortable with using them.

But what sorts of toys are there available?

You can use them together as a couple or on your own. Experiment with various toys that promise endless, powerful orgasms to find the one that really suits you and your body. **Vibrators** are good for producing intense sexual feelings wherever you use them. They vibrate (which is why they're called vibrators!) and often have appendages attached to stimulate more than one part of your sexual anatomy.

Do the 'nose test' if you can. The tip of your nose is extremely sensitive and an ideal way to find out exactly how powerful the vibration really is. When my nose receives enough stimulation the sudden urge to sneeze can suddenly take over. At that point, I know if said vibrator is really going to do the job it claims.

**Dildos** are **vibrators** that don't vibrate. Often shaped like a penis, they come in all shapes, sizes and colours. **Clitoral stimulators** are vibrating products that can even be strapped onto you or held in your hand. They're designed for quick, easy stimulation of the clitoral area.

Oh! I've just remembered! I had an experience with a clitoral stimulator years ago. Namely, when I was living away from home and working with horses. Ha-ha! It's funny how and when things come back to you! Unfortunately at the time I bought one of these things I was young, inexperienced and technology wasn't as good as it is now. This butterfly stimulator was bulky and none too discreet. It also didn't fit very well on my body. I couldn't get the thing to stay put. Not very

good especially when your clothes were rather tight fitting. Try wearing a discreet sex toy underneath jodhpurs. So, not surprisingly it ended up in the dustbin. I dread to think if someone I worked with had found out I'd ever bought it!

One thing I've discovered about myself is that I feel that sex is dirty and shameful. That fact alone doesn't stop me pursuing a career writing erotic stories and it has no bearing on my feelings towards erotica etc. Far from it. I love erotica and all that goes with it. I'm not ashamed of sex at all. I'm very open minded when it comes to sexuality. It's just a feeling I have deep within me and I have an idea that again it stems from my childhood. Something happened then that caused me to have this feeling. Maybe, one day, I will unlock this memory and change for the better!

**Rabbit vibrators** are taking the sexual world by storm. As SouthCoastPleasure.com says, 'Dual action **Rabbit vibrators** have become so popular that just like real rabbits they have multiplied. The Jack Rabbit Vibrator from "Sex and the City" started it all and spawned a whole host of amazing Rabbit vibrators.' Enough said.

## Sexual Bending

There have been times when as couple, Chris and I have thought about what will happen as we get older. I mean, he's disabled and I'm too tall for my own good. My bones creak and joints click already. We stand a good 3/4 inches apart in height and different positions tend to be out of our reach, literally.

However, there was one time we experimented and it quite tickled my fancy. The thing with me is that anything different, unusual or abnormal tends to get me going aside from things that inflict pain. But in other ways, I can contradict myself. For example, I prefer to stick to the missionary position as, usually, any other position tends to hurt i.e. doggy, or me sitting on top. For some reason, we decided to try this other position but it wasn't like. "Oh, let's try this...", it was more like, "Oh right, you're like that, how about if I...?" So that's what happened...

I, if I remember correctly, was face down or could I have been face up? Umm, nah, that couldn't have been right...damn uncomfortable..., with my hands on the floor, bum in the air with my legs wide open. Must have been mucking about because I don't see how I could have gotten that way, by doing anything else. We must have been partly dressed too. Weird!

So Chris came up behind me and, well, you know the rest, penetrated me. I was thinking, "Mmm, this is quite nice, actually." So, I suppose it was like the wheelbarrow position with the bed for support. Trouble was, it didn't last very long. ;Nothing about Chris's staying power this time. It was all down to me. I collapsed. My arms gave way, and I landed in a less-than-flattering heap on the floor. What about Chris? Well, he followed suit. So there we were, naked, half aroused and on the floor with arms & legs entangled. Of course, you can't help but giggle. Let's just say, the mood didn't last very long after that.

We did have the idea some time after that, to try it again but we could never get the position back the way it was. Wasn't so much fun, either, the second time. That might have something to do with spontaneity. I'm all for that, me. :)

## Sex Games



Image by SpookyChan

I really am a games loving gal. Not only do I adore card and board games I'm also a great lover of the video games. RPG's (Role Playing Games) are my absolute fave though I do enjoy the odd action/adventure kind of experience especially when I'm feeling angry with the world. You can't beat a good fight fest with other opponents. My only difficulty is finding someone to play them with me where board or card games are concerned. Luckily, with the video games it's not completely necessary to find a playing partner.

When I'm not working on a story or my novel I can usually be found at Yahoo playing online Cribbage or Blackjack. I've yet to hear of anyone who plays strip cribbage, though! If you're interested in looking out for me in Yahoo Cribbage rooms, look for the names of inkysdomain, amatory\_ink, inkserotica, girlie\_bits, minskinnywin and blog\_walker. I'm a woman of many identities, lol! Don't forget to say "Hi!" to me and please do mention this book.

So, unfortunately I've never played any sort of strip card or board games as yet. Maybe someone could teach me how to play Poker :)

As a couple we don't role play as such in the bedroom but I am definitely not averse to dressing up in nurse or even school girl uniforms. However, I will only do this for the sole pleasure of my partner!

Seems that my partner likes girls in pigtails and short skirts. Mmm, I don't really fancy going back to school as my experiences of that place have been none to pleasant!

I've been told countless times that I would suit dressing up as a dominant mistress and I have to admit that the idea does appeal to me (must be those long black boots and corsets and the lesbian in me coming out!), though I think

it would only be for play acting as I have no interest in bondage, pain or fetishism.

Actually two of my stories recently have featured a **Casino** and a **dominant mistress!** That is one way my readers can find out more about me and what I generally like. Read my stories and see if you can figure out which parts are about me. ;)

## Sex-Related Injuries

**Q: What physical hurts have you gotten (or inflicted) from a sexual activity and what did you need to do to heal?**

To begin with I thought I must be one of the luckiest people with regards to sexual injuries... "I haven't had any." Then I thought harder and I remembered one incident that not only was painful but also embarrassing. To be quite honest I should have known better what with my interest in health issues etc. I must warn you, though, that if you are at all squeamish I should turn away...NOW:

The injury occurred whilst my partner and I were experimenting with vibrators. As one of my problems is that I can be quite dry, we decided to help things along and use some additional lube. After a mad scramble to find the KY we eventually gave up looking for it, but spied the Baby oil instead. Uh-oh, you think, yep you're right. Stupidly we used that over the vibrator and boy did I pay for it after!

Basically, what I suffered was soreness, some bleeding and, the worse thing was continual passing of white clumps of matter. This, I believe, was the delicate lining of my vaginal walls shedding. Luckily things didn't get any worse so I didn't need to go to the A & E (Accident & Emergency) or the GP (Doctor) which was a relief! I just allowed my body to heal itself naturally which took approx 2/3 weeks. Sex, of course, was out for me but I relieved my partner by the occasional BJ!

I have experienced no lasting effect from this episode which is good but we have definitely learnt our lesson. There is a reason why they put on the label of these products, "For external use only." Duh!

Another problem I had was the over exuberance of a sexual partner (namely my first female lover) who, I don't know whether it was through inexperience or just wanting to do what was right but whilst performing oral sex on me, caused numerous sore patches in my pubic region It took me a good three weeks to recover totally from that. It all comes down to the sensitivity of my body and I am unable to tolerate rough or painful play. This is my main reason for not liking severe bondage techniques, though I'm not averse to writing about them occasionally.

And finally...

## About the Author



Born in Gloucestershire and now based in London, Carrie White's erotic literary work is gaining an international reputation. She began writing professionally in the year 2000 and has been published in many web-based publications, printed erotic magazines and has also made various international T.V appearances.

She often **collaborates with fine art erotic photographers**, producing high quality and original fiction. She self-published her first collection of erotic stories 'Erotogenic' in July 2003 and has sold many copies through self-promotion and hard work.

Since the year 2000 she has built her **own website** (<http://www.hentracks.co.uk/> ) informing readers of her current writing projects and news, named Hentracks and then a couple of years later she began to work with **Eva Almeida** to review books and e-books. This, in turn, led to her successfully setting up her own reviewing service at **Sexography** (<http://www.sexography.co.uk/> ).

Along with all the above she now works with Stevie Burns on the **Salty Witch Circle** (<http://www.yenrelish.com/> ), publishes her old stories and reviews on **Crumpled Sheets** and is a proud member of **The Association of Erotic Artists**. (<http://www.associationoferoticartists.org.uk/> )

Thank you for reading!

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