

SABRA'S SOUL

By

LISA REED

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CHAPTER 1

Sabra McAllister stretched her long toned leg onto the lounge chair, leaning down to apply more sunscreen. It was a perfect California Sunday. The thermometer read eighty-two degrees, and there was a cool breeze, casually blowing through the trimmed foliage edging the guitar-shaped swimming pool.

“Mom, I’m hungry. Can we have lunch now?” a small voice called from the pool.

“Me too, Mommy. I’m hungry.”

Sabra smiled. “Sure, girls. Climb on out and I’ll have Isabel make us some lunch.”

She handed towels to her two young girls, Asia and Raine, as they climbed out of the pool and stood, dripping, in front of her. The three walked leisurely towards the sprawling Laguna Beach estate they called home, pausing at the door to deposit their sandals, before stepping onto the immaculate Italian marble floor. The girls scampered down the hallway, towards their rooms to change, while Sabra pushed the button on the intercom system.

“Isabel, you busy?”

A voice tinted with a Brazilian accent replied, “No, Mrs McAllister, just finishing up the laundry. You need something?”

“Yes, the girls are ready for lunch. Do you think you could rustle something up?”

“Of course. I’ll be right up.”

Sabra smiled. Isabel was a miraculous find. Sabra’s husband, Logan, had discovered her when a singer he had been working with decided to take his family back to Europe, and no longer needed their nanny.

Where was Logan anyway? It was the last day of summer vacation and he had promised the girls that he would be home early to take them for ice cream. As she went to pick up the phone to call him at his office in Brentwood, the bells rang out, signaling an incoming call.

“McAllister residence,” she said huskily, into the receiver.

“Hey, Baby,” Logan McAllister’s deep bass voice rang out, crackling through periods of static.

“Oh, hi, Honey. I was just going to call you. Where are you? The girls are waiting for ice cream.”

“Oh, shit. I completely forgot,” Logan replied.

Sabra shook her head. Typical, she thought.

“You’re going to have to take them. 23 Mystique just announced a fall tour, and I have go with them to the East Coast. I’m sorry, hon,” Logan said, almost sounding sincere.

Sabra unhooked the clip that held her long auburn hair and shook it loose before responding. Logan had pulled this sort of thing many times before, and it never failed to aggravate her.

“So how long will you be gone this time?” she asked, her tone icy.

“Three days. After that they are coming out to LA to do the MTV awards, so I will be home late Thursday night.”

“Are you even coming by to get your things?”

“Sorry, Honey, this is a last minute thing. I’ll just have Reggie come by the house later to pick up my bag. He is flying out on a later flight,” he replied. The static was getting worse and Sabra guessed that Logan was probably somewhere in the canyon. “Listen, I’m losing you. I’ll call you from the plane, okay?”

“Yeah, whatever,” Sabra said, and without saying goodbye she hung up the phone. She ran her hand through her hair, pulling at the tangles that had been conjured up by the pool water and sunshine. After nine years of marriage she still hadn’t become used to this aspect of his job. Being the head of one of the world’s hottest rock management companies had its major perks, as well as its disadvantages; Logan’s leaving at the drop of hat was one of the latter. Just as she was thinking about how to tell Asia and Raine that their Dad wasn’t coming, the girls ran out giggling, their sun kissed bodies clad in brightly colored sundresses. Isabel called from the dining area that their lunch was ready, and Sabra followed the sound of their laughter into the brightly lit room. She gazed at her girls as they plunked down into the high-backed, walnut chairs. Being a mom was the happiest part of her life.

She was the proud owner of a chain of four preschools in the L.A. area, which had set her well off financially, but when she became pregnant with Asia, she handed the operations over to her best friend, Cheyenne Reynolds, and just watched the profits grow, as a stay at home mom. She never regretted her decision, and thoroughly enjoyed every aspect of motherhood. Once Logan's management company had taken off, they were doubly set. She looked around at their home proudly. They were lucky, that was for sure, but she knew that both she and Logan had worked very hard to make this life possible for their children, and never took it for granted, unlike most of the people on the hill. She sat down at the maple table, where Isabel had made Peanut butter sandwiches for the kids and a Chinese chicken salad for her.

"Thank you, Isabel," Sabra said, picking up her fork.

"Mommy, when's Daddy coming to take us for ice cream?" Raine asked, smoothing her long blond hair back from her angelic eight-year-old face.

"I want mint chip this time," echoed Asia, peanut butter already smeared on her chin.

"Well, I have bad news. Daddy had to fly out to New York to meet one of his bands, so he won't be able to take you for ice cream. I will take you after lunch though, okay?" Sabra said, bracing herself for the whining that was sure to follow.

"Ah, man," said Asia, glancing down sadly into her plate. Raine kept eating her sandwich, her face downcast.

"If it is any consolation, the band he is meeting is playing at the MTV Awards on Saturday. Would you guys like to go?" Sabra asked, trying to ease the blow.

Asia perked up immediately. "Seriously?" she asked.

Raine smiled. "Shady Skyes are playing at the MTV Awards Show, Asia. That means Nathan Moore will be there!" she said excitedly, speaking about her favorite pop group.

"No way that's right!" Asia exclaimed. "Oh, my God, that means Ben Listag will be there too!" she stammered, as she pretended to faint. Raine giggled and Sabra laughed aloud.

"You two crack me up. Teeny boppers at eight and seven."

"Do you think Daddy can get us passes?" Asia asked hopefully.

"I don't see why not," Sabra said, happy that the crisis had passed. "I'll ask him when he calls from the plane."

"Hooray!" The girls cried together.

Great, thought Sabra. The things you do for your kids.

Award shows were always a nightmare. They were filled with brown-nosing, industry people and tramps looking to score a rock star, and Sabra hated going to them. Even though she trusted her husband, she still felt an enormous amount of anxiety around all the model types and groupies, who were just waiting to get their hands on a powerful music industry man like Logan. He didn't have as many groupies as the bands, but even the scariest looking roadie got laid, and Logan was quite a handsome man.

Sabra looked up at his framed photo on top of the china cabinet, taking in his scruffy blond hair and piercing blue eyes, framed with chiseled cheekbones and a strong Nordic chin. They had met ten years ago, and though they struggled at first, Sabra felt that as their businesses and family grew, so did their compatibility and affection for each other. However, his business kept them apart often, and they didn't make love as much as she would have liked. Romance and passion were a large part of her being, and she wished they could have more in their marriage. It seemed as if they never spent enough time together.

Even when he was in town, he was either at the office or the recording studio and when he was home he spent most of the time on the phone in his office. That's just part of life in the music industry, she thought, looking at the photo again and sighing, as the warmth of comfortable married love spread across her chest. She wondered how she could love him so much when he alternately made her so crazy.

CHAPTER 2

Sabra heard the phone ringing as she opened the front door. She ran inside, grabbing the extension as Asia and Raine raced past her to get to the TV room, ice cream cones in hand.

“McAllister residence,” she answered, breathlessly.

“Hi, Babe,” Logan’s raspy voice called out.

“Oh, hi, Honey, we just walked in. Are you on the plane?” Sabra replied glancing up at the antique clock gracing the wall of the kitchen.

“Yes, we took off about an hour ago. We are somewhere over Utah, I think. How are the girls?”

“Fine, they just had ice cream and ran off to watch Nickelodeon.”

“Good old Nick,” Logan replied, laughing.

“Oh, they want to know if you can get passes to the awards on Saturday. One of their teeny bopper bands is playing, and they are dying to go.”

“Yeah, no problem. Just call up Phil at the office and he will get you guys some laminates. You can come with me in the limo. That should give them a thrill.”

Sabra heard muffled giggling in the background and listened harder for its origin. “Who’s that? Did you get stuck next to some freak in first class again?” she asked innocently.

Logan cleared his throat before answering. “Yeah, some cheerleader group is flying to a competition or something like that.”

Sabra wrinkled her brow. “Cheerleaders? In first class?”

“I don’t know,” Logan said testily. “Listen, Sabra, I’ve got to run. I’ll call you from the Plaza, if I get a chance.”

“Don’t you want to say hi to the girls?”

“Sorry, Hon, my meal has arrived and I’ve got to hang up. Tell them hi and that I love them.”

Sabra sighed, “Okay, Logan. Talk to you tonight.” As she hung up, she heard the giggling again and frowned. Something wasn’t quite right and she shrugged, a nagging feeling tightening in her stomach. She looked at the clock again and saw that it was nearly eight.

“Got to get those girls in bed. First day of school tomorrow,” she said to herself, pushing the call from Logan and the mysterious laughter to the back of her mind as she walked up the spiral staircase.

Logan hung up the air phone and looked over at the young girl sitting next to him. This one was cute, in a quirky kind of way. She was a cast-off of Mick Tailors, the lead singer for 23 Mystique. Her face wasn’t much to brag about, but she had gigantic tits, thanks to a very talented Beverly Hills plastic surgeon, whom she had slept with in return. Besides, she gave the greatest head he had ever got from a groupie.

“Hey, Cherry, next time I am on the phone with my wife, please shut your trap.”

Cherry looked at him, her gray eyes blank and glassy. “Oh, sorry, Loggie. It’s just that Ace Ventura is so funny,” she replied, in a squeaky voice.

Logan turned his attention to the foursome seated in the row in front of him. “You fellas ready for these shows?”

Vader Malay turned, his long black hair hanging in strings in front of his ghoulish face. “Always, Logan. Bring on the Horse and we will be ready for just about anything,” he joked, with a sly smirking grin.

Unfortunately, Logan knew he was all too serious. “I told you guys to mellow out on the pharmaceuticals until after the tour is over.”

“Yeah, and you also told us a lot of other things too,” Mick replied with a laugh. “Loosen up Logan. Don’t knock something until you’ve tried it.”

“I’ve tried it. Just don’t need it,” Logan retorted. Cherry let out another giggle and Logan turned his attention back to her. “All I need is a good set of lips and tits.”

Mick and Vader laughed in unison. “And what about wifey poo?”

“She’s got the tits, but after almost a decade with her, you know, a man needs some variety,” Logan jested. “Cherry may be lacking a little in the class department, but she makes up for it with her enthusiasm.” Logan squeezed her thigh. “Hey, Babe, how about pulling that blanket there over your head and doing big daddy a little favor?”

Cherry giggled and lowered her head, pulling the zipper on Logan’s Armani slacks down with her teeth. Mick and Vader burst into laughter again, turning back in their seats, while Logan pulled the airline’s complimentary blanket over the girl’s head. He closed his eyes and Cherry went to work.

“Life on the road is good,” he murmured contentedly, feeling his erection growing against Cherry’s cheek. “Very good.”