



HOT SHOTS

Jay Cassidy

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BY

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DEDICATION

For *Mr. Right*, you are my best friend--the very air I breathe--and the reason I love creating.

NOTE: I've always wanted to write in first person but was too afraid to try it, so I'm really excited to share this first attempt with you. Hope you enjoy it!

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HOT SHOTS

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I held out the change and Riley caressed my hand during the transaction, taking me completely off guard.

“Thank you, Calla.” He gave me a seductive smile that made my stomach flutter.

Was he flirting with me? I blinked a couple of times, not sure if I had imagined the whole thing.

Riley was slowly undressing me with his emerald eyes and I could feel my cheeks grow hot, my nipples hardening beneath the red halter-top. I managed to continue the conversation as if unaffected.

“I’m surprised you’re here tonight. You usually stop in on Saturday afternoons before you head out.”

He stuffed the bills in the tip jar and I knew it was more than the cost of several cups of coffee. He was always generous that way.

“I left something at the studio and since I’m already here, I thought I’d go ahead and get some work done. That way, I can sleep in tomorrow.”

“Right. Sundays off. Must be nice.” Small talk could be intimidating when it came to him. I smiled, biting down on my lower lip. Riley had a way with making me wet just by looking at me.

He picked up the paper cup. “You don’t close on Sundays? I guess I assumed you did.”

I shook my head. “Nope. I can’t afford to, being new here. I haven’t closed a day since we opened last December and it’s almost been a year now.”

“Shame. Those are my surfing days—hey, maybe you should think about making some changes. Business will still be here on Monday.” His warm smile made me want to close up shop and do crazy, dirty things with that perfectly toned, sun-kissed body of his.

“Maybe I will.”

“A wise decision.” Riley raised his cup in thanks. “See you later.”

It was a tradition for me to watch his tight ass walk out of the café, until he disappeared well out of view. The only real action I could get. With my heavy workload, it was almost impossible to have time off. Even with the handful of employees, something was bound to go wrong. Maybe I used the café as an excuse for not dating...or getting hurt, but it worked.

I was certifiably single.

The weekends were always packed with students, tourists, and regulars. Today, for some reason, seemed to be an utter madhouse. I was grateful to be working the register and not the espresso machines. My part-time help had to study for finals and I was left to closing duties.

The good thing about working and living in Santa Monica was that the pier and Third Street Promenade stayed open for me. Well, not *just* for me, but I liked to think so.

All through the day I couldn't stop thinking of Riley. I've had a mad crush on him from the first day he walked through the front door. His six foot, well-muscled frame made it hard not to notice, especially when his six-pack abs was in full view. It was barely 7:00 AM and he had just finished surfing, his hair damp, and his skin a warm honey. While he made small talk and flirted with me, I had no idea he was the new tenant next door. His dimpled smile was worth dressing up in three-inch heels for each day.

I was wiping down the last of the tables for closing when I heard the doorbell jingle. I'm usually good about locking up but the influx of clients had left me a bit frazzled.

"We're closed—" I started, stopping in mid-sentence upon seeing Riley. Handsome as ever in faded denims and an indie rock t-shirt.

"Hey, I didn't catch you at a bad time, did I?"

He gave me a sheepish grin and I couldn't help but smile back. I straightened up and pushed in the chair.

"Just finished. Seeing you twice in one Saturday, what an honor," I teased.

He crossed his arms and laughed. "Still have a sense of humor after today? You're a champ."

"You say the sweetest things. So, you want anything to go? I think I've got some iced tea still available." I walked to the sink and threw in the towel and started washing my hands.

“Nah, I’m good.” He followed me, leaning his stomach against the counter to watch. Was it me, or could I feel the heat growing between us?

He gave a boyish smile as if he wanted to ask me something, but was debating on how he would say it.

“How about helping me out? I’ve got some new equipment in and I wanted to do some test shots.” The grin made his face light up.

I shook my head violently, “No way, Jose. I look like crap and I need to soak my feet. I’ve had these darn heels on all day. Stupid me. Didn’t think I’d have someone call in at the last minute. Y’know, Saturdays are when I usually take off a little early. My only real weekend.” I rambled, as if he wanted to know my day-to-day.

Riley gave me a quizzical look like I was crazy. “You look beautiful,” he breathed. “In fact, the shots are more artistic than my norm. I’m supposed to do a gallery showing and it’s not going to involve clear images, mostly abstracts.” He straightened up and gave me a hopeful stare.

How could I say no to that sexy face? Especially when he was practically begging me to hang out with him. *In my dreams*. He probably had his ‘little black book’ filled to the max and I was just an afterthought.

My bangs fell across my eyes and I blew at them so I could see him again. “Fine. Fine. But you promised no clear shot, right?”

He crossed his chest like a Boy’s Scout and it melted my heart. “I promise.”

“Let’s go then.” I grabbed my purse and keys.

Riley walked ahead of me and held the door open. “Ladies first,” he said.

I had a strange feeling he was staring at my ass in my fitted Lucky jeans. Or perhaps his interest was the three-inch black stilettos? I shivered at the kinky visions running through my head of a possible shoe fetish.

I locked up and we walked the few steps to his photography studio.

His loft looked incredibly enormous at night. I had been inside a few times before but never really noticed the large floor-to-ceiling windows that framed the view like a painting. With the lampposts and festive tea lights decorating the streets below, everything had an air of sexiness about it.

“I never knew how breathtaking your view was.”

Riley laughed and walked over to stand beside me. We both looked out onto the beautifully lit up Santa Monica view.

I shivered, following close behind him in the dark. He reached behind me and took my hand, which only helped to increase my sudden chill. He flipped on the soft studio light near the furniture setup. The atmosphere morphed into something much more intimate and created a subtle film that layered the room, making the red antique velvet sofa really pop out.

Riley didn't let go of my hand and gave me a guilty glance. "Ummm..look, you don't have to do this.."

My eyes narrowed as I spoke. "I don't like where this is going." Even with his devious expression, I was no dummy. I never pulled my hand away from the warmth of his touch.

"I need you to pose with only a bed sheet. I swear it's not as bad as it sounds."

I pulled my hand away at that point.

"You're kidding, right?"

Concern filled his face and he reached for a sketchpad on his desk. "Look, I'll show you my concepts. I've been sketching it out all day and if, after looking at them, you still don't feel comfortable...I'll walk you to your car. Deal?"

I hesitated for a moment before I nodded in agreement. "Fine. I'll take a look."

"Right on." He gave me a brilliant smile and I stepped next to him for a look.

Riley flipped through the pages and I was in total awe of his talents. My jaw dropped open, not expecting how gorgeous the drawings were. "These are amazing! Seriously."

Each image was concise and fluid, so elegant. I couldn't imagine myself looking that beautiful but he was truthful in what he wanted to shoot. Mostly bare back and angled poses that concealed the face, implied nudity through the red sheets. I thought the concept looked like something out of *Vogue*.

"So you're going to do it?" His voice rose hopefully.

"I can't believe you talked me into this. I'm not going to say 'I told you so' if all the pictures turn out looking like mush. I'm not photogenic." I grumbled at him.

His rich, throaty laughter was like a caress down my body. "There's a robe in the dressing room. Once you're ready, come out and I'll give you the sheet." He paused. "And I won't even peek."

I rolled my eyes at him and headed to change. In this case, *undress*. Five minutes later I was securely concealed in the floral satin Kimono robe and making my way to him. I could see Riley arranging the sofa and lights. He looked incredibly sexy doing manual labor and the thought of lying naked with him made my sex squeeze.

I swallowed hard upon seeing the bulging biceps as he worked. When he straightened the white bearskin rug, I could make out the Celtic band tattoo around his left forearm. He whirled around when he registered my presence, sucking in his breath at me.

Riley whistled. “Wow.”

My lips curled into a smile. “Nice compliment.” I started fidgeting with the belt.

He stood there gawking at me for another minute or so and snapped out of the daze long enough to hand me the red sheet. I slipped the robe off and laid it across his desk. My breasts were heavy, nipples straining against the fabric when I wrapped it around myself. I had a sudden urge to tell him to touch them, squeeze and lick them.

“I...I was thinking that you can wrap this around yourself and sit on the sofa—“ His eyes dropping to my throat, moving down to the swell of my breasts.

He cleared his throat, his eyes focusing on mine as he continued the instructions. “Maybe face the wall so we see the curve of your back and then I’ll have the sheet trailing across the floor.”

I was amazed at how fast his professionalism clicked in when it came to his job. His tone was so passionate when he spoke about what he knew best. Hearing him caused an erotic tidal wave to wash through me. I listened for another minute or two as he explained what he was going to do with the lights and how the effect would work. He mentioned something about doing a black and white photo with spot coloring to showcase the crimson of the sofa and sheet.

I was surprised at how quickly I became comfortable with posing. He was great at giving me directions and as I switched up my poses like a pro, I began to understand why he loved what he did so much. I’ve never felt sexier and in control before. After about forty minutes he stopped shooting and simply observed me. I was on my stomach fisting the bright sheet, my breasts tight against the powder-white rug, my eyes focusing on the camera in a seductive pose.

“God, you’re stunning.” His eyes darkened with desire.

I rolled onto my back in an effort to get up and heard him place the camera on his work station. In seconds he was there pulling me up, dragging me against him. His mouth crushed down on me and all rationale flew out the window.

I kissed him back with month's worth of pent-up frustration and he groaned at my eagerness. I clung to him, my hands running up and down his muscled back. We finally broke from the kiss and his tongue traced my swollen lips. He peered into my eyes, his hand smoothing down my hair, caressing my bare shoulder.

"Was this all a set-up to get me naked and in your arms?" I laughed nervously.

He gave me a tender smile. "I wish I could say that I was that clever, but I can't lie to you. I was hoping."

"You say the sweetest thing," I whispered, inhaling his masculine scent. He reminded me of the ocean waves and sun.

"From the first moment I saw you in that torn mini-skirt and tank top making espressos, I was smitten."

"No way."

Riley kissed the tip of my nose. "Yes *may*. I'll have you know I've had many fantasies about that sexy little skirt."

I gave him a wicked smile. "Oh, yeah? Care to share your fantasies?"

I could hear his heart thudding against my own, then he bent his head to capture my lips again. Kissing me with so much lust-filled passion I thought I had an out-of-body experience. He swung me into the circle of his arms and carried me to the sofa, laying me gently against the velvet cushions. Riley stepped back to undress and I couldn't pull my eyes away from his muscled physique.

Years of surfing and exercise had served him well because his washboard abs made my pussy drip, ready to be fucked. My eyes dropped to the soft trail of dark hair that led to the area I was most interested in. His cock hung proudly in attention and I wanted to have a taste of him. I sat up, spreading my legs, allowing the fabric to slide down my waist.

He walked over to stand before me and I reached out to capture his massive dick in my hands. He was bigger than I thought and so perfect. I ran a hand along the length of his cock, lightly caressing his balls and he trembled. I loved knowing that I was affecting him.

He looked down at me through hooded lashes and I opened my mouth, taking him in. Taking as much as I could.

“Christ!” He groaned as I began sucking him off.

My tongue teasing his swollen head as I continued to pump him hard and fast with my fist. His pre-cum glistened as I rubbed and stroked him, enjoying the sounds coming from deep in his throat. He buried his hands in my hair and guided me, showing me just what he liked. I opened wider, feeling his cock pound into my mouth, grazing the back of my throat as I tried to please him.

He tasted good. His cock was so hard for me that it gave me an adrenaline rush knowing I was in full control. Slick and moist, I could tell he was close to coming and that sent shivers of delight through me. He gently pried my mouth away to press me back against the sofa. Riley dropped to his knees, spreading me apart.

I moaned when his mouth covered my pussy as he devoured the juices, licking and sucking my soft folds as his hands rubbed my clit. His thumb making circles around the hard, sensitive pebble. I could feel the tension building as his tongue entered my cunt. He was fucking me, in and out, tweaking my nub until I couldn't control myself any longer.

I cried out my orgasm, my hips grinding against his mouth as I came. He kept drinking from me and his tongue and hand making sure I was completely satiated. I dropped my head against the sofa, exhausted from coming so hard. He didn't allow me any rest time as he pushed me onto my knees on the plush cushions, bending me back so I hung slightly off the edge. He twisted around to grab his jeans, pulling out a silver foil, tearing into the package before rolling on the rubber.

Riley pushed my legs wider and used his thumbs to spread my pussy lips apart. He pressed his cock against my opening and when I let out a soft moan he swiftly entered, sliding easily inside.

“You feel fuckin' better than I imagined.” He moved his hands and placed one on my shoulder, the other gripping my thigh.

“Good. How about saving the poetry for later because I just need you to fuck me right now,” I complained.

He groaned, his mouth swooping down to kiss me thoroughly. “Damn, I love it when you talk dirty.”

I didn't have any complaints when he pumped inside of me. I arched my back and he pounded non-stop, hard and fast until we were both panting and groaning from the act. His massive cock filled me to the brim. I couldn't breathe while he worked me up good. His movements continued to sweep me away into a maelstrom of moans and sensations that escalated to the pinnacle of my threshold.

When the familiar tension coiled deep inside I was ready to detonate.

"Fuck. That's it. That's it! I want to come."

"Yes, baby. Come for me. I want you to come." Riley kept the pace, pounding in and out in perfect rhythm.

"Fuck. I'm coming!" My body shook as I strained to hold on but couldn't think straight. I clenched tight around him and could feel his cock buried so deep in me.

"Jesus!" He growled and continued to pump vigorously into me until I wanted to burst into flames.

I could feel the pressure climbing and then I surrendered, exploding into a million pieces. I was still coming when he buried his head against my neck, his lips pressed against my throat as an orgasm ripped through him. I could feel him coming, could feel his body shudder as he emptied himself. I was blown away at how erotic and intimate it was to witness him in this state.

He was magnificent.

I closed my eyes to catch my breath and soon we were slipping downward as he repositioned us. I objected when he quickly got up to dispose of the condom but he was back in record time.

We spooned and I was amazed at how well we fit together. His arms tightened around my waist as he held on. I let out a satisfied sigh and he kissed my temple and I snuggled even closer, wiggling my ass against his hard-on.

"Keep that up and you won't get a break. You're already working me up again."

I giggled, and for the first time I felt that spark between someone. The chemistry wasn't just a fluke because the stirrings occurred the first time we met, shook hands. I knew this wasn't going to be just a one-night thing.

As if he read my mind, he said softly against my ear, "Thank you."

I smiled, my eyes still closed as I replayed the lovemaking in my head. "For what?"

“For wanting me.”

I licked my lips and elation welled up inside knowing the truth. All along he had been equally uncertain about what was forming between us during those months. I twisted my neck and whispered over my shoulder, “You’re welcome.”

I let him absorb the words before coming in for the kill. “God, it took you long enough.”

Riley bit my shoulder and I squealed. Within moments he was ready to go again. Then it hit me the reasons why I moved half way across the U.S. to open up *Café Destiny*. I gave him a sensuous smile as he moved in to kiss me.

Perhaps he was right about Sundays. I would need to sleep in after a night like this...besides, Sundays were surfing days.

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About the author:

Jax Cassidy followed her dreams to Paris, then Hollywood to pursue a film career but managed to fall in love with penning sexy romances and happy endings—*finding Mr. Right was just an added bonus*. She writes contemporary, paranormal, and multi-ethnic romances and is Co-Founder of Romance Divas, and award winning writer’s website and discussion forum. Jax is also known as one-half of the retired writing team of Cassidy Kent. She is represented by Roberta Brown, Brown Literary Agency.

To learn more about Jax, visit her online at www.jaxcassidy.com