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Porn star

The tale of Cassidy Rayne

Chapter 1

The Shower

Dressed in her ill-fitting brown uniform, the deputy led Cassidy Rayne (not her real name) to the communal shower and showed her where to undress. Up less than thirty minutes, the newly incarcerated twenty something slipped out of her orange jumpsuit and let it lay on the bench next to a row of lockers. Next to her clothes lay two sets of orange jumpsuits also crumpled and lying in a heap. In the other room, she could hear the sound of water spraying and see steam rolling in, clinging to the ceiling and drifting above her.

“Get in the shower,” the deputy said sternly. “You have twenty minutes.”

Cassidy, head hung low, walked around the corner into the shower room and took in a good whiff of steam. She instantly took notice of the two nude women already embracing each other under a shower head in a soap lather embrace. “What the fuck is going on?” she asked the jailer.

“What does it look like?” the jailer replied. “You got eighteen minutes.” That being said, the jailer backed away against the wall keeping an eye on the inmates.

“You expect me to go in there?” Cassidy asked. The jailer looked at her watch and back at Cassidy without saying a word. With no answer, Cassidy slowly stepped over the ledge that kept the water in the bath house and found the shower head the furthest from the couple who were now engaged in some sort of rhythmic grind. Keeping an eye on the two women, Cassidy turned on her shower, brought it to the right temperature and stepped into the stream. Nervously, she looked around for some soap or shampoo and saw none close by. To her dismay, the only bottle she could find was setting on the floor next to the two women who had now taken notice of her.

Trying not to bring any attention to herself, she turned away from the couple and tried her best to rinse off without soap and make due with what she had. It was then she felt the cold plastic bottle touch her back and knew one of the women had brought the soap over. She spun around facing the taller, thinner, better looking woman with her hand outstretched clutching a bottle of body wash.

“We weren’t trying to hog it to ourselves,” the woman said reaching her other hand out and touching Cassidy on the hip.

Cassidy backed up and took the bottle from the woman’s hand. “Thanks,” was all she said and stared past the woman at the other woman who was walking towards them.

"Don't be scared honey," the tall woman said. "I don't bite."

"Yes she does," the other woman said with a grin. "I can show you if you want."

"Thanks for the shampoo," Cassidy said nervously and waited for the two nude women to leave. They didn't.

"What are you in for?" the second woman asked as she looked Cassidy up and down like a turkey leg ready to eat.

"Driving on a suspended license," Cassidy replied.

"That's pretty fucking stupid," the second woman said like a bitch.

"Yeah, I know" Cassidy replied. "I didn't have any choice."

"You couldn't find a ride? A hot girl like you?"

"No, now could you both leave me alone? I only have a few minutes to get my shower done."

"You got all the time you want missy, that deputy is as lesbo as they get and as long as we are putting on a show, she ain't going to stop us. If you want to shower for an hour, you can, just make her happy."

"I'm not a lesbian," Cassidy replied.

"Neither am I," the bitchy woman replied. "I just like long hot showers in the morning and I know what it takes to get what I want."

"From what I saw, you looked like a lesbian to me."

"Oh that? It's all for show. Suck a titty, squeeze an ass, it's not rocket science honey."

"But you looked like you enjoyed it."

"Maybe I did, a little. But I still like my men. Nothing like a huge cock to make me a happy lady."

"Yeah, that's nice, now can you leave me alone?"

"I don't think I like your attitude," the first woman said ripping the bottle from Cassidy's hand.

Startled, Cassidy, raised her hands in a defensive posture and backed up against the cold wall.

"Are you going to hit us?" the shorter woman asked like it was a big joke. "Go ahead, see what happens."

Cassidy stood her ground and waited for the two women to attack her. They did nothing but stand and watch her like a zoo animal locked in a cage. "I'll call the guard," she said gritting her teeth.

"Guard left bitch," was all Cassidy heard before she felt a slap across the face and a tug on her arm that knocked her off balance and down to the floor. On all fours, the tall woman grabbed Cassidy by the hair and mounted her from behind like a play horse. The other woman slapped Cassidy on the ass and told her to "Git, you stupid cow!"

Like in a surreal rodeo, Cassidy was stuck to the shower room floor by the weight of a nude woman who was pulling on her hair and trying to ride her like a bull. The cement floor dug into her knees and the tall woman's bony ass dug into Cassidy's hips causing her sharp pain. The

shorter woman began kicking Cassidy in the ass trying to get her to move but the pain in her knees stopped her flat.

“What’s wrong bitch?” the short woman yelled. “You need to get a move on!”

Fighting back tears, Cassidy buckled at the knees and rest her ass on her heels lowering the woman riding her down a foot closer to the floor. “Get off me!” Cassidy yelled and began pounding on the right toes of the woman mounted on her back with her fist.

In a second, the woman dismounted and kicked Cassidy in the side knocking her onto the floor. “You fucking bitch!” the woman yelled now in more pain than before.

Cassidy then tried to roll onto her front to get up when the shorter woman came down on a knee and jammed it into Cassidy’s chest. A few slaps in the tits and one to the face and the pair of pseudo lesbian inmates backed off and watched to see what Cassidy would do now.

With the wind knocked out her, and water from the shower head spraying in her face, Cassidy rolled back and forth trying to catch her breath. It was like being water boarded after a professional wrestling match.

Happy with the results of their assault, the two nude women took the opportunity to have their way with Cassidy as she lay helpless in pain on the shower room floor. The tall woman grabbed Cassidy by the arms and stretched her out so the shorter woman could gain access to her legs and spread them apart. “You must wax honey,” she said with a smile looking down at Cassidy’s pink pussy lips. “I can’t afford that kind of treatment, got these nasty ingrown hairs from shaving.”

“Are you going to talk or eat?” the taller woman asked holding Cassidy’s arms firmly over her head.

With a smirk and a grin, the shorter woman spread Cassidy’s legs as far as she could before they snapped back and crossed over. “Spread them bitch!” the short woman yelled over the sound of the water coming from the shower heads.

Cassidy clamped her legs tighter and began to pull her arms from the woman sitting above her. Meeting resistance, she began to squirm and yell for help. The harder she pulled her arms, the tighter the woman held tight and refused to let go.

“Stop it you cunt!” the woman yelled from above her.

“Did you think I was going to let you just rape me?” Cassidy yelled.

Then the clip clop sound of footsteps could be heard on the shower room floor as someone approached the three nude women fighting on the shower room floor. Cassidy looked up to see the deputy standing just out of the water spray holding a three foot long club.

“Help!” Cassidy yelled to the deputy squinting from the water spray in her eyes.

The deputy, a heavy set woman with short hair and a slight growth of a mustache stood silent for a moment, then replied, “Don’t fight it honey, you’ll like it eventually, I promise.”

Stunned by her reply, Cassidy stopped fighting and lay still on the shower room floor. She let her muscles go limp and let her arms and legs relax.

“That’s more like it,” the deputy said with a grin. “I go on break in twenty minutes, so make this good.”

Closing her eyes, Cassidy let the short woman spread her legs without resistance. Immediately, Cassidy felt the fingers of the short woman insert into her vagina. Her fingers stroked in and out in a rhythm like she had done this many times before. Then she felt her tongue lick up and down on her clit lapping like a dog drinking from a bowl of water.

"How is she?" the taller woman asked watching the show.

"I think I could learn to like this," she replied. "Maybe I could be a lesbian, at least bisexual."

"What does she taste like?" the deputy asked getting excited.

"Like pussy, I don't know. What's it supposed to taste like?"

"It should taste like sweet honey," the deputy replied.

"Really? When I eat her it tastes more like grapefruit," the short woman replied referring to the tall woman who was now looking pissed.

"Grapefruit?" the tall woman asked in an angry tone.

"Kind of sour I guess, not sure how to put it."

"I wash every day, there is no way I taste sour."

"Taste it for yourself."

The tall woman, now determined to prove the shorter woman wrong shoved her index finger into her own pussy and tasted it. With a curious look in her eye she replied, "That is not grapefruit, it's more like a tart wine."

"I don't like wine, maybe that's why I thought it tasted like grapefruit."

"Are you two done discussing what my pussy tastes like?" Cassidy asked in an angry tone.

"Shut the fuck up," the short woman snapped back continuing with her rhythmic masturbation.

"You could have clipped your nails before you did that, it hurts like hell," Cassidy barked back.

Now angrier than ever, the short woman jammed her fingers as deep inside Cassidy as she could till Cassidy yelled in pain. "How does that feel bitch?"

In one swift motion, Cassidy slammed her left knee into the short woman's belly and wrapped her other leg around her head squeezing as tight as she could. In shock and pain, the short woman took her fingers out of Cassidy and grabbed her legs trying to pry them off her head. Cassidy, her hands free, slammed the short woman in the head and pulled her hair beating her with all the fury she could muster.

It was then Cassidy felt the club strike her left arm and heard the deputy yell, "Let her go!"

Now more livid than ever, Cassidy pounded and beat the short woman in the head as the club continued to slam down on her arm. The tall woman backed off trying to stay away from the club as it swung up and down beating on Cassidy.

Then the sounds of more clip clop footsteps on the cement floor as two more deputies entered the shower room. They were alerted by the dispatcher who saw the altercation on closed circuit television.

“Stop for a second!” one of the deputies yelled.

The frumpy lesbian deputy stepped back and let her club dangle down by her fat thigh.

“Ruth, grab her legs, Mary, grab her arms and pull!” the deputy yelled.

In an awkward wet tug of war, the three female deputies were able to separate Cassidy from the short woman and keep them apart. Cassidy was bleeding from her vagina as well as from an abrasion to her arm from the club.

Three hours later Cassidy was led into the courtroom dressed in her orange jumpsuit and chains. She approached the defendants table where the court appointed lawyer stood shuffling through papers. The bailiff read the charges aloud. “Miller vs. the state of Kansas, driving with a suspended license, first offense.”

“How do you plead?” the judge asked from the bench.

“Not guilty your honor,” the lawyer replied.

“Wait a second,” Cassidy said aloud. “Nobody asked me anything.”

“We normally put in a plea of not guilty,” the judge replied calmly and in a professional tone.

“What's up with this Miller stuff?” Cassidy asked. “My name is Cassidy Rayne.”

Looking at the paper on the desk, the lady judge looked over her glasses and read the name at the top of the complaint. “Says Linda Miller, age twenty seven. Is that correct?”

Cassidy hesitated for a moment. “I go by Cassidy Rayne now.”

“Did you have your name legally changed?” the judge asked.

“No.”

“Who is this Cassidy Rayne?”

“It's my stage name, everyone knows me by that. Nobody calls me Linda, not even my mother.”

“I see,” the judge said shaking her head. “For this proceeding we will use your legal name of Linda Miller. How do you plead Miss Miller?”

Taking a deep breath Cassidy clenched her jaw and tried not to blow up. “I'm not pleading anything until you call me Cassidy or Miss Rayne.”

“The court enters a plea of not guilty in your behalf Miss Miller. Since this seems to be your first offense the court sets bail at fifty thousand dollars.”

“What the fuck? Fifty thousand dollars?” Cassidy snapped back.

“You live two states away, we have to make sure you make your court date. You are free to stay in the jail until then if you choose free of charge.”

“I don't have that kind of money!”

“You only need to post ten percent, which would be five thousand dollars.”

“If I had that kind of money I would have hired a limo instead of driving on a suspended license.”

“Not my problem Miss Miller, you can talk to a bail bondsman. Until then you are remanded back to jail. Bailiff, next case.”

“You bitch! You can't do this!”

"Oh yes I can little girl," the judge said trying to keep her calm.

"You don't know who you're fucking with, I'm Cassidy Rayne!"

"What does that mean to me? I have no idea who Cassidy Rayne is."

"I am a star," Cassidy stated as a matter of fact.

"Uh huh," the judge replied. "I have a lot of cases waiting, enjoy your cell star."

Like a scolded child, Cassidy threw a temper tantrum. "You fat ugly pig!" Cassidy yelled at the judge. "You look like my grandma's hair dresser. And he's a man!"

"Are you looking for a contempt of court charge? I can do that you know."

"You're just jealous because you don't look like me, you never looked like me."

"What is this obsession you have with looks Miss Miller? I don't have time for this, but now you have my curiosity. What kind of a star are you?"

With great pride and a smile that ran from ear to ear Cassidy replied, "A porn star."

"You've got to be kidding," the judge replied.

"I've been in over three hundred DVD's and all over the Internet. I've worked with the biggest names in the porn industry."

"Is that supposed to impress me?" the judge asked.

"I don't give a shit if it impresses you, I'm a star and I should be treated accordingly."

"You may think you're a star, but that's all in your head. I never heard of you and I'm sure nobody here has either. Maybe in your sick perverted circles you are a big deal, but having sex as a living is nothing to be proud of, anyone can do that, most choose to do it in private."

"Most suck at it. I fuck like no other. I know how to please a man and the camera loves me."

"Maybe you can call some of your friends in the industry and see if they will post your bond. That's the least they can do for a star."

"I will, I'll show you fat ugly bitch what I can do."

"For that your bond just went to one hundred thousand dollars. You seem unstable enough to fail to report for your court date."

"If I'm that unstable, no amount of bond will do," Cassidy replied.

"I agree, that's the first sane thing you've said so far today. I revoke bond all together, you are remanded to jail until your court date. Next case."

Chapter 2

Tall dark and creepy

Cassidy sat alone in her jail cell staring at her reflection in the stainless steel toilet when she heard a man call out her name. To her surprise, a tall man with a long dark jacket and sunglasses stood outside her bars looking in.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Call me John," he replied looking down the hall away from her.

"Where are the guards?"

"Don't know, don't care." he replied turning back to look at her.

"Do I know you?"

"We almost met."

"Almost?"

"I was the guy you were driving down to see before you got picked up for driving on a suspended license."

"Holy fuck, how did you find me?"

"Easy," he replied with a smirk and a grin.

"What do you want?" she asked. "I'm stuck in jail if you haven't noticed."

"I think we can still work something out."

"What? You want me to drop my pantsuit, bend over and let you fuck me though the bars like in some prison porn movie?" she asked.

"The thought crossed my mind."

"I have no idea why there are no guards watching you, but I am sure there is at least one video camera in the hall if not more."

John looked down the hall and replied, "Yes, I see two, one pointing this way and the other pointing down the other hall."

"I'm not going through with the deal, not in here," she replied in disgust. "I can't take your money in here, they search me every day."

"That's not very professional of you, a working girl like yourself should know not to stiff a customer. You might get a worse reputation than you already have."

"Fine, you pay my husband then and when he gets the money, you get your pussy."

"You're married?" John said with a chuckle.

"Two kids, what's it to you?"

"What kind of a husband lets his wife and mother of his children whore herself out like that?"

"I make more in fifteen minutes than my husband does in a week and he likes the money," Cassidy snapped back. "Are you married?"

"Eight years to the same ice cold bitch."

“Why aren't you home fucking her now?”

“What part of “Ice cold bitch” didn't you hear?”

“Don't try to pretend you're better than me asshole, you called me, not the other way around.”

“True, I guess in the long run, it's strictly a job. It's not like you're my wife. What does your husband do anyway?”

“None of your fucking business, now if you want your pussy, you can call his cell and give him your credit card number. When I get the message the money went through, you can shove your cock inside me, until then I have things to do.”

“Like stare at the toilet?” John joked.

“That toilet is getting closer to my snatch than you are.”

“What's his number?”

“Are you shitting me? There is no way you're fucking me in this jail.”

“But you said...”

“I was fucking with you dumb shit. Do you think I'm getting busted for prostitution while sitting in jail for driving on a suspended license?”

“Prostitution? I thought you were an escort?”

“I am.”

“If I pay your husband with a credit card over the phone, then there is no money changing hands and no proof I paid you for anything.”

“I think you're splitting hairs John, Either way, you fucking me between the bars while I'm locked up is probably against the law. I'm not a lawyer, but I'm sure it's frowned upon.”

John unzipped his pants and reached for the button when Cassidy took notice.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I want to show you what I got,” he replied.

“I don't want to see what you got, I've seen plenty of them before. I need a guard.”

“I think if you were getting a guard one would have been here by now.”

“What the fuck is going on here?” she asked shaking her head. “Is this set up? Are the guards in on it?”

John reached to the bars and to Cassidy's shock opened the door to the cell wide enough for him to step through. No alarms, no bells and whistles, just the sound of the metal on metal as the heavy doors slid across the track on the floor. “I didn't want to fuck through the bars, I wanted you on the cold steel bench.”

Cassidy slid back against the wall on the steel bench and put her feet up in a protective stance. Her arms crossed and fists clenched on her orange jump suit. “Get the fuck away from me,” she said in a stern low voice.

By now John had his pants down to his knees and his eighteen inch cock was dangling down swinging like a pendulum. “We had a deal, \$300 for a blow job, or \$500 for straight sex, no bare back. And I get to take pictures.”

“No money no deal, get the fuck away,” she said curling into a ball.

“Take your jumpsuit off,” John stated looking down at Cassidy.

“Good luck with that,” she replied and kicked out at John trying for his balls.

“This thing is twenty four inches hard,” John stated like a proud father. “Most women say it hurts like hell.”

Then from down the hall the sound of a door opening echoed through the hall and a voice called out, “Chief, we need you in dispatch.”

John leaned back out of the cell and signaled to the deputy that he would be there soon.

“You're the fucking police chief?” Cassidy asked in astonishment. “No wonder nobody drug your ass out of here. What the fuck is the police doing hiring an escort?”

“I told you, my wife is an ice cold bitch,” John replied. “Just because I'm a cop doesn't mean I don't need some pussy like everyone else.”

“Why don't you try working on your marriage?”

“She's too far gone, and I'm sick of her anyway.” John stuffed his cock back in his pants and zipped them up. “I'll be back once I put out this fire, don't get too comfortable.” Slipping back out of the cell, the police chief walked back down the hall to the door and disappeared into the dispatch office where he was confronted with two officers standing behind the safety glass restraining what looked like a much disheveled man. The chief pressed a button and spoke into a microphone. “What's going on? Why do you need me?”

“You need to hear this sir,” an officer replied. His voice sounding like a squawk box over the tiny monitor speaker in the dispatch.

“Go ahead.”

“You need to come out here.”

“Fuck,” John said under his breath and made his way out of the dispatch to the lobby where the two officers were waiting. “This better be good,” John said in an frustrated and pissed tone.

In a hushed voice, the same officer said, “We caught this guy with your wife.”

“Holy shit, I didn't think she had the ovaries to do that,” John replied with a shit eating grin on his face. “Who is he?”

“Dick Pillow according to his I.D.”

“That's a pretty fucked up name, Dick Pillow. Is that your real name?” John asked.

“What's it to ya dumb ass?” Dick Pillow replied.

“According to these fine officers, you were banging my wife, so I think it's a lot to me, now answer my question.”

“I don't have to answer your questions, I have rights.”

“Screwing my wife isn't against the law, it's against humanity, but not a crime. So we don't have to give you any rights,” John said.

“If I'm not under arrest, then what the fuck am I doing here?”

"Let's go out back and find out," John said and motioned for the officers to escort Dick out the back door of the law enforcement center into the alley back by a dumpster. "Now, Dick Pillow, tell me about my wife."

"What do you want to know?"

"How did you meet her?"

"Through a friend."

"Ok, and how long have you been banging her?"

"Oh, off and on for about six months now."

"And on a scale of one to ten, how good is she in bed?"

"That's a pretty fucked up question for someone who is married to her."

"I didn't ask for your commentary on my questions, just give me your answer."

Dick stood and thought for a moment and looked at the trash in the dumpster. "What kind of shit do cops throw away?"

"If you don't answer my question in five seconds, you will be in that dumpster with a bullet."

"She's a four, maybe a five at best."

"Really?" John said sardonically. "I would have given her a zero on her best day. Why did you give her such a high score?"

"Five is a shitty score, all she does is lay there and bitch about you while I fuck her. It's like screwing a radio I can't shut off. Sometimes I just want to shove a rag in her mouth so I can get the job done."

"Although I hate the bitch, for some reason this is really pissing me off. When was the last time you fucked her?"

"About an hour ago, then these two fine officers caught me walking out the back door."

"If she's so lame a fuck, why do you keep fucking her?"

"She don't charge."

John looked to the officer to his right and said, "Did my wife see you grab him?"

"No, we picked him up on the sidewalk."

"Did he have a car? Did he drive there?"

"There was no car in front of your house sir."

Looking back at Dick Pillow, "Did you walk to my house?"

"Yeah, I only live twelve blocks away."

John stood there and looked around as he thought hard about what was going on. "I'm not sure what to do," he said aloud. "I sort of don't care about this really. If she's getting laid, so be it, it's not like we like each other that much anyway."

"You just said for some reason this really pissed you off, now what is it? Do you care or don't you?" Dick asked.

"What are you? Some sort of back alley psychologist? Ask me about my mother, I dare you."

"Just saying, never mind."

“Well, since you ask, it does seem like an invasion of my privacy. For all I know, you could have been digging through my shit and stealing from me. Did you dig through any of my shit or steal from me?”

“No, I was just there to drop a load in the bitch and get out. It’s our Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday thing.”

“That explains that,” John said like he just had an epiphany.

“What?”

“She does the most laundry on those days and always changes the sheets on the bed. Now I know why, she’s washing out your splurge.”

“Probably, I tend to shoot off a pretty good sized load. Especially on Tuesday, it’s the first day. By Friday I’m pretty spent. I can blow mind you, but not much comes out.”

John shook his head and looked to his officers. “Let him go, you guys did the right thing bringing him to me, but I don’t give enough of a shit to care. As long as he isn’t stealing my shit he can fuck her all he wants.”

“Ok chief,” one of the officers replied and removed Dick Pillow’s cuffs.

“Are you going to walk me back into the law enforcement center or do I get to leave in the alley?” Dick asked.

“Just go,” John replied.

“How do I know you won’t put a bullet in my back and claim I was trying to escape?”

“I could do that without taking the cuffs of dumbshit. Now get out of here before I change my mind.”

“I don’t feel comfortable doing that,” Dick replied.

“Doing what?” John asked.

“Leaving like that, that’s how John Kennedy was killed you know. He thought he was let go then they shot him in the head.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” John asked.

“It was a conspiracy you know, he thought everything was fine and then bam, he was dead. Why else would he drive with the top down?”

“Are you comparing what we are doing to the Kennedy assassination?”

“Of course, once I leave, someone, most likely one of your coconspirators will shoot me in the head.”

“Who the fuck would want to assassinate you?”

“Oh, there are plenty of people who would like to see me dead. Don’t let the government fool you. They have eyes everywhere.”

“Are you some sort of nut? Get the fuck out of here before I put you back in jail for being fucking stupid.”

Dick took a long pause and looked John right in the eyes. “You will see.”

“Yeah, I will see, now git.”

With that said, Dick Pillow slowly walked away from the officers and stepped around the dumpster into the dark alley. He made slow and purposeful steps looking around as he went for anyone who might be out tonight to do him in.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” John said to his officers and opened the back door to the law enforcement center. All three stepped inside when they heard the sound of a single gunshot, then another and another. In a flash the three darted back outside and looked down the alley at the body of Dick Pillow, now lying flat on the ground with a noticeable chunk of skull missing from the side of his head. “Holy fuck he was right,” John said. “Call the ambulance, I’m going in for a cup of coffee.”

Chapter 3

The Photographer

Three months later at the Blonde Baby Beauty Salon, a tall good looking forty something man opened the door with a resounding ding. Entering through a second door, he is met by the owner of the salon Cassidy Rayne, dressed in skin tight pants and a low cut shirt that ran almost to her navel. The man, holding a camera bag looked quite surprised at the woman standing before him.

“You must be the photographer?” she asked politely.

“Yeah, I’m Dennis, we spoke over Facebook about a shoot.”

“Come on in,” she said motioning for Dennis to have a seat next to her nail counter. “Did you have a hard time finding the salon?” she asked.

“Yeah, it’s sort of in an odd place actually.”

“Well, I’m glad you found it.”

Dennis looked around the salon and the first thing he noticed was there were no stations set up for hair. “What kind of salon is this?” he asked.

“I do nails, body wraps, toning, that sort of thing,” she replied.

“No hair?”

“No, just body and skin.”

Dennis seemed unusually nervous for someone who has taken professional portraits for more than twenty years. “So what kind of pictures did you want to do?” he asked trying not to notice her camel toe under the table top and protruding nipples above.

Seeming a bit nervous, Cassidy replied, “You do know about my past as a porn star right?”

Dennis sat dumbfounded. “Porn star?”

“Yeah, I’ve been shooting porn for the last seven years. Started when I was eighteen.”

“Here? In the Midwest?”

“No, I went out to California out of high school and got into the porn business. Been doing it ever since.”

“Then why the salon?”

“I can do more than just porn silly,” she replied with a grin. Her fair skin and dark eyes surrounded by her shoulder length hair.

“Is that what you want to do now? With me?”

“If that’s alright with you,” she replied.

“No, that’s fine,” he replied wondering if he was in an episode of candid camera. “When do you want to shoot?”

Pushing the bottles of nail polish around on her countertop, she replied, “It will take me about a half hour to get ready.”

Dennis looked around the salon and asked, "Where do you want to shoot?"

"I got a spare room in the back, it's pretty good size. If you want, you can set up your equipment."

Feeling nervous again, Dennis shook his head and headed for the door. "I'll grab my gear and get set up, let me know when you want to start."

Twenty minutes later, the backdrops and lights were in place. Cassidy walked into the spare room dressed only in a bra holding some clothes in her hand. "What do you think I should wear?" she asked.

Dennis, trying not to look down at her naked body pondered the question and looked at the skirts she had brought in. "This one," he said pointing to the plaid skirt. "It looks like a schoolgirl outfit."

Cassidy turned around and looked in the mirror holding the skirt in front of her leaving her smooth curved ass in plain view. Dennis took a long look and caught himself staring.

"It's ok, you can look," Cassidy said with a smile. "If you didn't stare I would wonder about you."

For the next ten minutes Cassidy tried on and on, over and over different sets of clothing each skimpy and revealing. She had a set of heels that looked like something from a freak show each seven or eight inches high.

"How do you walk in those?" Dennis asked.

"I only have to walk from the pole to the side of the stage to get my tips, I don't run in them."

"Are you ready to shoot?" Dennis asked holding his camera in a ready stance.

"Ready when you are," Cassidy replied and moved to the center of the room with the backdrop behind her. "Should we start dressed or nude?" she asked.

Without a flinch, Dennis replied, "Nude," and waited for a reaction. He got nothing other than to watch the hot girl strip for free five feet in front of him again.

"How is this?" she asked standing only in heels.

"Very nice," he replied and tried to fire off a few test shots. The flash from the umbrella lit up the room as the girl squatted and spread her legs showing off her freshly shaven pussy.

"Should I spread it?" she asked.

"Yeah, try that," he replied with a lump in his throat.

Cassidy reached down between her legs and placed her fingers on each side of her pussy lips and spread them apart with a smile. Hiding behind the camera, Dennis fired off shot after shot getting closer and closer as the girl ground back and forth.

"How does it look?" Cassidy asked.

Dennis looked up in stunned surprise. "Honestly, I've never shot anything like this before, it looks like God to me so keep going. Digital is cheap, not like we're paying for film here."

Cassidy rolled around on the floor spreading her legs and gyrating her pelvis into view for Dennis and his camera. She eyed the camera and made sexy poses licking her nipples and playing with her tits. It was obvious she had done this many times before. Unlike Dennis who was fighting back a raging boner. "How many photo shoots have you done?" he asked trying to make small talk.

"Hundreds," she replied.

"You seem comfortable doing this," he added.

"I know how to make the boys happy, I'm very good at what I do."

Dennis paused for a second. "Can you put a finger inside?" he asked nervously, expecting to get yelled at. Before he could make another comment, Cassidy slipped her finger into her pussy and made room for Dennis to get an extreme close up of her fine pink skin. "How many pictures do you want?" he asked.

"As many as you want to do," she replied.

For the next two hours Cassidy put on a show like Dennis had never seen before. He had been to strip clubs, but this was like a strip club on steroids and he was getting a private show for free. He was amazed at her ability to pose and she needed very little direction. He basically pointed and shot, and felt like anyone with a camera could do a great job with her.

After what seemed like five hundred shots Dennis, almost exhausted asked, "Is there anything else you want to shoot today?"

"Yes, I want some outdoor shots as well, I know of a park downtown," she replied.

"A park? A public park?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you worried you will get in trouble?"

"Do I look like someone who thinks I would get in trouble?" she said with a confident grin.

Dennis packed up his backgrounds and other gear and stored it in the trunk of his car. It was a quick tear down, as he took this mobile set up to all sorts of photo shoots. In less than ten minutes, she had changed into a short white dress and they were on their way to the park.

Upon arriving, Dennis was taken aback by the number of people walking the paths and enjoying the day. He was stumped as to how he was going to shoot anything without the police being called. "Where do you want to shoot?" he asked.

Cassidy looked around and motioned for Dennis to follow. She quickly found a nook behind a tree out of the view of the majority of the park. She lifted her dress, exposing herself from the naval down; she had no panties. "Go ahead," she said and started to pose.

Dennis, shocked, looked around for anyone who might be watching. He quickly took out his camera and began to fire off shots as fast as he could, not paying attention to the usual composition and lighting that made his hobby such a joy. All he knew was he was standing in a place where he could be caught at any time shooting pictures of a woman exposing herself in what looked on camera in public. "Do you think this is a good idea?" Dennis asked nervously.

Cassidy squatted and leaned back, spreading her pink pussy lips wide. "Try a low ground shot," she said without batting an eye.

Dennis lay down on his belly on the grass and took the shots she requested snapping furiously.

"Don't worry, I'm the one who would go to jail if we got caught, not you."

"We need to get moving, I don't feel comfortable here," Dennis said looking over his shoulder back at the main part of the park. They were only fifty feet from the main walking path and people were all over today checking out the flowers.

"Fine, where do you want to go?" she asked.

"Somewhere where nobody will see us," he replied nervously.

Cassidy pulled her dress back down, covering her vagina and stood back up. "Fine, lets look around."

The two left the grassy part of the park and entered the paved walkway. Anyone who saw them would think they were a couple out enjoying the day. Then she saw a softball game in the distance and her mood perked up immensely. "I have an idea," she said.

"What?" Dennis asked.

"Let's go over there to the ball field," she replied.

"And do what?"

"Put on a show."

"What part of not getting caught didn't you understand?"

"I won't do anything wrong. I know better than to strip in front of a bunch of grown men."

"Don't you strip on the side?"

"I mean in public."

"So what's the point of going over there?"

"I want some voyeur shots, I'll show you."

Shaking his head, Dennis agreed and thought about what it would be like to be put in jail; his picture on the six o'clock news wearing an orange jumpsuit with his name on the screen and an anchor telling about how he was caught taking naked pictures of a girl in a public park. It wore on him. Even though he was living every straight man's dream, he knew he was walking a fine line and that what he was doing wasn't legal. But then, you only live once they say.

It took less than five minutes for the two to walk over to the ball diamond, where Cassidy was noticed immediately. She wasn't wearing anything skimpy, but to a group of men, she looked like a fine afternoon meal. Dennis and Cassidy found a picnic table a hundred yards or so from the diamond and Cassidy sat up on the top and leaned back with her back to the players behind her.

Instantly, she pulled down her top and exposed her breasts to Dennis who had his camera in hand. Like a trained monkey, Dennis fired off shots as she made different poses exposing both breasts; holding them, licking them, all away from the prying eyes of the men behind her who were getting very curious as to what they were doing.

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