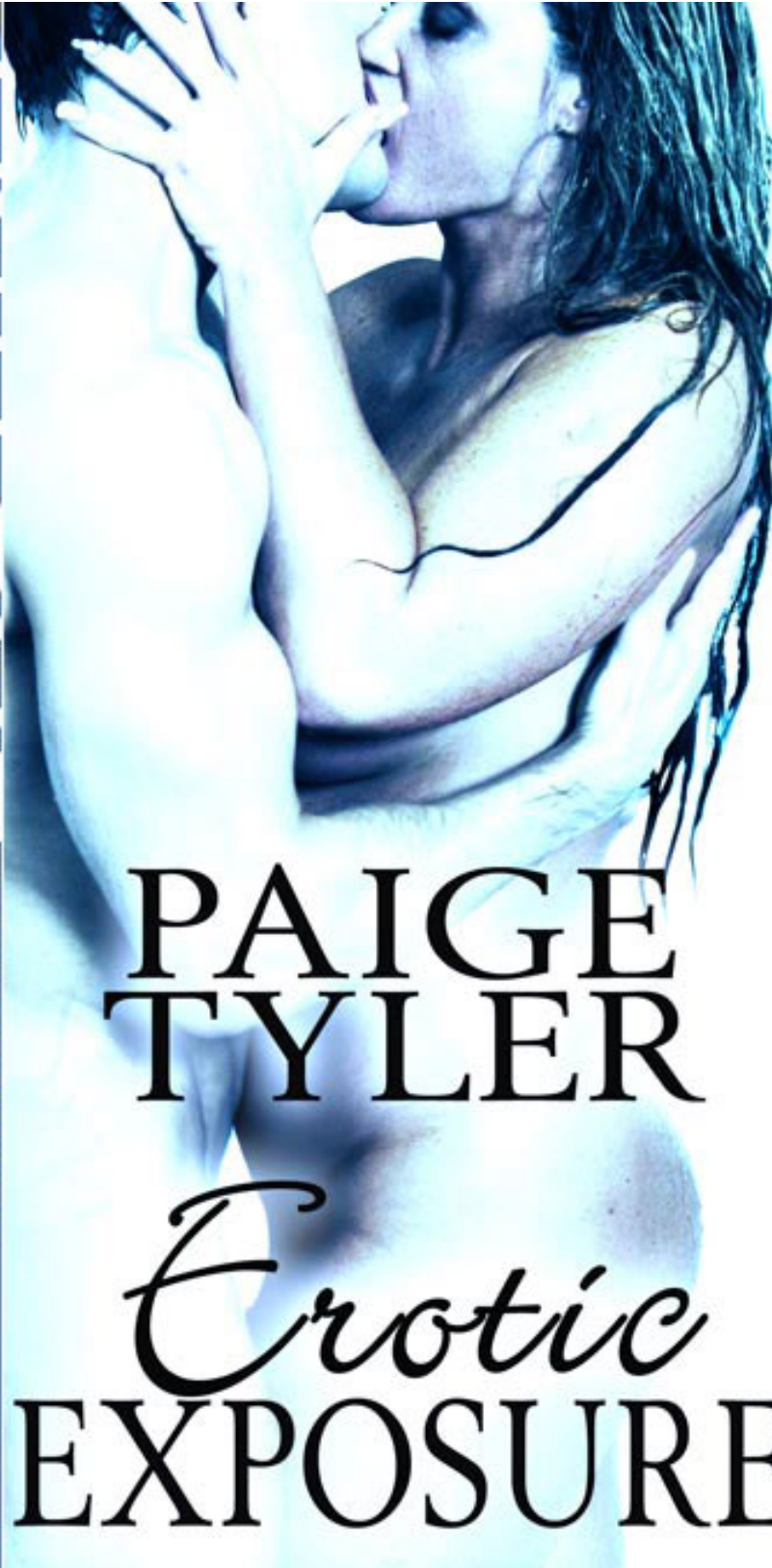


EXOTIKA
ELLORA'S CAVE



PAIGE
TYLER

Erotic
EXPOSURE

Erotic Exposure

Paige Tyler

Liz Bellamy agrees to pose for a provocative calendar to help raise money for the animal shelter where she volunteers. Although it's for a good cause, she's a little shy about posing half naked.

When Liz arrives at the photography studio, she discovers hot photographer Kent Draper. She almost chickens out, but ends up having not only one heck of a sexy photo shoot, but discovering that being half naked in front of a hunky photographer and his camera is one hell of a turn-on. And when a girl gets that aroused, a little shyness isn't going to keep her from getting what she wants.

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Erotic Exposure

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EROTIC EXPOSURE

Paige Tyler

Chapter One

“You know, if this weren’t for such a good cause, there’s no way I’d be doing this,” Liz Bellamy said to her precious chocolate lab Godiva.

She was half hoping the dog would talk her out of it, regardless of the cause, but her pet just gazed up at her as if to say, “Don’t look at me, this was your idea.” In fact, from the canine grin on Godiva’s face, she’d almost think the animal was amused by the whole thing.

“Of course, you’d find this funny,” Liz muttered. “No one is asking you to take your clothes off.”

Godiva gave her a pointed look that said, “That’s right. And don’t you even think of touching my collar!”

Well, maybe saying taking off her clothes was an exaggeration. She might do a little arty exposing of the shoulders, maybe even show a little leg. Nothing more than that.

“Right, Godiva? We draw the line at shoulders and legs.”

It really was for a good cause, though. The no-kill animal shelter where she’d gotten Godiva two years ago was putting together a sexy naked-for-a-cause type of calendar to raise money. Liz and the other women who volunteered there had agreed to be the pin-ups. There was an animal rescue organization in Portland that had done the same thing last year and it had been a big hit, pulling in thousands of dollars to help support their shelter. When the woman who owned the one where Liz volunteered asked if she would do it, she hadn’t been able to say no.

Now that she was standing in front of the door to the photography studio in downtown Seattle, though, she was beginning to think she should have just donated some money instead. It wasn’t that she was a prude or overly shy or anything like that.

It was just that she had never done anything as bold and daring as posing half naked for a pin-up calendar.

But she had said she would do it, so there was no backing out now. She'd never be able to face the other girls at the shelter if she did. They had all done their photo shoots already and hadn't been able to stop talking about how much fun it had been.

So, tugging Godiva closer on the leash, Liz opened the door and went inside. A little bell attached to the top of the door jingled, announcing their arrival. She looked around the studio, expecting to find the photographer waiting for her, but the woman was nowhere in sight. The other girls who'd done the photo shoot already had described her as down-home as apple pie and easy to work with. That made Liz feel better. Posing for a nice older lady wouldn't make her feel so self-conscious.

After a few moments went by and no one came out from the back room of the studio, Liz decided the woman must not have heard the bell. Maybe she was busy setting up stuff for the photo shoot.

Telling Godiva to sit, Liz stepped forward to ring the bell on the front counter. It was louder than she'd thought it would be and she winced as it echoed around the room. She gave Godiva an apologetic look.

"Sorry about that. I'm a little nervous."

Godiva just gave her a look that Liz translated to mean, "Whatever," before lying down to lick her paws. She probably wanted her nails to look nice for the photo shoot, Liz thought, wishing she could be as relaxed as her dog.

Knowing she was only going to make herself more nervous if she kept thinking about posing for the pictures, Liz let her gaze wander around the room. In addition to the leather couch and two matching chairs, there were a coffee table and several potted plants that gave the room a warm, cozy feel. But it was the mounted photos on the walls that caught her attention. Everything from kids and animals to weddings and family portraits to wildlife and landscapes, they were a mix of color and black and white photos that were both beautiful and artistic. She could see why the owners of the

shelter had chosen this photography studio to take the pictures for the calendar. If they came out even half as elegant as the photos on the wall, the result was going to be a work of art.

“Can I help you?”

Liz was so mesmerized by the photographs she didn't hear anyone come into the room and she jumped at the sound of the man's voice. Hand to her throat, she whirled around to see the most gorgeous guy she'd ever laid eyes on standing before her. Tall and muscular with dark hair and a chiseled jaw, he had the kind of soulful brown eyes a girl could get lost in if she wasn't careful.

The grin he flashed her was almost enough to make her melt right there on the spot. “Sorry,” he said. “I didn't mean to startle you.”

“You didn't.” She felt her face color as she realized how lame that sounded, especially when it was obvious he had. “Well, maybe you did startle me a little bit. I was just looking at the photographs and didn't hear you come out.”

Duh. She reached up to tuck her long dark hair behind her ear as she tried to hide her embarrassment. Before she could say something else more intelligent, however, Godiva got to her feet and padded over to greet the man, her tail wagging wildly. Liz instinctively opened her mouth to scold her, albeit gently, but the man had already dropped to one knee to give the dog an affectionate pet.

“Godiva,” Liz admonished, then gave the man a sheepish look. “Sorry about that. It's her first time at a photography studio so she's a little excited.”

The man chuckled. “It's okay. She's just being friendly. Aren't you, girl?”

Liz couldn't help but smile as he rubbed Godiva behind the ears. Not only was the guy totally hot, but he liked animals, too. She wondered if he had a girlfriend. If not, maybe he was in the market for one.

He gave Godiva another rub, then got to his feet. “You must be Liz Bellamy, right?”

She nodded, wondering how he knew her name. Her confusion must have been obvious because he explained. "I'm Kent Draper, one of the photographers here. Maxine mentioned you'd be coming by for a photo shoot with your dog, so I just put two and two together."

"Oh." Liz looked past him to the door leading to the back of the studio. "Is Maxine here?"

"Actually, she had to take off early. Her daughter went into labor a couple of hours ago, so she and her husband headed down to Olympia."

"Oh."

Liz didn't know whether to be relieved about having to put off the photo shoot or not. She'd spent most of the day psyching herself up for it and now she was going to have to do it all over again.

"Maxine asked me to take the pictures instead, if that works for you," he said.

Liz blinked in surprise. She hadn't expected that. "She did?"

He shoved his hands in the back pockets of his jeans. "Yeah. Unless you'd rather come back. I understand if you'd be more comfortable having her take the pictures."

Liz chewed on her lower lip. While part of her wanted to come back when Maxine was there, the other part wanted to get the whole thing over with. But could she pose in front of a guy? She wasn't so sure of that. Then again, the short robe she'd brought to wear wasn't all that revealing. It wasn't like she'd be stripping naked for him.

On the other hand, she couldn't deny the excited little hum that was starting to course through her body at the thought of a hot guy like him taking pictures of her scantily clad body. She did a mental double take. Where the heck had that come from? A minute ago, she was terrified at the thought of Maxine even seeing her shoulders. Now she was getting all hot and bothered over the idea of Kent seeing the same thing? Well, he was the hunkiest guy she'd ever seen.

“No,” she said in answer to his question. “We’re both already here, so we might as well go ahead and do it.” Yikes, had she just said that out loud? Color suffused her face as she realized that must have sounded as if she wanted to jump his bones right there. “The photo shoot, I mean.”

He grinned. “I figured.”

Her color deepened even more and she reached up to tuck her hair behind her ear again. Even Godiva was looking at her as if she was an idiot.

“So, which animal shelter are you doing the calendar for again?” Kent asked.

Liz smiled, relieved he’d changed the subject. “People for Pets. Over on 12th Ave.”

“No kidding? I got my dog there.”

“You have a dog? What kind?”

“He’s a border collie.” Kent gestured to the photograph on the wall behind the front counter. “That’s a picture of him.”

Her smile widened as she gazed at the photo. The black and white dog looked playful, yet alert and watchful at the same time.

“What’s his name?” she asked, turning her attention back to Kent.

“Bob.”

Her brow furrowed. “Bob? That’s not a dog’s name.”

Kent regarded the photograph for a moment, then shrugged. “I don’t know. He looks like a Bob to me.”

Liz turned to study the picture of the cute dog again. No, she didn’t see it.

“The bathroom’s in the back if you want to get changed,” Kent suggested. “Second door on the right.”

Liz turned back around to look at him. She’d been so interested in talking about his dog, she almost forgot the real reason she was there. “Okay, thanks.” She gave the leash in her hand a gentle tug. “Come on, Godiva.”

“She can stay out here with me while you change, if you want,” Kent offered.

She glanced down at Godiva, then back at him. "Sure. If you don't mind."

Handing Kent the dog's leash, Liz told Godiva she'd just be a few minutes, then made her way to the back of the studio. As she walked past the lights, umbrellas and various other photography equipment, she was amazed by how professional it all was. It made her feel like a real model. *Right*. Like real models were ever this nervous before a photo shoot.

Shaking her head, Liz went into the bathroom and closed the door. She slipped off her jeans and tank top. Since the pictures in the calendar were supposed to be on the sexy side, she and the other women posing for it had come up with the idea of wearing lingerie for the photos. The cami-top and bikini panties some of her friends had worn seemed a little too revealing for her, though, so she'd decided on her favorite short, silk jacquard robe instead. Gazing at her reflection in the full-length mirror as she tied the belt around her slim waist, she was glad she'd chosen the garment. Not only did the pretty powder blue robe accentuate her slender curves, but it showed off her long legs, too. She had put on make-up right before coming over to the studio, so all she had to do was touch up her lip gloss, run her fingers through her long, dark hair, and she was ready.

She took a deep breath, gave her reflection one last look in the mirror, then opened the door.

When Liz walked into the studio, she found Godiva lying at Kent's feet with her head on her paws while he studied the camera he had in his hands. At her approach, both of them lifted their heads to look at her. Godiva immediately got to her feet and walked over to greet Liz. Kent, on the other hand, stood there, the camera in his hands seemingly forgotten as he took in her slender, robed figure and long, bare legs. Liz felt her cheeks blush at the obvious appreciation in his dark eyes and she shyly bent to give Godiva a pat on the head.

Kent cleared his throat. "We can get started whenever you're ready."

Liz straightened to give him a sheepish look. "I've never done any modeling before, so I'm not really sure how I should pose."

He grinned. "No problem. Why don't you and Godiva go on the dais and stand in front of the backdrop and we'll start with some warm-up shots? I've got the camera hooked up to that monitor, so you can check yourself out on it as I take photos."

She nodded. That was a fancy setup. "Okay. Come on, Godiva."

Tail wagging, Godiva eagerly followed Liz up onto the raised platform and obediently sat down.

"That's good," Kent said. "Smile for me."

Liz did as he instructed, tilting her head slightly and giving him what she hoped was a natural smile.

"Great." Kent lifted his camera and snapped a few pictures. "Okay, same smile, but this time, put your hands on your hips."

She complied, resting her hands loosely on the curve of her hips and bending one knee a little. Remembering what he'd said about checking herself out in the monitor, she darted a quick glance in that direction and saw that she and Godiva looked pretty darn good. That monitor thing was rather cool. It would leave whatever picture he took up there until he snapped another one.

"Very nice." He took some more pictures, then glanced at her over the top of the camera. "Okay, let's try some with you kneeling down next to Godiva."

She dropped to one knee beside the dog and put an arm lovingly around Godiva. "Like this?"

"Perfect." He snapped more pictures, turning the camera first one way, then the other as he moved a little to the left and right.

He lowered the camera to flash her a sexy grin. "If all the women are as beautiful as you, I know I'll be picking up a calendar."

She blushed at the compliment and reached up with her free hand to self-consciously tuck her hair behind an ear.

“Hold that pose,” Kent commanded.

Though she was surprised, Liz obeyed. She wouldn’t have thought the almost candid pose particularly worthy of being in the calendar, but she decided to defer to Kent. He was the photographer, after all. But when she looked toward the monitor, she realized the picture did look kind of sexy.

He took what must have been twenty or thirty pictures from various angles with her in that pose before lowering the camera to give her another smile. “I knew you’d be a natural at this.”

Liz laughed. “I don’t know about that.”

“You’ll change your mind when you see how these photos come out,” he assured her. “How ‘bout you sit on one hip with your legs kind of tucked under you?”

She did as he asked, resting her hip up against Godiva as she tucked her legs to the side. The movement caused her robe to ride up a little higher on her thighs, but she made no move to adjust it. The pictures were supposed to be sexy and if the way Kent’s gaze lingered there was any indication, then showing a little leg was definitely sexy. Who knew? It might even sell more calendars.

“Okay,” he said. “Now put your arms around Godiva. Perfect.”

As Kent continued to take photos, Liz glanced at Godiva out of the corner of her eye to see the dog giving the camera a huge canine grin and she had to stifle a laugh. *What a ham.*

“Lean forward a little more and show me some more of that beautiful cleavage,” Kent instructed.

Cleavage? Liz blinked in surprise. She hadn’t realized she was showing any cleavage, but a quick glance down showed that her robe had parted a little to not only reveal the lacy trim on her black satin bra, but the tops of her breasts as well. Blushing,

she leaned forward to show the camera – and Kent – even more. She was really getting into this.

“Oh yeah, just like that,” he breathed. “Hold that pose for me.”

Liz wasn't sure whether it was the husky way he said the words or the provocative, sexy pose, but as Kent moved closer while he continued to snap her photo, she felt a sudden rush of heat pool between her thighs. Sheesh, she was actually getting excited.

Dropping to one knee in front of her, Kent lowered the camera and reached out with his free hand to gently brush her hair back from her face with his fingers. The contact sent a little tingle of electricity unlike anything she'd ever felt before coursing through her body and she caught her breath. Had he felt it, too? she wondered. The look in his eyes made her think so, but before she could be sure, Godiva interrupted the moment by getting to her feet and stepping off the dais to walk out of the studio. Liz watched in bewilderment as the dog disappeared through the door and into the waiting area.

Abruptly remembering the reason they were there was to do the photo shoot, Liz opened her mouth to call Godiva back, but Kent stopped her.

“It's okay,” he said, dropping his hand. “We've got enough for the calendar.”

Chapter Two

“Oh.” Liz couldn’t hide her disappointment as Kent got to his feet. “I was having so much fun, I was hoping you’d need to take some more.”

He regarded her in silence for a moment, then gave her a lazy grin. “Just because we have enough for the calendar, that doesn’t mean I can’t take a few more shots. And if you like any of them better than the others, I can just Photoshop Godiva in later.”

Liz caught her lower lip between her teeth as she considered his offer. The photography studio was donating their services to the shelter, so she really shouldn’t take up any more of his time. On the other hand, it wasn’t every day she got to have her picture taken by such a hot guy.

“Okay,” she said. “But only if you’re sure you don’t mind.”

His mouth quirked. “Mind taking pictures of a gorgeous woman like you? It’s a tough job, I admit, but someone’s gotta do it.”

She laughed, her cheeks coloring at the compliment. God, this guy knew exactly what to say to a girl.

Kent dropped to one knee in front of her, camera at the ready. “Okay, now that Godiva’s out of the room, show me your best sultry look.”

Liz wasn’t exactly sure she knew how to do sultry, but she decided to give it her best shot. Putting her hands on the floor in front of her, she leaned forward to flash him a little more cleavage and gazed at him from beneath lowered lashes.

He immediately began snapping pictures. “Oh yeah, that’s what I’m talking about. Work it.”

She giggled at the words, unable to help herself.

He came out from behind the camera to give her a curious look. "Why'd you stop? That was perfect."

"I'm not so sure sultry is a good look for me," she told him.

"I beg to differ. And so does the camera. But if you don't believe me, do the same thing and this time check yourself out on the monitor."

Hoping she didn't look as silly as she felt, Liz struck the same pose, then glanced at the monitor after he'd snapped the picture. What she saw made her do a double take. With her full lips parted, her blue eyes half hidden underneath a thick fringe of dark lashes, and the tops of her lace-covered breasts peeking out enticingly from her silk robe, not only didn't she look silly, she looked like the very definition of sultry. That thought sent another current of excitement shooting through her pussy.

"Beautiful," Kent said. "Now let your robe slip off your shoulders a little for me."

Liz did as he asked, waited for him to take a picture, then impulsively lifted her hair up with her free hand and blew him an air kiss over her bare shoulder.

He chuckled. "That's it. Show me some more. Have fun with it."

She dropped her hand, letting her hair fall down her back as she shifted positions. Lying over on her hip, she leaned forward to give him a sexy come-hither look. As she did, the robe slid down to her elbows, completely exposing her lace-trimmed bra to the camera and the man behind it. Kent's low groan of approval was all the encouragement she needed to keep going. Rolling onto her back, she propped herself up on her elbows and lifted one bare leg high in the air.

"Hold that pose," Kent said as he snapped more pictures. "Very nice."

Forgetting all about her earlier comment to Godiva about not showing anything more than some leg and a little bit of shoulder, Liz found her hands going to the belt of her robe. But then she hesitated. Did she dare? The bra and matching panties she was wearing might be on the skimpy side, but they weren't much different than a bikini, and she did that on a regular basis. Besides, posing for some racy pictures was pretty dang fun. Like her own personal glamour shoot.

Lips curving into a naughty smile, Liz slowly untied the belt and let the robe fall away to give Kent and his expensive high-tech digital camera a good, long look at her scantily clad body. From his sharp intake of breath, she had the feeling he liked what he saw.

Rolling onto her side to face him, she braced herself on her elbow and drew her top leg up. As Kent captured the pose with his camera, she glanced over at the monitor and was pleased to see how hot she looked. While she'd always been fairly confident about her body, seeing herself like this made her feel even sexier. She'd recommend this to any girl looking to improve her self-image. Catching her lower lip between her teeth, she turned her attention back to Kent and gave him a provocative look.

"Oh yeah, that's it," he said. "Make love to the camera."

Liz hadn't thought of what she was doing as making love to the camera, but the words made her pussy quiver even more between her legs. She wondered if it was the idea of posing like a centerfold model she found arousing, or whether it was doing it in front of a guy as smokin' as Kent. As she sat up, she decided it was a little of both.

Wondering just how naughty she should get with the racy little photo shoot, Liz slowly ran her finger down her cleavage, then cupped her satin-covered breasts in her hands. Her nipples hardened beneath the material at her touch, and she had to stifle a little moan. God, how she wanted to take off her bra and just give them a squeeze. The urge was too powerful to resist and she found herself reaching around to unclasp her bra. Once her fingers found the hooks, however, she hesitated, unsure whether to continue. But then she caught the glint of anticipation in Kent's eyes and her pulse quickened with excitement. She knew right then she wasn't going to stop.

Unhooking the clasp, she slowly pushed first one strap, then the other off her shoulder. Rather than take off her bra right away, though, she crossed her arms over her breasts, then leaned forward just enough to tease Kent a little bit more before the big reveal.

Kent moved closer, his finger clicking the shutter button furiously. "Are you sure you've never done this before?"

"I'm sure." She threw one shoulder forward and gave him a pretty pout. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you know exactly how to seduce the camera."

Liz suddenly realized she had forgotten all about the camera. At some point, this had become about seducing the man behind it. She wondered if it was working. Deciding there was only one way to find out, she slowly let the bra fall away to reveal her bare breasts.

Kent lowered the camera to stare at her. "Damn," he breathed.

She gave him a coy look and crossed her arms over her chest again. "Too much for a first photo shoot?"

The corner of his mouth edged up as he went back to taking pictures. "Not at all."

"Well, in that case..."

Letting the words trail off, Liz slowly uncrossed her arms and cupped her breasts. She took each rosy red nipple between a thumb and forefinger and gave them a firm squeeze. Little tingles of pleasure zipped through her and she gasped.

"God, that's hot," Kent said.

The husky words made her pussy spasm. Wanting to see just how hot she really did look, she glanced over at the monitor and was amazed to see she not only looked sexy, but wanton as hell.

"Lean back on your hands for me and cross one knee over the other," Kent instructed.

She did as he asked, lazily swinging her top leg back and forth. "Like this?"

"Exactly like that."

Liz waited until he'd snapped a few pictures of that pose before stretching out one leg in front of her and drawing the other up. As she did, she felt moisture between her

thighs and realized her panties were damp with her arousal. If she slipped her hand inside them, she knew she'd be sopping wet.

So, what's stopping you?

Throwing the camera a look that would make a Playboy model proud, she hooked her thumb in her skimpy bikini panties and slowly pushed them down over the curve of her hip. Although she couldn't see Kent's eyes behind the camera, she could tell from his sharp intake of breath that he approved of the direction the photo shoot was heading. Pretty thrilled with it herself, she continued to slowly inch her panties lower and lower until they were banded around her thighs. Then she pushed them even lower.

She wondered if Kent could tell how excited this little naughty photo session was making her. The idea that he might know was more of an aphrodisiac than she would have thought possible. Before she even realized what she was doing, she closed her eyes and slid her hand between her legs to run her fingers over the folds of her pussy. Good heavens, she was soaking wet. Her clit throbbed, begging for her touch, and this time she didn't even try to stifle the moan that escaped her lips. Unable to help herself, she began to make little circles round and round her clit.

"Do you have any idea how much of a turn-on that is?"

At the sound of Kent's voice, Liz opened her eyes to discover that he was no longer taking pictures, but was instead watching her every move, his dark eyes hot with lust. The reminder she had an audience only made the act of pleasuring herself that much hotter.

Her gaze went to the hard-on clearly visible in the front of his jeans and her lips curved into a sexy smile. The hell with playing coy any more. She wanted him. "Why don't you come over here and show me?"

Liz didn't know who was more surprised by the words, she or Kent. She normally didn't proposition men she'd just met. On the contrary, she liked to take things nice and slow. But tonight she seemed to have shrugged off her inhibitions along with her robe.

Besides, she'd been attracted to the handsome photographer from the moment she met him and right now, she couldn't think of anything she wanted to do more than feel his hard body pressed up against hers.

Kent stood gazing down at her for so long, though, Liz was half afraid he wasn't going to take her up on her offer. After a moment, however, he set down the camera and stepped up on the dais. Her pulse quickened as he dropped to one knee beside her. She waited for him to say something, but instead, he slid his hand in her long hair and bent his head to kiss her.

His mouth was gentle and yet firm on hers, and she let out a breathy little sigh as their tongues met and intertwined. Eager to find out if he really was as well built as she thought, she ran her hands up the front of his chest. To her delight, he was hard and solid beneath the navy blue T-shirt, and she let her fingers glide over each muscle appreciatively. She always did have a thing for guys who worked out.

Kent dragged his mouth away to look down at her, his dark eyes hungry. "I've wanted to do that since you walked in the door."

"What took you so long?" she asked softly.

He kissed her again before answering. "The photographer's code of ethics."

Her brow furrowed. "There's a code of ethics for photographers?"

Another kiss. "Sure. You've never heard of it?"

She had a sneaking suspicion he was putting her on, but she didn't call him on it. Instead she just shook her head and pressed her mouth to his. "No."

"I'm surprised. It's very strict." He drew her lower lip into his mouth and suckled on it. "The code wasn't the only thing that kept me from kissing you, though."

She moaned as he teased her lips with featherlight kisses. "It wasn't?"

"No. I wasn't sure if there was a boyfriend in the picture or not."

"There isn't."

"Good."

“What about you? Is there a girlfriend in the picture?”

“No girlfriend. I’m a free agent.”

“Good.”

He captured her mouth with his in another scorching kiss before she could reply and by the time he lifted his head a few moments later to trail a path of kisses along the curve of her jaw, she forgot what she’d been going to say. As he kissed his way down her neck, she tilted her head to the side, giving him an all-access pass to wherever he wanted to go. The angle put her in the perfect position to see the monitor and the last picture Kent had taken of her. In it, she was leaning back, her eyes closed, her lips parted, her hand between her legs as she pleased herself.

“Does seeing yourself like that turn you on?”

Liz dragged her gaze away from the monitor to look up at him, a blush coloring her cheeks. “A little. Does that make me kinky?”

“Maybe. But I like kinky.” He kissed her long and hard. “Don’t go anywhere. I’ll be right back.”

Kent was on his feet before Liz could even ask where he was going and she watched curiously as he picked up the digital camera he’d been using and set it on a tripod. She frowned, wondering if he was going to take more pictures. She was about to ask him when he walked over and dropped to one knee beside her again.

“I put the camera on auto so it’ll snap pictures the whole time,” he explained before she could ask. “That way you can watch everything we do.”

Her gaze went to the monitor and she watched in fascination as the picture changed every few moments while the camera captured them. It was like their very own private porno shoot. Her pussy spasmed at the naughty notion. When had she turned into such a bad girl?

Liz gave Kent a slow, sexy smile. “Then let’s put on a show for the camera.”

Pushing herself to her knees beside Kent, she slid her hands underneath his shirt and shoved it up. He reached over his head and helped pull it off the rest of the way, tossing it aside and leaving his magnificent chest bare to her hungry gaze. She stared in appreciation, taking in his six-pack abs and well-defined pecs, and wondering again why the heck he spent his time behind the camera instead of being in front of it. Damn, he was built.

She ran her hands over the smooth muscles of his chest and over his broad shoulders, sighing at the way they flexed beneath her touch. She couldn't remember the last time she had sex with a guy just because he was hot. The thought of having his hard cock inside her practically had her panting with need and she wrapped her hand around the back of his neck to pull him down for a kiss. This time, she took the lead, plunging her tongue into his mouth to seek out his.

Kent made a sound deep in his throat. Sliding one hand in her hair, he gently cupped her breast in the other. Liz moaned against his mouth as he took her nipple between his thumb and forefinger and gave it a little squeeze. She'd always had sensitive nipples, but tonight they seemed even more receptive to touch. Or maybe Kent just knew how to make love to them better than any other man she'd been with. She could have him do that all night long.

Which was why she almost protested when he took his hand away. But then she realized he had only stopped playing with her breasts so he could gently lower her to the floor.

He gazed down at her, taking in every inch of her naked body. "God, you're beautiful."

The compliment warmed Liz all the way to the tips of her toes. She would have thanked him, but Kent had already leaned forward to slowly kiss his way up the inside of her outstretched leg. She licked her lips in anticipation as he got closer and closer to her pussy. But to her surprise, he moved right past her nether regions and zeroed straight in on her breasts again, cupping them in both of his hands. She gasped as he

closed his mouth over the same nipple he'd been playing with before. So, he was a breast man was he? Her lips curved into a smile. She should have known from the way his eyes had been glued to them during the photo shoot.

She glanced over at the monitor as he suckled on her nipple, unable to believe how sexy it looked. She'd stolen the occasional quick look in the bedroom mirror during sex with other men before, but this was even hotter.

Liz moaned, lifting her hand and burying her fingers in his dark hair as he swirled his tongue round and round the stiff little peak. But while what he was doing felt exquisite, it was also enough to almost drive her insane and she wasn't sure whether to be relieved or dismayed when he finally lifted his head. Before she could decide, he bent to take her other nipple in his mouth and lavish it with the same attention, driving her crazy all over again.

When he was finally done feasting on her breasts, he slowly kissed his way down her tummy to her belly button. He made lazy little circles around the indentation with his tongue before dipping it inside. She'd never had a man do that before, but at the shiver of pleasure that ran through her, she decided she just might have discovered a whole new erogenous zone.

Liz forgot all about her belly button as Kent made his way lower, however. Her breathing quickened as he got closer and closer to the juncture of her thighs. Something told her he knew exactly how to go down on a woman. And if his tongue felt even half as good on her pussy as it had on her breasts, then she was going to be in for one mind-blowing orgasm.

Cupping her ass in his hands, Kent lifted his gaze to hold hers for one long, breathtaking moment before he bent to slowly run his tongue along the slick folds of her pussy. Liz moaned, her eyes automatically going to the monitor again. Seeing picture after picture of Kent's dark head buried in her pussy made the act of oral sex even more erotic and she couldn't have taken her eyes off the screen if she tried.

Kent didn't lick her clit right away, but focused his attention on her pussy lips, teasingly running his tongue up first one side, then the other until she was so aroused she was sure she thought she would explode by the time he finally licked her clit. She was just wondering if he was ever going to take mercy on her when he put his warm mouth on the plump little nub.

Liz caught her breath.

As if to drive her even wilder, he flicked her clit with quick, featherlight caresses before finally making slow, deliberate circles around it. She arched against him, her fingers finding their way into his hair again as she began to rotate her hips.

"Oh God," she breathed. "Just like that. Don't stop."

Kent let out a groan and tightened his hold on her ass cheeks, his tongue more firm as he continued to lap at her clit. He kept it slow and steady, building her higher and higher with every passing minute. When her orgasm finally hit her, it started right at her clit, then spread throughout her whole body until she was trembling all over.

Liz tried to keep her eyes on the monitor while she was coming, but that quickly became impossible as she writhed beneath his tongue. Giving up on the visual, she closed her eyes, threw back her head, and gave in to the pleasure as Kent coaxed one breathtaking climax after another out of her until she was completely dizzy. It felt so good, she didn't ever want him to stop.

But then at some point the sensations became too intense and she tightened her grip on his hair, urging him up. Although he stopped licking her, he didn't lift his head. Instead, he pressed tender kisses to the inside of one trembling thigh, then the other, before looking up at her.

She gazed down at him from beneath half-lowered lashes. She had been with guys who were good at licking pussy, but that had to be the best oral sex she'd ever had in her life. This guy was an artist with his tongue. While her clit might be satisfied, however, her pussy was still aching with a need that almost bordered on desperation. And only one thing was going to satisfy that yearning.

“I need to have you inside me,” she begged.

Kent didn't reply, but simply got to his feet and tugged open his belt, then unbuttoned his jeans. She felt her pulse quicken as she waited for him to undress. With an upper body as gorgeous as his, the rest of him had to be just as mouthwatering, she was sure. When he finally shoved down his jeans to reveal long, well-muscled legs, she was thrilled to discover she was right. But as fascinated as she was with his well-toned legs, it was the sizeable bulge in the front of his boxer briefs that held her attention, and she caught her breath when his hard cock finally came into view. He was bigger than any guy she'd ever been with, and as she watched him roll on the condom he'd grabbed from the pocket of his jeans, she could only imagine how glorious he was going to feel inside her. Her pussy throbbed in anticipation. She was going to find out soon enough.

It occurred to Liz then she should probably compliment his body like he had complimented hers, but by the time she opened her mouth, Kent had already joined her on the floor again. He obviously didn't want to waste any time. That was fine with her. There would be time for compliments later.

Bracing his arms on either side of her head, he settled himself between her thighs, then bent his head and covered her mouth with his. She wrapped her arms around his neck, a moan escaping her lips as she felt the head of his cock press against the opening of her pussy. She expected him to slide in right away, but instead, he teasingly slid up and down along the slick outer lips. She moaned against his mouth again, impatient to have him inside her.

Kent must have interpreted what she wanted, because he positioned the head of his shaft against the entrance to her pussy and slowly eased himself inside.

Liz gasped as he entered her. His cock filled her so perfectly and so completely, it was as though he was made for her.

Above her, Kent groaned hoarsely. “God, you're so tight.”

She wrapped her legs around him, pulling him in even deeper. “That's a good thing, right?”

He made a sound that was somewhere between a chuckle and another groan. "That's a very good thing."

"Then fuck me," she ordered softly.

She blushed at her own brazenness. She didn't normally talk dirty in bed, but posing for nude photos had brought out her inner bad girl. Kent didn't seem to mind, though. In fact, from the grin tugging at the corner of his mouth as he began to move his hips, she suspected he probably liked it.

He thrust slowly, sliding out until just the head of his cock was in her pussy, then burying himself all the way inside her again until he was touching her very core. She tightened her legs around him even more, pulling him in as deep as he would go, gasping as his shaft stretched her pussy wide. He dropped his head and buried his face in her neck, kissing the sensitive skin there as he pumped in and out of her.

Liz was so close to coming, she wouldn't have minded if Kent had picked up the pace right then. She tried to urge him to go faster by yanking him in with her bare heels, but he refused to comply. Instead, he continued his slow, steady rhythm, keeping her balanced on the edge of orgasm.

She wondered if he knew what he was doing to her, but from the look in his eyes, she could tell he enjoyed driving her crazy.

Then, just when she thought she would go insane from the pleasure, he pulled out and sat back on his heels.

"I want you to ride me," he said hoarsely, taking her hand and urging her up.

As Kent rolled onto his back, Liz obediently straddled his hips and carefully sank down on his cock. She caught her breath as he filled her pussy once again, savoring the feel of him inside her. He must have wanted to change position because he'd been just as close to coming as she was.

Leaning forward, she placed her hands on his chest and slowly began to ride up and down on him. The motion drove his shaft deep inside her each time and she moaned with pleasure. She had planned on going nice and slow, teasing him as he had

done to her, but he gripped her ass in both hands, making her move faster. God, it was such a turn-on when a guy took charge like that during sex.

Abruptly remembering the camera, she glanced over at the monitor and stared in amazement at how incredibly hot she and Kent looked together. The camera had captured them just as she was about to take him deep again, with his cock poised to plunge into her pussy and his strong hands clutching her ass cheeks.

She turned back to Kent to see a grin tugging at his mouth. "Hot, huh?"

Her lips curved into a smile. "Very hot."

Bending forward, she slid her hands in his hair and kissed him. He groaned against her mouth and tightened his hold on her ass, moving her up and down on him as he pumped his hips. The rhythmic motion sent his shaft deeper and deeper with every thrust. With him taking care of the pace, all she had to do was give herself over to the pleasure and enjoy the ride.

"Harder," she demanded against his mouth. "Fuck me harder!"

Kent obeyed, thrusting into her so forcefully she probably would have bounced right off him if he hadn't been holding onto her. Her pussy spasmed around his cock, signaling her impending orgasm, and she dragged her mouth away from his.

"Oh yeah, just like that," she urged. "Don't stop. Please don't stop!"

"I won't," he promised, his deep voice husky in her ear as he pumped into her. "Come for me, baby. Come for me."

The words were all it took to send Liz over the edge. Clutching his shoulders, she let out a scream of ecstasy loud enough for the entire city of Seattle to hear. Kent made some noise of his own, groaning deep in his throat as he reached his own climax.

When her orgasm finally subsided, Liz slid off him and collapsed against his chest, panting for breath. "That was amazing."

He slid his arm up to her waist, holding her close. "Yeah, it was."

They lay there quietly for a moment, Kent's heart beating in time with hers as their breathing slowed to normal. In the background, Liz could hear the camera still clicking away. She smiled at the thought of the x-rated photo shoot they'd just put on, but then frowned as she wondered if it was something Kent made a habit of doing. While she wasn't sure she wanted to know the answer to that, she couldn't contain her curiosity.

She lifted her head from his shoulder to regard him thoughtfully. "So, do you sleep with all the women you take pictures of?"

"You're the first."

What else had she expected him to say? Even so, the words pleased her and she smiled. "Good answer."

He reached up to gently brush her hair back from her face. "I'm just being honest. I've never wanted to do something like that with any other woman I've photographed."

There was a sincerity in his dark eyes that made Liz believe him and as she snuggled against him again, she couldn't help but feel a little giddy. It made what they'd just shared even more special.

As she lay with her head on his chest, basking in the warmth of that thought, Liz looked down and realized Kent had taken off the condom. When the heck had he done that? As she was trying to figure that out, she also noticed his cock was beginning to stiffen again. Smiling, she ran her finger along his length from the base of his shaft to the tip.

"Looks like someone's ready for round two."

He chuckled. "Always."

She leaned up to kiss him on the mouth. "Mmm, I like that in a man."

Pushing herself onto her knees, Liz trailed kisses along his jaw line and down his neck. Then she moved lower, exploring the chiseled contours of his chest and abs with her lips and tongue until she came to his cock. She was going to make him as hard as he'd ever been in his life. Wrapping her hand around the base of it, she swirled her

tongue over the head to lick the glistening bead of pre-cum on the tip. He was sweet and musky, and she let out a little moan of appreciation as his taste filled her mouth.

She lifted her other hand and cupped his balls in her palm. Despite having come a little while ago, they were heavy with arousal and she gently massaged them as she ran her tongue up and down the length of his shaft. Remembering how he'd teased her when he was going down on her, she decided a little turnabout was fair play. So, rather than take him in her mouth right away, she closed her lips around the head and suckled gently.

Kent inhaled sharply in what she was sure was anticipation, but she only continued to swirl her tongue round and round the tip until he let out a groan of frustration. Deciding she'd tortured him enough, she closed her lips over his cock and took him completely in her mouth.

Above her, Kent groaned again, this time in obvious approval, and Liz almost smiled as she slowly moved her mouth up and down on his length.

"Damn, you're good at that," he said, his voice raspy with need.

This time, Liz did smile as she traced a path up his shaft with her tongue. When she got to the top, she swirled her tongue over the head before taking him deep in her mouth again. Then she took him even deeper and swallowed.

Kent sucked in a breath and slid a hand in her hair, urging her head up. "If you keep that up, I'm going to come in that pretty mouth of yours. And while that wouldn't be a bad thing, right now I need to be inside you again."

While the idea of making him come in her mouth made Liz shiver with anticipation, she decided she wanted him in her pussy just as much as he wanted to be there.

He pulled her close and kissed her long and hard on the mouth. "Get on your hands and knees facing the camera."

Liz did as he asked, her pussy quivering. She absolutely loved it when a guy took her from behind. And she had no doubt it was going to look spectacular for the camera.

As Kent dug in the pocket of his jeans for another condom, she glanced at the monitor and saw that the camera had captured their kiss. Damn, they looked hot together.

Behind her, Kent grasped her hips and Liz caught her breath as she felt him tease the opening of her pussy with the head of his cock. The urge to have him inside her was impossible to resist. When he began to enter her, she tried to push back against him, but he held her in place and slid into her pussy inch by glorious inch. Once he was finally in as deep as he could go, he held himself there, filling her completely.

Kent felt so perfect inside her Liz thought she might actually come from the sheer pleasure of their joining.

But then he did something that took her pleasure to another whole level. He sat back on his heels, urging her to sit back on him. The position shoved his cock even deeper and she gasped as she leaned back against his chest.

"Does that feel good?" he asked, his mouth brushing her ear as he reached around to cup her breasts.

"Mmm-hmmm," she breathed, resting her head on his shoulder.

He pressed his lips to the curve of her neck. "How about this?"

"God, yes!"

He gave her nipples a little squeeze, making her jump. "That's it. Ride my cock."

Liz put a hand on each of his muscular thighs and slowly began to move up and down on him.

"Just like that," he murmured in her ear. "Nice and slow."

She obeyed, undulating her hips slowly. He felt so good inside her that it was difficult to keep up her leisurely pace, though, and she was glad when he distracted her by whispering in her ear again.

"Check out the monitor."

At the mention of it, she turned her attention to the screen. The camera had caught them with Kent cupping her breasts and her leaning back against him, her lips parted, her eyes half closed, and a look of pure, unadulterated lust on her face.

“You’re very photogenic,” he said softly.

She smiled at him over her shoulder as she came down on his cock again. “So are you.”

Kent groaned in reply, murmuring something she couldn’t quite catch as he grasped her hips and urged her forward onto her hands and knees again. Tightening his grip, he began to thrust in and out with a fierceness that left her breathless.

Liz tossed her head back to gaze at the monitor. The position looked even more primal on the screen and she was mesmerized by the image. Behind her, Kent’s shoulders and chest rippled and flexed on camera, the lighting he’d set up for the photo shoot accentuating his gorgeously chiseled muscles as he pumped in and out of her.

“Harder!” she demanded, bracing her hands on the soft material covering the dais and pushing back against him.

He complied, shoving his cock so deep with every thrust she was sure she was going pass out from how wonderful it felt. When her orgasm washed over her a moment later, though, she didn’t lose consciousness like she thought she would. Instead, she threw back her head and cried out over and over as the riptide of pleasure carried her away.

Liz was so wrapped up in her own climax she was barely aware of Kent coming with her until he buried himself in her pussy with one smooth motion and a very loud groan of satisfaction.

It was a long time before Liz could catch her breath and when she finally did, it was to gasp as Kent slid out. She wasn’t sure how it was possible, but that orgasm had been even better than the others.

Kent took her hand and gave it a little tug, pulling her against his chest as he lay back on the floor. Liz snuggled close and let out a sigh.

“That was off-the-charts good,” she said softly.

He ran his fingers up and down the arm she’d thrown across his broad chest. “I’m glad you liked it. I think so, too, by the way.”

Liz smiled. Who would have thought she’d end up making love to her photographer? And to think she had almost chickened out about coming here tonight and getting her picture taken for the benefit calendar.

The thought made her remember Godiva still waiting for her in the front room and she stifled a groan. While she would have preferred to stay right where she was all night, she really needed to go check on her precious pooch.

She reluctantly pushed herself up on an elbow. “I should get dressed and go see what Godiva’s up to. She might be trying to eat one of the plants out there.”

Kent’s brow furrowed. “Damn, she’s so quiet, I forgot she was even here.”

Liz laughed. “Me, too.”

“Well, while you check on her, I’ll transfer the photos from the camera so we can take a look at them. Sound good?”

Her pulse skipped a beat at the thought of looking at all those naughty pictures with him and she smiled. “Sounds great.”

He slid his hand in her hair and pulled her down for a long, slow kiss before helping her to her feet. As they got dressed, she couldn’t help glancing over her shoulder to catch one more glimpse of Kent’s naked body. Dear God, he was gorgeous.

Stifling a moan, she tied the belt of her robe around her waist, then ran her hand through her disheveled hair and hurried into the front room to see how Godiva was doing. The dog was on the floor by the couch, fast asleep with her head on her paws, but at the sound of Liz coming in, she lifted her head to give her a drowsy look.

“Okay, girl,” Liz said, crouching down to give the dog an affectionate rub on the head. “You can come back in the studio now.”

Godiva wagged her tail, but made no move to get up. Instead, she just put her head back on her paws and went back to sleep.

Liz laughed. "Or you can just stay here and sleep while I get changed, lazybones."

Shaking her head, Liz got to her feet and walked back into the studio. Kent was already dressed and had taken the camera off the tripod and over to the computer.

He glanced over at her. "Godiva okay?"

"She's fine. She's just being lazy."

He chuckled. "I'll have the photos up in a minute."

"Great. Let me go change and I'll be right back."

Hurrying into the bathroom, she shrugged out of her robe and shoved it in her shoulder bag, then quickly put on her jeans and tank top. She glanced in the mirror and smiled. Damn if she didn't look like she'd just been thoroughly and completely boffed. It was a good look for her. Throwing her bag on her shoulder, she went back into the studio, feeling the sexiest she'd ever felt in her life.

"The photos of you and Godiva came out great," Kent said as she walked over to him.

Eager to see them for herself, Liz sidled up next to him. As she studied them, she couldn't help but smile. Kent was right. They really did look good.

"Any idea which one you want to use for the calendar?" he asked.

She chewed on her lip thoughtfully for a moment, then pointed to the one where she was kneeling next to Godiva with her arms around the dog and her cleavage on display. "This one."

"Nice choice. That's my favorite, too." He grinned. "At least among the photos of you and Godiva."

She jerked her head up. "You looked at the others."

His grin broadened. "I glanced at them."

"Let me see, too."

He laughed and reached for the mouse. A moment later, a new set of pictures popped up on the screen. God, there were an awful lot of them. The computer displayed them in the order they were taken and Liz slowly let her gaze wander from one photo to the next, amazed at how sexy she looked as she went from fully clothed to completely naked.

“So, what do you think?” Kent asked.

She smiled. “I think you’re an excellent photographer.”

He chuckled. “It’s all you, babe. I just took the pictures.”

She blushed. “Can I see the rest?”

He leaned over to click the mouse again and the photos of her and Kent making love came up on the screen. They were even more breathtaking than the others and all she could do was stare in awe. Though extremely erotic, thanks to the seductive shadows the lighting created, they were both sexy and tasteful at the same time. Like true works of art.

“Do you like them?” Kent asked softly.

She turned to look at him. “I love them. They’re beautiful.”

“Just like you,” he said, kissing her gently on the mouth. When he lifted his head a moment later, he reached down to click the mouse a few times, then pulled the memory card out of the card reader and held it out to her. “As much as I’d love to keep the photos, I don’t want you worrying about them ending up all over the internet, so you’d better take them with you.”

Liz’s brow furrowed in confusion as she took the memory card. She’d been so caught up in the moment she hadn’t even thought of asking him for the pictures. “What about the pictures for the calendar?”

“I saved them to the hard drive, but just the ones of you and Godiva.”

“Oh.” She regarded the memory card for a moment, then gave him a teasing look. “Aren’t you worried I might post your pics on the internet?”

“Not really.” He gave her a wink. “I’m a pretty good judge of character and I don’t think you’re that type of person.”

She laughed. “You’re right. I’ll guard them with my life.”

Liz took her time slipping the memory card into her purse as she wondered how to bring up the subject of getting together with Kent again. Not just for sex, either. While she definitely wouldn’t mind a repeat performance of tonight, she’d like to go on a more conventional date just to see if she was right about the connection she felt between them.

Kent reached out to brush her hair back from her face. “You know, I take Bob to the dog park over on Fourth Avenue every Saturday afternoon. I was wondering if you and Godiva would like to go with us this week. After the dogs run us ragged, we could go out to dinner, then maybe take in a movie or something.”

She smiled. Not only was he sinfully handsome and great in bed, but he could apparently read minds, too. “I’d love to.”

“Great.” He took a step closer. “By the way, that memory card can hold a lot more photos.”

Her pulse quickened. “Really?”

“A lot more.”

Liz looked up at him from beneath lowered lashes and gave him a sexy smile. “So, are you going to bring your camera on our date then?”

Kent slid his hand in her hair and tilted her head back. “Count on it,” he promised, his mouth closing over hers.

About the Author

Paige Tyler is a full-time, multi-published, award-winning writer of erotic romance. She and her research assistant (otherwise known as her husband!) live on the beautiful Florida coast with their easygoing dog and their lazy, I-refuse-to-get-off-the-couch-for-anything-but-food cat. When not working on her latest book, Paige enjoys reading, jogging, doing Pilates, going to the beach, watching Pro football and vacationing with her husband at Disney. She loves writing about strong, sexy alpha males and feisty, independent heroines. All her books have romance, adventure, humor and, of course, lots of smokin'-hot sex!

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