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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:10:29 GMT

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Cassie had enjoyed her dinner with Elise. The pool game had been mentioned and Cassie had invited Elise to join them, but the blonde had declined, saying she wanted to dive into the borrowed book. So, while Elise left for her own apartment, Cassie had headed up to the Villa. Now, she stood by the wall in the game room, watching Scott take his turn. He had two striped balls left on the table compared to Cassie's four. Even with his help, Cassie wasn't having much luck getting the solid balls to go into the pockets. Right now though, the solid balls were in the way of Scott having a clear shot of the striped balls.

Not seeing any decent shot, Scott just tapped the cue ball softly. The white ball rolled a little ways and then came to a stop without touching anything. With the intentional foul, it was now Cassie's turn.

Stepping up to the table, Cassie surveyed the layout. Giving that she had more balls on the table it also meant that she had more options. Choosing a shot, she called it and then started to line it up. Scott gave her a minor correction on the angle with which she was hitting the cue ball. Cassie made the correction and lined up the shot again. Taking aim, she struck the cue ball with the stick. Instead of going the intended direction though the cue ball shot off at an unexpected angle. It missed the ball she had been aiming for and glanced off another one.

"You're jerking your hand slightly just before you strike the cue ball," Scott told her, walking toward the pool table. After a quick survey of the table he motioned her in his direction. "Here, take a shot at the four ball," he told her and then explained to her how to hit it with the cue ball in order for it to go into the far side pocket. "You want to make sure you keep the motion smooth through out the entire shot."

Cassie made another attempt. Again the cue ball didn't go the direction she had intended it.

"You're still jarring the cue stick slightly right before it makes contact with the cue ball," he told her, resetting the shot. "Let me show you," he told her stepping up behind her and reaching around her, placing his hands on top of hers so he could guide them. "You want a smooth motion even through the follow through," he told her.

"Now don't those two look cozy, Alan."

Gordon's comment startled both Scott and Cassie. The cue stick hit the cue ball sending the white ball slightly into the air. Its odd momentum carried it to the side of the table and over the edge.

"He was just helping me with my shooting technique," Cassie said, feeling her cheeks grow warm, even as she hopped no one else noticed.

"Oh, is that all," Alan teased.

"Don't you two have somewhere else to be?" Scott asked, as he retrieved the cue ball off the floor. Placing it on the table he looked in his brother's direction. Both of them were wearing grins.

"No, not really," Gordon said with a shrug.

"Hey, I know, why don't the four of us play a game?" Alan suggested.

"Yeah, what three on one, so you actually have a chance to win?" Scott replied, only half joking.

"I was thinking more like you and Cassie against Gordon and me," Alan told him.

"Yeah, Cassie should be enough of a handicap for you to even the odds up," Gordon commented without really thinking.

"Hey!" Cassie said, putting the cue stick on the pool table and resting her hands on her hips.

"Sorry. That didn't come out right," Gordon said sheepishly.

"So how about it?" Alan asked.

Scott looked over at Cassie. He had a feeling that Gordon's comment had made her determined to not only take the challenge but to win, too. Her nod gave him the answer he expected.

"You're on," Scott told his brothers. "One of you can even break," he told them putting the balls that had been pocketed back onto the table.

Gordon grabbed the triangular rack and started gathering the billiard balls.

"So, looks like I'm your chauffeur for your visit to the Christchurch branch of Tracy Island on Tuesday," Alan commented, while Gordon got ready.

"I'm looking forward to it. I've been an employee of Tracy Industries for a month now, and except for the initial interview, haven't set foot in any of the facilities," Cassie replied.

The balls set correctly within the frame, Gordon removed the rack. Picking out a cue stick, he rubbed the top with the blue chalk and walked to the opposite end of the table. With a crack, the cue ball hit the other balls sending them scattering. The three ball rolled into the side pocket.

"If you don't mind, I thought we could get dinner on the mainland and do some shopping after you're done at the plant," Alan said to Cassie, as he approached the table to make the next shot.

"That's fine with me," Cassie replied, as Alan lined up the shot.

"One ball in the far right pocket," he said, calling his shot. The room fell quiet as Alan took the shot. The cue ball rolled toward the yellow ball, glancing the side of it. The one rolled toward the called pocket, only to stop inches in front of it.

Alan groaned, and Scott motioned to Cassie to go first. Alan's failed shot had left her with two relatively easy shots. The cue ball was lined up well to put the ten ball in the corner pocket at the opposite end of the table from the one, or she could try to sink the one ball herself. As the three

had already been pocketed, Cassie decided to go for the one.

She called the shot and lined it up. The cue ball rolled down the table, knocking the one ball into the pocket and then bounced off the cushion at the far end.

"Looks like we're solids and you guys are stripes," Scott said as he stepped up to the table for his shot. "Seven in the side pocket," he said, calling the next shot.

The game continued. The talking and joking dying down as the game got more intense. Finally, the only solid ball on the table was the eight, while one striped ball remained. The black ball was the only thing standing in the way of victory for Scott and Cassie.

"At least we'll get another chance," Gordon said jokingly to Alan.

"I heard that," the dark haired woman told him as she surveyed the table.

Determined to sink the ball, Cassie called her shot. She took her time lining it up and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. With a crack, the cue stick hit the white ball, which knocked the eight toward the corner pocket. The room was quiet as the ball rolled slowly toward the hole and then dropped in.

"Yes!" Cassie said, excitedly. She turned around and gave Scott a quick hug before turning to her two opponents. "Good, game."

"Yeah, it was close."

"We want a rematch sometime," Alan said.

"Anytime, little brother, anytime," Scott told him.