

The Starlet

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An actress cheats on her husband in front of millions and no one knows

My husband is much more famous than I am. He has already been in a lot of very big and very successful films and he is a star. I fell in love with him and we became lovers when I played a minor role in one of his films. I won't tell you our names because I don't want him to know this story. So let's just say my name is Sage Turner and my husband is Dorgan McDowell.

We dated a few times and then made all the tabloids as we became more serious. When we married, the usual big hubbub was made, with the paparazzi and the entertainment reporters and tabloids everywhere. Of course, there were gushing predictions made about our marriage and about how ours would certainly break the mold and actually last a few years. A lot of rubbish it was but that's the industry for you.

I really did love Dorgan. I still do. I think he even loves me. No, I mean it. I think he genuinely loves me. But after marrying him my career began to take off. I landed a few better roles and my increased visibility because of my famous heartthrob husband caused bigger and better roles to come my way. I wasn't complaining but it did cause us to be apart a lot. I missed him.

A couple of things happened to make this story what it is. The first was my separation from my husband. He was working on a film in Europe and I was working in LA. But the second thing was a long conversation I had with Karen. Karen is my best friend, with whom I shared a long friendship that went back long before I was an actress. She was visiting me on the set of the movie I was working on. We were in my trailer just talking and catching up and the subject turned to our marriages. Karen told me she had an affair. I was shocked. I always knew her to love her husband and she says she does love him but she found herself dangerously attracted to a stranger once when she was out with some girlfriends at a club. Her husband was away at the time. The man was gorgeous and she found herself daydreaming about him before he even noticed her.

She snapped out of her reverie and continued talking and laughing with her friends. She had almost forgotten about him but when her two friends went to the ladies room the

gorgeous man walked up, introduced himself and said that he had noticed her looking at him. He handed her a slip of paper and just said, "Call me, sometime," and walked away. She had hardly said a word and just like that, he was gone and she didn't see him again.

In my trailer she said she honestly didn't know what came over her but she simply couldn't get him out of her mind. She went back to her empty house and thought about going to bed. It was past one in the morning. On a sudden impulse she took out the paper, read the number and picked up her phone. He answered on the first ring. She didn't say who she was. He seemed to already know. She just said, "Where are you?" He gave her directions to his apartment and she went.

They made love. She stayed the whole night. And then she left. I can't describe what happened during their lovemaking but Karen said he was unbelievable. She said he excited her in all the right ways and he seemed to know just what to do and say to her. She felt completely at her ease and didn't feel the least guilty or ashamed. To her, it was like this man was sent to her for one night only to give her pleasure and excitement and to allow her to love and appreciate her husband.

And that's what happened. Her husband came home and they made love tenderly and warmly and she feels as close to him as ever. I asked her if she didn't find herself comparing her husband to her stranger and she said that they were like the ocean and the mountains, very different but both beautiful and wonderful.

I asked her if she was tempted to call the stranger again and she said that she had not felt the least compelled to do so. She threw the paper away but if she wanted she could look through her phone bills for his number or she could just drive to his apartment. But she felt like she didn't want to ruin her wonderful night with him by attempting it again. The magic of that evening had worn off, and she didn't feel its pull anymore.

Karen stayed with me for a while during the shoot but then she had to return home. This was my biggest role to date. But since I was still a starlet and not a star and certainly not a "superstar" this role involved love scenes and nudity. I didn't mind. I had done love scenes and nudity before. My web site is filled with various topless shots taken during my lesser roles. This movie was a romantic thriller and I don't want to give too many details but it called for a few erotic scenes.

The first was a suspenseful chase scene through a parking garage at night. The mysterious stranger seemed to be stalking me as I looked for my car. He got closer and closer until I realized I was being followed. I ran. He chased me. After much dashing up of stairs and around corners I thought I had given him the slip. I found my car and began to unlock the door, my heavy breathing subsiding.

Then, out of nowhere, he grabbed me from behind. He spun me around and put his hand over my mouth. He held me tightly and kissed me. Then he put his hand up my skirt. My struggles lessened as I began to get excited. We kissed and I had my hands all over his face and neck. He picked me up and sat me on the hood of my car. He pulled my panties off, practically ripping them. Then I got to my knees on the car and he buried his face in my crotch. I reached behind me and undid my skirt, which he pulled off me.

There was a brief shot of me naked below the waist. It was very dark with only dim reddish lights shining on us. He climbed onto the car with me and I stood, holding some pipes just over my head. He sank down and put his face between my legs, showing another brief shot of my pubic area. There was no way to fake it without seeming fake so the actor actually put his mouth and lips right on my pubic hair while the cameras panned around us. At one point I had to lift my leg onto his shoulder while his face was right there. I was sure my lips spread open a little bit when I did that.

We shifted positions and I practically threw him to his back on the hood and straddled his face. The script called for a long protracted love scene where he brought me to an orgasm with his tongue. The camera was to pan around from different angles and again, there was no way for him not to have his face touching my pussy.

Well, the actor, (I won't mention his name) was very much a newcomer. But he was so sweet. We had not really worked any scenes together. He hardly spoke a word the whole film. Honestly I didn't know him at all. But he was considerate and during all our close scenes when he had to have his face between my legs, he was a perfect gentleman. I remember one time during a break, he said, "Ms. Turner, I'm so sorry if my whiskers are too rough. I wanted to shaved extra close this morning but they wanted me to look rough. But if I'm hurting you, maybe I can take a break and have one of the makeup people give me a closer shave and make me up to give me an unshaven look." You know, most actors would make some stupid remark, if not to me, then to his friends afterwards, but I felt like Jim (I'll call him Jim) would never brag or boast about his love

scenes. He was sweet and it touched me in an odd way. I just put my hand to his face and said, "I should be the one apologizing to you. I'll bet this isn't how you pictured your first big role."

We did all the shots except for the last. This was the shot where I straddle his face and simulate an orgasm. Whatever I was doing, the director didn't like it. He didn't see enough eroticism in my expression and we tried again. Poor Jim had to just lie back and wait, as time after time the director stopped the shot. We took a break and the director tried to give me a better idea what he wanted. I was getting frustrated.

We got into positions again and after hearing the director yell, "ACTION," I started to imagine oral sex. But suddenly, I felt Jim's tongue slide into my pussy. It sent an electric jolt through my body. I didn't know whether to be angry and shocked or to just go with it. I wanted to be angry but the sudden feeling of his tongue inside me was so pleasurable I couldn't bring myself to interrupt it. No one else could have possibly known what he was doing. It was dark and Jim ran his hands up and down between my buttocks sensuously, so the camera couldn't really see what he was doing with his tongue.

The pleasure was intense, unlike any thrill I had ever had. Men have gone down on me many times, including Dorgan of course, but this was different. I felt dirty doing this in front of dozens of people. What if they could tell by my expression or by my movements? The thought occurred to me that they would simply think I was acting and doing a damned good job of it, too.

Jim's tongue was magic. He worked it around, silently parting my labia. I was moaning and if he made any noise I sure didn't hear it. I could feel the eroticism overwhelming me and when Jim found my clitoris, I almost mashed his face flat against the hood of the car. My breathing picked up and I felt my forbidden orgasm surge through my entire body in a huge wave of pleasure, followed by so many aftershocks I couldn't count them. I slumped over Jim's face, breathing hard, trying to catch my breath. I swallowed and ran my tongue quickly and guiltily over my lips. "And CUT," I heard the director say. "Perfect. That was perfect, Sage. Let's wrap for the day."

I weakly got off Jim's face, trying my best to hide the flush that must surely have turned my face red. But the red lights of the set helped hide me. Jim produced a handkerchief from somewhere and very quickly wiped his face to remove my wetness. No one saw

him since most lights were shining from behind him. Also, people in the business know instinctively to avert their eyes after a nude scene to give the actors a moment to straighten themselves out. Jim stealthily handed me the handkerchief, which I ran between my legs quickly for the same reason and I wrapped my skirt back around me, not bothering to put my panties back on.

He distanced himself from me, not to avoid an awful scene that might be coming his way but to divert suspicion from us. He was still being a perfect gentleman, I felt. As I walked off the set, though, heading for my trailer, he came up to me. Only my assistant was with me and she was busy rattling off our schedule. Jim quietly said in my ear, "May I have my handkerchief back, please?" It was still in my hand and I passed it to him like a spy passing secrets to another spy. He peeled off to my left and I entered my trailer. At the door, I turned and looked. He was standing twenty paces away facing me, alone. He held the handkerchief to his lips for a moment and let it slide down slowly. He smiled and turned to walk away.

Karen's words kept coming back to me. Maybe Jim was my stranger. I loved Dorgan very much and I wanted him as badly as ever but I masturbated that night with the memory of Jim's face between my legs.

Jim and I had one more love scene to do together. This was a much more straightforward love scene involving total nudity but lying in a bed with a sheet partially covering us. We had walked through it several times. The bedroom would be candlelit and the sheets would be ample and white and loose like gauze or muslin. I would strip in front of Jim and then remove his shirt as he stood looking at my nude body.

He would kiss my lips and then my breasts and then lower me to the bed where I would lie sensuously with my left hand touching just above my left breast and my right hand by my side. My legs were to remain together except that my right leg would be slightly bent at the knee. This would cause my pubic area to kind of pinch together so the camera looking down from above could see my pubic hair but not my labia. This was the full frontal nude shot.

Jim would approach the bed from the foot. By now, he would be totally nude but the camera would only show him from behind and to the side so you couldn't see his penis.

He would crawl over my body slightly to one side and the overhead camera would show us both, my front and his back.

There would be a break while we repositioned. Jim would get between my legs and the sheet would be draped over his upper legs. The director wanted to get a long shot of his rear end from above during our love-making. He thought this would make the film more appealing to the female audience.

The way love scenes like this are done in movies is quite simple. The actor just lets his limp penis droop down between the actress' legs while they keep their abdomens pressed tightly together. There's no real sex or penetration but no one knows because they can't show that degree of detail and explicitness anyway. The camera shows a side shot or a brief top shot or from the waist up. It's all an illusion and the orgasms are depicted from facial expressions or from vocalizations. The actors can slide their bodies back and forth against each other as if they are copulating but it's all harmless. Many actors and actresses hate each other and would never actually have sex. Also, so many actors are gay, they have a difficult time getting hard anyway as they drape their bodies over a beautiful woman.

The shoot was set for the next day and when I got back to my trailer, Dorgan was there waiting for me. I was so happy to see him. He had a small break in his film and he flew all the way back just to see me. It was so sweet of him. He even brought flowers. We made all kinds of plans for that evening. We were going to a party, making sure to leave early so that we could spend a much needed night together. He would watch me on the set the next day and then he had to fly back to Europe. I was a bit nervous that he would watch my love scene but I was happy that he was here. It didn't matter to me. I had seen him do love scenes before. This was just the first time I would be the one doing the acting. I only hoped he wouldn't make me nervous.

We went to the party and he found one of his early co-stars whom he hadn't seen in a long time. They got to drinking and laughing and reminiscing and before we knew it, it was two o'clock in the morning. I tried to get him to come home with me but he was hopelessly drunk. I understood. I had only been a month without him and I'd be with him again in two more weeks. But he hadn't seen his friend in three years. Who knew when they would see each other again? I suppose I should have been angry but I wasn't. I had

an important shoot to do the next afternoon so I kissed Dorgan and went home. He would still be able to watch my scene as long as he didn't really overdo it.

Lying in bed that night I began to fantasize about Dorgan. But before I knew it my fantasy turned Dorgan into Jim. It startled me but I figured it was only a fantasy. If we can't cheat on our spouses in our fantasies the world is a truly cruel place. I masturbated with images of Jim's naked body lying over mine, his erect penis inside me, and cameras filming the whole thing. As I imagined millions of moviegoers watching us making love I reached an amazing orgasm. I lay for a long time with my fingers just barely touching me, savoring the images and the feelings and the memories.

The next day we shot all the preliminary parts. I hadn't seen Dorgan anywhere. We shot the part where I let my clothes fall off my body and Jim took me in with his eyes ravenously. Somehow, standing there with his eyes roaming over my naked body was much more erotic to me than the parking garage scene. I removed his shirt and felt another thrill. I felt myself tingling between the legs as his eyes roamed over my breasts, my abdomen, and between my legs. When he kissed me and especially when he lowered himself to kiss my breasts and suck on my nipple my breathing was becoming difficult. I was afraid the director would cut because I felt my legs trembling.

Jim lifted me and laid me on the bed. He moved back a step and the director cut. There was a lot of shuffling around. Lights were repositioned. The overhead camera was made ready. I had to position myself for the frontal nudity shot. It was odd having all these technicians standing around as I lay completely naked on the bed. Dozens of eyes were roving over my body to make sure the sheets were right, my hair looked good, the makeup was perfect. I'm sure some eyes were looking to make sure my breasts and pubic hair looked just right, erotic and inviting and sensual. A pair of hands lifted and moved my bent knee slightly. A makeup woman brushed my body quickly with powder, sending erotic jolts through me as she worked around my breasts, nipples, and then between my legs. One of the makeup woman's jobs was to make sure my nipples were perky and erect, but all the attention I was getting had already stiffened them pleasantly. The makeup woman flicked my nipples with her thumb and index finger anyway just to do her job.

And then I saw Dorgan. He was wearing sunglasses and I smiled at him. He smiled back and nodded. His presence only increased my tingling sensuality. I was afraid I would be nervous with him here but instead I felt like everything was perfect.

We shot the panning overhead angles and we shot Jim approaching me from the foot of the bed. All the while, as I was prepping for my overhead shot, Jim was standing to the side watching, shirtless but still wearing his pants. When it was time for him, he calmly unzipped his pants and stepped out of them. He wasn't wearing underwear and when I saw his penis the tingling pulses and jolts coursing through my body stepped it up another notch. He was uncircumcised and for some reason it thrilled me in a way I still can't explain. His body was perfectly tanned and his body hair was neither too full nor too bare. His penis was beautifully proportioned and swayed erotically as he approached me. It was like I was seeing him in slow motion.

The cameras were on him from behind until he got on the bed with me. As he crawled over the foot of the bed his penis hung down pendulously and bounced slightly. I couldn't take my eyes off him. The overhead cameras filmed his backside from above as he draped his leg over me and moved up to kiss me. I had to follow his eyes with mine so I could no longer see his beautiful penis. But I felt it touch my upper thigh as he draped his leg over mine.

We kissed and he touched my breasts as they filmed for several more minutes, trying to get lots of footage. Most of it would not make in into the movie but the idea is to have more than enough in case there are problems. I felt his penis stiffen against my leg as we kissed. He didn't get a full erection but I could tell he was becoming aroused like I'm sure he could tell I was aroused. My nipples were still very erect and I felt electric. "And CUT," yelled the director.

Jim got off for a moment as we re-positioned. I looked for Dorgan and saw him talking with someone. Oh my God, I thought, as I realized he had brought his friend with him. It's a strange thing, doing nude scenes. I get used to the people on the set and of course it doesn't bother me to have my husband here but somehow having an acquaintance watching me makes me feel like an exhibitionist. Or better yet, it makes me feel like I have a peeping Tom who I know is watching me through the hole in the bathroom wall. He's watching me and I know he's watching but I can't do a thing about it. It makes me feel kind of dirty. But I'm a starlet, not a superstar. I can't scream and throw tantrums. I

have to ignore it and try not to let it bother me. But it still angers me that Dorgan brought him. He should have known better and it makes me think Dorgan wanted to show me off to his friend.

Jim got back on the bed and positioned himself between my legs. His enticing penis bumped against my vagina as he moved into place. I bent my legs and his weight spread me deliciously. All the tingling that I had been feeling throughout my body came shooting back but this time it was all centered between my legs. I could barely stand it.

The crew positioned the sheets just below Jim's ass and they bunched up a lot of loose gauzy fabric at our sides for a sumptuous look. We did some writhing motions as the overhead cameras took the shots that the director wanted of Jim's bum. Then it came time for our love-making. During a brief pause as film was changed and more candles were added, I looked over at Dorgan, still wearing his sunglasses. His friend was looking at me as Dorgan whispered into his ear. The pause wasn't long so Jim and I were to remain in position.

A sudden urge came over me. I whispered two words to Jim. "Do it." His penis was already erect and it just took a quick rising motion for him to let his erection come between our abdomens. His hardness felt so good against my mound. He slid down slightly as the crew finished up their preparations. I felt the tip of Jim's engorged penis slide down my slit. I was wet and had been for quite some time. I felt him as he parted my labia and rested there a second. We were fighting to keep our breathing normal and our motions still.

"Ready on the set. Cameras and ACTION." Jim's penis was right there. He only had to slide into me. I wanted him so badly. My center ached for him, for his perfect, tanned, uncircumcised penis. We began our motions and with one sudden intake of air, I felt Jim penetrate me. I held my breath in for a second and then exhaled, my mouth open and my eyes half closed. I felt down at my sides and bunched up the sheets there. Jim kept his abdomen close against mine so no one could see that he was inside me. I just had to hope the sheets stayed on his upper legs and that he kept his legs together. If the sheets moved or if Jim spread his legs at all Dorgan would have the best view to see his wife actually making love to a stranger.

It was glorious. Jim knew we would need plenty of footage so he held back but I was enjoying a string of mini orgasms that just wouldn't stop. My body was shuddering from the sheer delight and the eroticism of making love to a stranger on film and before the very eyes of my husband. Dorgan's friend was still watching but he couldn't see much of my naked body from where he stood so his attention was minimal.

We filmed from several angles and for what seemed like a long time. The director would ask me periodically to move my arms here or there or to wrap my legs around Jim. I was only too happy to comply and when Jim sensed we were about to cut he reached his own powerful orgasm. Feeling his semen pulsing into me sent me over the top and my mini-orgasms were swept away by a massive, gripping orgasm that had me biting my lips to keep from screaming. My nails dug into Jim's back but I didn't draw blood. We both let it wash over us and Jim crumpled to my chest and covered my neck with kisses and nibbling bites.

The director cut and as difficult as it was, Jim quickly stopped and raised himself up to avoid suspicion. Feeling his penis quickly slide out of me made me feel sad, like it was over too quickly. Jim took the sheet that was below his ass and quickly wrapped it around him and got off the bed. Before he got up though, he took the bunched up sheets at my side and threw them over me. No one ever saw his spent penis slide out of me, he was so good at his businesslike manner. To everyone watching, he had just done a love scene where he got sweaty from the hot lights and from our body contact.

He moved away with quickness and so did I. I didn't talk to Dorgan. I didn't want him to see my flushed face and chest and I didn't want him to smell sex on me, and I didn't want to see his friend. I went straight to my trailer and took a shower. I would have loved to stay and hold and love my stranger but it wasn't to be for me.

I never saw Jim again. I'm sure he is still acting and I hope he gets some good parts. I do love Dorgan very much and our love life is exciting and fulfilling when we are together. Yes, he's an egocentric man. He's an actor for God's sake. But I knew that when I fell in love with him. The movie did well at the theatres but it was more successful on DVD. I own a copy and whenever Dorgan is away and I'm feeling lonely or sensual, I put it in and watch my two love scenes with Jim. On film, it just looks like good acting but I know better. When I see myself reaching an orgasm in those scenes it makes me wet and I remember how it felt to have my perfect stranger for that short but perfect time.