



Matt Gooldomon

Don't Stop

Identical

Wife's Evil Twin

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Matt Coolomon

Edited by S.H. Madonna

X-Rated

High level erotic content

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From the creative human minds of Matt and Maddy. Each Coolomon erotic story is conceived, written and enhanced by a male author and a female editor with you, our bad boy/naughty girl reader in mind.

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Further Than I Had Agreed To

Tina

Ohmygod what was I thinking?

I lay on the movie set bed with my breasts and pussy exposed and one of the cameramen still filming me. The other two had stopped and the sound guys had moved back with the microphones.

The scene was over and I just let this guy keep on filming.

The director had turned away and was talking with my co-star Mario. I caught a look from one of the young sound guys glancing up. He'd been staring at my pussy. I kept a tiny landing strip and was waxed otherwise.

I had my thighs together but they're slender and my womanly hips cause quite a broad gap between them. The young guy and one or two of the older ones were staring because they could see everything.

The cameraman still filming winked and smiled at me and I just blushed deeper. "Nice," he said under his breath.

I got up to my elbows but I was in a daze and was a complete ragdoll. My legs wouldn't work. I bent them up and kept them swayed together but my half-slip and panties fell to my ankles.

The wardrobe girl was suddenly by my side helping me up. She gathered my underwear and I got up on my knees on the bed. The singlet I wore fell to my waist and with a shoulder hanging down one of my breasts still poked out of it.

I was beyond caring and crawled off the bed as the men tilted their heads in unison to examine my waxed pussy from behind as well. I slipped into the robe the wardrobe girl was holding for me and she wrapped it around and covered me up.

"That was brilliant! Absolutely perfect!" the director gushed.

"Um thank you. I just went with the feel of the scene. It actually felt more realistic and natural to be exposed like that. I never knew."

"Yes! Yes you were beautiful. It might bump us into another rating category

but we're fine with that if you are, Tina."

"I don't know, I guess I am, now that I've done it."

"Good. Good. That's brilliant. Once edited that's going to wrap the film but I can see a lead role for you in another project I'll send to your agent."

"Oh my god really?"

"Yes and there'll be locations abroad for that one, so buy some new luggage!" the guy gushed some more and took off with one of his assistants.

He was totally camp and so funny. My leading man was chuckling and approached beside me. "Well he seems happy!"

"Yes finally! Do you think that was the last time we'll have to do that scene?"

"Yeah I'm sure it will be, and sorry, are you okay?"

"Um, yes I'm fine." I wrapped the robe around tighter, coming back to earth and suddenly feeling quite naked beneath it.

"That went a bit further than it was supposed to," Mario admitted. "It just happened. I hope it was alright?"

"Yes it was fine. Really! I know what you mean, it just evolved and felt right to me."

"Yes to me too but I have to apologise for getting a bit carried away for a while there. I wasn't planning to kiss you so deeply. That wasn't necessary for the shot."

I nodded, biting my lip and blushing. "It wasn't only you," I grimaced. "I got carried away too. I hope it doesn't show too much on film."

"Haha touching tongues generally doesn't. We make it look like we're kissing for real all the time, so the viewer shouldn't notice the difference."

"Mmm I hope not. But I don't regret it Mario. It was nice. Thank you."

The guy smiled and hugged me to his side. "You're welcome and thank you too, Tina. That was very well played. I can see what Tootsie-bell there was waiting for now. I'm pretty sure he finally got it."

I giggled at the reference to the director as I noticed Mario looking down the front of my robe. Squeezing me to his side had made it gape open at the top and my breast was still bare with the singlet hanging down that arm.

The guy had stopped talking, obviously distracted.

I blushed to myself and lifted that arm to rake at my dishevelled hair. That made the robe gape even more and I looked up from my bare boob at the same time Mario did.

“Yes, I’m sure that was the shot they wanted. Those look amazing and it’s almost standard for films these days,” the man grinned.

“I’ve always been too shy to allow it. I’m kind of glad it just happened though,” I confided.

He turned to face me. He stroked my hair at my shoulder and lowered the robe and uncovered my breast fully again.

“No need for shyness,” he grinned and offered his hand to shake. He squeezed mine warmly. “It was a pleasure working with you, Tina. See you on the next one, yeah?”

“Oh I hope so. I’d love to work with you again some time Mario. Thank you!” I called as he exited stage left and hurried off.

I hadn’t covered up and one of the older cameramen turned a camera on me.

“That’s beautiful love, just like that,” he encouraged and reached to my shoulder and lowered that side of the robe even more.

There were three of the cameramen and the two sound guys crowding me.

The one filming went down on a knee whilst one of the sound guys squeezed my shoulders from behind and slipped the robe from both. It fell to me waist and he reached around and opened it there too.

He stroked back up my sides and cupped my breasts and felt them.

I was mesmerised and just stood there.

The guy was erect against my bottom. The one with the camera was going up and down my body and he got right down low and focused on my pussy.

Another of them lifted my chin and kissed my lips. I gave in to that at first and he got his tongue into my mouth. The other one had his hands up my singlet now and was tweaking my nipples.

The one kissing me felt between my legs and rubbed me but his fingers slipped straight in and that shocked me out of my trance.

I pushed at hands and broke away from them to hurry to the ladies change

room for my clothing.

I bumped into one of the other cameramen on my way out of the building and just blushed my head off at his smirk as I saw his eyes moving all over me.

I was so wet between my legs and squelching without any panties on for the drive home. I had worn my own panties on set of course but I didn't know where they ended up.

My sister was home at the dining table on her laptop. She saw the state I was in immediately.

“Hey what's up? Are you okay?”

“Yes I'm fine. I'm just going to hell for being a total tramp this morning.”

I told my sister all about what had just happened. I held nothing back.

“Oh hello sister! So it got a bit real? I'm sure that's perfectly normal with acting. You immerse yourself into it so fully that it takes over and you experience some normal human reactions. I don't see the big deal.”

“Yes well, had I not regained my senses at the end there I was going to be shared by the whole film crew. I couldn't even think to stop them until one actually put his fingers inside me, Jane. I don't know what I'm going to tell my husband.”

“Um, nothing?” my sister said simply. “You're going to tell him nothing about the bit at the end where you nearly got yourself gang banged. Just stick with some of the truth and confess to not being able to help liking it a little when you were being kissed and felt up.”

She looked at me with all the maturity I've ever seen her display. She continued, “There's no shame in that. What girl wouldn't enjoy it if Mr Mario is as strong and confident as you say.”

“Yes well I don't know about any of that but I'm going to take Art some lunch and start buttering him up for a confession of some kind. Plus I need to tell him about tonight I suppose, unless you've changed your mind, sis? Pleeeeease?” I begged.

Jane grimaced. “I actually can't. I have to take a video call for work tonight. It's a really important client and I can't get out of it.”

My sister put a cup of tea in front of me and sat opposite with hers. “We could always just cancel altogether. Who cares about some old letch wanting

to take us out? We should just stand him up, I say.”

I sipped tea. “I agree but I don’t think that’s a good idea. Arthur really needs this. He was so excited when he told me he’d scored a huge donation to refurbish the soccer stadium for the kids. I’d hate to be the one responsible for this businessman pulling the pin at the last minute. Not if it just means acting the part for an evening and attending an art exhibition on his arm.”

“No I suppose. Only you’re making me feel bad for asking you to fill in for me,” Jane offered sincerely.

I smiled. “I actually like art exhibitions and it’s only for a few hours, getting picked up and dropped off in a Limo. How fun!”

“Hmm and I’ve got the perfect dress for you to wear. We look great in red!” my identical twin sister declared.

“Yes well you certainly do, so..!”

“Oh and if you’re going to see Art at work, don’t forget to act the part for his boss! You had better borrow one of my dresses for that too.”

“Oh shit, I forgot about that.”

I thought quickly. Standing in for me, my sister had made an impression on my husband’s work colleagues that I was going to have to do something about.

She had dressed very sexily and had their eyes all over her. I needed to change that impression and introduce the real me but there was something about Arthur’s reaction.

I frowned at my sister. “Do you know, I think Arthur actually got a kick out of how skimpy your dress was at the soccer.”

Jane glared back at me. “D’uh! So did his boss apparently. Which was the plan.”

“Yes it was your plan, but it might have turned out to be a positive in another way too. It was interesting how umm...” I didn’t quite know how to put this.

“How, um, amorous Art has been ever since.”

Jane smiled and her eyebrows flicked up. “Because he liked his boss checking out his wife. He’s responding to the competition.”

I narrowed my eyes. “The competition?”

“Yes. D’uh. The competition for you silly! Men love that stuff even if they don’t know it.”

I rolled my eyes but frowned again. “Is that true, do you think?”

“Yes it’s so typical,” Jane declared. “You should wear something skimpy to visit him at work today then tell him you have to go on a date with his benefactor. Then see how randy he is in bed tonight!”

“No! ... Seriously?” I cried. “No way!”

“Oh yes way,” my sister smiled. “Let me pick out something for you to wear for his boss today and for the money man tonight. I say we have some goddam fun with this.”

“Oh my god really! Do you think we should?”

“Sure sister. I’m in charge of wardrobe and makeup. You’re the actress.”

He Took Her Right in Front of Me

Arthur

“This is good work,” my new boss commented as he scrolled down the spreadsheet I’d been working on all morning.

He was over my shoulder at my desk. I had the small office with a view down into the warehouse. His was along the corridor in admin with a view of the grounds and road.

“So based on this, we could employ one service team fulltime and never have any more than two trucks off the road at one time,” Dmitry mulled.

“Yes and every truck is serviced within the limits for warranty and safety standards. And re-order points for parts, and consumables can be squeezed down to a minimum and we’ve got less stock on hand,” I explained.

“Yeah... Fuck yeah,” my boss said and added the exclamation looking up over the screen.

My sister-in-law had appeared in my doorway in a miniskirt and boob top. I swallowed hard and blinked a few times, my mouth hung open.

It wasn’t my sister-in-law. It was my wife.

It’s damn hard to tell at a glance but the wedding rings and hair length and the connection we have when our eyes meet of course.

Tina looked nervous. She was holding a brown paper bag over her thigh gap. Her sister’s miniskirt barely covered her panties.

She was pushing her tits together with her arms down straight. Her white top hugged her tits and you could see the lacy trim of her bra through it. Plus it plunged and showed deep cleavage.

“Tina! Welcome! Come on in,” my boss gushed while I couldn’t get my brain to work.

He was around the desk in a flash and squeezed her to his side. “You didn’t mention your lovely lady would be joining us Art. We could have ordered lunch.”

“No it’s okay. I can’t stop. I’m just dropping off,” Tina blushed up at the guy beside her. He was ogling down at her tits.

“Oh that’s a shame. No time for a little tour?” Dmitry went on grinning.

“Um no thanks, better not,” Tina said and pried the guy’s hand from her hip.

She grimaced excitedly and lent over my desk as I did too and gave her a peck on the lips whilst my boss tilted his head and had a look at her butt.

He smirked and winked at me as he sat on my couch by the door. Tina looked around my office at the old photos of trucks from back as far as the fifties when this business was in its infancy. She’s into art and photography.

“Wow these are amazing. They look so small compared to the trucks today.”

“Yes true but plenty powerful. They were all engine and chassis back in the day. All electronic and air-condition cabs built for luxury now,” Dmitry said.

Tina was looking kind of cheeky now and I didn’t get it. There was a glass display cabinet and she grimaced at me then bent forward to look closely at the model truck encased in it. It was an amazing scaled replica of one of the current rigs.

Dmitry’s mouth hung open as he tilted to the side and had a look up the back of her miniskirt. Tina had on white thong panties. We could see the crotch of them hugging her pussy, only Dmitry was closer to her with a better view than me.

He swallowed hard and blinked. Tina was gushing over the detail of the truck but stood and tugged at the back of her skirt, blushing down at my smiling boss. She rolled her eyes away from him but was biting a smile too.

Dmitry chuckled and shocked me and Tina as well by giving her but a quick pinch under the back of her skirt.

Tina jumped and shrieked. I gripped the arms of my chair to stop myself lunging out of it.

“Sorry... sorry,” Dmitry apologised with his hands up in resignation. But he was still smiling and reached for Tina’s hand and tugged her close again.

“Sorry I couldn’t help myself with you bending over like that,” he said and pulled her to his side with his hand rubbing up her outer thigh and squeezing.

“Say you’ll forgive me, yeah? I just couldn’t resist,” he went on pleadingly but still with a smile on his face and in his eyes.

“You made quite the impression on the big boss at the soccer the other day too. Art and I have been talking about you a lot,” the guy went on.

I was flushing guiltily now. Tina was looking to me worriedly.

“I mean, I haven’t gotten this wrong have I?” Dmitry went on and released my wife as she pushed his hand and shifted back away from his clutches. “It looked like you dressed for effect and were playing up to us all noticing, yeah?”

“Hmm yes I suppose, but I’d had some champagne don’t forget,” Tina admitted and shot me another little glance whilst holding my boss’s hand away from her legs again and glaring at him still smiling whilst he kept groping for her.

“Oh my god, handsy or what!” she scolded, giggling and playing along.

“Ahh!” she shrieked as he lunged and grabbed her hand, pulling her to him and she fell onto his lap.

She covered her mouth to stop from squealing out loud and pushed at his arm with her other hand. She glared pleadingly at me.

I gulped hard and crushed the arms of my chair. My boss winked at me then looked at Tina’s heaving tits as he squeezed her outer thigh and butt. He was still laughing it off as a game and not seriously groping her.

“This is a cute little lunch girl outfit. Do you deliver to all the offices?”

“Not if I’m going to get grabbed!” Tina shot back but giggled as she pulled at the guy’s other hand around her and squeezing her side.

“What do you say, Art. She’d make a good lunch girl, yeah?”

I gulped and breathed. “Yeah I guess.”

Tina glared at me. My boss was ogling straight down her top. She was drawing deep breaths and her tits were bulging from her plunging neckline. You could see the lace of her bra but that was only just covering her nipples it was so low cut.

“Art and I have been talking about open relationships. We should get together and have a few drinks one night, yeah?”

My boss lifted the hand from Tina’s thigh and placed it directly over one of her tits.

“Ah huh,” she panted and tensed but stared down at his hand without stopping him.

He squeezed and released then squeezed again, slowly massaging and you could see her nipple firm and poke at her top.

I was dumbfounded and Tina looked at me glazed-eyed, obviously stunned to inaction as well.

My boss pinched her erect nipple between his thumb and forefinger and rolled it as he continued massaging her tit. He lifted the hand from her side and took over massaging that one whilst closing his free hand over the other one.

I was rubbing my mouth now. My brain was working again, my mind focused on what was happening, but I didn't want to stop it.

My wife was gripping Dmitry's hip and her other arm was by her side and those fingers were twisting in his shirt. She was definitely thrusting her tits forward for the guy as she stared open-mouthed down at what he was doing.

“Uh yeah you guys are into this, yeah? I thought so after the soccer the other day.”

“Mmm I can't even remember that,” Tina uttered and looked helplessly to me.

I gulped hard. “Yeah we're into it to an extent,” I said and looked helplessly back at her.

“Yeah that's cool,” Dmitry said and checked back over his shoulder and out the door.

“Yeah let's just um...” he went on and peeled the shoulder of Tina's top down along with her bra to uncover one tit.

She squeaked but held her breath and thrust as he cupped it and resumed massaging. He pinched and rolled her nipple again. He released it and cupped beneath her tit then bent and sucked the nipple.

“Ah! Huh huh,” my wife moaned panting and gripped his curly red hair now.

I got up but just went to the door and closed it.

Tina peered up at me biting her lip. My boss was noisily sucking her nipple and still feeling her other tit.

“Man that’s nearly enough now,” I gulped.

“Yeah sure buddy, she’s into it,” my boss answered dismissively and he tipped her off his lap back onto the couch and spun to move over her.

He had moved in one smooth action and was suddenly between her legs. He took her in a kiss and she moaned into his mouth. Her eyes were closed now. The guy was dry humping her and she clung to his back.

I stood in a state of shock with my hands on my head. I wanted this to stop but I didn’t. My gut was in a knot but my cock was erect and my balls were tingling in support of the man I was watching grind between my wife’s spread legs.

He was thrusting and she was bracing for the contact and seemed to be grinding back against it.

He was still kissing her and she was moaning into his mouth.

He felt between them and was rubbing her with his hand by the looks, but then he slammed against her and she cried out. “Ahh, huh huh!”

Her eyes shot open wide. Her mouth stayed open too.

My boss was humping her and grinding hard against her. His trousers must have been undone because they were falling down and he pushed them and his jocks from his hip, stretching them down until his bare butt was there and clenching with each thrust.

It was at that point my brain fog cleared enough to understand he was inside of my wife. He was fucking her right there on the couch in front of me.

“Ah huh, huh,” she moaned out loud and clung to him.

He kept thrusting and grinding and thrusting and grinding. Then he squirmed hard against her and kept still as his little butt clenched and quivered.

Tina was raking at him with her heels now but she was still digging into his back with her long nails.

“Ah fuck yeah!” my boss growled and pulled back and slammed hard against her again. “Yeah there it is beautiful. There’s your reward for being so fucking hot and flashing us your little panties the other day.”

Tina swallowed and took a breath. Dmitry lifted from her and pulled up his pants and jocks. He stood and left my wife still panting there on the couch with one side of her top down and her tit out.

She had one foot on the floor and the other leg bent up and swayed open against the backrest of the lounge.

Her little white panties were stretched aside and her cunt was pink and open and leaking cum.

My boss gripped the back of my neck and whispered close. “Good man, you’re going to do well with a hot little wife like that to share.”

He left with a dominant smirk for Tina still lying there panting, and clunked the door shut on his way out.

Tina sat and pulled up her shoulder strap, covering her tit. She swayed her legs together and stretched her skirt down from having been hiked up around her waist.

I sat facing her on the lounge and stroked her sweaty hair. “I don’t even know what just happened baby. Are you okay?”

Tina nodded and swallowed. She took a breath. “It was like he knew he could do that and just did it. I couldn’t help letting him.”

“No and I couldn’t stop him. I don’t even know if I wanted to stop him.”

My wife nodded again. “It seemed so natural to let him. It was so exciting!”

“Yeah it looked like you had an orgasm... did you?”

“Ah huh,” my wife uttered, grimacing a little. “I couldn’t help that either.”

She checked between her legs and straightened the crotch of her panties.

“I think he came inside me, Art.”

I gulped and nodded. “Yeah it looked like it.”

“It must have been the way I looked. I was already feeling strange after something that happened at the film studio this morning. It was like that guy saw it in me and knew I was ready for sex.”

“Oh right.” My heart started thumping again. “So what happened filming this morning?”

“Well I was getting felt up and kissed and I got half stripped and I let them keep filming. I just about got gang banged by the whole film crew only I came to my senses and took off.”

“Oh shit!”

“I know right. And it was like your boss was picking up on how I was feeling inside and continued where those guys left off. It was like he knew or sensed it or something. I couldn’t help responding to him once he started touching my nipple.”

“Yeah I know baby. Fuck! I should have stopped him. I should have fucking done something.”

The Taste of Another Man

Tina

I rested in my husband's arms. I was completely mesmerised and had no idea what to think. He had to get back to work. I had to get out of there and go home and wake up from this dream.

"Alright baby," I'll get off early and be home as soon as I can. We'll talk then," Arthur said and saw me down the stairs and through the warehouse to my car, making sure his boss was nowhere to grab me and drag me to his office for more, or something.

If I was wet between the legs driving home from the studio this morning I was completely soaked now. It had been years since the last time a man had cum inside me. That guy had not only done that, he'd cum really hard.

I had felt him throbbing so powerfully and it went on for ages. Then the reason I had to break away from my husband trying to cuddle me was because I could feel how drippy and gooey I was getting with a bit of gravity and my pussy still open.

The guy had been quite thick and stretched me. I reached down between my legs and could feel how slippery I was from him. I ended up with his cum all over my fingers and had to try and drive with one hand and the palm of the other one.

I'm so anal about my car and had nothing to wipe my hand with other than on my sister's clothing. There was white goo stringing between my fingers.

I blushed to myself and sucked them clean, thrilling at the horrible taste of semen after several years as well.

I was worried about dripping on the car seat so felt between my legs for more and wiped up as best I could, sucking more of the gooey semen from my fingers and getting over the yucky taste.

The fact that it was semen from a virtual stranger who seemed to so easily dominate my husband was actually exciting.

Whilst I was stopped at traffic lights I felt into my pussy for more. I brought my fingers back to my mouth with semen dripping from them and stringing

between them. I sucked them into my mouth and a rush of tingles surged through me.

It was only to stop it dripping on the seat though, I assured myself and licked my fingers some more.

When I got home there was a wet patch on the driver's seat and the back of my sister's skirt was damp. Luckily the seat was leather and wiped clean quite easily.

I immediately put the skirt and top in the wash, along with my wet panties and sexy bra.

Oh the trouble that got me into today!

I was laughing sardonically to myself, as deep down I needed to worry about falling pregnant. I went online and did some research. I should have been late enough in my cycle to be past ovulation, so hopefully I'd be safe.

Jane was out but I found a text from her timestamped a half hour ago when I was being fucked by my husband's boss right in front of him.

I still couldn't get my mind around that.

The text read:

Hey twin I'll tell Ash to send the old donations guy my number but you have to go on the date with him. If he calls me I'll gush about looking forward to the fancy carriage ride but I'll tell him I'm a Cinderella and must be home by midnight.

"Oh shit," I muttered and put the phone down. I'd completely forgotten but thankfully it was only midday so I had plenty of time to cool off and get ready. Art would tell the guy, expecting Jane would be the one going tonight, but I never got a chance to talk about that getting grabbed and fucked on an office couch.

A warm thrill surged through me as I remembered the feel of the guy's hands all over me and his talented tongue swirling around my nipple.

I sat on my couch in a knee-length dress and no bra or panties.

I bent up my legs and opened them then started rubbing. I found I was still all gooey and completely slick inside.

"Oh god," I moaned and fingered into myself then pulled my fingers out and sucked them clean again.

“Oh you’re such a slut now,” I scolded myself and used the copious amount of cum leaking from my vagina to keep my clit lubricated whilst I friggd myself and vibrated my fingers against it, quickly reigniting the orgasm that had remained simmering just below the surface.

Can't Tell by the Feel of Them

Arthur

It was three o'clock and I was about to make my escape from work when I received a message to report to the General Manager's office to discuss my truck service scheduling proposal.

That was good news and bad. It was great that the big boss was interested but I really wanted to get home to my wife and talk about what had happened.

I knocked on the GM's door and found Dmitry already there waiting and sipping a scotch. They had my proposal up on screen and I was offered a scotch to sip whilst going over it.

The GM is cool and likes new initiatives. The meeting was a huge success for me and by the end of it, with three strong scotch and ices, I was feeling rather light-headed.

Three hours had passed and it was getting dark. The sun was going down and a summer thunder storm was looming.

"You can't drive man, I'll drop you," Dmitry insisted. He'd only had the one scotch and stopped there in anticipation of needing to drive home.

I had reached a point of accepting that what had happened wasn't his fault. It went back to me allowing my sister-in-law to stand in for Tina and dress sexily, giving the wrong impression.

Then Tina had come to work today in the shortest skirt I'd ever seen her wear. And she'd done that already primed for sex after filming a love scene.

"No man, it's all good. I'm cool with it," I told my boss in answer to his question about whether he'd gone too far with Tina. "It was a bit of a shock for both of us when you grabbed her but I can hardly blame you after she bent over in front of us like that."

"Yeah man and the look in her eyes too. I could tell she was up for it before I grabbed her. Then with the way she submitted to me on my lap, I couldn't help myself."

I gulped and nodded.

“Fuck I needed that too man,” my boss went on. “I haven’t hooked up in weeks. My girlfriend’s overseas visiting family. Damn I was banked up ready for a full fuck like that. Jacking off only ever seems to blow off a bit of steam from the top if you know what I mean haha.”

I forced a smile. The idea of the guy blowing from the base of his balls was a worry given Tina wasn’t on birth control.

Dmitry grabbed his package. “Your wife’s a good fuck man. That tight little pussy of hers sucked them dry eh!”

I gulped and nodded. “Yeah good. I’m glad you enjoyed,” I squeaked out.

“You told her what I was saying about how hot she looked in that little red number at the soccer then? That’s why she wore that miniskirt today, I’m guessing... Came to see me asking for it haha. Fuck that’s hot.”

“Yeah I guess,” I had to agree. The guy had asked me to say to my ‘wife’ that she looked good in the mini dress. Of course it had been her sister and I actually did pass that on to Jane.

But then Tina shows up at work and when she bent over in front of us we got an eyeful of her panty crotch. Which was as good as an invitation to Dmitry and perfectly reasonable for him to see it as a response to him saying she was hot.

The guy definitely did nothing wrong. I was past even considering that by the time I got home. He did drop me but then took off.

I was feeling a bit fucking turned on and when I walked in and saw my wife in one of her house dresses at the sink peeling potatoes, I decided to get our talk off on the right note by grabbing her myself.

“Hey beautiful, sorry I’m late,” I said as I approached.

She didn’t turn or answer me.

I cuddled her from behind and kissed her neck. She hmm-ed sweetly and tilted her head to give me full access to where she loves being smooched.

I nibbled an ear and sucked on her delicate skin. She put down the potato peeler and held my arms gently as I felt her tits.

“Hmm,” she moaned and wiggled back against my package.

I slipped a hand inside her dress and had a better feel. I pulled her shoulder strap down on that side and felt her tit bare the way Dmitry had.

She felt behind and rubbed me through my trousers.

“Did Jane get picked up yet? Are we alone?” I muttered.

“Mmm hmm... except Tina’s the one who was picked up,” my sister-in-law smiled back at me.

“Oh fuck! Fuck!”

I pulled back but she clung to my arm and held my hand on her tit. She had hold of my belt too and kept me pulled to her butt.

She was laughing and released my belt, allowing me to pull away from dry humping her. She kept hold of my wrist and I regained my senses and laughed with her.

I pulled her to me again and resumed feeling her tit. “Yeah very funny. That’s Tina’s dress. I recognise it.”

“Yes well she’s wearing all my clothes and I didn’t bring that many. I had to borrow this from her.”

“Yeah okay, you got me again,” I went on chuckling and rolled a nipple.

“Mmm you’re going to get me in a minute if you keep doing that,” she said.

“Yeah right,” I gulped and released her but stroked down to her belly and had a look as well before she put her tit away.

She took her time lifting her shoulder strap, watching my face as I stared.

“That was a very nice hello Art. Does Tina get that cooking dinner every night?”

“Yeah I don’t know. I was fucking worked up. Did she tell you what happened?”

“Yes she told me everything. Was it really that bad though?”

“No I’m not blaming her or anyone for that matter. We can’t blame Dmitry, he was only doing what any guy would do in the situation. Once he grabbed Tina she didn’t even resist, so what was he to think?”

“Hmm exactly,” Jane agreed thoughtfully. “So at what point do you think it got out of hand Art?”

“Well it was out of hand as soon as he grabbed her. Then when he had her on his lap, I should have done something. Then when he laid her on the lounge and got on top it was all over. I was fucking stunned and Tina was

completely gone too.

“We just have to talk about it now and get through it together,” I continued.
“And we just have to hope to god he didn’t get her pregnant.”

“Oh really? Oh my god he fucked her then? Dmitry fucked Tina and came inside her?”

I frowned. “Yeah didn’t she say?”

Jane grimaced guiltily. “She told me all about what happened at filming this morning. I didn’t know anything had happened with Dmitry. Jane was already gone when I got home this evening.”

“Oh shit, I probably shouldn’t have told you,” I said worriedly. “Jeez Jane, I thought you meant you’d talked to her tonight.”

Jane grabbed two handfuls of my shirt. “So let’s get past who should be telling who. That’s really hot that your boss fucked my sister. That can only be a good thing if you asked me.”

“Oh yeah a good thing huh! How so?”

“Because consensual sex is always a good thing Art. And now your wife’s been taken by another man it just means you have to claim her back, like you were trying to do with me as soon as you walked in the door.”

“Aw fuck,” I groaned and pulled my sister-in-law’s hand away as she started undoing my shirt.

Her shoulder straps had slipped and were hanging down her arms. She gripped my hands and tried to hold on and her dress fell away from her tits completely.

“Oh Art, where are you going?”

“Aw fuck, I’m going to have a shower... a cold one!” I said and backed then turned away, leaving the horny identical twin of my wife giggling after me and fixing her dress again.

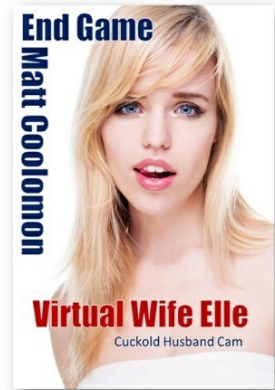
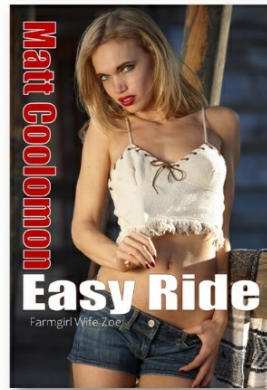
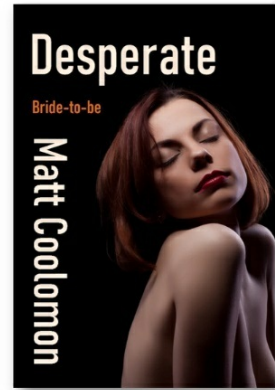
“Dinner’s in fifteen. Hurry back Art!”

**** End of Book 2 ****

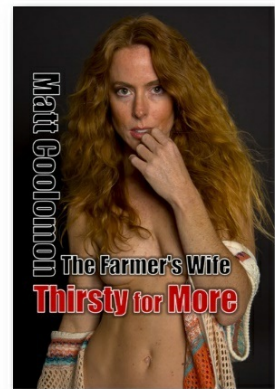
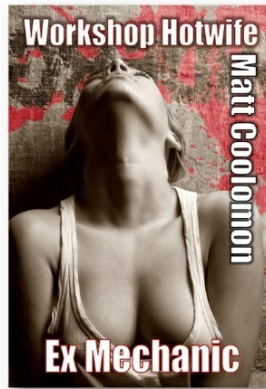
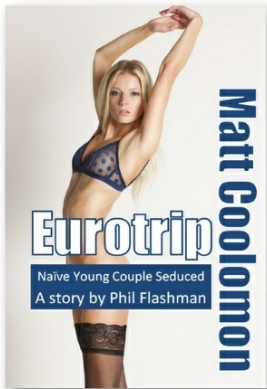
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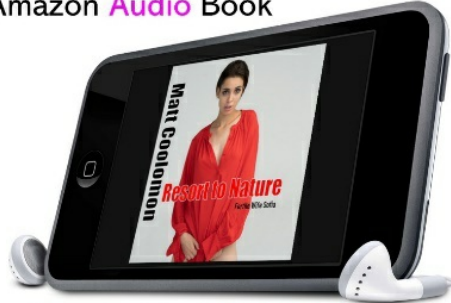
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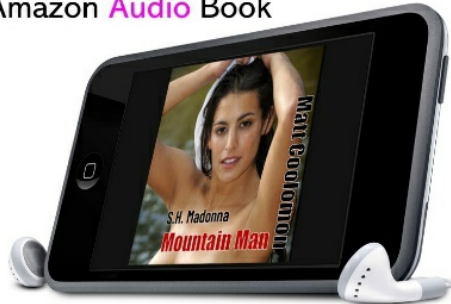
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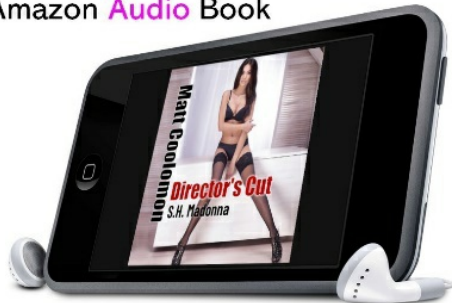
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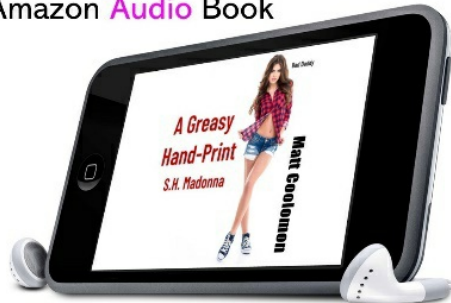
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