



**Matt Coolomon**

**I Won't Tell**

Identical

**Wife's Evil Twin**

# Wife's Evil Twin

## I Won't Tell

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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# He Knew What He Wanted

Tina

It was opening night at the art exhibition for a new sculptor working with traditional clay, focusing on nudes. I was a little taken aback at how erotic it was.

All the figures were in sexual poses. Some were coupled together and there were females with fingers inside themselves and males stroking erect penises.

It was quite surreal to stroll from room to room in one of my sister's party dresses sipping champagne and marvelling at the over-sized statues. I mean some of the penises and balls were absolutely massive and had such interesting detail.

I had lost my chaperone momentarily but he suddenly approached from behind as I was virtually drooling over a male nude with a bolt upright erection and not even touching it.

The thing about the proportions was that they were larger than life but not by enough to be ridiculous. This particular figure was seven feet tall and towered over me. But its balls were only chest high and its penis was right there in my face.

It was probably about double the size of a large true-life one. Probably a bit too big to be fucked by but not too big to try and imagine; which I was doing as my date slipped an arm around me from behind.

He cuddled me to him and I relaxed back into his hold without thinking. I was on my third glass of bubbly and it had been such a strange day with so much taboo sex going on.

I let this older gentleman hold me and I held my breath as his thumb swiped back and forth across the underside of my breast.

The dress I'd borrowed from my sister was a backless halter neck that plunged in the front. It was quite short and tight around my upper thighs.

The sides were non-existent and it barely covered the sides of my boobs. They were unfettered because there was nowhere to hide a bra strap of course.

I was so out of it from what had been happening with the film crew this morning and my husband's boss this afternoon. This older man's voice was the deepest I'd ever heard and that was my biggest weakness when it came to resisting men.

"Do you think they're looking at each other?" the deep voice whispered in my ear as the thumb stroked back and forth under my boob more definitively.

There was a female nude of normal life-size proportions in the room as well. She was sitting on a river stone with her legs modestly together and bent to one side. Her breasts were quite large and youthfully upright, her nipples long and erect.

"Yes but he's too big for her," I uttered dreamily.

"Hmm indeed, that seems to be the theme. Males too large for the females. Towering over them. Dominating them, in danger of splitting them during sex."

That deep raspy voice had moved to the skin of my neck and made my pussy throb.

Some other people came into the room so my date led me out and pulled me into the arch of a closed doorway. He turned me and pressed me back against the door.

I couldn't help responding as his lips pressed to mine.

Of course I was here pretending to be my sister so the man believed I was single and available. I was in character acting and allowed him to hold my hand and touch me a little.

This was the first time he'd kissed me and my head was spinning.

He rubbed up my side and squeezed with his thumb inside my dress now and was touching the underside of my bare boob.

His tongue was in my mouth and playing with mine.

He stroked back and forth with his thumb, definitely touching my breast now and getting dangerously close to my nipple. I put my hand on his wrist in readiness to protest if it went any further.

It didn't though, he ended the kiss and smiled at me with his amazing blue eyes.

"I have to meet with the sculptor and his agent. I'll have my car take you

home,” the man said into my mouth and kissed me again. “Think about tomorrow, yes?”

“Ah huh, I’ll think about it,” I uttered, swooning like a schoolgirl.

I was led to the exit and shown to a waiting Limousine. It whisked me through the city and home to my suburban house and sleeping husband.

I removed my makeup and jewellery, slipped out of the dress and into bed. Arthur stirred and rolled over to take me into his arms.

“Hey, I’ve been waiting for you,” he said and met my kiss.

“It’s not that late, it’s only eleven-thirty.”

“Oh right. I dropped off.” He sat up a bit. “We need to talk about what happened today honey.”

“I know, but right now?”

“Yes now... What happened tonight? Jane said you filled in for her?”

“Ah huh. I owed her after she did the soccer thing. It was just an art exhibition. It was nothing and the guy Johann was nice. I think I played my part as Jane well enough for her to take it from here,” I giggled.

“Oh right, so he asked for another date then? I figured he might.”

“Yes it’s some other lunch function on a yacht tomorrow. I’ll fill Jane in at breakfast. She’ll love it when I tell her about the guy.”

“Yeah Johann’s cool. He’s a bit old but it’s only dating, right?”

“Um yes and I think he might be hoping it leads to sex,” I told my husband and squeezed his cock.

It firmed immediately. “Ooh!” I smiled teasingly and gave a little tug.

“No wait, we have to talk first,” he said and held my hand still.

“Don’t distract me yet. We really need to say something about what happened. I want to apologise for not stopping it for starters. I just stood there and let my boss fuck you. I don’t know what I was thinking. I couldn’t seem to do anything.”

“Me either Art. I was as much to blame as him or definitely you. I shouldn’t have been dressed like that without having the confidence to tell a man no!”

“Yeah and I shouldn’t have agreed to take your sister to the soccer in place of

you to begin with honey. The whole thing started there with her skimpy little dress giving my work colleagues the wrong impression.”

I was still holding my husband’s cock and it wasn’t getting soft at all. I just waited and let him talk.

He took a breath. “Are you okay with what happened honey? You said you couldn’t stop him but it didn’t look like he was forcing you?”

“No, he wasn’t forcing me Art. He knew what he wanted and I couldn’t resist his confidence. It was sex though. It’s not like it felt bad,” I grimaced blushing guiltily.

Arthur nodded stiffly and gulped. “It felt good then?”

I rolled my eyes and squeezed against the flex of his cock. “I had a man on top of me and his hard penis inside of me. Of course it felt good.”

“Ah shit. You see? That’s what I can’t get my head around too. When it was happening, I didn’t want it to stop. I don’t get why but I wanted the guy to fuck you honey.”

I flushed all over as a surge of tingles filled my belly. “Mmm you didn’t want him to stop?”

“No, and how fucked up is that? I was almost fucking cheering for him to nail you. He obviously wanted it and I didn’t want him to get knocked back.”

I stroked my man’s hard-on. I flayed my fingers softly over the ridge of the crown. “I was in absolutely no condition to say no to him, Art. I was so turned on from being kissed and undressed and felt up at the studio this morning. My buttons had already been pressed and when your boss pulled me onto his lap I was a ragdoll.”

Arthur sucked in a breath and braced as he thrust through my fist and gripped my wrist to stop me finishing him off. “Damn it baby, that’s too close!”

“Is it?” I smiled. “And what’s turning you on right now, is it what we’re talking about?”

“I don’t know, fuck! I don’t get it. Why doesn’t it make me angry or upset or something? My wife got nailed right in front of me today and I keep boning up just thinking about it.”

“Hmm and I’m constantly wet and can’t stop thinking about it too,” I confessed.

“Ah fuck! Wait baby. Just stop for a minute,” Arthur pleaded and gripped my hand again.

I caressed down to his balls and held and squeezed them instead. His cock was bolt upright against his belly and the eyelet was seeping yucky precum.

I blushed to myself about that too. I wanted to confess everything and took a breath and peered up. “I need to tell you something else that happened today, Art.”

“Ah yeah?”

I grimaced and looked at his cock and back up. “I know I always say I don’t like it but I was eating your boss’s cum after he had me today. It was dripping out of me in the car and I was wiping it up with my fingers and sucking it off them.”

I cleared my throat and continued, “And then when I got home I was kind of excited for it and I kept doing it and must have swallowed quite a lot of it in the end.”

My husband was staring down at me. “Fuck baby, that’s so fucking hot. You actually licked it off your fingers.”

“Ah huh. I was fingering myself and licking it off. At first to not drip everywhere and then because I was enjoying it and wanted to taste it especially because it was from your boss.”

“Aw fuck baby, I’m nearly blowing just from you saying that.”

“Mmm really? Would you like to in my mouth?”

Arthur gulped and nodded. “Would you?”

I nodded and took a breath. I stroked him up and down a few times then squeezed my eyes shut and took his cock into my mouth. I sucked and bobbed my head a few times.

“Ugh!” he grunted and his cock started spurting.

I kept my eyes squeezed shut and remained still.

He kept spurting and spurting and flooding my mouth.

I frowned up at him and swallowed. It tasted so strong and yucky that I nearly gagged. It had been so exciting swallowing the other man’s sperm that I forgot about the horrible taste. It was just yucky.

“Yuck!” I coughed and grimaced as my eyes watered. “That’s so not fun with your husband.”

Arthur was grinning. I slapped his hip.

“You’d take it from someone else again though?” he challenged.

“Hmm maybe, but it’s only exciting at first. When you get used to a guy it’s different and it’s just the horrible taste.”

My husband stroked my hair. “I would love to have seen you licking Dmitry’s cum off your fingers.”

“Hmm really?” I blushed excited to hear that.

Arthur’s face flushed too.

“Would you really like to see me do that with another man?” I pressed with interest.

“I don’t know, maybe,” Arthur answered. “Would you do it again?”

I flushed excitedly and nodded. “I’d suck off another man if you wanted me to,” I said honestly. “And I’d want to swallow his cum if I did.” I grimaced. “Even better if it was directly from his cock and I didn’t need to lick it off my fingers.”

“Whose?” my husband shot back immediately.

I blushed deeper. “I don’t know, I wouldn’t mind if it was someone like Johann Bulmer for example. If he’d have wanted me to tonight.”

Arthur held my gaze steadily. “Or if you kept on pretending to be your sister and went out with him again?”

Another rush of tingles surged through me. I tried not to smile. “Yes I suppose.”

“Yes you suppose or yes you’ll do it?” my husband pressed.

“Um, yes I’ll do it,” I agreed.

# No One Would Ever Have to Know

Arthur

Damn it this was nuts. I couldn't get my head around what kind of mindless funk I'd slipped into.

I guess I'd fantasised about Tina watching porn and thought about her being like her sister and sleeping around, wondering if she did much of that before we got together.

Until my boss mentioned it the other day I'd never seriously thought of swinging or wife sharing.

That had been such a fucking high watching Dmitry nail Tina on my office couch. And I wanted more.

I went to work the next morning having to meet a truck at 6am and leave my hot wife sleeping. I only had to see the truck loaded and was free to return home and take work with me.

I got back to the house at nine and saw Tina in the backyard hanging washing. I went in through the front door and saw her sister at the sink doing dishes. Yes they're identical twins but I can pick the difference in their expressions and mannerisms and simple habits too of course.

They both had their hair up so there was no giveaway there today but it was definitely Jane at the sink washing dishes under a running tap as Tina would never do that and waste water.

I snuck up behind her and cuddled her from behind and felt her tits. She was braless beneath a thin tank top and after her initial jump and squeal, she shut up and let me play with her nipples.

"Hey baby I missed you this morning," I groaned like I was talking to my wife.

"Mmm hmm," her sister hmm-ed.

This was supposed to be a joke but I couldn't resist and had a rub down her front and felt her through her stretchy little sleep shorts.

She grabbed my wrist and pried my hand away but to my surprise she kept

hold and put it down the front of her shorts.

Tina has a landing strip. Her evil twin sister was waxed bare and I thrilled at the feel of that and touched her warm pussy before pretending to realise and jumping back. “Oh it’s you!”

“Yes and that’s the second time you’ve grabbed me like that coming home from work!” Jane glared. “I have to wonder if you’re doing it on purpose now, you bad boy!”

“No, it was an innocent mistake,” I grinned and sucked my fingertips.

“Ooh come back here you!” she scolded after me making an exit.

I went out to do the same with my scantily dressed wife. She was in a tiny bikini top I’d never seen before and a skirt that couldn’t be any shorter.

I was giving her a cuddle when Jane opened the kitchen window. “He grabbed me again Tina. He’s already had a good feel-up, don’t give him anymore!”

“Oh my god, did you?” Tina accused frowning.

I grimaced. “I thought she was you again, baby.”

“Yeah right, as if!”

“It was only supposed to be a tickle,” I tried backing up.

“Hmm! Well, I’m getting picked up any minute by another man, so I guess I can’t complain too much.”

“Oh right... already?”

“Yes he’s due any minute. I can’t invite him in with Jane here. That would be too confusing. I’d better be ready.”

“Yeah okay. So nothing might happen anyway.”

“Uh huh, nothing might,” Tina grimaced blushing.

“Or maybe it will and do you still want to go through with what we talked about?”

“Yes I’m just going to act the part of my sister and if I get a chance to suck him off I’m going to do it.”

“Aw fuck baby, this is so freaky!”

“There’s a car just pulled up!” Jane called out the window.

Tina pushed away and hurried inside. By the time I got to the front window, she was being hugged hello by Johann Bulmer and shown to the passenger seat of a little Mercedes Sports.

I remained hidden so as to not give the game away either. Jane approached and cuddled me from behind.

She held me around the waist with one and grabbed my cock with her other hand.

“Oh wow, you are into this, aren’t you Arty!”

She was right. I was halfway boned up. Fuck I didn’t get that.

I put my evil sister-in-law aside and tried to get some work done. I convinced myself that nothing much would happen at a business function on a yacht in the middle of the day.

I found a way to concentrate and got a few hours work done before joining Jane for lunch.

She was still in her pyjamas, her nipples obvious through her tank top and her stretchy sleep shorts cutting into her waxed bald cunt.

We were sitting on the lounge and she was pushing my leg with her foot, trying to get me to do something with her.

I was about to give in and grab her when there was a knock at the door.

She jumped up to get it and gushed a hello to my boss Dmitry.

“Oh fuck!” I exclaimed and jumped up too. “Dmitry... hey!”

“Hey Art, I just called in to drop these off,” he said and showed me a handful of files.

“Just showed up on spec and look what I found,” he went on smiling at Jane as he hugged her to his side.

Jane looked at me and winked. “Look what you found indeed,” she encouraged my boss. “You found me in a state of undress and so embarrassed in the middle of the day.”

“Hey don’t be embarrassed for me. I’m all for wives getting around home in a state of undress,” Dmitry said and kept squeezing Jane to his side.

“Come in, please!” she gushed. “Can I get you something? A coffee or some lunch?”

She was smiling up at him. He snapped a kiss to her lips. “Coffee would be nice.”

“Oh!” she exclaimed and covered her mouth with her fingers then looked to me.

She led off towards the kitchen. Dmitry smirked and winked at me, handing me the folders.

“That’s some historic accounts, don’t know if you need them,” he said and kept hold of Jane’s hand and followed her.

I was a few steps behind. Jane shrieked and laughed. By the time I got to the kitchen Dmitry had hold of her from behind and she was gripping his arm around her waist.

“Oh so you’re a bad boy too!” she scolded the guy.

“Yeah and your husband doesn’t mind, do you Art?”

I looked to Jane being neck kissed and having her sides squeezed.

“I don’t know, do I mind Tina?”

Jane narrowed her eyes questioningly. My boss felt a tit. She sucked in a breath and thrust her chest forward. “No my husband doesn’t mind,” she said whilst holding my gaze.

“Yeah let’s have coffee later hey?” Dmitry groaned and felt both of her tits whilst mauling her neck and making her squirm back against him.

“Oh fuck yeah, she’s into this aren’t you Tina? You’re a hot little wife aren’t you?”

“Mmm I’m hot for it as long as my husband can watch,” Jane said. “You have to watch him take me again, Art. I’m not doing it without you there.”

“Yeah he’s gonna watch, aren’t you buddy? You’re gonna watch me nail your pretty little wife again, yeah?”

I gulped hard, still looking at Jane and holding the dare in her eyes. “Yeah I’ll watch,” I said and noticed she blushed a little.

Dmitry felt up under her top. He lifted it and I looked at him feeling her tits bare. Jane stroked up his arms and collected her top, hiking it up to her neck and showing me properly.

I was boned up in my pants and was holding it.

“You have to take me to bed for it,” Jane told Dmitry. “You can have me again but I want to be taken to bed this time.”

“Fuck yeah, lead the way,” my boss grinned and released her.

Jane led and kept hold of his hand. I followed a few steps behind and stopped in my bedroom doorway.

Jane was looking right at me again as Dmitry moved over her on the bed and lifted her top.

He bared her tits and started kissing and sucking on them. I broke contact with her stare to enjoy looking at her tits. “Fuck yes,” I muttered and she did a tiny blush.

“Yeah these are nice titties,” Dmitry agreed with me. “Very nice,” he groaned and sucked hard from one to the other. “You like showing them off hey man?” He grinned over at me.

“Yeah man I do. Show them to me now?” I asked him.

He lifted from them and kept Jane’s top stretched up to her neck. “Want me to take her top off her?” he checked with me.

I held Jane’s stare again. “Yeah take it off her, Dmitry. We want to see her tits bounce when you’re fucking her.”

Dmitry stripped Jane’s top and tossed it to me. He scooted back and took her little sleep shorts with him, stripping them off her bare feet.

She had no panties on. He spread her bent up legs and looked at her cunt. I leant into the room more to look as well.

He glanced back at me and smiled. “Haha you want me to fill that again today, do you man?”

“Yeah I want you to. I want you to fuck her and fill her with cum,” I told the guy whilst holding Jane’s eyes and enjoying her blush.

“She looks wet already,” I added. “Juicing right up for you by the looks.”

Jane said nothing. She laid there with her arms bent up, twisting the pillowcases with her fingers.

“She looks good waxed like that, don’t you think?” I asked the man holding his cock and wiping the head of it up and down through her slit.

Dmitry edged aside a little so I could see better. “You want to watch me go

in?”

“Yeah I want to watch.”

“Mmm you guys are crude,” Jane whimpered. “Ah huh, huh,” she moaned as Dmitry popped the head of his cock into her.

“Oh yeah so fucking wet,” Dmitry groaned and rocked forward, sticking about half of his length into her.

He pulled back and rocked forward again. The wet mark around his cock slid down another inch. He rocked Jane again and had her body surge back as he thrust and stuck another inch into her.

He stopped when his cock was fully inside of her. He held her by the hips and did tiny thrusts, rolling his pelvis and bouncing her on his cock.

Her tits began moving up and down and before long were surging with each flick of Dmitry’s hips.

“That’s it man, bounce them,” I cheered. “That’s so fucking hot.”

Jane reached up and grabbed the bedhead. That stopped her tits bouncing so much and she glared defiantly at me.

Dmitry grabbed her hips and started fucking her with more short sharp jolts. He was jackhammering her and vibrating her entire body, her tits too.

“Ah huh, huh... huh huh, huh,” she moaned and panted in obvious orgasm.

Dmitry kept pumping her and lay right down on top. He gripped her butt with both hands and spread her cheeks, holding her up and pounding her.

“Ahhh! Huh, huh!” she screamed out loud and he went harder and faster. She moaned and whimpered and scratched and clawed at his back until he suddenly slammed hard up her and held firm.

He was so far up her his cock was splitting her and his balls were resting in her inner pink folds and gently pulsating.

“There you go beautiful, there’s your second load for the week,” Dmitry groaned.

“Ah huh, you need to come around and do me all the time Dmitry. You have to come and fuck me like this right in front of Art and make him watch.”

“Haha it sounds like I should,” the guy chuckled.

“Yes just knock on the door and ask Art if you can fuck his wife again. He

loves you doing it.”

“Ah yeah,” Dmitry groaned and lifted from Jane, pulling out of her.

He rolled off onto his back breathing hard. She lay on her back with one leg bent up and swaying side to side, spreading her cunt nicely for viewing. It was still gaping a little, all pink and leaking cum.

I caught her knee mid-sway and kept her legs open. “Are you going next man?” Dmitry asked.

I held Jane’s eyes for a long second.

“No I’d better not.”

She bit her smile.

I looked from her bare tits to her creamed open cunt. I gulped. “Fucking tempting though.”

She giggled.

“Alright man, I’d better scoot,” Dmitry said. “You got this now?”

“What about your coffee?” Jane asked.

“Na it’s all good. Got what I wanted,” the guy said pulling his pants up and he took off out the door. “I’ll call in again guys. You fucking rock!”

I leant on the bed base rail. Jane hadn’t attempted to cover up yet. She still had the one leg bent up and she swayed it open again.

“Aw fuck,” I groaned.

“No one would ever have to know,” she said. “You can add yours to his and make me a very happy girl.”

I drew a deep breath and huffed. “Damn it Jane, I can’t.” I shook my head. “I can’t help looking but if we fucked I’d never be able to forget it and would always have to keep a secret from Tina and that would be fucking horrible.”

Jane smiled. “Fine then, just watch.”

She kept her leg swayed open and started rubbing her pussy and feeling her tit.

She pinched a nipple and her mouth opened and she writhed her butt off the bed and vibrated her fingers against her clit.

I watched mesmerised with my cock hard in my pants and my hand on it.

Jane gyrated her hips and rubbed and squelched her gooey pussy and soon tensed and convulsed in orgasm.

Her waxed cunt was open and visibly pulsating. The puddle of semen I could see inside of it was being drawn in. When it was gone, she rubbed over her pussy and inserted two fingers.

“Ah huh, huh, you dirty man watching me do this,” she scolded teasingly.

“Wait till I tell my sister you invited your boss to come over and fuck me!”

# For Artistic Purposes Only

Tina

“I’m surprised because I thought it was going to be a whole group of people. I didn’t know it was going to be just us,” I told the older man I was spending the day with.

He had taken me out on his yacht and we were anchored in a small bay with crystal clear water and a small sandy beach.

I had borrowed my sister’s bikini top but didn’t have the bottoms on as they were uncomfortable to sit in all day. I had a short skirt and pretty panties that had been getting checked out quite a lot by my older host.

“Are you disappointed?” Johann asked and squeezed my shoulders.

“Um no. This is beautiful and so peaceful.”

“Yes very beautiful,” he said, looking down at my breasts. “Would you take off your top for me Jane? It’s perfectly secluded here.”

“Hmm but why?” I blushed up at the guy. “This top barely covers me anyway.”

“It covers too much,” the older man said and pulled down his swimmers and stepped out of them. He stood there completely starkers in front of me.

I had noticed his package looked huge in them and hadn’t been able to stop myself staring the past few hours. His penis was thick and long, his balls massive and swinging free. Everything was manicured to perfection.

I swallowed hard.

He grinned. “It’s that exhibition we went to last night, you see? Didn’t it make you yearn to feel as free and sexual as those statues?”

I peered up from his penis. “Oh my god that looks like one of them. It’s so huge!”

“Well yes, my pride and joy. I wasn’t blessed with a great physique otherwise but I’ve always enjoyed being well-endowed and been proud to be admired for that.”

I took a big breath and expelled. I wrung my hands and squeezed my arms together, enhancing my cleavage.

“And speaking of well-endowed, surely you’ve enjoyed the looks of men with those?” Johann grinned again, motioning to my tits.

I grimaced down at them. “I’ve always been a little conservative. I don’t take acting roles that require nudity at all. Not until it happened inadvertently yesterday morning when I was filming a love scene.”

“Oh I see. And your breasts were bared during the scene?”

“Yes. Accidentally at first and I allowed the filming to continue and got used to it.”

“You got used to it or you came to enjoy it?” the man rubbing sunscreen into my shoulders asked.

“I don’t know, I didn’t dislike it. It was exciting.”

“Yes exactly,” the man went on and rubbed down my front and between my breasts. He flayed his fingers outward and over the bulge of them. I was thrusting for that now and he swiped his fingers beneath the shoulder strings.

“Take it off for me?” he asked into my hair. His voice was so deep and soothing I couldn’t resist.

I reached back and undid the clip. I shrugged the shoulder strings and caught the cups before they fell. The man was swiping downward with his oily fingers when I lowered the cups and he immediately covered my tits with his hands.

I took my top away and thrust my chest, letting him feel me. I was sitting on a couch on the yacht deck and he was kneeling behind me.

His penis was touching my back. There was firmness to it.

He finished applying sunscreen to my tits and stood and walked to the bar to pour fresh drinks. He was standing side-on to me and his penis was levering out from his thighs now. It had expanded considerably too and I was staring at it fascinated.

I realised what I was doing and giggled embarrassingly. “Oh my god I feel like one of those female statues being totally dominated by the size of the males.”

Johann chuckled too and looked up from his penis. “Which of the poses

would you like to try?”

I rolled my eyes. “Um none of them! I promised myself I wouldn’t.”

“Oh you did? You had to promise yourself?”

“Yes, and more so since it’s been only the two of us and so secluded,” I answered honestly.

“I see,” Johann said thoughtfully and handed me my cocktail. “So you understood I’d be wanting to have sex with you? As would any man.”

I blushed a little and nodded. “After where you took me last night.”

He sat facing me on the couch. His penis was levering upward and flexed as I stared at it.

“I’d like to take you to my own studio and do some photography, which is a bit of a hobby of mine. It wouldn’t be sex, so much as art.”

“Oh?” I breathed and sipped my drink.

“I do photograph people but only candid shots in public. People fascinate me but it’s never been about sex.”

“Oh okay, so how to you do candid photos in a studio?”

“Well no, the studio is more for displaying photos and I do my editing on a big screen. I do have a comfy velvet Chesterfield though and I’m not thinking candid so much as replicating some of the poses we saw in that exhibition last night.”

The older man with the incredibly mesmerising voice stroked my hair.

“Putting my penis inside you would be for artistic purposes only.”

I giggled nervously and swallowed then took a breath as I looked up from it. I blinked.

He grinned and lifted my chin, tilted in and kissed my lips.

I melted into the dominance of the man. Like last night, I had no hope of resisting just about anything he wanted from me.

He took my drink from me and put it aside as he moved over me and deepened the kiss. He played with my tongue and searched deeply into my mouth with his. He massaged my breast and isolated a nipple. I thrust for more of that and moaned into his mouth.

“Come on, let’s swim,” he suddenly said and broke off the kiss.

“Take off your skirt and panties and come on in,” he smiled and dived over the side of the boat.

I was out of my head and simply did as I was told. I stripped my skirt and panties and dived in too.

The water was still and warm. The white sandy bottom was within easy diving depth and there were lots of pretty tropical fish swimming around a small coral reef Johann led me to.

The man was a little bit touchy-feely but that was mostly with his penis against my bottom when he would hold me from behind and continued taking liberties feeling my tits whilst kissing me.

We swam for an hour and he never attempted to touch me between the legs. He often dived and looked at my pussy. He had it tingling in anticipation and I was almost disappointed he didn't try to touch me there.

After our swim we dressed and powered back around the waterway to the marina where he moored his yacht. As promised we were back by four in the afternoon and I was dropped home by five.

My sister was out. She had text me and said she was called in to work and would be cutting her stay short and leaving tonight. I came from the shower to find her waiting for me packed and ready.

“Oh my god it's been so great seeing you, Janey! I can't believe you're going already.”

“I know. I need to get out of here and give you and bad boy Art your space anyway. You have fun with your new sex adventures, okay? And remember all consensual sex is wonderful. There's no such thing as doing the wrong thing.”

“Hmm okay. We'll have to see about that. I'll call you tomorrow night and tell you all about it,” I promised. “I'm still pretending to be you after all.”

I was referring to what was going to happen with Johann Bulmer tomorrow of course. We had discussed him wanting another date in our text chat whilst he was driving the yacht and trying to ogle my phone screen.

Jane left and passed Arthur entering the driveway, stopping for a moment to say goodbye to him too. He had takeaway for dinner and we ate and mostly just looked at each other across the table.

“So what happened?” he eventually asked.

I told my husband about being alone all day with the man promising a huge donation to refurbish the soccer stadium so close to his heart. And that he wanted to see me again tomorrow and take nude photos.

Arthur took hold of my hand and dragged me to the bedroom. He tossed me on the bed, pulled my panties from beneath my summer dress and didn't even stop to put on a condom before he was inside me and humping desperately.

“Ah huh take me,” I breathed into his hair. “Take me over and over tonight Art, then send me to your benefactor to be stripped nude and photographed.”

“Ah fuck yeah!” my husband growled and slammed hard against my spread legs and squirmed violently with his normal-sized cock throbbing and gushing in me.

“Mmm I can't wait to do some of those poses with him, Art.

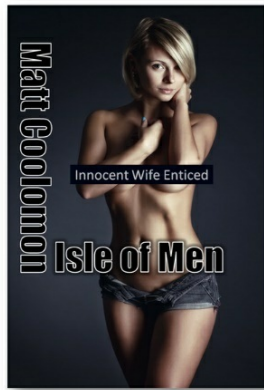
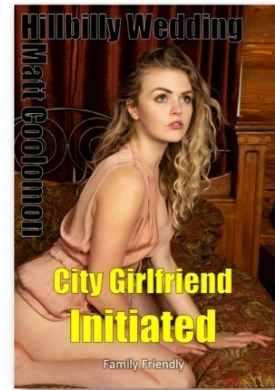
“He'll need to be inside me for most of them!”

### **\*\* End of Book 3 \*\***

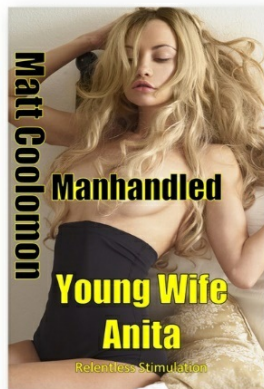
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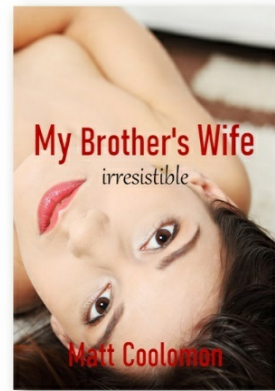
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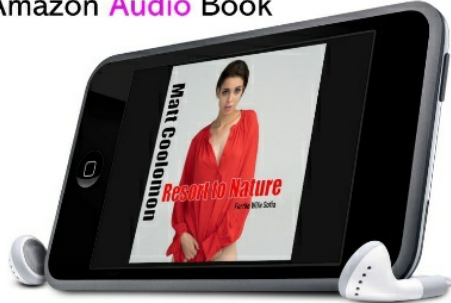
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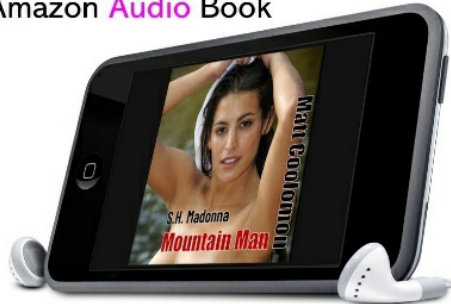
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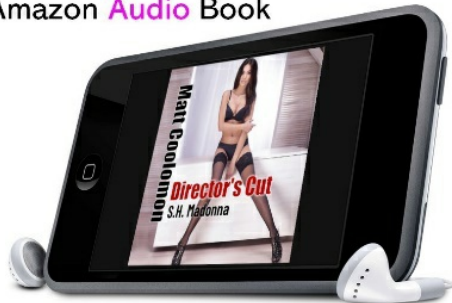
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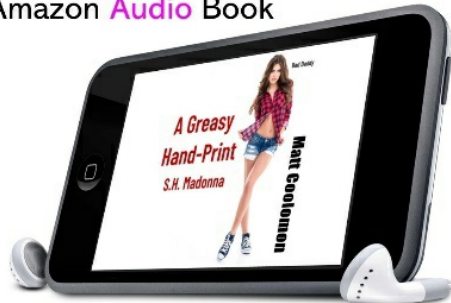
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