

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a black lace bra with thin straps. Her hands are resting on her shoulders. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

Matt Coolomon

Sister Switch

Identical

Wife's Evil Twin

Wife's Evil Twin

Sister Switch

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 naughty girl/bad boy reader in mind.

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My Hot Sister-in-law

Arthur

The soccer match we'd gone to was well into the second half and it couldn't end soon enough for me. I was here with my sister-in-law, which in itself was no problem; Jane was amazing and hot as fuck.

The problem was my new boss was sitting below us and had his eyes all over her.

Now again, that wouldn't normally be a problem for me. I mean, what do I care if my sister-in-law is getting hit on right?

Yeah, usually that would be fine but today she was standing in for my wife Tina and pretending to be her. So as far as my colleague Dmitry knew, the woman he was ogling and carrying on with was mine.

It was nothing outrageous for Tina and Jane to pretend to be each other. They were identical twins. They were the same weight and body tone and they probably styled their hair the same for fun.

You couldn't split them unless you knew them and even then you needed them to talk and give their identity away because they had totally different attitudes and mannerisms.

My wife Tina was a pussy cat and Jane was a tiger. She was toying with Dmitry. Her dress was super short and she was flashing her panties whenever she sat back down after screaming excitedly for her team.

She was clearly braless and her nipples were tight little bumps whilst the neckline of her dress was cut low and square across her cleavage.

It was typical for Jane to dress like this to tease me. She's always flashing me up her skirts and down her tops. And she was clearly having extra fun standing in as my wife when I'm supposed to be here creating a good impression for my new employer.

We were in a large corporate box. There were half a dozen other wives and female employees looking good too. Jane was getting plenty of looks from all the men, including the big boss Brandon, who was seated down the front.

He was looking back every time Jane squealed or cheered. He had a constant smile though, so perhaps she was making a good impression for me.

Okay I had to pay that, but my immediate supervisor Dmitry looked like he had hopes of getting lucky with her and she wasn't discouraging him.

Finally the game ended and I immediately grabbed my giggling drunk sister-in-law by the hand and led her out of the corporate box and up the stairs towards the exit. She'd had a few champagnes.

Dmitry tilted his head for a final look up her skirt at her bare butt and G-string covered pussy. I met his gaze and he held mine steadily. He liked what he'd been getting flashes of all afternoon and he wasn't apologising.

"Damn it Jane, how am I ever going to take Tina to a work function now? They all wanted to fuck you."

"Haha no chance! They're all too old and flabby. You'll have to look after me yourself Art," she cooed as she cuddled up to me. "I'm feeling all horny after watching those hunky soccer guys. Won't you take me home and give me a little back rub?"

"A back rub huh? Yeah right! How about I take you home and you can knock yourself out rubbing all you want," I said and pulled the chick along through the crowd exiting the stadium.

We got a park-n-ride bus at the gates and were in my car within fifteen minutes.

Jane was all sleepy now resting her head on my shoulder.

There was still a good view down her cleavage and you could see the crotch of her little pink panties up her dress.

Just fucking stop it man, get a grip, I scolded myself for indulging.

Whilst Tina looked identical and could definitely pull it off, she never wore sexy clothing. She was a far more sensible and giving person than her sister though.

I definitely married the right twin. I had no doubt about that and never seriously considered the question.

I loved Jane as a sister-in-law though. She was fun and great to be around and hot to look at. She was never serious in her teasing of me either; that was all in good fun.

She didn't really want me to see her further than her bedroom door when we got home and wouldn't think of letting me massage or fuck her.

She did fling her arms around me though and when I cuddled her back, she surprised me by planting a kiss on my lips.

She'd smooched me good, before I reacted and politely broke away. "Jesus Jane!"

She giggled. "You can tell Tina she owed me that for standing in for her. A girl's got to get a kiss at least, going on a date."

She shut her door on me, leaving me to wander away shaking my head and licking my lips.

Damn it, should I tell Tina or not?

If I do she might be put out and pissed off with her sister.

If I try and get away with it and she finds out, I'll be the one in the shit.

I mulled that over unsure of what to do. Although my wife was probably getting herself kissed by some hunky actor dude right now, wasn't she?

I Stopped Doing it Once Married

Tina

“You should have seen what your sister wore today baby. Her dress couldn’t have been any shorter. All the guys had their eyes up it every time she sat down after cheering and carrying on.”

“Oh no, she was loud was she? How am I ever going to pull off being myself in the future?”

“Yeah true. Although she was drinking champagne all afternoon, so I guess we can say you were tipsy and not like that usually.”

“Hmm I guess... I’m sorry if she embarrassed you Art. Were your colleagues offended?”

“Offended? Huh, they loved her. The men did anyway, not so sure about some of the women.”

“Oh right.” I rolled my eyes.

My husband blushed a little and frowned at the next thing he was trying to say, I could tell he needed to say something.

“What? What else happened?” I encouraged him. “Come on, out with it. What else did she do?”

Arthur took a breath and expelled. He grimaced guiltily. “She kissed me smack on the lips when I shut her in her room. She was seriously tipsy though. It wasn’t like...” he gulped again.

I was glaring.

“It was all her baby, you ask her!”

I narrowed my eyes. “I’ll ask her alright. The bitch.”

The first thing my husband had said occurred to me again now.

“And how short was this dress she was wearing? What colour was it?”

“Er kind of a sparkly red. It was more like something you’d wear to a nightclub than the soccer.”

“Yes I know the one. And were you looking up it too?” I asked with my arms crossed now.

My poor husband was stewing. I could see what happened and he had no chance against my sister.

“Yeah I couldn’t help looking up it a bit baby. What are you supposed to do when chicks flash their panties and boobs at you?”

“Oh yeah, boobs too huh?” The dress offered a lot of cleavage. I knew that all too well, criticising my sister for buying it and wishing I was brave enough to wear it myself.

Arthur shut up now, shaking his head in defeat. I was feeling guilty enough myself and got to thinking about what I needed to tell him too.

I reached across under the table with my foot and pushed his knee playfully. “Don’t worry about my sister, I know what she’s like.”

He tried a smile.

I rolled my eyes. “You didn’t have to enjoy it so much though!”

He chuckled. “I tried not to.”

“Well anyway my day was just as bad in a similar way. The director made us shoot that scene, you know, where I’m felt up about six times before he was happy with it, and he’s still considering whether he wants to try it again with Mario’s hand under my top.”

“Oh god. Right.” Arthur gulped. “Six times?”

I blushed guiltily, although it was totally professional and I wasn’t guilty of anything.

“Yeah I guess to get it right sometimes,” Arthur conceded. “And what about the scene with you in bed with the guy, is that going ahead?”

“No, that’s been cut completely. This is the only one I have to get through, and hopefully it’s done now.”

“Right.” Arthur gulped again and took my hand, pulling me close. “So was the guy inappropriate at all?”

“Um no, not really.” I grimaced guiltily again. “I couldn’t help my nipples getting hard and Mario probably felt them a little bit more when they did. He had to move his hand like he was massaging for the shot and he was squeezing them between his thumb and finger a bit.”

“Right, so he had your nipples between his thumbs and fingers and was

pinching them deliberately?” my husband asked. “But it was for the shot?”

“Yes and it was only through the top I had on most of the time. The director only took one shot of him doing it underneath, which felt so weird with his hands being so soft, unlike yours!” I smiled and clutched my man’s ribs.

I knew and appreciated how difficult this was for Arthur. I was a budding actor and had landed a small part in a movie where I was the other woman in an affair. It was mature rated but that’s all.

There was no nudity and the worst of it was being felt up for the camera. The one bedroom scene had been cancelled fortunately.

The lead male actor Mario Brand was a nice enough guy but very experienced and confident. I wasn’t sure whether or not he’d taken liberties with me today. He played it off like it was all professional and nothing unusual.

I felt at the time he could have been a little less realistic in the way he touched my nipples, especially when he did it under the top I was wearing and squeezed them bare, pinching and rolling them a little whilst cupping my boobs fully and having a squeeze of them.

It felt very real and I guess I was a little guilty of enjoying it, although I wasn’t about to confess that to my husband. And unless the director wanted another take, my scenes were all complete and I wouldn’t be called back.

“Anyway, today went well overall,” Arthur went on. “I’m not sure what it would have meant to turn up at the owner’s invitation without my wife. It was good that you and Jane cooked that up and she filled in for you.”

“Yes but I’m going to have to grill her for information so I can make the transition next time without anyone suspecting. Did she spend much time alone with anyone in particular?”

“No she kept her distance deliberately. There wouldn’t be much to know about. She didn’t really have a conversation with anyone, just did lots of jumping up and down screaming for her team.” Arthur chuckled.

“You would have been proud of her performance honey. She looked like she was really into the game and that impressed the boss, I thought.”

“Oh so I’m going to have to pretend to be into soccer when I eventually get to meet him, am I?”

“Haha, you’re going to have to act like you are. You might have to watch a bit with me to do your research.”

“Oh god no,” I cried but giggled into our kiss and put my husband’s hand on my boob.

“Ooh yeah?” he groaned.

“Yes I need it. Can you take me to bed for a while before dinner please?”

Arthur obliged and led me to our bedroom. He stripped me and lay me back on the bed, crawling over me and kissing me.

I stopped him on his way up from my belly and made him give my aching nipples some attention. I was feeling very guilty of enjoying my erotic scene today and my nipples were extra sensitive.

Arthur obliged and gave them both a good suckling and nip and rake with his teeth.

I felt for him and squeezed his erection. It occurred to me that he might be reliving his peeps up and down my sister’s dress today but I didn’t dwell on that.

I reached into the bedside draw for a condom and bit it open, rolling it on for him and positioning his cockhead at my opening.

“Ah huh, huh,” I breathed as he entered me.

“Damn you’re wet baby,” he muttered into my mouth.

I flushed guiltily again, having been quite wet between the legs on the drive home after my scene.

It wasn’t the first time that had happened whilst acting out a scene though. I tend to get wet quite easily and even experience that after a passionate kissing scene, and especially if it includes being cuddled and rubbed up against.

I try to avoid parts that require any nudity. I have no nude pics or footage in my portfolio and require my agent to screen the work she puts me forward for.

Of course I don’t have the profile to make demands and I’m sure I miss out on work because of my limits, but I’m only 24 and have plenty of time I feel. Although my agent has mentioned my age a few times lately.

I flipped Arthur over and put his hands on my boobs. I rolled my pelvis and

rubbed my clit on his pubic bone and wanked his lovely thick cock with my vagina.

He lost it and ejaculated into his condom just as my orgasm hit.

I kept squirming back and forth for a minute more to enjoy but needed to remove my husband's cock from inside me before the condom leaked.

I held it and lifted from him then rolled off him. I slumped on my back to continue rubbing my clit and enjoying the contractions clenching through me.

Arthur got rid of the condom and slumped on his back beside me.

I scooted down and took his cock into my mouth. I don't really enjoy the taste of semen but by doing this after sex I've noticed Arthur is less inclined to pressure me to give him full-on blow jobs. Which is something I've managed to avoid this past few years after downgrading to some oral and finishing him off with my hand.

He jokes sometimes that he used to get full blow jobs before he married me and for not long after. I flush with guilt at the truth in that.

I finished sucking him clean of his semen and had a drink of water to wash the taste away.

Are you ready for dinner?" I asked, lying back down and being cuddled to my man's chest.

Silly Boys Club Bullshit

Arthur

I worked in warehousing and logistics. I started on the warehouse floor right out of school and did night school and online to get a diploma, finally finishing all of that a few months ago.

There were no openings with the firm I worked for so I had to switch to get an opportunity and here I was in my third week as Assistant Warehouse Manager.

The owner of the company was a huge soccer fan and had the corporate box rights we were at for the finals match yesterday.

I followed soccer too and was pretty passionate about it, which was something that came out at the interview and apparently got me over the line in front of a few others.

My immediate boss, the Warehouse Manager Dmitry, had pointed that out and encouraged me to do what I had to get my wife to come along to the game yesterday.

Dmitry had seen Tina picking me up a few times and I was pretty sure he wanted a closer look at her.

It had worked out well in that regard having Jane stand in for Tina in her skimpy dress but today I had to face my boss and I knew I was in for some kind of banter over having such a hot wife.

He called me into his office to go over a few work related things after lunch and ended up leaning back in his seat and grinning.

“So that was a good dress your wife had on at the game yesterday, Art. You don’t mind her in a dress as revealing as that?”

“Uh no, I don’t mind. She looks great. Makes me proud if anything.”

“Hey yeah, I’m with you on that buddy. You’re a lucky man having a wife as hot as that. Nice of you to share and let us not-so-lucky men dream on.”

I swallowed hard. This was weird. Of course he hadn’t even seen my wife, so it was easy enough to play along and pretend I was into showing her off. Where was the harm, right?

“I’m glad you enjoyed the way she was dressed, boss. I’ll let her know.”

Dmitry smiled. “Tell her how pretty her little panties were. None of us could keep our eyes off them whenever she jumped and cheered.”

I flushed a little. I was being tested now and perhaps stupidly rose to it.

“Yeah man I’ll tell her. Like I said, proud you guys couldn’t stop looking.”

“Fuck yeah that’s the spirit, buddy. There goes my first impression. I thought you were going to be another dick like the last guy, didn’t expect you’d be progressive and cool.”

I shrugged. “Don’t know how progressive I am but I’d like to think I can be cool.”

Dmitry swiped through pics on his phone and showed me one of him with a pretty blond on his lap. She was holding her top up showing her tits.

“That’s Lainy. We’re not married of course but we hook up and I don’t mind sharing when we do. We’ve had threesomes with other chicks and dudes.”

My boss shrugged. “Progressive!”

“Oh right,” I blushed. “Yeah well that’s definitely cool. We don’t um... I mean we’re not into actually..!”

“Hey neither was I until I tried it, and even if not, you’re cool enough to take your missus to a soccer game with tiered seating in an ultra-mini dress and stilettos. That’s fucking cool no matter how you slice it, buddy.”

“Yeah right,” I smiled awkwardly. How did I get myself into this conversation?

“Tell her she’s got nice tits too, man. The way they were just about popping out the top of her dress when she was jumping for us. She had to be doing that on purpose, yeah?”

“Uh yeah I guess you could say it would have been on purpose,” I admitted but was thinking clearly about my sister-in-law right now, not my wife.

I kept Jane in mind and went on, perhaps stupidly again but I was suddenly a member of the workplace boys club and it felt good.

“Yeah I’ll let her know you guys liked her tits in that dress too,” I grinned. “It was a good view up it and down it, I have to agree.”

My boss and I shared a boys club laugh. Fuck, what was I doing!

He swiped another twenty photos and showed me the same pretty blond holding a dildo to her belly and with her hand over her bare pussy, smiling

teasingly for the camera.

“Hey! I’ve got one with her using that but promised I wouldn’t show it around too much.”

“Yeah no of course,” I gulped.

“Does Tina ever pose for pics for you, man? Got any to share?”

“Ah no not really... I’d better not.”

“Ah fuck yeah, so you’ve got some then. Fuck you’d have to with a chick that hot.”

“Yeah man I just don’t share them around now since we’re married,” I bullshitted. There’s no way in the world Tina would pose for a topless pic. Although I was still in character with Jane as my wife, so it wasn’t that hard to continue playing along.

I was relieved however when Dmitry took a call and sent me along.

I spent the afternoon on a forklift helping the guys out loading trucks for the morning.

On the way home from work I had a meeting with a businessman offering funding for our local youth soccer clubs. He wanted to put up half a million to upgrade our soccer stadium, which was badly in need of it.

This was going to mean new amenities for the fans and some decent changerooms for the players.

I met the guy at a café. “Hello Mr Bulmer. It’s great to see you again.”

“Arthur! Please call me Johann or if you insist on Mr Bulmer it’s Bully for short.”

I shook the man’s hand. He had a strong grip. He was tall and lithe, a man in his fifties who’d played soccer all his life and still looked fit.

“Bully it is then,” I agreed. “Really, it’s great to see you. I can’t tell you how much your interest in our local soccer development program means to the community.”

“Ah it’s nothing. We had nothing as youths growing up and it’s too important for kids. My organisation is happy to have an opportunity to be involved.”

We ordered coffees and chatted about the details of the stadium upgrade. I had brought my tablet and showed the man pictures of where his money

would be spent.

He really was a nice guy and the few times I'd met him before he'd impressed me too. He had nieces and nephews involved in the local soccer competitions and was often at the games.

"So Art, I saw you yesterday. You were in the box two along from ours. Who was that young lady with you, was that your wife?"

"Ah no it wasn't. Um... it was actually my sister-in-law."

"Oh I see, your sister-in-law. Interesting. Is she married?"

I flushed. "Um no she's not."

The guy nodded and sipped his coffee. "A beautiful young woman cheering for the same soccer club I follow. That's extremely interesting. Any chance you could ask her a question for me?"

"Ah yeah sure," I grinned. "What question would that be?"

"Well as it turns out I have another field of endeavour as an art buyer, which is where the funding for a soccer stadium overhaul really comes from. And tomorrow night I have to attend an exhibition."

I started feeling butterflies about what he was going to ask.

"How would you feel about asking your soccer fan sister-in-law if she'd like to do a fellow fan a favour and be his plus one for the evening? I'll have a limo pick her up and drop her home. The evening would be short, just a few hours and an attractive young lady would do my reputation the world of good, if you know what I mean."

I took all of that in. I may have been frowning a little as I thought about it.

"You could put in a good word for me, couldn't you Art?"

I gulped and nodded before I could think to get words around a response.

Was this a condition of the deal?

I wasn't sure that's what the guy was saying but it could have been.

He finished his coffee. "Anyway, got to run. Text me her number if you get a positive response. If not I guess I'll have to go alone but not to worry," he said with a smile and dropped a fifty on the table.

"We'll talk again soon, Art. I love the plans. Let's get this stadium up to standard for the youth, yeah!"

“Okay thanks Bully,” I got in as the guy took off.

I was left there feeling a little stunned, still trying to get my head around the fact the guy wanted to date my sister-in-law.

Or was it a date? He called it a ‘plus one’ and made it clear she’d be dropped home after a few hours.

He was just looking for an attractive woman to have on his arm to impress colleagues by the sound of it. That and the fact he liked the way Jane was cheering for his soccer club.

I convinced myself there was nothing in it, although I had to admit I was feeling a little queasy.

I decided to at least ask Jane if she’d be willing to do it. I still thought it had a bearing on the deal to finance the stadium upgrade but surely it wouldn’t be a deal breaker if she said no.

When I got home from work the girls were already tipsy from a bottle of wine. Jane was in town staying with us for a few weeks. They were getting tipsy every night and catching up chatting and laughing and spending time together.

I said hello and left them to it out on the back deck and got my own dinner and sat to watch a soccer game replay, enjoying the alone time with the sports channel each night.

Jane came in rummaging for something in the kitchen drawers. “Do you have matches or a lighter, Art?”

“Yeah sure here in the draw under the coffee table,” I told her and pointed.

I had my feet on the table but the drawer was on the other side. Jane bent over to open the drawer and her top gaped and flashed her tits.

She was braless and they were jiggling free, her nipples dark and high-set like Tina’s. Identical in fact.

I gulped and kept staring. She looked up before I did and caught me.

She remained bent over and looked down at her tits and back up again, grinning. “You bad boy!” she scolded and put her hand to her chest. “Did you enjoy that?”

I gulped. “Sorry, couldn’t help looking.”

“Hmm I see. Typical man!”

“Yeah true. You got me there. Actually I’m not the only one to have trouble keeping my eyes off your um..!” I chuckled and shook my head.

“My boss Dmitry was raving about how good you looked at the soccer yesterday. He was going on about how progressive and cool I am letting my wife wear a sexy dress to the soccer.”

“Oh really! And which one was Dmitry? Does he have money?”

I chuckled. “I don’t know, not much I don’t think. He was the one with red hair right in front of us and two rows down. He spent the whole match looking up your dress.”

“Oh him! He was cute. Dmitry huh? Are you sure he’s not loaded? A girl has to have standards!”

“Haha no, I’m pretty sure he’s working class. Speaking of men being loaded though, I know an extremely wealthy art dealer who wants to take you out tomorrow night if you’re interested?”

“Oh you know of such a man, do you brother-in-law? I’m sure I don’t believe you.”

Jane reached across for my beer and in doing so her top gaped and showed her tits again. I tilted for another look at them and she casually covered up with her arm again and sipped my beer.

“I know it sounds sus but it’s for real. The guy who’s financing the soccer stadium upgrade is who I’m talking about. I had a meeting with him just now and he said he saw us at the game yesterday, asked who you were.”

I continued, “He seriously wants to take you to an art exhibition tomorrow night. I’m supposed to put in a good word for him.”

“Hmm I see.” Jane had another sip of my beer. “And are you going to put in a good word for him?”

I shrugged. “I can’t really do that. I don’t know him that well. Only to say he’s a respected member of the community, not a blow in. He’s got extended family here and seems like a nice enough guy. I absolutely don’t know what his intentions are though.”

My sister-in-law took that in. “How old is he?”

“In his fifties.”

“Is he fit looking?”

“Yeah he is actually.”

“Hmm okay. Interesting. I’ll think about it. When do you need to know?”

“I just have to text him your number or not. Probably by the morning, I suppose. Give him a chance to find another date if you don’t want to go.”

Jane nodded and had another sip of my beer. “And does this have any bearing on the donation he’s offering?”

I flushed a little. “Yeah I don’t know. I hope not but it’s definitely a bit sus in that way.”

“Yes it sounds like it to me too and I don’t trust myself not to fall for the guy and get used.” Jane took a big breath and expelled.

“But then again, what if he’s really as nice as you say and he’s genuine and filthy rich and wants to buy me diamonds?”

I chuckled. “There is that, I suppose.”

“Hmm, I need to ask Tina. I’ll give you my decision later.”

She stood and had another sip of my beer then bent right over to put it back on the table. She did that slowly and deliberately and paused for a long second whilst I had another look at her tits.

“There! That’s for making my sister happy and not being a total dick like every man I’ve ever been with,” she said and lifted my chin but kissed my cheek.

“And don’t you dare tell her I showed you!”

I smiled after her. “They’re the same as hers anyway. Identical in fact.”

She laughed and glared back teasingly, flicking up the back of her skirt and flashing her G-stringed butt as well.

“Yeah that too!” I called after her.

Carried Away With the Scene

Tina

“Oh I don’t know about that, Jane. That sounds really sus!”

“I know, but it also sounds like a small sacrifice if it helps get the funding thing over the line. Art showed me all around the local stadium yesterday and showed me the plans. It’s a big deal and would be great for the kids.”

“Yes well I suppose that’s true,” I had to agree. “I guess I haven’t met the guy myself, but I know people who have and he sounds okay.”

“Hmm so Art was saying. And there’s a chance he’s for real and he is rich,” my sister went on grimacing a little excitement.

I rolled my eyes and took another sip of wine.

Jane narrowed her eyes and did a half grin I knew all too well.

“What?” I challenged her. “I know that look. What are you thinking?”

“Um I’m thinking that you owe me, sister, and this is perfect! You’re an actress and can play a part. And you’re way more level-headed than me and can spot a fake easily, while I just get sucked in.”

“Yes,” I frowned. “So?”

“So I think you should go to this artsy thing... as me!”

I gulped. “What?”

“No, no, think about it. It would be so easy. You just go along and give the guy nothing and see if he’s genuine enough to accept that and ask for another date. And if he passes the test, I’ll go out with him next time. For real.”

I nearly said no outright but stopped myself. I actually did like the challenge of playing a part and I’d been my sister plenty of times before. We’d been doing this since we were children.

We had the same natural hair colour. Mine was a couple of inches longer but you couldn’t tell if it was up.

I frowned in thought.

“Yes!” my sister cheered and toasted with her wine glass.

“Wait, I didn’t say I’d do it,” I scolded her.

“No but you want to, don’t you. You love it when we swap as much as I do. Admit it!”

“Yes it is fun and I love the challenge, but what’s all that with the soccer? I know nothing about the game.”

My sister shrugged. “Neither do I. I just figured Art’s boss must have been a big supporter of The Wolves or whatever they call themselves so I cheered for them too. To help Art.”

“Oh that’s so sweet,” I cooed.

“I know right? So now you owe me and have to go check this guy out for me. Find out if he’s got six wives already or if he’s a womaniser, will you? Then come tell me. And you have to wear one of my dresses!”

My phone buzzed with a text. I checked it and found it was from my director.

“What is it?” Jane asked, trying to see what I was frowning at.

I showed her. “They want to do another take of one of my scenes. I was worried they might. They couldn’t make up their minds about it today.”

I clicked my phone off and sipped wine. I grimaced guiltily. “Secretly I’m excited to do it again even though it’s a little out of my comfort zone.”

“Oh really! Do tell?”

“Hmm it’s a scene where I get felt up by the leading man and he’s very good at it.”

My sister’s mouth opened, her eyes wide too.

“I know right. The guy Mario is really nice about it too. He’s not exploiting the situation. He’s so apologetic and makes it easy for me. It’s just the director wanting lots of scenes shot over and over from slightly different angles or with minor changes. He’s young and inexperienced and can’t make up his mind.”

“Okay so that sucks but what happens in this scene? You get felt up, how?”

“We’re lying on a bed and he’s kissing me and feeling my boobs. Or at least that was last time. Before that I was looking out a window and he was cuddling me from behind. There were a few variations of that with different clothing on.

“Then there were a few variations of him dancing with me in the bedroom

and spinning me out and pulling me back to cuddle from behind with his hand on my boob. And in another version of the same scene I was sitting on his lap and getting kissed and felt up.”

“Wow! Sounds like fun but what does Art think?”

I grimaced again. “I don’t go into detail confessing.”

“Oh confessing huh? Do you need to confess? It sounds like you enjoy it.”

I nodded. “Yes I do enjoy it. I love that I have to go back in tomorrow and do the scene again. I hope it’s like the last version where Mario put his hand up my top to feel me. I’m not going to be able to sleep tonight in anticipation.”

My sister rolled her eyes doubtfully. “And how much are you going to tell your husband, tramp?”

“Hmm I don’t know. The problem is that he’ll see it when the film comes out so I have to tell him something. Just not how much I’m enjoying it is all. I try to pass it off as totally professional and something I have to get through.”

Jane took a breath and fanned her face. “Well I’m jealous now but it is actually quite innocent. There’s no way the actors you see on the screen aren’t enjoying the love scenes and I’m sure they all play it down with their real-life partners too.”

That was about where I settled on the matter after talking about it with my sister. I waited until we were in bed to tell Art I had to re-do the scene and decided I’d not mention the other thing I was planning to do.

Although I expected Jane would probably change her mind and just go to this art gallery thing herself since it was entirely something she’d do and I certainly had nothing to wear without borrowing one of her dresses.

“You’ll be fine honey, just try and relax and go with it,” Art encouraged me in the morning when we were heading off at the same time.

“Thanks,” I replied blushing feeling so guilty. I hugged him to hide my face.

A half hour later I was in a movie set bedroom wrapped in a bath robe and wearing a skimpy singlet and half-slip.

“Tina!” the director called.

I took off the robe and the eyes of every man on set focused on my nipples poking at the thin cotton singlet that only covered my nipples and showed the sides of my boobs.

This really was right on the edge of my comfort zone in terms of being exposed.

I was claimed from behind and my neck was kissed. The cameras panned around and zoomed in. I submitted to the man ravaging me.

“Sorry,” he whispered into my ear as his hands went up the singlet and closed over my breasts.

A surge of tingles rushed to fill my stomach and weaken my legs. I was panting and whimpering without even trying to act the scene.

Mario was massaging my breasts now and was definitely playing with my nipples. He was squeezing and pulling on them, rubbing over them with his thumbs.

The director motioned with his hand for us to keep going.

The cameras panned back a little and Mario turned me around and kissed me on the lips.

He had let go of my boobs and was squeezing my side, still with his hand under the singlet. It had slipped from one shoulder and that breast was fully exposed now.

It didn't feel right to try and cover up right then. It would have ruined the shot, so I left the shoulder hanging down and continued to moan into the mouth of the man kissing me passionately.

He caressed upward and felt my breast again. I claimed his wrist but held his hand there, instinctively trying to keep covered.

He kissed me back onto the bed and I clung to him as he moved over me. The scene was to progress to the point he was about to have sex with me. The sound of his pretend wife entering the hotel room and calling out from the next room interrupts him.

“Okay cut!” the director called. “Wait, just hold,” he added to the crew.

“Mario, I want you to caress and squeeze more down her side to her hip and expose her there as well. Tina this is brilliant with your breast exposed like this. It's so much more realistic, yes?”

I gulped and nodded. “Yes,” I squeaked, glaring down at my still exposed boob and everyone's eyes on me.

The camera crew were all male. The wardrobe girl was there in the

background holding the bath robe ready to wrap back around me.

“Alright, rubbing up and down and when you take her slip and underwear down from her hip, give it a second or two and there’s the call from your wife,” the director said, backing out of shot and motioning to continue.

Mario resumed kissing my neck and closed his hand over my breast again. He was massaging oh so nice again and squeezing my nipple quite firmly. He sought my mouth and I accidentally touched his tongue with mine. He responded and entered my mouth with his.

I moaned the pleasure I couldn’t deny and he deepened the kiss as cameras zoomed right in to capture our shared passion.

He came up for air and we looked into each other’s eyes. I opened for more and he took my lips again and tongued me deeply whilst squeezing my breast and pinching my nipple quite hard.

I was lying flat on my back with my legs straight and together. He was half on top of me and I could feel his penis firm against my hip. I couldn’t blame him though as my pussy was tingling wildly and I could also feel how wet I was.

He continued kissing me passionately and rubbed up and down my side, clutching and kneading as I writhed for the contact.

It was too real and I inadvertently lifted when he collected the waistband of my slip and panties and rubbed down over my hip with them.

I felt them stretching and rolling right down my closed thighs and exposing my landing strip and pussy. The cameras panned back to include me fully in the shot.

Mario left me exposed down there and rubbed back up my side, lifting my singlet this time and stretching it up over both breasts. He held it there and kept me fully exposed for the cameras zooming back in whilst he tore at his belt.

He suddenly froze in alarm as if his wife had called out.

He got off me and stood fixing his clothing. I went with the scene and acted as if I wanted the wife to catch us. I lay there with my arms above my head and my breasts out the bottom of my singlet.

My slip and panties were pulled down to mid-thigh and the cameras were still

focused on me.

The director wound with his hand, motioning for me to continue. I was smiling and biting my lip, lying there in innocent defiance whilst the husband was imploring me to get up and hide or something.

He was darting back and forth from shot whilst the cameras remained focused on me basking in the utter debauchery and really enjoying it.

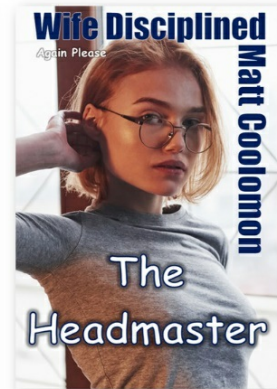
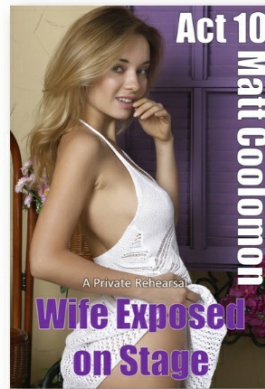
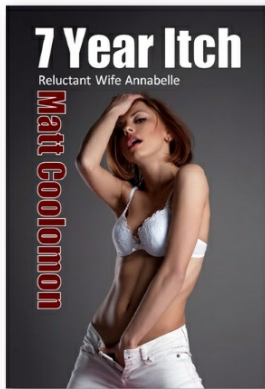
Oh my god, what am I going to tell Art if he ever sees this!

**** End of Book 1 ****

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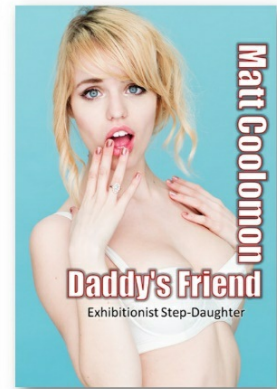
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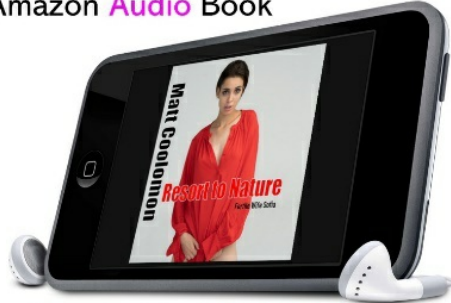
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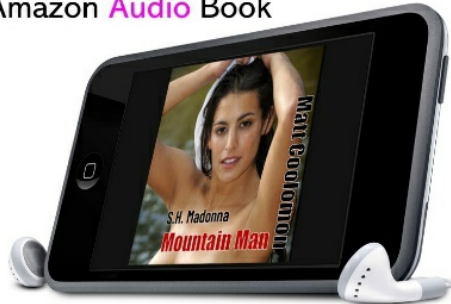
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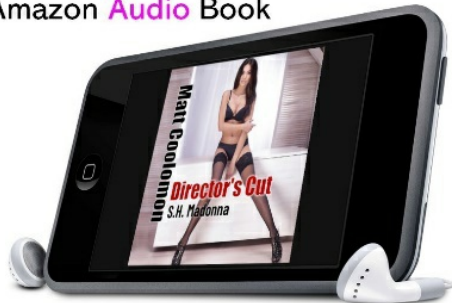
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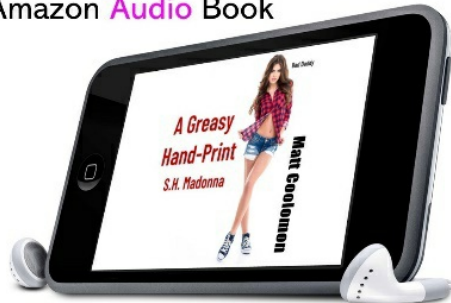
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