

My best sex ever was...

with a stunt double



Doppelbanger?

Working on a film set took Anna-Marie* to a world of fantasy

“Clinking glasses with the production team, we knocked back shots at the bar. As a movie make-up artist, I’m used to long days. For weeks I’d been getting up at dawn to do the make-up on the LA set of a huge Hollywood blockbuster – the latest instalment in a big action franchise – and was exhausted. But we all wanted to celebrate the final take, and I was particularly happy as I’d just nabbed a selfie with the leading actor.

When it was my round, I raced to the bar and got 16 shots for us all. It was then that I saw his chiselled jaw, almond eyes and film-star grin. No, not the main man, but his stunt double, Jason.* He could have been the actor’s twin brother. When my colleague, Jen,*

was assigned to do his make-up that day, I had swallowed down my envy. Nonetheless, as I dabbed more plaster-thick foundation on the leading lady, I had felt Jason’s eyes on me.

Despite vodka now coursing through my veins, I didn’t have the confidence to approach him. Luckily he picked up on my nerves and, sipping an ice-cold Budweiser, walked over. “Anna-Marie, right?” he smiled. I nodded, forcing my eyes to meet his. “I was hoping I’d bump into you before you left for London,” he said, his American accent husky. I was stunned he knew anything about me, let alone the city I lived in back home.

I sat with Jason in a private booth where a few hours – and cocktails – later I felt his foot trail up the inside

of my leg. Biting his lip in anticipation, he quickly shepherded me out of the bar. I could feel his pulsing erection as he pressed his lips against mine and pulled me into him. He suggested a hotel room but I couldn’t wait.

We dodged crews packing the last of the set away and headed to his trailer. Locking

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the door, I felt like I was leading another life. But I couldn’t resist Jason as he undressed me before sweeping grooming products off a side table and lifting me onto it. I opened my legs and, for a split second, it felt like I was about to have sex with the real A-lister. The

thought turned me on so much that, when he flipped me round and bent me over – my dress hoisted up, lace underwear around my ankles and his face buried between my legs from behind – I couldn’t shake the novelty that it was the film star. I groaned with pleasure as he lapped me up. Seconds from a powerful orgasm, he unzipped his fly, tore open a condom and eased inside me, prompting us to come at the same time. Exhausted, he fell onto me, breathless.

We spent the rest of the night exploring one another’s bodies. When he left for Nevada at sunrise, we promised to stay in touch. But distance meant that nothing came of the relationship.

A few months later, I saw a poster for the movie with the lead actor front and centre. I might not have been with him, but I definitely got the next best thing.