

A
Dirty Slob
Takes my Girl

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

A DIRTY SLOB TAKES MY GIRL
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

Want to be kept up to date with my newest releases? Sign up for my newsletter! You'll get an exclusive **free story**, and I'll drop you a line when I launch a new book. All you got to do is sign up here:

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

INTRODUCTION

As part of a new government program to combat the ongoing housing crisis, homeowners are ordered to take the needy in.

That is how a dirty slob ends up living with a young, beautiful and naive couple.

Hannah and Liam want to make their guest feel welcome. That's what good people do, right?

When Wallace realizes just how meek the newly-weds are, he quickly seizes control of the household...

And Liam?

All he can do is watch.

A DIRTY SLOB TAKES MY GIRL

As part of a new government program to combat the ongoing housing crisis, homeowners are forced to take the needy in.

You do not get to choose who comes to live with you: someone is assigned to you. The most difficult cases are given to young and healthy couples because they can handle that burden.

That is how the cantankerous, overweight fifty-five year old Wallace ended up in the home of the young and beautiful Hannah and Liam...



“I’LL GET IT!”

Liam walked to his front door as he whistled a happy tune. With the help of Hannah’s wealthy parents, they had finally managed to buy their dream home — a huge accomplishment in this housing crisis. Now, someone was knocking on their front door incessantly.

Bang-bang-bang!

Okay, someone was trying to knock the front door down.

“I’m coming, I’m coming,” Liam said. “Hold your horses.”

He opened the front door and he was instantly met with a nauseating smell of

booze and cigarettes. Liam coughed and looked at the disheveled old man standing in front of him. He wore a stained wife-beater that barely covered his bulging stomach, and a pair of dirty jeans. This man, simply put, was a dirty bum.

“Can I help you?” Liam asked politely.

The man thrust a letter into Liam’s chest so hard Liam gasped for air.

“Housing Initiative,” the old man grunted. “I live here now.”

Before Liam had a chance to respond, the old man pushed his way past Liam and walked right into their home, leaving muddy boot-prints all over their expensive new carpet.

“Shoes!” Liam stammered.

The old man ignored him as he took a look around. “Not bad. You’ve got money, kid. Not as good as my old place of course, but not bad.”

Liam looked at the paper with trembling hands. The *Housing Initiative* was the new proposal enacted by Senator Jones... his father-in-law, and Hannah’s dad. It was a radical idea to solve the ongoing housing crisis: Wealthy homeowners were forced by government mandate to take the needy into their homes.

Liam knew that this meant they would host someone, but he imagined that his father-in-law would pull some strings and they would be assigned a cute student who couldn’t find a dorm-room or something. Someone harmless who looked good on camera for when the media showed up.

His eyes scoured the page, looking for any signs of forgery, or some sick practical joke or something. It was all there. Wallace King, 55 years old, was their new roommate. This was the real deal alright.

Wallace parked his fat ass on Liam’s couch. The old man burped and scratched his crotch as he changed the channel to the game. “Get me a beer, kid,” he grunted. “I’m thirsty.”

Never in a million years did Liam imagine he would be hosting *this*. “There must be some mistake,” he said.

“The only mistake I’m seeing is that there’s no beer in my hand, kid.”

“What’s going on?” Hannah asked as she descended the stairs. She wore tight yoga pants that showed off her long, toned legs and shapely ass, and a short crop-top.

“Holy shit,” Wallace uttered loudly when he saw the beauty in front of him. “You hit the jackpot, kid. Hey, sweet cheeks, how about you grab me a beer, yeah? The man of the house is thirsty.”

“Uhm, hello, sir. Liam, what’s going on?” Hannah asked.

Liam quickly grabbed his wife and pulled her into the kitchen, handing her the letter. Her eyes grew big as she read the form that sealed their fate.

“I thought your father was going to help us out,” Liam gritted through his teeth. “Now we’re stuck with some lecherous old coot.”

“It’s fine,” Hannah said. “It’s fine. We can handle this.”

“Handle this? I’m throwing his ass out right now!”

“No!” Hannah said, grabbing her husband’s arm. “You can’t.”

“And why not?”

“Think what this means for my father! If his own blood throws out the very person assigned to them, the *Housing Initiative* is as good as dead! We have to make this work. We *have* to.”

Liam bit his tongue. That was the problem of marrying into a political family — everything was about *perception*. About what the media will think, and what the people will think. Everything was politics. Of course, there were benefits as well.

Hanna’s family were absolutely loaded, for one. And, most importantly, Hannah herself was the most beautiful and sweetest woman Liam had ever met. Despite her extreme wealth, she was extremely kind and giving — so much so that Liam thought she could be a bit naive and gullible at times.

“It’s up to the strong to shelter the weak,” Hannah said. “Can you imagine being homeless at his age? It’s so sad. We can make this work, baby. Trust

me. This situation is new and strange for Wallace as well — maybe that is why he's being so grumpy. Most people don't like taking handouts, after all. I'm sure that, in time, he'll change his tune."

Liam sighed deeply. "Fine," he said. "You're right. As always. I suppose we can make this work."

Hannah smiled broadly and kissed her husband on the lips. "Thank you, babe! I love you. Let's go introduce ourselves, shall we?"

As the young couple walked into their living room, hand-in-hand, they found Wallace spread out on their couch. He had kicked off his dirty boots, and his bare feet rested on their expensive ottoman. Wallace's shirt had risen up a bit, showing off his fat, hairy stomach. As they got closer, the strong, pungent scent coming from him increased.

Liam had to bite his tongue not to wince.

"Hello," Hannah said. "My name is Hannah, and this is Liam. I would like to welcome you to your new home — we're very happy that the *Housing Initiative* has chosen you as our very first guest!"

Wallace's eyes scanned the young thing in front of him up and down. She was a sight for sore eyes. Perky tits, juicy ass, pouty dick-sucking lips. This was going to be *fun*.

The old man licked his lips. "Finally, some goddamn respect. You can learn a thing from sweet cheeks over here, kid. Now where's my goddamn beer?"

"Now listen here," Liam said, his voice rising with anger.

Hannah placed her hand on his arm and shushed him. "Please, Wallace. There's no need for such language. I'll get you your drink, hold on."

As Hannah turned and walked to the kitchen, Wallace's eyes were glued to her thick, bouncing ass.

"Fuck me, that's a fine piece of ass you've got there, kid. You giving it to her good every night, I hope? I wouldn't be able to keep my cock out of a slut that hot."

Liam was stunned, too shocked to answer, and when he finally found his

voice again Hannah had already returned.

“Here you are, sir.”

Wallace snatched the drink out of her hand, downed half of it in one go, and let out a hard, stinking belch. He wiped the back of his mouth with his hand. “Ah, that hit the spot. I could also go for some wings. How about you go get me a bucket, kid?”

The veins in Liam’s neck were close to snapping. “I don’t think so.”

“Please, baby?” Hannah asked. “We want to make our guest feel at home, don’t we?”

“I think he feels plenty at home already,” Liam said through gritted teeth.

Hannah gave him a look. “Please?”

“Kitchen. Now,” Liam said as he walked away.

“Excuse me Wallace, we’ll be right back,” Hannah said.

Wallace laughed hard as he watched the both of them walk away. He reached down and squeezed his bulge.

This was going to be fun.



“I DON’T TRUST HIM,” Liam whispered angrily in the privacy of their kitchen. “He’s sleazy!”

“But do you trust *me*?” Hannah asked.

“What? Of course. Of course I do.”

“Then relax,” Hannah insisted as she pressed her hands against her husband’s chest. “Relax, sweetie. I know this sucks right now, but we’ve just got to grin and bear it for the time being, okay? I’ll call my dad, and we’ll get this sorted out eventually, but we can’t make a scene. Please. Can you do that for me?”

Liam closed his eyes to warn off his coming headache. Did Hannah even

realize what she was asking? To tolerate a sleazeball disrespecting him and his wife in their own home?

“Okay. Okay. I’ll grin and bear it, for you. But please, call your dad. Get this sorted. I’m not going to let him disrespect you.”

“I’m a big girl,” Hannah said as she stood on the tips of her toes and quickly kissed Liam on the lips. “I can take care of myself. You don’t have to save me from the big bad man in our living room.”

“You sure about that?”

“I’m sure. But thank you, my loving husband. You’re good to me. Keep it up all week and I will do that one thing you like,” she added with a wink.

Liam’s cock throbbed instantly. There was no pleasure in the world greater than having his wife’s soft tongue gently caress his sensitive nut-sack, but it’s not something Hannah did often. She wasn’t enthusiastic about giving oral sex — something about the taste and smell that didn’t agree with her. Liam tried to not take it personally.

After all, in every relationship there are some compromises to be made, right? Hannah was gorgeous, sweet, loving, beautiful. So what if she wasn’t wild about sucking cock? The rest of their sex life was more than satisfying.

“Deal,” Liam said.

“Great. Then you can go get the big bad man his chicken wings. Perhaps he won’t be so grumpy on a full stomach.”

Liam rolled his eyes. “Are you serious right now?”

“Yes. Even if he’s a jerk, we’re still going to be good hosts.”

“Sure. I’ll be right back, then. I still don’t trust him, for the record. If you need me to race home and throw his ass out, just call me.”

“I’m a big girl, Liam. I’ve got this. Trust me.”

A final kiss and Liam was out the door. Hannah took a few deep breaths to steady herself now that she was alone. Her words to her husband had only been half-true.

Yes, she was a big girl.

A big girl who was also terrified of the big bad man in their living room. There was something about the look in his eyes that shook her to her core.

Still, it was clear what she had to do. There were no other options. She was going to be the best damn host in the world, and kill this man with kindness.

She returned to the living room with a cold beer. “Here you are, sir,” she said as she handed it to him. “Liam will be back soon with wings.”

Wallace grinned from ear-to-ear. He patted the couch next to him.

“Excellent service, hot cakes. Come sit down next to old Wallace and make yourself comfortable.”

“Please don’t call me that,” Hannah said as she hesitated, and then sat down next to their new house guest. His musk was even stronger and more intense from up close. It clung to him like a powerful, intoxicating aura. It made her heart race for some strange reason. She instinctively licked her lips, and enjoyed the saltiness she felt there.

Hannah had always had a sensitive sense of smell. Smells that were merely disagreeable for a normal person, were absolutely *excruciating* for her. She had instantly left five-star-hotel rooms simply because the room had the faintest hint of cigarette smoke in them.

So for Hannah, for this sheltered princess, to sit right next to this dumpster fire of a person, this dirty, sweaty, filthy, greasy fat bum without freaking out was a feat nothing short of heroic.

“I’ll call you whatever I like, sweet cheeks. I’m the man of the house now.”

Hannah smiled politely. He was just trying to get under her skin. God, his scent was unbearable.

Wallace looked her up and down, enjoying her visible discomfort. This pretty young thing obviously had never had to work a day in her life. Now that he was in the picture, that was going to change.

Oh yes, things were going to change around here. Dramatically.

He took a large sip of his beer and leaned in closer.

“Tell me, princess. Do I disgust you?”

Hannah could feel his hot breath on her face. Her eyes fluttered, as her heart raced. “N-no,” she stammered. “Of course n-not.”

“Really? How about now?”

Wallace slid his hand into the front of his pants and fumbled around. Hannah’s eyes grew big as she saw his thick bulge press against his jeans. There was no way that was the outline of his penis — it was easily twice the size of Liam’s. What on Earth was happening?

Wallace pulled his hand back out, grinning wildly, and the strong, all-powerful scent hit Hannah like a freight train. Her lips trembled as her heart pounded like a drum.

The old man slowly brought his hand closer to her face. The musk emanating from his dirty fingers was so strong, so overwhelming, so powerful. It short-circuited Hannah’s brain completely.

“I’m still not disgusting?” Wallace asked.

“N-n-no,” Hannah trembled, her voice jumping all over the place.

“Good.”

Wallace pressed his fingers, which he had rubbed all over his sweaty-ball sack, against Hannah’s cheeks. The young girl shrieked and trembled, but she did not move. She stayed sitting there, like a good, obedient girl, as Wallace rubbed his sweaty balls-fingers all over her face.

“Smell them,” Wallace commanded as he held them right under her delicate nose. “Smell my fingers.”

Tears formed in Hannah’s eyes. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds and her panties grew damp as this strange, completely intoxicating smell awakened something deep and primal inside of her.

She took a deep breath, and slowly, her disgust turned to... bliss. Bliss! Like eating something that looks unappealing, and finding out it’s actually your

favorite dish. Her entire body shivered. Her mouth opened ever so slightly, and instinctively, her tongue snuck out to taste Wallace's sweaty fingers.

"Good girl," Wallace laughed. *What a good little cocksucker this bitch was going to be.* "Open your mouth for the man of the house."

Hannah's entire body was on fire. Her brain was shut-off completely, and she was acting purely on instinct. And her instinct wanted Wallace's salty fingers in her mouth.

She opened her mouth.

Wallace shoved two of his dirty, smelly fingers into her hot, wet mouth, and Hannah sucked on them with all her might, tasting the man's salt and sweat. The flavor was intoxicating and delicious.

Hannah closes her eyes, her panties now dripping wet.

Wallace laughed. This was easier than he thought. His free hand shot up her crop-top, and he squeezed her small, perky tit hard. Hannah's eyes shot open, her loud moans muffled by Wallace's fat fingers in her mouth.

"That's it you greedy little slut, suck on those fingers."

Hannah nodded, greedily sucking on them, spit running down her chin. She could hardly believe she was acting like this, but following the stranger's commands was what her body wanted to do.

Wallace tweaked her hard nipples. Hannah gasped and squirmed, drool running down her face, but she didn't stand up and run away. *What was happening? Why did this feel so damn... good?* Hannah had a satisfying sex life with Liam, or so she thought, but this dirty man touching her like he owned her body lit a fire inside of her unlike Liam had ever done before.

Her pussy was *throbbing*, just begging for attention. She wanted, no, she needed Wallace to touch her there. She automatically spread her legs wide, almost humping the couch in her desperation.

Wallace pulled his fingers out of her mouth and wiped them on her cheek. Hannah panted for air, her chest rising and falling with every deep breath. With his other hand, Wallace squeezed her tit hard. Hannah bucked her hips,

a wet spot now forming on the crotch of her yoga pants.

The old man grinned. *The hottest sluts were always the easiest.*

“You want to cum, don’t you?”

Hannah nodded. Tears ran down her face as her body trembled like a leaf in a storm.

“Peel down those pants for me, slut.”

Hannah hesitated for a moment. Was she really going to do this? This was her moment to back out, to run away, to call Liam...

She hooked her thumbs into her yoga pants and pulled them down to her hips, along with her thong. She was now sitting on her couch next to this slovenly older man with her bare cunt on full display.

“Nice pussy,” Wallace said as he ran his fingers across her wet folds. “I love ‘em bald.”

A yelp left Hannah’s lips as he touched her. Fuck, why was her body responding like this?

Wallace laughed hard and jammed his hand between her legs without warning. With his other hand he grabbed her neck and pulled her in for a hot kiss, shoving his foul tongue into her hot and hungry mouth.

The sensations completely overwhelmed Hannah. She squealed like a pig as she fucked the dirty stranger’s hand like a wild animal, bucking her hips as her tongue eagerly explored his mouth.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, any shred of dignity or self-control she had left now gone. She was putty in his hands.

Wallace fingered the girl’s tight cunt with two fat fingers, her pussy squeezing his fingers. This little slut had the tightest cunt he’d ever felt — and he’d handled his fair share.

“That’s it my eager dirty little slut, cum for Wallace, show me what a good cunt you are,” Wallace growled.

Hannah nodded. Yes. *Yes, she was his dirty little slut.*

Hannah came harder than she had ever cum in her *life*. Her entire body trembled and shook, her juices splashing all over the couch as Wallace pumped his fingers in and out of her tight, wet hole.

This was nirvana. This was... life-changing.



LIAM PULLED up to his house. He had rushed to the store, bought a bucket of chicken wings and a bottle of whiskey, and now he was back. He sighed deeply as he gathered the courage to face Wallace.

He was going to grin and bear it. For Hannah.

Liam opened the front door and the stench hit him instantly. It was even worse now, somehow. Liam coughed and entered his home. Wallace was spread out on his couch, with Hannah nowhere to be seen.

Liam instantly noticed the large wet spot on the couch. Had this sleazeball spilled beer all over himself already?

“Here’s your wings,” Liam said through gritted teeth, suppressing his anger. Grin and bear it was the motto. “Where’s my wife?”

“Fuck if I know,” Wallace grunted, his eyes glued to the game. He reached down and adjusted his cock in his pants. The huge outline made Liam’s eyes bulge. There was no way... just... no way.

“She’s probably dolling herself up for the man of the house. Ah, don’t give me that look kid, just jerking your chain. Come sit and share these wings with me, yeah?”

“In a moment, perhaps. I’m going to check up on Hannah.”

“You do that, kid,” Wallace grunted. “You do that.”



HANNAH STEPPED out of the shower. She frantically tried to clean herself, but

she still felt dirty. Her heart still raced, and her legs still shook with small after-shocks of the most powerful orgasm of her life.

How had this happened? One moment she was talking to Wallace, and the next he was pumping her cunt with two fingers and she was loving every second of it...

The bathroom door opened and her heart jumped into her throat.

“Liam!”

“Hi sweetie,” Liam said as he stepped inside, closed the door behind and pulled his dripping wet wife in for a kiss. Hannah hesitantly returned the kiss, and she couldn’t help but notice Liam grimacing ever so slightly.

“What’s wrong, sweetie?”

“It’s... nothing.”

“No, tell me.”

Liam licked his lips. “You taste kinda... different,” he admitted. “A little salty. New toothpaste or something?”

Hannah’s heart raced. Was her husband tasting the dirty old stranger on her tongue? Her pussy gushed instantly, as her nipples perked up. “Good different?” She tried.

Liam chuckled. His wife was so adorable. “Yeah, good different.”

Relieved, Hannah kissed him again, this time with a lot more passion. The intense kiss caught Liam by surprise. His wife had never tried to shove her tongue down his throat before.

Liam cupped his wife’s naked ass and pulled her into him. Hannah gasped, her hard nipples pressing against him, as her hands moved towards his bulge.

When was the last time his wife was this horny?

His hand slid between her legs. He found her pussy to be gushing wet, his fingers entering her easily. Hannah moaned lewdly. “Eat me out?” She asked, her breath fluttering. “I need your tongue, baby.”

Liam happily obliged. He dropped to his knees in the bathroom and buried his head in his wife's pussy. Hannah threw her head back with a moan, her hands in her husbands' hair as she rode his face.

It was a great, pleasurable feeling but it paled in comparison to how Wallace made her feel.

Hannah shook her head. This was her husband. This was Liam; the man she loved, the man she had promised to spend the rest of her life with.

Liam expertly licked his wife's sensitive clit, knowing exactly how to please her. And still, it wasn't enough.

Hannah closed her eyes. She imagined Wallace licking her, the man's rough beard pressing against her inner thighs, his filthy hands roughly mauling her tits, his fat fingers plundering her wet cunt, his thumb slipping into her puckered asshole...

Hannah came like a freight-truck, resting her back against the wall for support as she trembled with intense pleasure. Her juices ran down Liam's chin as her husband lapped it all up.

"I need your cock," Hannah panted. "Right now."

Liam stood up and fumbled with his belt. When Hannah saw her husband's cock, Hannah's mind instantly jumped to Wallace's thick and impressive bulge. Just from seeing that, she knew that the dirty old stranger was bigger than her husband. Much, much bigger. How would it feel be ravaged by such a monster cock?

She shook her head again, trying to get the wicked thoughts out. Hannah grabbed the sink and bent over, sticking her naked ass out for her husband. Liam firmly gripped her hips, his cock slipping into her waiting pussy.

Hannah groaned. It was no use.

No matter how hard her husband tried, how much effort he put into his thrusts, her mind kept returning to Wallace, to his fat fingers toying with her pussy, to his salty tongue entering her mouth...

Liam came much too soon, panting and groaning. He was panting for air as

he rested his back against the wall, smiling from ear-to-ear.

“That was fun, babe,” Liam said.

Hannah nodded. “Yes.”

Her husband was a good man. He didn’t deserve a wife who wanted to be used and abused by a dirty bum.

She gave him a soft kiss, then stepped back into the shower to wash herself again. As the hot water ran down her body, she made up her mind.

This was the very last time she would ever think of Wallace like that ever again.



DINNER WAS A TENSE AFFAIR.

Hannah did her best to act normal, but with the dirty old stranger sitting across from her, all she could think about was his smell, his touch, his taste, his enormous bulge.

Wallace scarfed down the meal like a man possessed. Liam watched him eat in disbelief. The bum was making a complete mess of things — bits and pieces of food were everywhere, and he drunk his wine straight from the bottle, wiping his greasy hands on their fancy table-cloth.

The husband looked at his wife, expecting her to say something, but she was just staring at the bum with a glazed look in her eyes.

“What do you do for a living, Wallace?” Liam tried.

“Not much,” the old man grunted as he stuffed his mouth. “I drink and fuck. What about you, kid?”

“I’m the Vice President of Smith & Smith,” Liam said proudly.

Wallace let out a booming laugh. “A pencil-pusher! So you’re a fucking office bitch! That’s priceless. Tell me, did your daddy get you that job?”

Liam stammered. “N-no!”

“Well,” Hannah said. “I mean, he sorta did, right?”

Liam looked at his wife, shocked. “Whose side are you on here?”

“Sorry!” Hannah said as Wallace laughed even louder.

“She got you there, kid,” Wallace laughed. “Look, I can see you’re getting angry. Tell you what. How about we arm-wrestle? If you win, I’ll pack my shit and leave. But if I win, you’re my house-bitch. What do you say?”

Hannah’s pussy gushed. She closed her eyes and let her imagination run wild for a moment. If both her and her husband were Wallace’s house-bitches...

Wallace could fuck her tight pussy raw as her husband watched. He could wrap his filthy fingers around her throat while he slammed his huge, fat cock into her as her husband sat and watched like a proper little bitch...

“Do it,” Hannah whispered. “You can beat him.”

Liam looked at his wife, shocked. He knew damn well he couldn’t beat the burly bum when it came to pure, raw strength. Intellect? Sure. Hygiene? Most definitely. But pure strength...? Wallace had a huge, bulky body. Did his wife *want* him to lose?

Liam swallowed the lump in his throat. If he lost... if he lost... Hannah would lose all respect for him. Wallace would force him to be his *house-bitch*, whatever that meant, but it couldn’t be good.

Wallace would take over their household. Even after one day, his stench had already permeated the household. Liam caught himself enjoying the scent, sniffing the air, licking his lips.

Ever since the husband had seen the pure lust in Wallace’s eyes, at the moment Hannah had bounced down the stairs, he knew, deep down, that this moment was coming. He was going to lose his wife to this, this... bum.

And he wanted it to happen.

Liam swallowed the lump in his throat again, as wicked thoughts of submission, of dirty sex, of intense humiliation flashed by in his mind.

“What do you say?” Wallace said, cracking his knuckles. “You ready to put

up a fight, boy?”

“You’re on,” Liam said softly. “If I win, you’re out of here.”

“Oh, but you’re not going to win, boy!”

Wallace stood up and took off his shirt. He was huge. Fat, but huge. His hairy body came into view, and Hannah sucked in a breath. The young wife was beet red and breathing heavily — was this really happening?

He held out his hand. “Ready, kid?”

Liam’s skinny arms trembled. “Ready,” he said as he gripped Wallace’s hand. The man’s hand was gigantic compared to his.

“On three,” Wallace grinned. “One... two...”

Wallace slammed Liam’s hand down on the table instantly. His knuckles screamed out in pain as he gasped for air, barely able to grasp what had just happened. Hannah cheered, and then suddenly fell quiet.

“You... you won,” Liam stammered.

The old man slapped him on the back. “That’s the spirit, kid. You’re a good sport. Now, about our deal. You’re now officially my house-bitch.”

“Surely you were... you were joking, right?” Liam tried.

“Nah, You lose, you’re my bitch. That’s how it works, right princess?”

Liam looked to Hannah for help. His wife was bright red and breathing heavily. “Wallace’s right,” she spoke softly. “That was the deal.”

“Good. Now, house bitches work for their keep. How about you start with cleaning the dishes, while the princess and I go make ourselves comfortable on the couch?”

Liam looked at his wife like a deer caught in headlights. She didn’t return his gaze, looking down at the floor instead. “I think that’s a good idea,” she said softly.

Wallace grinned from ear-to-ear. *Ah, life was grand.*

Liam stood up, dazed and confused, as he started to clear the table. Wallace got up, not even bothering to put his shirt back on, grabbed Hannah's hand, and led her to the living room. Liam started to say something, but no words came out.

That was the deal, after all.

He had lost.

Fair and square.

Liam did his chores, listening intently for any sounds coming from the living room. First he heard the game, with Wallace and Hannah both cheering. Then he heard a groan, and he instantly dropped his sponge and ran towards the living room.

Wallace sat on his couch like a king as Hannah rubbed the man's hairy shoulders with baby-oil. Liam stood there as he watched his wife pampering this, this... bum.

And Liam realized he liked it.

He cleared his throat. "I've cleaned the dishes... sir."

Wallace chuckled. There was nothing more sweet than the sound of the defeated.

"Good boy. You can help your wife massage me."

Liam walked over to his wife, his hands shaking as she handed him the bottle of baby-oil. Hannah glanced up at him, and they made eye-contact for a brief moment. It was all either of them needed. They had known each other long enough to be able to communicate with a single glance.

They were all-in now.

Wallace grunted as Liam massaged his shoulders, and Hannah rubbed his hairy chest. This was the fucking life. The young couple obeyed him without question. The kid was the Vice President of some fancy fucking firm, and yet he was still his bitch.

All thanks to the Housing Initiative.

What a genius fucking program!

He reached down to squeeze his bulge, and he heard Liam and Hannah both suck in a breath. Time to to really push their buttons now.

“Take off my pants, Liam,” he commanded.

Liam hesitated. He looked at his wife. She nodded.

The young husband kneeled down in front of Wallace and slowly started to unbutton the old man’s dirty jeans, the smell of sweat and grime intensifying. Hannah stood frozen in place, squeezing her thighs, watching her husband unveil their new master.

Liam slowly unzipped Wallace’s jeans, revealing a thick bush.

“Pull them down, bitch,” Wallace groaned.

“Yes, sir,” Liam said.

He tugged the old man’s jeans down, and Hannah nearly fainted.

Wallace wasn’t wearing any boxers — so his thick, veiny, strong and meaty cock flopped out.

The old man was hung like an absolute beast!

He was easily a foot long, his massive cock curving upwards. It was uncut, the foreskin covering up the pink tip — and he wasn’t even fully hard yet.

A fat, low-hanging pair of sweaty balls completed the package.

Hannah breathed heavily as she stared at his absolute monstrous penis. She wanted nothing more than to put that thick cock in her mouth, to suck on Wallace’s strong smelling balls, to be absolutely dominated by this beast of a man.

Wallace grinned up at her. He could read her mind.

“Like what you see, princess?”

Hannah nodded. She didn’t dare imagine how it would feel inside of her — she would surely be split in half!

Liam looked up at his wife in amazement, his entire body buzzing with a new high. The smell was so strong and so overpowering now — all he could do was surrender.

Wallace grabbed his cock. It grew and grew, slowly reaching its full, glorious potential. Hannah licked her lips, and Liam felt his own cock grow hard, his hands trembling with anticipation.

A thick drop of precum formed on the old man's cock-tip. Wallace scooped it up on his finger.

"Clean it, Hannah."

The young wife didn't hesitate. She immediately dropped down on her knees and sucked the finger clean, tasting Wallace's salty precum. She closed her eyes and savored the delicious, intoxicating flavor.

"Good girl," Wallace grunted. "Now kiss your husband."

Hannah turned towards Liam. They looked at each other for a brief moment, both their hearts hammering, and then Hannah pressed her lips against his.

Liam's eyes shot open as Hannah's tongue invaded his mouth, the flavor of Wallace's precum exploding all over his tastebuds.

"Share it, sluts."

Hannah playfully swirled her tongue around in her husband's mouth. Liam groaned and returned the kiss, his hands groping his wife's ass.

Wallace laughed. These two were too easy.

"You can stop now, princess."

Hannah broke the kiss and wiped her mouth. Liam groaned, already missing the taste.

"Now kiss my dick, bitch."

The young wife gasped, and looked at her husband for approval. Liam swallowed the lump in his throat and then nodded.

Hannah closed her eyes and leaned forward. Her soft lips planted a tender

kiss on the thick, veiny underside of Wallace's enormous cock. The old man groaned loudly.

The scent was incredible.

Hannah kissed the fat cock again, her kisses slowly traveling upwards. Wallace grinned from ear-to-ear and bucked his hips, rubbing his thick rod across her pretty face. Hannah gasped and moaned, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as her husband watched in disbelief.

He had never seen his wife so submissive before.

"Open wide, slut," Wallace growled.

Hannah moaned and opened her mouth wide. Wallace gripped his monster cock and slapped her face with his heavy dick, leaving a trail of pre-cum all over her face.

"Slobber on it."

Hannah stuck out her tongue and drooled all over her master's thick cock. Wallace groaned and slapped her face with his cock again, pre-cum and spit splattering everywhere.

"That's enough — suck on it, bitch."

"Yes, sir," Hannah whimpered.

She leaned forward and slipped the thick, fat cock-head into her mouth. Wallace bucked his hips, shoving his enormous cock deeper into her waiting mouth. Spit ran down her face and chest.

Liam trembled as this dirty slob roughly fucked his wife's mouth right in front of him, his cock as hard as a rock.

Wallace grabbed a fistful of Hannah's hair and forced her down even further. The young wife gagged and coughed, spit running down his balls, and he laughed.

"You can do better than that, princess."

Wallace pushed her head down again, and this time Hannah fought through her gag-reflex and took his entire cock down her throat.

“Good girl,” Wallace groaned.

Hannah gurgled, saliva running down her face, and she obediently bobbed her head up and down.

Liam just sat there, watching this debauchery, unsure what to do. His wife had just swallowed a monster cock, her throat bulging obscenely, Wallace’s fat balls pressed against her chin.

It was beautiful.

Hannah moaned loudly as Wallace groaned. The old man’s fat nuts were getting ready to blow.

“Fuck, you’re a good cocksucker. Your husband is a lucky man,” Wallace said.

The old man was close. Fuck, it had been a long time since he had gotten a blowjob this good.

Hannah’s mascara ran down her face, spit and pre-cum dripping all over her. The young wife bobbed her head up and down like a pornstar, her tongue swirling all over Wallace’s immense cock, his scent overpowering her senses.

“I’m going to cum down your throat,” Wallace grunted. “Swallow every bit!”

Hannah nodded, her eyes glazed over with lust. Yes, she wanted this. She wanted the old man’s smelly cum in mouth, in her throat, in her belly.

She was his obedient cumdumpster.

Wallace’s fat nuts tightened, and the old man roared. His balls exploded, unleashing an absolute torrent of cum, flooding his new bitch’s throat.

Hannah squared and gagged and coughed and swallowed. Hot ropes of cum exploded out of her nose, the thick, hot, salty seed filling her up completely, flowing out of her mouth.

“Fuck,” Wallace grunted as Hannah continued to greedily suck out his load.

Semen ran down her entire body, ruining her make-up, staining her expensive clothes.

Hannah swallowed all she could. Thick wads of cum slid down her sore throat.

Liam's jaw dropped as he watched the debauchery. His wife's face was ruined, a total and utter mess.

She had never looked more beautiful.

"Guh," Hannah gasped. She coughed, wheezed, and licked her lips.

Wallace slapped his cock across her face a final time. "Good cocksucker," the old man panted. Now kiss your husband."

Hannah turned her cum-covered face towards Liam. The husband gasped, and before he could do anything, his wife pressed her lips against his; the strong, salty taste of Wallace's cum instantly entering his mouth.

"Good, good," Wallace chuckled.

Liam and Hannah broke the kiss, their eyes locking, strands of saliva and semen still connecting their lips.

"I love you," Liam whispered.

"I love you, too," Hannah replied.

Wallace stood up, his cock flopping around.

"Very cute. Follow me, my house-bitches."



THE MARRIED COUPLE followed Wallace upstairs. Liam couldn't believe how fast things had changed. He lost a stupid bet and now he was following this sleazy, sweaty, smelly bum into his bedroom.

Wallace led the way, his fat cock swinging between his legs. He flopped down on their marital bed, the entire frame creaking under his weight.

"Strip for me, bitches," he commanded.

Hannah and Liam looked at each other, and then slowly started to undress.

Liam's cock was as hard as a rock, and his wife's perky tits bounced as she pulled off her cum-covered top.

Wallace rubbed his cock. They were eager. This was going to be *fun*.

The couple stood naked in front of their new master, their hearts racing. What was he going to demand from them next?"

"Princess, on the bed."

Hannah bit her bottom lip and climbed on the bed. Her naked ass was up in the air, her pussy exposed. Wallace smacked her ass hard.

"Eat it," Wallace ordered.

Liam's eyes grew big. Did he hear that correctly? Eat his wife's...

"Did I stutter, bitch?"

"No, sir," Liam said.

"Then do it."

Liam swallowed the lump in his throat and positioned himself behind his wife's round, perfect ass. He had never rimmed a girl before, let alone his own wife.

"Spread those cheeks, bitch."

Hannah trembled, her hands shaking as she spread her ass for her husband. This was so *naughty*.

Liam dove in. His tongue flicked his wife's sensitive rosebud, and Hannah squealed in delight.

"Good boy. Get in there nice and deep."

Liam's tongue penetrated his wife's asshole, and Hannah trembled. Oh god, this felt amazing.

"That's it. Good boy."

Liam ate his wife's ass with gusto, his tongue darting in and out of her sensitive hole, his hands gripping her cheeks firmly. Hannah moaned loudly,

enjoying these strange, new sensations.

“Get that asshole nice and wet for me, house-bitch,” Wallace chuckled.

Liam’s heart raced. There was no way the old man’s cock could fit into his wife’s asshole. There was...

Liam didn’t stop. He rimmed his wife’s ass like his life depended on it.

“That’s enough, boy.”

Liam reluctantly moved away from his wife’s magical ass. The old man took his place, lining up his hard cock with Hannah’s virgin asshole.

Wallace was going to claim this slut’s anal cherry right here and now. He slapped her ass hard.

“Relax, slut. This will hurt a bit, but then you’ll love it.”

Hannah grabbed the bed-sheets and braced herself.

Wallace’s thick, fat cock-head pressed right against her tight little virgin hole. Hannah hissed. Liam’s heart hammered in his throat — this wasn’t going to work.

“Relax,” Wallace repeated.

He pushed harder and his big cock-head popped right in, spreading her anus wide. Hannah grunted, and Liam quickly grabbed her hand and squeezed.

“Relax, baby,” he whispered.

“He’s in my ass,” Hannah replied, staring into her husband’s eyes. “Wallace’s fucking my ass.”

“I know, baby, I know.”

Wallace pushed in deeper, his thickness stretching this slut’s hole like never before.

Hannah panted, her heart racing, her asshole spreading, her pussy gushing.

“Good girl,” Wallace groaned.

He sunk deeper into the married slut, his thick meat spreading her walls open wide. She was tighter than anything he'd ever fucked. This was nirvana. Heaven on fucking Earth.

"Fuck, you're tight," Wallace groaned.

"Thank you," Hannah answered.

Wallace bottomed out, his entire length buried deep inside the married girl. Hannah was drooling on the bed, her eyes glazed over with lust, her body shaking and trembling.

The dirty slob slowly pulled out, his massive length feeling her sensitive anal walls tremble. Her hole clenched.

"Here it comes, princess."

Wallace slammed into her tight asshole, spreading her wide. Hannah grunted like a pig as she was properly fucked in the ass by a fat dirty slob for the first time in her life.

Liam watched in awe. His beautiful, gorgeous, innocent wife was being fucked in her tight little asshole by a dirty slob, and she was loving it. Her juices dripped down her thighs as she begged for more.

"Harder!" Hannah cried. "Ah! Harder!"

Wallace laughed. This little slut was a natural.

He picked up the pace, his balls slapping against her pussy, his hands gripping her hips tightly. Hannah gasped and pushed back, matching the old man's rhythm perfectly.

After a good hard proper fucking, Wallace pulled his cock out of her Hannah's ass. Her fuckhole gaped wide open.

"Clean me," he grunted.

The little slut didn't hesitate. She spun around, grabbed his cock, and shoved it right into her mouth. Her tongue eagerly cleaned off their juices.

Liam just sat there, stunned, watching his wife hungrily worship their new master's cock.

“Such a good cocksucker, going ass to mouth,” Wallace said.

Hannah nodded and sucked on his fat dick. She loved the taste of her own ass, loved submitting like this in front of Liam. She stroked his fat balls, eager to get a mouth full of cum again.

“Get on your back,” Wallace said. “I’m going to breed you.”

Hannah laid down on her back, her legs spread wide. Her asshole was still gaping wide, and her pussy was wetter than ever.

“My holes are yours,” she admitted freely. She wasn’t sure what hole she wanted the dirty old man to fuck first — her mouth, her pussy or her ass again?

Wallace got between her legs. Time to knock this slut up.

“Oh fuck!” Hannah whimpered as Wallace slid his cock into her wet cunt for the first time. “So big!”

Wallace sunk deeply into this slut’s hot pussy with one thrust. Her walls squeezed his fat cock like a vice. He couldn’t hold out long in a pussy this good.

Hannah wrapped her legs around his fat waist, pulling him in deeper. “Breed me, sir,” she begged.

Wallace grabbed Hannah’s throat and started pumping in and out of her, her juices flowing out of her cunt like a waterfall. Hannah panted and moaned as her tits bounced around.

Liam couldn’t take his eyes off the wanton scene. He could barely believe how wild and dirty his wife had become. A single day had transformed her from a loving housewife into a complete and utter slut — and he loved it.

Wallace hammered his bitch’s tight pussy as his balls churned.

“I’m going to cum,” he roared.

“Yes, give me your hot seed!” Hannah cried. “Fill me!”

Wallace erupted, his hot load flowing the young slut’s percent cunt. Hannah came instantly, her visions going blurry as her entire body trembled fiercely.

The dirty slob's big fat balls pumped every last drop of his potent cum into Hannah's fertile married pussy. He grunted and groaned as Hannah's cunt milked every last drop out of him.

Wallace rolled over, pulling his fat cock out of Hannah's cunt, and cum gushed out of her.

"Clean her," he said.

Liam nodded and eagerly buried his head between his wife's legs. He wanted nothing more than to be a part of this wanton scene, to show his wife he still loved her, perhaps more than ever.

Hannah groaned as her husband's tongue invaded her sore pussy, licking and swallowing every last drop of Wallace's creamy load.

The young wife orgasmed again, squirting right into her husband's mouth.

Wallace watched the happy couple share his cum, a sense of pride welling up inside of him.

Life was good.



IN THE SPAN of a few short weeks, Wallace had completely taken over their household.

Every waking moment, Hannah and Liam lived to serve their new house guest. There was not a second where Hannah or Liam didn't think about his fat cock, his thick cum, his sweaty, stinky, dirty body...

They had submitted completely.

The Housing Initiative had ended, but Wallace was still there.

The project had failed in spectacular fashion. When stories of the sheer *debauchery* that had ensued in home's all across the state reached the papers, Senator Jones was forced to resign.

The courts had a lot of trouble evicting the dirty slobs from their new homes.

Many couples struggled to adept to this new reality, but Hannah and Liam thrived.

Liam had started working overtime, doing his best to take car off the old bum financially.

Meanwhile, Hannah fully immersed herself in the role of Wallace's obedient house-bitch. Her holes were Wallace's to use whenever he pleased.

Every morning she would prepare a large breakfast for Wallace, and serve him in the nude, worshipping his fat cock and balls under the dinner table.

Then she would clean the house, her ass and tits out for him to use whenever he pleases.

The old man's distinctive odor now completely filled every room in the house — and Liam and Hannah wouldn't have it any other way.

In the evening, Hannah and Liam would entertain Wallace and his guests. It turned out the old bum actually had many friends, and he loved sharing his new submissive toys with them.

At night, they would all curl up in the master bedroom — Liam sleeping on a thin mattress on the floor as Wallace claimed his spot in their marital bed.

And the next day, they would do it all over again.

Life was grand.

Thank the stars for the Housing Initiative.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

FREE STORY: Sign up for my newsletter and you'll get a free story: <http://eepurl.com/Sxfly>. I will also let you know when I have a new release out.

Thank you for your support,

Emilia.

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