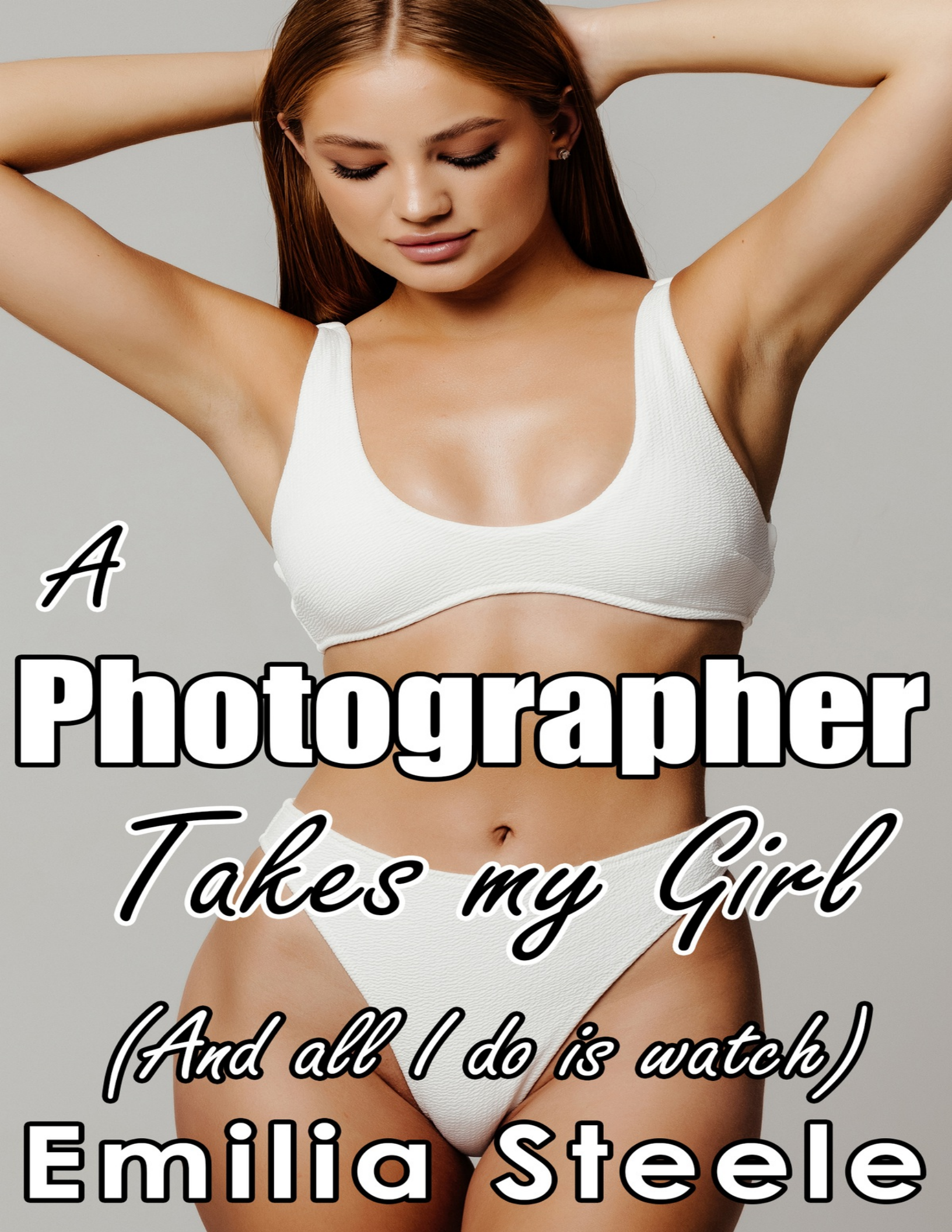




A

Photographer

Takes my Girl

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**A PHOTOGRAPHER TAKES MY GIRL
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH**

EMILIA STEELE

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A PHOTOGRAPHER TAKES MY GIRL

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

My girlfriend Hannah has the best ass in the world. Thick, juicy and round. She has the kind of ass you just want to show off to the world — and that’s exactly what I did.

With her permission, I created a thirst trap account on social media. I started with a few bikini photo’s, nothing scandalous. The type of photo your friends and family could see without anyone causing a fuss.

The reaction was overwhelming. Our followers grew by the hundreds every day, and our inbox blew up. Hundreds of guys were begging for more provocative shots.

When I first showed her the numbers, her eyes got big.

“You’re kidding, right?” She asked me, a star-struck look in her big blue eyes. “All of that for me? What are people saying?”

“Uh, do you really want to know?” I laughed. “They can be a little raunchy.”

“Oh, now I’m *really* interested. Show me!”

I opened up the DM’s with a slight hesitation. Hannah and me were each other’s firsts. While we’re both very adventurous, I didn’t want to scare her off — but she had a right to know what strangers were saying about her body.

And what they were saying was wild.

“Wow, great ass!”

“Please sit on my face, goddess!”

“A bitch like that needs a real man like me!”

“I’d fuck the shit out of that ass!”

Hannah was laughing and blushing as she scrolled through message after message.

And *then* she got to the dick pics.

Dozens of guys had sent over photo’s of their hard, throbbing cocks. Some of them spectacular in size, with throbbing veins all over, and glistening purple heads.

I half-expected my girlfriend to throw my phone away in disgust, but instead her jaw dropped.

“Wow,” she breathed. “These guys are... eager...”

She scrolled through the pictures breathlessly. “Jesus,” she groaned, and I looked over at the biggest monster-cock I had ever seen in my life. My loving girlfriend couldn’t take her eyes off the screen, and I felt a tingle of angst in my stomach.

“So yeah, you’re pretty popular,” I said, trying to get her attention.

She looked back up at me, her eyes burning brightly with desire. “Let’s give the people what they’re asking for, then,” she said confidently. “If that’s okay with you.”

My cock throbbed in my pants. “Sure,” I said.

My girlfriend raced to her closet and pulled out the skimpiest bikini she owned — a yellow two-piece she had never worn before. I watched in awe as she stripped naked and tied the small strings around her waist. The bottom was so tiny, it barely contained her round cheeks.

My hands were shaking as I took the pictures of her. She got on her hands

and knees and juttled out her thick ass for me.

“Do you think this is what the people want to see?” She asked, biting her bottom lip.

“Oh fuck yes it is.”

She reached back and hooked her thumbs into her bikini bottom.

“And what about this?”

“Oh god,” I groaned.

She slowly peeled her bikini bottoms off as I took photo after photo. Her perfectly plump pussy came into my view, and it was glistening with her juices.

“So many strangers want to see my pussy and my ass... so many hard, throbbing cocks are dying to see this, baby...”

I couldn't control myself any longer. I dropped the phone and buried my tongue right in my girlfriend's ass. She moaned, reaching back to grab my hair and smother me with her cheeks as I ate her out.

Our sex was rough, wild, and out of this world. I pounded her roughly from behind, watching her big ass cheeks clap together, as both of us spoke dirty and filthy words about all the cocks she had seen; all the strangers who wanted to blow their load inside of her, who wanted to use her ass, stretch her out, use her as their own personal cumdumpster; who wanted to turn my loving girlfriend into a cock-loving whore.

It was easily the hottest sex we had ever had.

After I blew my load all over her ass we snuggled up in bed and caught our breaths. Hannah grabbed my phone and scrolled through the photos. Without saying a word she picked her favorite one and uploaded it — it showed off her big, round ass perfectly. Her thick cheeks were on full display for the world to see.

The reaction was *explosive*.

Likes started coming in within seconds. Hundreds of comments flooded in.

Her breath quickened as she started reading them.

I knew what I had to do. I kissed my way down her body. Hannah spread her legs eagerly for me, her pussy dripping so many juices it was running down her thick thighs.

I ate her out, tasting her wetness as her eyes were glued to my phone.

“What are people saying?” I asked between wet kisses.

“They want more,” she groaned, her eyes fluttering. “Someone sent me a video of him stroking his cock.”

“Do you like that?”

“Yeah,” she breathed. “It’s so hot. Here, look.”

She turned the phone to me. Both of us watched a stranger jerk off to my girlfriend. His cock was huge — absolutely massive. The stranger grunted and groaned, his heavy balls twitching.

Hannah was whimpering, muttering soft moans, her finger rubbing her clit as we watched this huge cock jerk and twitch.

The guy blew his load, aiming his big cock right at the camera. We both watched rope after rope of this thick, pearly cum fly into the air.

As the stranger came, so did Hannah. Her pussy convulsed with pleasure as her orgasm wrecked her, and as I kissed her inner thighs, I wondered how far we would go with this little thirst trap account we had created...

How far would my Hannah let me take it?



EVERY DAY for the next two weeks Hannah modeled for me.

We ordered a bunch of sexy swimsuits and tiny bikini’s. Hannah posed like a pro — bending over, jutting out her ass, showing off pretty much anything except her asshole. Her big, round, white cheeks were on the web for all to enjoy.

Our sex life was off the charts. Hannah was horny constantly, and we often went for two, or even three rounds a day. My aching cock could hardly keep up — and there was an endless supply of dickpics flooding into our inboxes.

Our followers reached the hundreds of thousands — and then a photographer contacted us.

His name was Miles Sanchez. He was tall, tanned and gorgeous. His feed was full of pictures of beautiful women, fancy houses, and luxurious cars. He was the type of vapid guy I would ignore, but Hannah excitedly read his message out loud to me.

He told us that with an organic reach and subscriber growth that we had, we should seriously consider going pro; selling directly to our subscribers. He threw some numbers around that made both of us dizzy. We could make ten's of thousands of dollars — a month. *A month!*

We were broke students! We ate ramen and we *liked* it.

Obviously we agreed to meet him.



MILES LIVED in an incredible mansion downtown. Hannah and I pulled up in our beat-up Toyota, and we almost got lost in his lavish garden. We found him by the pool, where he greeted us wearing nothing but a pair of tight, black speedo's.

I was instantly intimidated. Miles was absolutely ripped. His abs were chiseled, his biceps bulging — and the bulge in his speedo's proved he was packing.

Hannah blushed like mad when she saw him, and for the first time, I felt a dull ache in the pit of my stomach.

Showing my girlfriend off to strangers online was one thing, but now this sleazy, ripped asshole was looking at my girl — and I felt instantly jealous.

“Welcome!” He greeted us. He shook my hand and kissed my girlfriend on the cheek. “Come in, please!”

The guy looked like a damn movie star. He had the type of smile that could make any woman drop their panties, and my Hannah was melting for him.

He sat us down in his living room and Miles got straight to business. He called us both beautiful, complimented Hannah on her body, and said he would love to work with us. He started throwing around numbers that made our head spin, and when he started talking contracts I pumped the brakes.

“This is all going a little fast,” I said. “We need time to think about all this.”

“Of course, of course! I don’t mean to rush, I’m just excited to work with such a beauty!” Miles said. “How about we take some pictures first, yeah? Free of charge. Just so you two can get a feel what it’s like to work with a true professional.”

“I’d like that,” Hannah said. “Right, babe?”

“Sure,” I said, surprised by her instant enthusiasm. “If you feel comfortable.”

“Great!” Miles said as he grabbed his camera. “We can start right now! You’re a natural, baby! Smile for me! Oh my, gorgeous! Wonderful!”

Hannah was beaming with pride as this hotshot took her photo. I took a step back and fixed myself a drink as I watched him work. Miles was smooth. Really smooth.

“That’s it! Oh yeah! Give me more! Lift your shirt a little, maybe? Oh, that’s it! Yes! Wow!”

Within minutes he got my girlfriend to take off her shirt. She was showing off her pink, lacy bra for the camera, her cheeks flushed.

“How about we lose the jeans next? I’ve seen on *insta* you’ve got a great ass, babe!”

I half-expected Hannah to look at me for permission, or at the very least, hesitate.

Instead she unbuttoned her pants and yanked them down to her ankles in one quick motion. A second later she was parading around this hotshot’s living room in just her pink thong and matching bra.

I sipped on my drink, trying to calm my nerves. This is why we came here, after all. So why was it so hard for me?

“Oh yeah, great ass, babe! Love it! That’s it, bend over for me! Oh, nice! Yeah, show me that ass! Spank it! Spank that ass, babe! Now grab a cheek! A real handful! Spread it, babe, spread that fat ass for me! Oh wow!”

My cock twitched in my pants as this older guy told my girlfriend to spread her asscheeks. She got on the couch on all fours and stuck her perfect, heart-shaped ass up in the air. My loving girlfriend bit her bottom lip seductively as Miles snapped her picture.

The click of the camera was the only sound in the room. I found myself completely entranced as my girlfriend showed her body off to this complete stranger.

“Great! Now, I want to see how you work with another model. You; how about you join your girlfriend, yeah?”

I was snapped out of my trance. “I’m not a model,” I stammered. “I like to stay in the background.”

“Don’t worry — these are just for testing,” Miles assured me. “No one will ever see these photo’s. Go sit on the couch, please.”

My girlfriend beckoned me, her eyes glazed over, and suddenly I found myself sitting on the couch next to her, sweating and nervous.

“Good, now kiss your boyfriend! Good girl! Climb on his lap! Show me how much you love him!”

Hannah wasted no time. She straddled my waist, grabbed my face and kissed me deeply. She pushed her tongue into my mouth, grinding her ass against my throbbing bulge, her hard nipples pressing against my chest through the thin fabric of her lacy bra.

I had never felt her this excited before.

I kissed her back, and I got swept away in the excitement. My heart was pounding and my cock throbbed, as Miles encouraged us constantly.

“You’re doing great! Just do whatever feels natural! Whatever you want!”

We made out passionately, and for some reason, I reached behind her and pulled her panties to the side — revealing her dripping wet pussy to Miles’s camera.

I could hear her heart race as Miles encouraged us.

“Great! Oh, that’s a beautiful pussy! Absolutely wonderful! Your lips are glistening, baby! Yeah, spread that ass! Hold those cheeks open for me! Beautiful!”

Hannah was moaning into my mouth with every click of the camera, and it was turning me on like crazy as well.

I slipped my finger into her wetness. Jesus, she was absolutely *dripping*. I slid two fingers into her easily. Meanwhile, Miles got closer and closer, his camera almost pressed up against my girlfriend’s pussy.

Hannah rode my fingers like a pony, begging for me to finger her harder.

“Turn around, babe, turn around!” Miles said.

Hannah jumped at the older man’s command. She climbed off my lap and laid down on the couch on her back.

Miles took a step forward and pulled her drenched panties down her ankles. My Hannah, my beautiful, innocent, sexy girlfriend spread her legs wide for the camera.

I just stared, in shock, at her beautiful swollen pussy lips. They glistened as Miles got even closer, snapping picture after picture.

“Spread that hot pussy for me, babe! Oh yeah, play with yourself! That’s it, make love to the camera baby! Show me how hot you are!”

Hannah toyed with her hot pussy in front of us both. She was on the edge, close to orgasm, her eyes filled with desire, as Miles aimed his camera at the wet, throbbing, young, tight pussy right in front of him.

The bulge in his speedo was undeniable. Miles reached down and squeezed it — and at that moment, my girlfriend exploded with pleasure.

Her orgasm wrecked her. She screamed it out, her toes curling, her legs

trembling, her face contorted in pleasure — and Miles's camera captured all of it.

The shakes of her body. Her frown on her face. The quakes of her pussy.

“Good girl,” he said. “Good girl. Oh, you're turning me on, girl. You're turning me on. Look. Look how hard you've made me.”

Hannah just stared at the massive bulge in this stranger's speedo's, her cheeks rosy, her legs still spread wide. God, she looked so damn sexy in that moment.

“Do you want to see? Do you want to see how hard you make, me, babe?”

Hannah just nodded. She didn't even look at me. Miles was the center of her world right now.

The photographer grinned as he reached down and tugged at his speedo — and his *massive* cock sprung out.

My girlfriend and I were both speechless. We stared in awe at Miles's big cock, the beast throbbing and pulsating.

“Look at it, babe. That's it. Look at it.”

Miles took a picture with his massive cock in the foreground, and my girlfriend looking at it with lust in her eyes in the background.

“That's it. Lick your lips, baby. Oh, that's good. Really good.”

He looked at me, saw the shocked look on my face, and grinned.

“Your turn, Picasso.”

He handed me his camera. I accepted it in a daze, as he took a step towards my girlfriend.

“You know how to work a camera, right? Just point and shoot. Point and shoot. Good boy. Make sure you're getting this.”

“Uh, yeah, sure,” I stammered.

I looked through the viewfinder and what I saw made my breath falter.

The big, purple head of Miles's cock was mere inches away from my girlfriend's outstretched tongue. She looked at it with pure lust. I'm not sure she even realized that I was still there, or that I was the one handling the camera.

All of her attention was focused on that big, fat cock bobbing in front of her.

Miles grabbed the base of his cock and slapped the purple cockhead against my girlfriend's tongue. *slap-slap-slap*

Hannah moaned, her eyes fluttering as she wrapped her beautiful lips around his gigantic cock. Miles grabbed a handful of her hair and moaned approvingly.

"Oh yeah, just like that, suck that cock, my good little whore. Kid, you're getting this, right? Answer me kid."

"Y-yeah," I answered. "I'm getting it."

Click-click-click.

I took photo after photo of my girlfriend's lips stretched wide around this man's girthy cock.

"Good boy," Miles said. "Oh yeah, just like that. Ah, fuck. Take it all, you hot little slut. Oh, I'm going to make so much money selling your cunt, baby. I'm going to make you my little whore. Ah, fuck yes, fuck!"

He grabbed a fistful of my girlfriend's hair and fucked her face roughly. His hips thrust back and forth, every thrust forcing more and more cock down her throat.

Mascara ran down her face. I've never been this rough with her, but Hannah was loving it! She rubbed her clit as this stranger fucked her face, using her throat like a fleshlight.

"Watch this, boy, watch me paint your girlfriend's face! Ah yeah! Here it comes, bitch!"

Miles pulled his cock out of my girlfriend's throat. She gasped for air, her face a complete mess, a strand of saliva still connecting her lips to his cock.

Click-click-click.

He grabbed the base of his cock, squeezed it, stroked himself for a second or two — and then exploded all over my girlfriend's face.

Thick ropes of pearly white cum covered her entire face.

Click-click-click.

Rope after rope of it flew through the air, coating her cheeks, her forehead, her tongue — Miles used every inch of my girlfriend's face like his own personal cumdumpster. My girlfriend opened her mouth wide and begged for more, more, more.

Miles groaned, milking every single drop of his potent seed out of his heavy balls.

Hannah came on the spot, playing with her pussy as her face dripped with the stranger's cum. I kept the camera pointed at her face, capturing every last moment of delirious pleasure.

When it was over Hannah panted with desire, her face dripping with seed. Her own juices covered her inner thighs, and her eyes were still locked on the photographer's still-hard cock.

I just stood there, in complete shock.

Miles pulled the camera out of my hand and checked the photo's. "Nice work, kid," he said as he checked the photos of my girlfriend blowing him. "You've got some talent. What are you waiting for? Now it's your turn. Your girl could use a second load."

I looked at my girlfriend. She licked the cum off her lips, looked at me, and nodded.

With shaky hands I unbuckled my jeans and pulled my throbbing hard cock out. It was a lot smaller than Miles's monster cock, and I felt a bit embarrassed, but my girlfriend crawled towards me with a smile on her face, eager for more cock in her mouth.

She grabbed my cock and slapped it against her cum-covered face.

“Oh god,” I groaned.

Hannah used the head of my cock to spread Miles’s cum all over her cheeks. The feeling of my sensitive cock rubbing against another’s man warm cum was out of this world, and I found myself gasping for air.

She opened her mouth and sucked all the cum off my cock. After the hot scene I just saw, I couldn’t hold out for long. I came quickly, spurting my load down Hannah’s throat. She swallowed it all, smiling up at me.

“Excellent work,” Miles said approvingly. “I’m really proud of you both.”



HANNAH and I returned home in a daze that day. The events with Miles had completely blown our minds, and we needed time to adjust.

We fucked like rabbits for the next two weeks. Every time I looked at my girlfriend, I imagined her cum-covered face, and I was hard in an instant.

Miles had sent the pictures over, and they were sexy beyond belief. Hannah was perpetually wet, and we role-played and dirty-talked the experience over and over again.

At first we agreed it was just a one-off, a single wild experience that belonged in the past, and we’d never meet Miles again.

But day after day, our resolve broke down. Every time we reached for our phones to check out the extremely explicit photo’s of my girlfriend’s glistening pussy or her cum-covered face, we got a little closer to returning the photographers calls.

Hannah finally posted one of the photo’s to her thirst trap account. It wasn’t a fully explicit one — but it was a great shot of her ass, taken by Miles. You could almost see the lips of her pussy. Thousands of likes and comments instantly filled our inboxes. Every comment was raunchy and filthy, begging for more, and I could see the gears in my girlfriend’s head turning.

We finally contacted Miles after three weeks of radio silence. He didn’t sound surprised to hear from us at all, and set up a date for a shoot. Both of

us were nervous all week, but we agreed that we wouldn't let things spiral out of control this time.

He was just a talented photographer.

Nothing more.



MILES GREETED us wearing nothing but a pair of tight, black speedo's again, his chiseled body on full display.

"Welcome back, amigos!" He said cheerfully as he welcomed us into his mansion. "I saw you posted one of my photos! They're doing well, yes?"

"Very well," I said. "You really know what you're doing."

"Good! Then before we take photo's, let's talk business, yes?"

Hannah bit her bottom lip. I knew she just wanted to show off her body to this handsome devil, and she wasn't too concerned with the numbers. However, I knew this was important.

"Sure," I said. "What have you got for us?"

Miles led me to the living room where he handed me a thick stack of papers.

"This is my contract — it's all industry standard stuff, really."

"Wow, this is a lot," I answered. "This is going to take me a while."

"How long?" Hannah asked.

"I don't know, a couple of hours?"

"But babe," my girlfriend whined. "That's boring."

"How about you take your time, and I get started on our shoot?" Miles suggested. "If you decline, then the shoot is free. Win-win, yes?"

"Sounds great!" Hannah instantly piped up. "Right, babe?"

"Uhm," I stammered. "I guess?"

Leaving Miles to photograph my girlfriend while I stayed here and read boring legal documents? That's not the afternoon I had in mind.

"Good man!" Miles said as he clapped me on the shoulder.

He led me girlfriend outside to the pool area, while I sat down and tried to focus on the contract. Soon the words all started to blur together, and all this legalese was giving me a dull headache.

I couldn't help but peer out the window to check on them.

My Hannah was wearing a gorgeous, tiny pink bikini. Her big tits almost spilled out of the tiny top, and her luscious ass cheeks were barely contained by the bottom.

She looked amazing.

Miles agreed, because the bulge in his speedo's was once again enormous. He snapped photo after photo of my girlfriend, and she was loving it. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips were parted, and her nipples were rock hard.

I sat back down and wrestled my way through the contract.

And that's when I heard a giggle.

I looked outside to see Miles had pulled out a bottle of baby oil. He was massaging my girlfriend's legs, and she was giggling and squirming as his hand slid up her thighs.

She turned around at his suggestion, and he poured half of the bottle of baby oil all over her big, juicy ass. The thick droplets dripped down her curves, sliding into her crack, and he quickly grabbed his camera and started shooting away.

"That's it, bend over baby, show me that fat ass."

My girlfriend obediently showed off her ass to his older man. To my surprise, he reached out to squeeze her cheeks. Hannah just moaned. Miles got bolder, put down the camera, and just started kneading her ass with both hands.

Hannah panted like a bitch in heat as this photographer felt her up.

"You've got such a hot ass, babe," he said. "You love showing it off, don't

you?”

“Yes,” Hannah moaned. “Yes.”

The photographer squeezed her ass, pulled her cheeks apart, and then he got behind her and pressed his speedo-clad bulge against my girlfriend’s big bubble-butt.

“Oh god,” she groaned. “You’re so big.”

He grabbed his camera and started taking photo’s off his bulge pressed against her ass.

“Pull your bottoms down,” Miles commanded.

To my surprise my girlfriend obeyed instantly, hooking her thumbs into her bikini bottoms and peeling them down her legs until her naked ass came into view.

He whistled and pulled his speedo down. His large cock slapped against my girlfriend’s ass-cheek, and I sucked in a breath.

I had to see this from up close.

The thick, veiny, monster cock was resting on my girlfriend’s ass when I stepped outside. I cleared my throat, not quite knowing what to say.

“Hey, lil’ bro. Did you sign the papers?” Miles asked as he casually squeezed the base of his cock.

“Uhm. Not yet,” I admitted.

“What? Go do so,” he said, his voice suddenly angry. “You can’t join until you signed the papers, amigo.”

“But—”

“Hannah, tell your boyfriend to sign the papers. You want to work for me, don’t you?”

My girlfriend looked over her shoulder at us both, and the look on her face was one of pure lust. Her eyes drifted to Miles’s veiny cock, and she nodded slowly.

“Yes,” she said. “Yes, I do.”

“Good girl. Spread those cheeks for me. Let my camera see all of your holes, girl.”

Hannah looked at me, bit her bottom lip, reached back, and spread her ass cheeks for the camera. Miles took several photo’s of his engorged, purple cock-head pressing against her puckered asshole.

My knees were trembling. Surely he wasn’t going to fuck my girlfriend in the ass, right? I hadn’t even gotten that pleasure!

“Sign the papers, friend,” Miles said again. “Sign the papers or I fuck your girlfriend in the ass.”

“O-okay,” I stammered.

I stumbled back inside and jotted down my signature. I flipped through the stack of dense, legal literature, putting my signature wherever it seemed appropriate. I was out of my mind with lust, and I didn’t really care anymore.

I just wanted to watch the show from up-close.

When I came back outside, Miles was balls-deep inside of my girlfriend.

She was on all fours on the edge of the pool, her tongue hanging out her mouth like a bitch in heat as Miles fucked her roughly from behind. He grinned at me when I stepped outside.

“You signed, yes?”

I nodded, dumbstruck and incredibly horny as this rich, older man simply took my girlfriend in front of me.

“Good boy. You’re my bitches now, my hot little cum-sluts. Grab the camera and go to work, boy. You know what to do.”

I grabbed Miles’s camera and went to work, capturing the wanton, lustful scene in front of me on film.

Click-click-click.

The photographer sat down on a lounge and my girlfriend climbed on top of

him, eagerly lowering herself down on his monstrous cock. Her big tits bounced wildly as she rode him, her eyes closed, her tongue sticking out, completely lost in pleasure.

As I snapped away, a part of me wandered why I was even doing this. It's not like anyone was ever going to see these photo's, right? He was just going to help us promote my girlfriend's insta and TikTok.

Right?

Miles grabbed my girlfriend's waist and used her like a sex-doll. He got rough with her, grabbing her throat, slapping her ass, growling deeply as he worked his thick, girthy cock into my young girlfriend.

This time, he didn't give her a facial.

Instead he buried himself to the hilt inside of my girl and came there; filling her fertile womb with his potent seed. Hannah came at the same time, her body trembling as she was filled with his cum.

When he pulled out, her cunt was left gaping wide open and dripping with cum.

I did my job and got a good close-up of the thick gobs of sticky, white cum dripping out of my Hannah's well-fucked holes.

Miles laughed when he saw what I was doing, grabbed the camera, and told me to eat her pussy.

I looked at him, stunned. "You're joking, right?"

"You have to show your girlfriend that you still love her, mate," he said, grinning from ear-to-ear. "What better way is to do that than to make love to her in the most intimate way?"

"But," I stammered. "You just came inside of her."

"What's a creampie among friends?" He said. "Come on, be a good boyfriend. She's going to be famous, you know, you have to hold on to her. She's way out of your league, and we both know it, amigo. Come on. Give that freshly-fucked pussy a kiss."

I looked at my girlfriend's pussy. It did look really beautiful: swollen, red, and puffy. Hannah was almost passed-out, smiling widely, her eyes closed.

My cock throbbed.

Ah, why not?

I got on my knees in front of my girlfriend. Miles laughed. The scent was really, really strong. I swallowed the lump in my throat. Could I really do this?

As I kissed my girlfriend's inner thigh, she stirred. Hannah reached down to stroke my hair, and there was a loving smile on her face.

"I love you," I said, breathlessly, as the scent of her juices and fresh cum hit me.

"Aw babe, I love you, too," she said. "Are you going to eat me?"

"Do you... do you want me to?"

My girlfriend bit her bottom lip and nodded. "Yes," she said shyly. "That would be really nice."

"Okay, then I will," I said.

Her smile got really big and she spread her legs for me. Her freshly-fucked cunt opened up, and a thick, fat drop of cum was pushed out of her.

I had second thoughts for a brief moment — and then she grabbed a fistful of my hair and pulled me in to her wetness.

The taste was really strong. Salty and bitter. I tried to ignore it, but it was impossible. Luckily, Hannah moaned and gasped as I ate her out, and her sounds of pleasure pushed me on.

"Jesus, look at him go," I heard Miles laugh, and then, the familiar sound of the camera snapping away. I didn't care. I had my nose buried in my girlfriend's wetness, my mouth lapping up her juices, my eyes closed.

Hannah came hard. She convulsed with pleasure, screaming my name, her toes curling and her pussy clenching. I held her close, kissing her most intimate parts, trying to ignore the taste and texture of what was in my mouth.

My girlfriend pulled me up and kissed me deeply, her tongue swirling around my mouth. Miles applauded. “Beautiful,” he said. “Amazing. Well done. This is great content. Our fans are going to love this scene.”



THAT WAS the start of our new life.

Miles was true to his word: We became huge internet stars. We gave him full control of her thirst trap accounts, and within a month we had become a viral sensation.

Of course, he did so by sharing extremely risky photo's of my girlfriend online — beyond anything either of us would ever have published ourselves.

I felt conflicted about this at first, but Hannah ensured she was happy, and that she trusted Miles completely. And, it had to be said, the money was rolling in.

We started posting daily updates. We moved in with Miles, into his luxurious mansion, so that we could produce more content — and so that he had free access to her pussy whenever he wanted.

My Hannah was naked more often than not, and she was completely free-use for Miles. I'd gotten used to walking into the living room and finding my girlfriend on her knees in front of the couch as she worshipped his big cock and massive balls as he casually watched TV.

It was our own, sexy, routine.

And then he started an OnlyFans.

Overnight, our income increased *ten-fold*. At first it was just tasteful nudes of my girlfriend's body. But as the money rolled in, it became short video-clips of her stripping.

Then long videos of her oiling her curvy body up.

Then clips of her playing with a toy, and getting herself off.

And then, finally, inevitably, Miles started sharing video's online of him

fucking my girlfriend. I remember the first one he posted online — it's the one I filmed; where his big balls slapped against her ass cheeks over and over again as he bred her tight little pussy by the pool.

It was all over every adult streaming site. There was no hiding our identities either — Miles didn't even bother to blur our faces. It was all out there. Him fucking my girlfriend, and me eating her out afterwards.

Our friends and families were concerned, of course, but I assured them that we were happy, and doing well.

I'll admit that I did try to pull back, but when I took a good, long look at the papers I signed, I realized that for all intents and purposes, Hannah was Miles's whore. There was no going back now.

It's not what I expected to happen when I first uploaded a sexy pic of my girlfriend on instagram, but I'm happy with the life we live.

I just haven't quite gotten used to the gangbangs yet.

Miles says we have to keep pushing the frontiers; making cutting-edge content that keeps people talking, and I have to say that he's been right so far, but...

Having monthly fan-events where a dozen strangers come to our mansion to gangbang my girlfriend while it's live streamed on the internet?

Watching these losers fuck all of her holes?

Seeing my loving girlfriend air-tight, with one cock in her pussy, one in her ass, and in her mouth?

That's the part I still struggle with.

Miles says I have to eat her sloppy pussy out live on-air as well, because the audience really loves that. I prefer to do that when we're alone, but we kinda have to do what Miles says.

It's especially difficult for me when my friends and old co-workers started showing up for the gangbangs.

These are my lifelong friends, you know? My old boss, my teachers.

Neighbors. People I know well.

Now they're suddenly balls-deep inside of my girlfriend, dropping their thick loads inside of her cunt, then laughing as I slurp their thick seed out of her gaping pussy.

When I used to clean the driveway for our elderly next-door neighbor, Mr. Peters, I never could have expected I'd one day watch his old balls slap against my girlfriend's ass as he fucked her from behind while calling me a good sport.

It's a bit of an adjustment.

Hannah still loves me, though. She ensures me she wouldn't have the courage to embrace this new role, this new 'character' of a wanton cock-craving whore she's embodying without me as her loving boyfriend, and that's the most important thing to me.

As long as Hannah's happy, I'm happy.

Even if Miles keeps going up with crazy new schemes, like getting our fans to impregnate her on-camera — if Hannah's happy, I'm happy.

That's all that matters.



AFTERWORD

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

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