



My
Arrogant Friend
Takes my Wife
Part 1

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**MY ARROGANT FRIEND TAKES MY
WIFE: PART I**

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

My arrogant friend thinks he can simply take my wife.

Jack couldn't be more wrong. Yes, he's charming, rich, and handsome. Sure, he's incredibly successful with women.

But my beautiful wife is loyal to me.

My Jenny would never cheat on me — and *certainly* not with Jack. In fact, she can't stand the guy. So when Jack says he can simply take my wife, I tell him to go for it.

The rude jerk doesn't stand a chance.

Or so I thought...

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**MY ARROGANT FRIEND TAKES
MY WIFE**

PART 1

“I ’m going to steal your wife, dude.”

I look up from my cards to glance at my best friend, Jack. He’s got a shit-eating grin on his smug face as he stares at me down.

“After I clean you out, I’m going over to your place and finally give that hottie of yours what she needs: a *real* man. Ever since you brought Jenny home I’ve been wanting to tap that sweet ass of hers, and tonight’s the night. Don’t worry, though. If you ask nicely you can watch.”

Jack leans back in his chair, muscular arms crossed over his broad chest as he gives me a wink. The other guys at the table chuckle, and one of the new guys looks at me with eyes wide with shock.

“You’re going let that slide?” The new guy says. “Talk like that gets you knocked the fuck out where I’m from.”

I ignore him. I’m used to Jack’s teasing by now. Talking shit about my wife is what he always does when he’s drunk and he wants to rattle me. It used to work, too. It pissed me the hell off at first, but not anymore.

In fact, deep down, the thought of my innocent wife with Jack... her soft, supple body underneath his large, hulking frame... that smug bastard grinning victoriously at me as he enters her tight channel, instantly giving her the best orgasm of her life...

“Good luck with that,” I say as I return my gaze to my cards. I can’t let him play mind-games with me. “She hates your guts.”

“You’re sure about that, Timmy? Or is that what you tell yourself so you can sleep better at night?”

Timmy is his belittling nickname for me. It started when we were on the wrestling team together, and unfortunately for me, it’s passed the test of time.

“Yeah. I’m sure.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” he says as he stares at me from across the poker table. “Here’s a little experiment for you. Mention my name when you’re balls deep inside of her with that little unit of yours and see how wet she instantly gets. Then you’ll know the truth.”

“Careful, Jack,” one of the guys at the table says. “You’re playing with fire now.”

Blood rushes down to my core, but I keep my eyes focused on my hand. I know Jack well. When he’s running his mouth like this, it means he’s bluffing. My hand isn’t *great*, but it’s good enough. If I call his bluff and win this hand...

I’ll look like a fucking champ.

I will finally score a win against Jack. For as long as I can remember he’s always been the best at everything. He scored more girls than me, he got better grades than me, he even got the job I wanted. He’s always been better at me. A serial winner.

It’s a bitter pill to swallow, but I made peace with it a long time ago. That’s just what happens when your best friend is a guy like Jack. He’s got it all: good looks, charm, money. Everything seems to go his way all the time. I can’t compete with that, and I don’t try to.

Besides, there’s one very important thing I have which he does not: A wife.

A beautiful, loving, caring, smoking hot wife named Jennifer, or Jenny for short.

My wife doesn't quite understand why I'm best friends with a jock like Jack, but she tolerates his antics and his big mouth. For the most part.

It would be really nice to score a big fat win against Jack. To wipe that smug grin from his chiseled face. Really fucking nice...

"All-in," I say, my voice trembling as I push all my chips into the pot.

The guys around the table all holler and whoop. Jack sits up straight and glances down at his cards. Is that fear I see in his eyes? Yes! *I got him by the balls!*

"That's a big boy move, Timmy," he says. "You've got some balls on you, I'll give you that. Unfortunately for you, they're about to shrivel up. I call."

He pushes his chips into the pot and throws down his cards. A sick lurch happens in my stomach when I see the bastard has a full house.

I only have a measly pair.

"Sorry bud," Jack says as he takes all of my money. "It looks like you came up short again. I guess that's just the story of your life, right? But don't worry Timmy. I'll take good care of your wifey."

The guys all laugh, and someone slaps me on the back. Jack has that effect on people: He can say the wildest shit I wouldn't even dare to utter in a dream, and somehow, people like him more for it.

I reach for my wallet and pull out a couple hundred bucks. No way I'm leaving tonight with my tail between my legs.

"Deal me in," I say. "We're not done."

Jack shakes his head with a cocky smile. "Too late, Timmy. I'm cashing out. I've got someplace to be, if you catch my drift."

My stomach clenches. I know he's just fucking with me, but tonight the images in my mind are very vivid. He stands up and stretches his impressively tall physique.

"Ah, good game, guys, good game. See you all next week. Timmy? Are you coming?"

One of the new guys at the table looks at me in shock. “Wait, you’re not... you’re not *really* going to fuck his wife, right?”

Everyone bursts out laughing, and the new guy turns red in the face. “What?” He stammers.

“They’re best friends,” one of the old timers named Burt explains. “Jack is just running his big mouth to throw Tim off his game... and it worked.”

Jack grins as he stuffs my hard-earned cash into his pants. “Yeah, I’m just joking... or am I?”

“Shut up, asshole,” I say. “I can’t believe I’m driving your drunk ass home after all the shit you talked.”

Jack lives on the way home so I usually drop him off. That way he can drink as much as he wants and he saves money on an Uber while I enjoy the company. Most nights.

My best friend smacks me on the back. “That’s what I like about you, buddy. The meaner I am to you, the nicer you are to me. It must be because I’m such a great fucking guy. Alright losers, have a good night. I’ve got places to be and wives to screw. Timmy, let’s roll out.”

I shake my head in embarrassment as I say my good nights. Jack can be a lot when he’s drunk, but he’s not usually *this* belligerent.

We hop into my car and he instantly cranks up the radio. Some loud heavy metal song blares out of my crappy speakers.

“Fucking love this song,” he says. “Almost as much as I love plowing your wife.”

“You’re a dick.”

“Maybe,” he says. “But at least it’s huge. Thanks for the cash, by the way. I’ll be sure to spend it on some hot lingerie for Jenny.”

I purposefully slam on the brakes as we reach his place. “Here we are, dickhead. Now get the fuck out of my car.”

Jack chuckles. “Alright, alright, I’m going. Thanks for the ride, amigo. Oh,

and tell Jenny I said hi.”

I flip him the bird as I speed off. I’m eager to get home, to curl up with my beautiful wife, and forget all about Jack’s teasing.



I PULL up to my home and head inside. Try as I might, Jack’s crazy words keep bouncing around my head, and it’s driving me absolutely nuts. To give that asshole my sweet wife would be the ultimate humiliation... and also the hottest thing in the entire world...

Forget it. It’ll never happen. Jenny’s not like that.

She’s a good wife. She loves me, and only me.

I find her on the couch in the living room, watching tv. Her blonde hair is pulled into a messy bun, and she’s wearing a big shirt and yoga pants that hug her beautiful ass perfectly.

“Hi honey,” she says. “You’re home early.”

“Yeah,” I say as I flop down on the couch and pull her close. She snuggles up against me, resting her head on my shoulder. It feels damn good to have her body so close to mine.

“That smell, ugh,” she says, scrunching up her face. “I can smell him on you.”

“What? Who?” I say.

“Who else? Jack, of course,” Jenny says.

“You can *smell* him?”

“You mean can’t? He’s got the most distinctive musk of anyone I’ve ever met. He smells like a dive bar. Like cigarettes and booze.”

“Sorry,” I say. “I’ll take a shower before bed.”

“Can’t believe you’re friends with that guy,” she says as she nuzzles up against me. “He’s such a jerk.”

I laugh nervously. If she knew even half of what he's been saying all night, he would be banned from our household forever.

"Yeah, he can be. But he's a good guy. Deep down. Probably."

"I find that hard to believe, but if you say so, honey. How was the game?"

"Don't get me started," I groan.

"That bad?"

"Yeah, that bad."

"Maybe you should find a different hobby, sweetie," she says gently as she squeezes my thigh. "One that doesn't cost you all your money."

"Ouch, babe. I win sometimes, you know. I'm pretty good at poker."

"Really? What was the last time you came home *happy* from your weekly game night?"

I grimace. Lately, Jack has been absolutely running riot. I've been waiting for his hot streak to come to a screeching halt, but so far there's no end in sight.

"Fair point. But I'm not sure what else to do, though."

"How about you invite Jack over to watch the game here next week?" Jenny suggests.

My heart leaps into my throat as I turn to look at my sweet, beautiful wife.

"What?" I stammer.

"You can watch the game, have a few beers, and unwind. I'll buy snacks," she continues. "I can even make you guys those nachos you like so much. How does that sound?"

I swallow the lump in my throat. "Pretty dang good... but I thought you hated Jack?"

"I don't *hate* him. He's just so... cocky. Besides, I hate you losing all your money to those old farts more than I dislike Jack. What do you say?"

I shift around in my seat. Something is telling me I shouldn't invite Jack into

my home, not if I want things to stay as they are...

"Sure," I say, trying to keep my voice calm. "It sounds fun."

A bright smile spreads on my wife's face and it immediately elevates any fears I have. She's my beautiful, brilliant, gorgeous wife who wants to make sure I have a relaxing Friday night. Nothing weird is going to happen.

Jack is all talk.



FRIDAY ROLLS AROUND QUICKLY. True to her word, my wife has set up a feast for Jack and I. She's got my favorite beer on ice and the house smells like nachos covered in molten cheese. Life is good.

Jenny even looks great. While she usually wears comfortable clothes in the house like yoga pants and hoodies, today she's opted for tight jeans and a low-cut white blouse.

I cop a feel of her round ass and kiss her cheek as she checks on the oven. "Thank you for this, babe."

"You're welcome honey," she says as she pushes her ass back at me. "I love taking care of my man."

"Well, you look great while doing it. Is that for me?"

"Of course," she giggles. "Who else?"

"I don't know, I can think of someone..."

"Jack?!" She says a bit too quickly as she laughs nervously. "No chance in hell!"

"I do feel like I need to warn you he can be a bit of a handful when he's drunk. So if you need me to step in..."

"I'm a big girl, Tim. I can take care of myself," Jenny says. "And I know what Jack is like. Don't worry about me. All you need to do tonight is relax."

At that moment Jack arrives. My best friend steps through the front door

carrying two six-packs and with a grin on his face. As soon as he enters my home his presence fills the room.

“Hi, Jack,” my wife says politely. “Welcome.”

“Good to see you too, Jenny,” Jack says. “Looking good. I’m digging that top. Those tits are really popping out of that thing.”

My face grows instantly red as Jenny stammers over her words. She clutches her hands in front of her chest.

“Oh my gosh, you can’t say that to a married woman!”

“Oh come on, you don’t wear a top like that if you don’t want your tits noticed. It’s just a compliment,” he grins as he winks at me. “Right, Timmy? Your wife has a great rack, right?”

“I mean, yes, but you shouldn’t —”

“So you’re taking *his* side?” Jenny says, looking at me all flustered.

“No, I’m just saying he shouldn’t —”

“Yeah, Timmy here is Team Titties,” Jack says as he wraps his arm around my shoulder and squeezes me tightly. “Thanks for the invite, Jen. Let’s watch the game!”

He steers me towards the couch as my wife glares at us. I mouth *sorry* to her and she just shakes her head with her arms crossed. Is this how it’s going to be all night?

Jack and I sit down and he cracks open a beer right away. Jack starts talking trash and running his mouth instantly. His favorite topics to shit-talk include the players, the refs, the coaches, and most of all, me.

“We should bet some money on this game,” Jack says.

“I think I’m done gambling for a bit.”

“What? Where are your balls, dude?”

At that moment Jenny walks into the room to serve us our nachos. I half-expected her to storm out angrily after Jack’s rude comments, but she’s a

trooper.

“Jenny, can you confirm or deny that your husband has a set of balls? I’m starting to have serious doubts.”

“You’re a pig, Jack,” she says.

“Maybe, but one with a huge set of testicles. What about Timmy?”

“If you really want to know, then yes. My husband has balls. And if you want to keep yours, I’d watch that mouth of yours while you’re in my home.”

Jack bursts out laughing and slaps me on the shoulder. “Feisty! I like it. Come watch the game with us, yeah?”

My friend scoots over and pats the seat next to him.

“Come on, sit.”

“I’m not really into sports,” Jenny says.

“You don’t have to be. All you’ve got to do is yell at the screen. You can do that, right?”

Jenny looks at me for help. I just shrug and give her a weak smile. She shakes her head and sits down next to Jack. My best friend offers her a beer and she takes a long swing.

“Good girl,” Jack says as he pats her thigh. “Ah, ref, what the hell kind of call is that?!”

“Yeah, bozo!” Jenny joins in. “Are you blind?”

“Atta girl,” Jack says as he toasts his beer against his. “Now you’re getting it!”

The next few hours are a whirlwind as the three of us down beers and watch the game. To my surprise, Jenny seems totally at ease. I can’t believe how much she’s laughing at Jack’s crude jokes. I’m glad she’s having a good time, but I’m also a little jealous.

Usually I’m the only one who can get her to snort like that.

I try to focus on the game, but Jack is making it hard. He's being extra touchy with my wife. Every time she laughs at one of his dumb jokes, he puts an arm around her, or touches her arm. She pushes him away at first, but eventually she gives up and just lets his hand rest on her lower back. I want to say something, but I also don't want to ruin the vibe.

After a while Jenny gets up to go to the bathroom, and Jack scoots closer to me.

"Damn, Timmy. You really nailed it with this one. Jenny is a keeper. And those tits man. Don't even get me started. I can't stop staring at them. They're fake, right, gotta be?"

"They're real," I say.

"No way. There's no way."

"You better believe it, sucker," I say, feeling proud.

"What are you two talking about?" Jenny says when she bounces back into the room. Are my eyes deceiving or has she unbuttoned the top of her blouse? Her cleavage is really on show now.

"Those big fucking melons of yours," Jack says with a cocky grin as he stares right at my wife's chest. "Those puppies have got to be fake, right?"

I suck in a breath. This is the moment where my wife explodes in anger and kicks Jack out. I might have to sleep on the couch as well, just for knowing him. If there's one thing Jenny hates, it's crude language like that.

My wife looks down at her chest. "These..?" She asks as she places her hand on her big boobs.

This is the silence for the storm. I grip the couch seat next to me and prepare for raised voices.

And then, to my surprise... she squeezes her own breasts.

"Real as can be, baby," she says. "All natural."

"Don't believe it," Jack says adamantly. "Not for a moment."

"Then don't," Jenny says with a laugh. She looks at me and gives me a wink.

Her cheeks are flushed, and she's having a great time.

Jack leans back into my couch and throws his legs onto the table in front of us. He looks pleased as he takes a sip of his beer. Jenny sits down next to him, and he instantly grabs her waist and pulls her close to him. My wife giggles nervously, looks at me for a moment, and then sinks into his embrace.

"You're the worst, Jack," she says.

"You love it," he says back.

The game swallows up my attention as the score is suddenly close. Only when I hear my wife giggle is my attention broken.

"Stop it," she giggles.

"What, just checking," Jack says.

I turn my head and my brain malfunctions when I see Jack's grabby hand is not around my wife's shoulders, but his hand is resting fully on her large breast. His fingers are clearly sinking into her soft flesh as he gropes my wife's tit right in front of me.

"You're right, these babies are real," Jack says. "Who would've thought!"

Jenny lets out a soft sigh of approval as she closes her eyes and rests her head against Jack's shoulder. My best friend grins at me as he fondles my wife's chest.

My cock is as hard as a fucking rock.

I open my mouth to say something but nothing comes out. Instead, I just sit there and stare as Jack tweaks my wife's nipple. Jenny's eyes are closed but her lips are parted, and she lets out a little squeal.

She looks like she's loving it.

How? I thought she hated Jack and his big mouth. And now he's groping her right in front of me. This all I ever wanted, all I ever fantasized about, but I never would have thought those dreams would become reality.

Finally, Jenny opens her eyes and looks directly at me.

“Are you not going to stop your best friend?” She asks me.

“You’re a big girl,” I answer when I find my voice again. “You can fend for yourself.”

“Hm, I don’t think I can,” Jenny replies. “Jack is very persistent.”

“Hey, I just had to know if these puppies were real,” Jack quips as he also pulls in his other hand, now openly squeezing her tits with both hands. “In fact, I’m still not sure until I’ve seen them with my own two eyes.”

Jenny sucks in a breath as she looks at me for permission. I nod ever so slightly. Instantly, my wife pulls her shirt up.

Her two giant, naked breasts fall out, jiggling oh so beautifully. Her pink nipples stand at full attention as Jack sucks in a breath.

“Fuck me, you’ve got the best tits I’ve ever seen in my life, Jenny. I gotta suck on these.”

Without even looking at me my best friend buries his face in my wife’s chest, sucking one of her hard nipples into her mouth.

My wife moans deeply in pleasure. Her nipples are incredibly sensitive, and Jack is absolutely going to town on them. His fingers are digging into her soft flesh as his mouth travels from one tit to the next, sucking them deeply into his mouth.

Jenny runs his hand down Jack’s crotch and she gasps audibly when she feels the outline of his cock.

“Oh my god, you’re absolutely *huge*,” she groans.

“Of course I am,” Jack says. “You want to feel it?”

“We—we can’t,” my wife suddenly hesitates. She looks at me, eyes wide with a mixture of shock and lust, as if she’s now suddenly realizing that Jack is sucking on her titties. “We can’t. Right?”

“Why not? Jack says with a wolflike grin. “We’re all consenting adults here, right? Timmy’s enjoying the show. Aren’t you?”

Jack and Jenny both look at me as Jack holds my wife’s giant tits in his

manly paws. He's staring me dead in the face as his grabby fingers squeeze them together, and his thumbs flick against her swollen, sensitive nipples.

I stare back, unable to speak.

"Answer me, buddy," Jack says. "You like watching me play with your wife's big tits, right?"

I nod my head, my tongue feeling thick in my mouth. "Yes," I groan.

"That's what I thought. Unzip me, Jenny."

My wife's face is bright red and she shakes her head... but her hand travels down to Jack's crotch. She grabs his zipper and slowly pulls it down while she whispers "This is so crazy," to herself.

"That's it," Jack says. "Good girl. Now reach in and pull it out."

I stare in disbelief as my wife pulls out the largest cock I've ever seen in my life. I knew Jack was gifted, but even so I couldn't ever have imagined he was quite *this* big.

Thick, throbbing veins run up the length of a cock as thick as a can of beer, towards a purple head that is glistening with pre-cum.

My wife's fingers barely wrap around his shaft as she stares down at his cock with a look of pure shock on her face.

"Unbelievable," she utters as she slowly starts to stroke him up and down. "Unbelievable."

"Better believe it, baby," Jack grins as he unbuttons his pants and pulls them to do his ankles.

My best friend is now sitting on my couch, pants around his ankles, his big balls resting on the place where I usually sit as my wife strokes his cock up and down while looking flabbergasted.

I am completely forgotten. A mere spectator. All of my wife's attention is focused on that giant, throbbing cock.

"Go ahead and give it a little kiss," Jack says. "I know you want to."

Without looking to me for permission my wife leans forward and kisses Jack's big, swollen cockhead. She plants a row of kisses all over his cock, from the top of his shaft all the way down to his big, hefty balls, nuzzling her face against his throbbing shaft.

Jack sighs contently as he runs his fingers through my wife's soft, blonde hair.

"You're being such a good wife, Jenny," Jack groans. "Now open wide and swallow my big, fat cock."

My wife opens wide and Jack instantly takes control. His powerful hands grip her blonde hair and he pushes his hips up. His fat cock sinks deep down her throat. Jenny's eyes widen in shock as she gags on his massive size.

Jack just grins as she holds her face down, forcing her to swallow more and more of him. My wife chokes and gags, but Jack keeps his cock lodged firmly down her throat. Only when she starts to pat his muscular thigh does he finally release her.

"How was that?" Jack says. "I bet you loved choking on my fat meat."

Jenny gasps for air, thick strands of saliva still connecting her lips to Jack's cock. Her chest and face are flushed bright red, and I feel like I should step in to set Jack straight. Messing around like this is one thing, but my wife likes it gentle. She doesn't blow me often, and when she does, holding her head is completely out of the question.

"Oh my *god*," my wife says. "I can't believe that just happened."

"You can take more," Jack says decisively. "Get on your knees in front of me and let me fuck that pretty little mouth of yours. Timmy wants to see that, don't you, Timmy?"

My beautiful wife looks up at me, and I stare back at her like a deer caught in headlights. Her eyes are filled with lust and desire, and I find myself nodding.

Jenny gives me a grateful smile and then slides her butt off the couch and kneels obediently in front of my best friend. The game is still going, but it's completely forgotten by everyone.

My wife is completely enthralled by the giant cock bobbing up and down in front of her. She runs her hands up and down his shaft, studying his size like it's the most beautiful thing she's ever seen.

Jack reaches down to give her tits a good squeeze, right as my wife opens her mouth and wraps her lips tightly around his throbbing shaft. She bobs her head up and down, up and down, taking him deeper and deeper every time.

I try to remember how we got here, but my brain is foggy, the lust completely overpowering me. I've spoken to Jenny about threesomes before, but neither of us ever mentioned Jack as a possible candidate. In fact, I thought he'd be near the bottom of her list. Besides, that was just pillow talk, idle fantasies, nothing real.

"Fuck yeah," Jack groans. "You're such a good fucking slut, Jenny. I knew you were a cockhungry little whore the moment I laid eyes on you."

This is very real. My best friend is fucking my wife's face, and she's loving every second of it.

Jack holds her head in place as he thrusts upward, fucking her mouth like she's nothing but a sex toy. My wife's eyes roll to the back of her head as she struggles to keep up, but Jack doesn't let up. He keeps thrusting and thrusting until he's buried the entire length of his impressive cock down her throat and her nose is buried in his trimmed pubes.

My wife gags, and he pulls out just enough for her to catch her breath.

"Your wife is an excellent cocksucker, Timmy," tells. "Keep going, slut."

My wife, his eager cock-sleeve, complies. Her lips stretch obscenely around his fat cock as she slurps hungrily on his meat.

I can't believe I'm watching her perform oral sex on another man, let alone my best friend. Her eyes are wet with tears, her mascara runs down her face, and her lipstick is smudged all over his veiny cock.

She's never looked sexier than in this moment.

Jack reaches down to slap my wife's ass, pushing her head down on his cock. "I can't wait to get inside this tight pussy after all these years. I bet it's

heaven.”

My heart skips a beat. A blowjob is one thing, but sex? Seeing that monster cock stretch the lips of my wife’s tight pussy wide open? There’s no coming back from that.

“Tell me you want to watch me fuck your wife,” Jack says as he looks right at me. “Fucking tell me.”

“Please,” I utter. “Please fuck my wife, Jack.”

“Good boy.”

My best friend stands up, his cock popping audibly out of my wife’s mouth. He lifts her up effortlessly and throws her onto the couch. Jack grabs her jeans and yanks them down her thighs, pulling her panties along with them. Just like that, my wife is sprawled out in front of my best friend, completely and totally naked.

“Fuck, you’re so goddamned hot, Jenny,” Jack says as he takes a moment to stroke his cock, as if he’s basking in victory. “Spread those legs for me and let me see that hot cunt of yours.”

I wince. My wife never liked that word. To my surprise, she spreads her legs wide for him, showing off her pink, swollen wetness to him.

Jack shoves two fingers into her wet pussy easily. He pulls them out and they are completely coated in her juices. He looks at me.

“Fuck, her cunt is dripping. Want to taste?” He grins, offering them up to me.

“Uh, no,” I stammer.

“Your loss, cuck.”

Jack sticks his fingers into my wife’s mouth and she sucks her own juices off with relish, her eyes locked onto the big cock swinging between his legs the entire time. She is desperate for his thickness, eager for his cock. Her pussy is so wet she’s leaking down on our couch.

I’ve never seen her this horny before.

“Please, fuck me,” Jenny begs. “I need to feel that big cock inside of me. I need to know what it’s like.”

“Say you’re a dirty slut who needs cock,” Jack says. “Say it.”

“I’m—I’m a dirty slut who needs cock,” Jenny says. “Please, fuck me, Jack.”

I’m stunned by the amount of control Jack has over the both of us. An hour or two ago he was a rude guest we barely tolerated. And now look at us. My wife is literally begging for his cock while I watch with bated breath. How did this happen?

No time to dwell on that, because Jack grabs my wife’s hips and pulls her towards him. He places one leg up on the couch and positions his thick, throbbing cock right at her entrance. I have a perfect view of her wet lips enveloping the head of his swollen purple cock.

Without any warning he slams his monster cock all the way inside of her. Jenny screams out in a mixture of pleasure and pain as her cunt is stretched beyond its limits. Jack’s big, hefty balls slap against her ass as he starts pounding her, hard and fast.

He’s like a machine, pumping his thick cock in and out of my wife.

Jenny pants and moans, her face red, her eyes with a thousand yard stare as she’s fucked by the biggest cock of her life.

My arrogant best friend is just using her body to get himself off, not giving a fuck about her pleasure, and yet, she looks like she’s in absolutely heaven.

“That’s right, take that fucking cock,” Jack growls. “You fucking whore. Letting me fuck that cunt right in front of your husband. Squeeze my fat cock with that tight cunt of yours!”

“Fuck, me,” my wife whimpers. “You’re so big, Jack, you’re so deep!”

“You love my cock, don’t you?”

“Yesss,” my wife hisses instantly. “I love your big cock.”

“You love it more than Tim’s, don’t you?” Jack says, his voice cruel. “Say it.”

“I love it more,” Jenny says without missing a beat. “I love your big cock more than I love my husband’s! Fuck me, Jack, fuck me!”

“Good girl!” Jack grunts. “That’s a good little whore!”

Their passionate words cut me deep and hurt me oh so good at the same time. I know that they are true. Jack’s cock is so much thicker and bigger than mine. He’s reaching places I’ve never reached. She’s making sounds she’s never made.

Jack switches positions. He grabs my wife’s hair and makes her sit on the couch on her hands and knees — facing me. He slides his cock back into her wet cunt, and she lets out a deep, guttural groan as he fills her wet pussy up.

“Watch your little whore come on my cock, cuck,” Jack orders me. “Watch her cunt cream on my fat cock. I’m going to ruin your little slut forever, and you’re going to *love* it.”

He slams his cock into my wife again while he grabs her hair and forces her to look right at me. Her face is scrunched up in pleasure, her eyes rolling away, her mouth dripping with drool. She’s lost in her own world, lost in pleasure, lost in the feeling of being impaled on a superior cock.

I’ve got a front-row seat to the hottest show in the world. I can see my wife’s big breasts jiggling like mad as Jack slams his cock in and out of her. I can see his fingers digging into her flesh, grabbing her thighs, her hips, her ass. I can hear his big, heavy balls slap against her swollen clit, over and over again.

Jenny’s eyes suddenly fly open, and she looks right at me. For a brief moment there’s a flicker of recognition in there as we connect.

“I’m—I’m cumming! I’m cumming!”

Jenny reaches out to grip my hand tightly as her orgasm ripples through her body. I can feel it traveling through her, and sense it in her firm grip. Her body tenses up completely for a second as she squeezes her eyes shut — and then her entire body convulses.

“Tell your husband you love my cock!” Jack barks as he slams his cock into her tight cunt over and over again. “Tell him!”

“I love his cock!” My wife screams as her body is wrecked by another powerful orgasm. “I love it so much, baby, oh my god, so damn much! It feels so good, so fucking good!” Oh god, I’m cumming! I’m cumming again!”

“Take my cum, whore, take it!”

My wife grabs my hair and pulls me into the hottest and wettest kiss of our entire lives. She pushes her tongue into my mouth and I don’t even care that she tastes like Jack’s cock. I groan as I sense the pleasure coursing through her veins, as I hear Jack’s balls slapping against her clit, as she whimpers contently between our hot kisses.

“I love you,” I stammer involuntarily.

My wife’s smile is bright enough to alleviate any fears I ever could have had about our marriage. “I love you, too, baby. Oh fuck, he’s cumming! Jack’s cumming inside of me!”

Jack buries his cock to the hilt inside of my wife and he groans loudly as his big, heavy balls pump their seed directly into her unprotected womb. His muscular, hulking body trembles as he fills her up to the brim with his potent seed.

My wife comes again, her body shaking and quivering as her cunt milks every last drop out of Jack’s heavy balls.

Finally, when both of them have stopped trembling, my wife falls down on the couch, breathing heavily, her body covered in a sheen of sweat.

For a moment, everything is quiet.

And then Jack’s big cock slips audibly out of my wife’s well-fucked pussy. His dick drips with cum as he grins at me with a satisfied, cocky smirk. Jack gives my wife’s ass a final slap as he parks his sweaty balls and wet cock on my favorite chair.

“Nice fuck,” he groans. “Check out her gaping cunt, Tim. You’ll want to see your wife’s ruined pussy.”

He’s right — I need to see this. I stand up, knees shaking as I take a step

forward and gaze upon my wife's well-fucked body.

Nothing could have ever prepared me for this sight.

Her legs are spread. Her body glistens with sweat. And her pussy overflows with his seed. Her usually prim and tight pussy is now swollen, red, and gaping wide open.

Thick goblets of seed pour out of her cunt and pool between her legs, staining our couch. More and more drips out as I stare at it, nailed to the ground, my heart beating like a drum.

It's hard to believe so much cum came from one man. She looks like she had a train run on her. If I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes, I wouldn't have believed it.

I drop down to my knees as more globs of Jack's hot seed drip from her well-fucked hole.

"That's a good cuck. Clean that cunt for me. Get her ready for the next round," Jack says. "I've always known you wanted to taste my cum. I always caught you checking out my junk in the showers. Now's your chance, boy. Eat that sloppy pussy."

I don't even hear his teasing words. All of my attention is focused on my wife's soft thighs and the sloppy mess in between them. I scoot forward, and the potent scent hits me.

I close my eyes and bury my face between my wife's pillowy thighs. My mouth is filled with the musky, overpowering taste as my tongue laps at her well-fucked cunt.

"Good boy," Jack grins.

"Oh my god," my wife groans. "Oh, baby, I love this, I love this."

She reaches back, lovingly grabbing my hair and pushing my head further between her cheeks, into her hot mess.

"Oh, eat me," she sighs contently.

I lose myself as I tongue my wife's holes. The taste is addictive, and soon I

feel my wife's pussy convulsing on my tongue as she orgasms.

"Fuck, you're a natural," Jack laughs. "Step back, I'm ready for round two."

I finally come up for air, only to come face-to-face with a heavy, throbbing cock inches from my face. My best friend grins down at me.

"Step aside."

"Again?" I ask, my voice trembling.

"Yeah, you think this was all? I'm just getting started. I've been wanting to break this pussy in for years, and I'm not going anywhere until I've finished what I've started."

I squeeze my wife's hand, feeling a bit worried for her safety. I don't think her body can take much more.

"What do you think, babe?"

Jenny looks at me from over her shoulder, and the look on her face tells me everything I need to know.

"I think I can take a bit more," she says with a tired grin. "If that's okay."

I nod and take a step back. "O-okay."

Jack smirks. "Now spread those fucking asscheeks for me, slut."

My wife obediently pushes her red, bruised ass back up into the air, and then reaches back to spread her holes for him obscenely.

"Good girl," Jack says. "You're going to make an excellent fucktoy by the time I'm done with you."



"TWO PAIR."

"Thee of a kind."

I curse as I push my chips into the middle of the pot as the guys all laugh at

my misfortune. It's another Friday-night, and once again I'm going home dead broke.

"If you think this is bad, just wait," Jack says. "His wife is waiting on the couch right now, naked and dripping wet. She'll be kneeling by the front door the moment she hears little Timmy's car, and her mouth will be around my cock before he even hangs up his coat. Losing a bit of cash is nothing compared to losing the love of his life to his best friend's monster cock. Right, Timmy?"

Jack grins at me wolfishly from across the table. The guys all look at me with raised eyebrows, waiting in silence for my response.

"Yeah, right," I snort. "In your dreams, your fucking loser."

The table bursts out laughing. Burt slaps me on the shoulder. "You tell him, Tim. Don't let him get to you."

"Oh, he wishes he could get to me," I say as I pull out a wad of cash to myself back into our weekly poker game. "Listening to him talk, you'd think I'm some spineless cuck who loves eating his wife's fresh creampie's or something."

"Exactly," Burt says. "Impossible."

"Like I'd be underneath her or something, tonguing her swollen engorged clit as his supposed monster-cock stretches her pussy wide open and his big balls keep slapping against my forehead. Can you imagine that? Preposterous."

"Uh, yeah, preposterous," Burt says, a little disturbed by the level of detail.

"We'll see," Jack says as he stacks his chips up high. "Perhaps we can have the next poker night at your place, huh? Then the guys can see who is really the man of the house."

My heart rate skyrockets in an instant.

"Oh, I'd love to see your wife wipe that smug look off of Jack's face," Burt says. "What do you say, Tim? Let's do it!"

"She'd be wiping *something* off *someone's* face all right, but it might not be what you expect," Jack continues. "Right, Timmy?"

“Maybe,” I say, trying hard to keep my voice from shaking.

If we have our next poker night at my place...

Will all my friends realize that my loving, sweet and adorable wife is, in fact, also Jack’s eager cumdumpster? Will they realize that all of the teasing and bragging he does every poker night is in fact... completely true?

Or will we be able to hide the truth?

I suppose there’s only one way to find out...



AFTERWORD

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

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