



*My*  
**Arrogant Friend**  
*Takes my Wife*  
*Part 2*  
*(And all I do is watch)*  
**Emilia Steele**

**MY ARROGANT FRIEND TAKES MY  
WIFE: PART 2**

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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# FOREWORD

**My arrogant friend wants to push our boundaries.**

My beautiful wife Jenny finds it impossible to say no to Jack. Whatever he wants, he gets.

**And he wants to show off my wife to all our friends.**

That's why he decided that the next poker game will be held at our place, and that my wife will play hostess all night. And when the time is right...

**She'll become the main prize.**

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**MY ARROGANT FRIEND TAKES  
MY WIFE**

## PART 2

“Hey, babe. So, don’t get mad, but we’re going to have the next poker night at our place.”

Jenny’s blue eyes grow wide as she stares at me from across the dinner table. “Wait, what? *Here*? At our house?”

“Yeah,” I say as I scratch the back of my neck. “Next Friday evening. It was Jack’s idea.”

My wife swallows the lump in her throat. “And I bet that jerk expects *me* to play hostess all night! Serving beers, making food. And probably while wearing some type of skimpy dress, huh?!”

Her voice quivers as she says those words. There’s anger in them, but also a hint of excitement. She stabs at her food as her cheeks flush bright red.

Ever since that fateful night with Jack, so much has changed. My arrogant friend has brought out a side of my wife that I had never known was there.

An incredibly *submissive* side.

Simply put, my loving and beautiful wife will do anything for Jack. She’ll drop everything at the drop of a hat to fulfill his demands, no matter how perverted or outlandish. As much as she dislikes Jack, she also lives to please him.

It's a strange and addictive dichotomy.

He comes by when he wishes, often unannounced, and expects my wife to be ready to serve him. He's woken us up countless times, stopping by at some ungodly hour while we both have work in the morning. Jenny will get out of bed, complaining about Jack's nerve the entire time — only for me to hear the familiar sound of flesh slapping against flesh and her loud, wanton moans mere minutes later coming from our living room.

She crawls back into bed later, smelling like booze and cigarettes, Jack's musk all over her. For me, it's been terribly exciting.

But involving all my poker buddies? That's pushing the limits. Those are our neighbors, our friends, our *community*. I don't know what Jack is planning for this poker game, but it's got me worried sick.

"What if everyone finds out?" Jenny asks softly.

"Find out what?" "That you're not only my loving wife, but also Jack's eager, cock-hungry slut? That you regularly get on your hands and knees and let him pound your ass until you can't remember your name? No one will believe that in a million years, babe."

"Even though that's the truth?" Jenny asks.

"Exactly."

"But what if he... what if he... makes me... you know." Her voice trails off.

"Jack can't *make you* do anything," I say firmly.

Jenny nods. "You're right, honey. Of course. But it's hard to say no to him."

My wife stares at her plate and bites on her bottom lip.

"Perhaps I'll tell the guys the poker night is off," I say. "I'll cancel the whole thing. Yeah, that's for the best. Let's just forget about it."

My wife's head immediately snaps up. "What? No!"

"Wow," I say. "Okay. So you don't mind?"

"It's no big deal," Jenny says quickly. "It's just some beer and cards. And I



can handle Jack. It's not a problem."

"If you say so," I say as I take another bite.

My wife nods and looks back down at her plate, a small smile on her lips. What is she thinking about? Is she imagining herself on her knees, obediently sucking off Jack in front of all my friends?

I'm sure she would play coy and protest, but deep down, she's dying for that to happen. Nothing makes my wife hotter than being Jack's obedient little fuck toy...

I can't wait for the poker night to begin.



"WELCOME, WELCOME! COME IN!"

All the guys arrive at the same time, cars piling into my driveway. I've been a nervous wreck all week, but there's no backing out now. Poker night is upon us.

"Beer is in the fridge. Jenny's in the kitchen whipping up some snacks," I continue. "Make yourselves at home."

"Your wife is here?" My buddy Burt says. "I thought she'd be out, with Jack coming and all. Oh, I can't *wait* for her to shut that bully's mouth up!"

I laugh nervously. "Sure thing, Burt."

Soon the whole gang is gathered in my living room. Burt, Mike, Tom, Steve. Everyone's here, except for Jack, who is always late to the party. Everyone's drinking beer, and my wife is serving us all nachos. She's wearing casual clothes; jeans and a shirt, nothing out of the ordinary.

The guys are all talking, laughing and joking, and I'm starting to feel pretty confident. I don't know what I was worried about. Of course this isn't going to be some crazy gangbang all of a sudden. These are my friends, after all.

Maybe Jack won't even show. Perhaps this'll just be an ordinary night, and I can finally *win* something for once.

And then the doorbell rings, and my heart sinks. Jenny is up before I get a chance to move as she rushes towards the front door. I hear Jack's deep, baritone voice briefly, and then silence. I keep one eye on the hallway as I keep making small-talk. *What's taking them so long?*

None of the guys seem to notice that it's been five minutes and Jack still hasn't entered our living room. My heart is pounding, and I slowly get up, knees shaking.

At that moment I hear a loud grunt coming from the hallway.

"What's that?" Mike says.

"Oh, that's my stomach," I laugh nervously. "I've been gorging myself on nacho's all day!"

Mike raises his eyebrows. "You sure? Because if that's your stomach, you should go see a doctor, dude."

"Oh trust me, I really should. In fact, I think I'll head to the bathroom right now."

Just then Jack rounds the corner. "Timmy!" He says loudly as he zips up his pants. "My man! How have you been, buddy?"

The guys all call out his name. Jack's a popular guy, always the life of the party, and I can tell that everyone is eager to see what shenanigans he's going to pull tonight.

Jack saunters into my living room, a smug look on his face. As he walks past me he quickly pulls me into a headlock.

"Go give your wife a little kiss," he whispers. "I've left her with a surprise for you." Jack pats me on the back hard enough to make me wince and then turns his attention back to the guys.

"Burt, how've you been? Still working that dead-end job, huh?" Jack asks as she grabs himself a beer. "Tom, how's that divorce coming along?"

The guys all burst out laughing as I make my way towards the hallway, my stomach in knots.

I find my wife in the bathroom, fixing her make-up. She smiles nervously when she sees me, her hair slightly tousled. Without saying a word she pulls me close into a deep kiss, her tongue pushing into my mouth instantly.

The unmistakable taste of cock is on her tongue. I can taste Jack's musk, smell the familiar scent of his big, heavy balls. All of it on my wife's pretty face.

I'm instantly hard, my cock leaking and my balls aching.

"Sorry," my wife says with a naughty smile when she pulls back. "Jack told me to do that."

"It's fine," I quickly say. "What did he do, exactly?"

"I let him and told him to be on his best behavior. You know what that bastard did? He told me to get on my knees and kiss his cock and balls while I apologized to him for my bitchy tone."

"What a fucking asshole," I say.

"Yeah. Unbelievable."

My wife turns back to the mirror and re-applies her make-up.

"So, you... you did that?" I ask, finally, breaking the silence.

Jenny nods quickly. "I don't know what it is about that guy. One moment I want to throw his ass out the door, and the next..."

I swallow the lump in my throat. "The next you're kissing his balls and telling him you're sorry."

"Yeah," Jenny says as she forcefully puts the cap back on her lipstick. "And then I'm kissing my husband so he can taste his best friend's cock on his wife's breath!"

"Are you angry?" I ask as I grab her waist.

"Yes! And even more than that, I'm *horny*!" Jenny laughs nervously. "It's just, when I'm around him, I don't know, I just —"

"I get it," I say, cutting my wife off. "You want to do everything he says."

"Yes," Jenny says. "God, he's such a bastard."

"He is, but you're not the only one with that problem. I still love you, you know."

"You do? Even when I'm such a... a *slut*?"

"Yes. I love my hot little slut wife. Come here."

I pull my wife close and we kiss again. The taste of Jack's cock still lingers on her tongue. His gall really is unbelievable. While I'm entertaining my friends in the living room, he got my wife kneeling in the hallway, submissively kissing his balls and cock, telling that she's sorry, that she's going to be a good little wifey from now on...

"Let's go to the bedroom," Jenny says. "Forget about those guys. They can play poker without you. I need you right now."

"No, let's go back," I say instantly.

My wife's blue eyes stare into mine. They are brimming with lust. "Are you sure?" She asks. "I don't know what'll happen..."

"I'm sure," I say. "Let's go."

We head back inside. Jack is sitting at the head of the table like a king as the guys all laugh and joke around. I take my place in between Burt and Mike, my head swimming with emotions.

Jack gives me a wink before his hungry eyes follow Jenny across the room. She hurries toward the kitchen, wisely avoiding his gaze.

"Let's get this party started, shall we?" I say as I start dealing a hand.

The game continues on for a few hours, and my anxiety slowly goes down. Jenny serves us drinks and food, and my arrogant buddy keeps his hands to himself. Maybe Jack's little stunt at the front door is as far as he's going to push things tonight. Perhaps his ego is sated.

And then Burt has to open his big mouth.

"Is it just me, or have you been unusually quiet, Jack?" Burt teases. "You don't have such a big mouth when there's an actual woman in the room,

huh?”

The guys all chuckle — except for Jack. He meets Burt’s stare head-on.

“What did you say?” He asks calmly.

“I’m just saying, usually you’re running your mouth all night, but now there’s an actual pretty girl in the house and you’re quiet as a mouse. You’re all talk, Jacky-boy.”

A glimmer of malicious glee appears in my best friend’s eyes. “I’m just being a good friend to our host. But if you want to see the *real* Jack, that can be arranged. If Timmy doesn’t mind. You don’t mind, do you?”

The guys all look at me. If I say I mind, I look like a loser. But if I don’t stop it... who knows what’ll happen.

I shrug. “Jenny’s a big girl,” I say. “She can handle herself.”

“Jenny! Get your fine ass in here!” Jack yells.

A few moments later my wife steps into the room, her hands clasped in front of her, her cheeks already red. “You called?”

“Timmy needs your help, babe. He’s losing badly. Again. How about you lose those boring jeans and slip into something sexy for us, huh? Distract these old fuckers for your husband. That way he can finally win for once. How does that sound?”

“You don’t have to—” I start to say, but Jack cuts me off.

“Wear some high heels, too. Your ass looks amazing in heels.”

Jenny’s face grows red and she storms up the stairs, slamming the door to our bedroom behind her. Jack chuckles, and a few of the guys look at me in shock.

“Damn, way to kill the mood,” Mike says.

“Yeah, you’re an ass, man,” Steve agrees. “Now you’ve pissed off his wife. We won’t be allowed back.”

“Nah, she’ll be back,” Jack says.

Burt whistles and starts to deal a new hand. Slowly, our attention turns back to the game. I try to focus on my hand and keep my nerves under control. Twenty minutes pass, and just when I'm pondering if I should call or bet on the flop, there's a collective intake of breath.

"Hello, boys."

Jenny saunters down the stairs wearing a short black dress and high heels, her hair and make-up done to perfection. The dress is so extremely tight it looks painted onto her body.

I don't think I've ever seen this dress before. She'd never wear something this provocative when going out with me. The hem of her dress barely covers her ass, and her tits look even bigger than usual pushed up like this.

"Is *this* what you had in mind, Jack?" Jenny says, hands on her hips.

"That's more like it," Jack growls. "Give us a little twirl, baby."

Jenny rolls her eyes but obeys. She does a little twirl, and the bottom lifts up for just a moment — but long enough to give all the guys a glimpse of her round cheeks. She's wearing a thong and her cheeks are fully exposed. Everyone hollers, and the guys all trip over themselves to compliment my wife and her figure. Jenny smiles, obviously loving the attention.

I grow rock hard in an instant. If anything, I'm the most distracted of all the guys!

"Now, how about you men keep playing?" Jenny says as she stands behind me, her hands resting on my shoulders as she leans forward — giving everyone at the table a good glimpse down the front of her dress. "And let my husband win for once. Now, is anyone thirsty?"

All the guys raise their hands and Jenny saunters towards the kitchen, her ass wiggling with every step in those high heels. Every guy watches her go as I stare down at my hand.

*What was I going to do again?*

"Fuck, you have one hot wife," Mike says.

"Told you," Jack smirks.

“Ah, that proves nothing. She’s just doing this to spite you,” Burt says. “Not that I mind!”

I try to ignore the chatter around the table, but it’s nearly impossible. These guys, my friends and neighbors, are all talking about how hot my wife is, how good her tits look and how juicy her ass is. It’s enough to make my heart race like mad.

Moments later Jenny walks back into the room with a fresh round of beers for all the guys. She stands behind me and wraps her arms around my neck.

“And? Are you winning, honey?” She asks me, her hot breath tickling my ear.

“I think I am,” I say. A complete bluff. I can barely remember what two cards I’m holding.

“Good boy.”

“How about we make this even spicier?” Jack suggests. “If you’re up for it.”

Jenny meets his gaze, her eyes fluttering for a moment. “What do you suggest?”

“I suggest you park that fine ass of yours in the lap of the winner of the next hand. That’ll really get the chips flying.” Jack looks around the table at the guys. “How does that sound?”

Everyone quickly agrees. Even Burt nods, while avoiding my gaze. Old pervert.

I can feel my wife’s warm breath on my neck. Her fingers dig into my shoulders, and I sense the excitement in her.

“Okay,” she breathes. “Deal.”

Before I realize what’s happening someone quickly deals a new hand and everyone is throwing their money in. Suddenly the pot has grown to the largest size of the night.

I’d like to win, but with a two and a seven, I’m not going to win this hand. Not with everyone in.

I fold.

Which causes a lot of snickers throughout the room.

“Oh *honey*,” Jenny says. “What are you doing?”

“Looks like you’re not getting your wife back for a long time with that shit luck of yours, Timmy,” Jack grins.

My wife’s fingers dig into my shoulders as I feel her quivering. I grit my teeth, shut my mouth, and wait for the winner to be determined.

To everyone’s shock, the winner is... Burt!

The old geezer gloats like crazy, his eyes roaming up and down my wife’s beautiful body. He pushes his chair back and pats his lap.

“Well, sweetie, come over here!”

“Careful, you’ll give him a heart-attack,” Mike jokes.

“Did you bring any viagra?” Tom chuckles.

“Shut up, young’uns,” Burt fires back. “This isn’t the first fine lass I’ve had in my lap.”

Jenny saunters over to him, swaying her hips with every step. She straddles his lap, sitting down while facing him, parking her fine ass right on his lap. My wife wraps her arms around his neck and gazes into his eyes seductively, her red lips curling up into a naughty smile.

“Like this, sir?”

To my surprise Burt places his hands under my wife’s dress, right on her ass. Her dress is so short that it rides up when she sits like this, and his grabby hands go right to her exposed skin.

I thought that if anyone had my back amongst these horndogs, it would be Burt. But put my pretty wife in a sexy dress and he’s drooling all over her!

My stomach turns, but my cock doesn’t seem to mind. I’m as hard as a rock as I watch his hands slowly knead her ass cheeks. I know I should put a stop to this, before it goes any further. I should speak up. Right now.



Instead, someone deals the next hand. The guys are all eager for their turn, and the next hand is won by Mike. He's a tall guy, in his late 20's, works in construction.

"My turn!" He proclaims loudly. "Time's up, Burt!"

Burt gives my wife's ass a final squeeze, and the old man sighs as my wife stands up. Everyone can see the tent in his pants, and the guys all laugh as my wife saunters towards Mike. Jenny's cheeks are red as Mike grabs her hips and pulls her onto his lap.

Mike wastes not a single second. Someone is already dealing the next hand, and he wants to use every second he's got. His large hands roam all over her body, gripping her hips, squeezing her ass, and even brushing against her tits. My wife gyrates on his lap, moaning softly.

New hands are played quickly. I don't win a single one of them. I have to watch as my wife is passed around from lap to lap. Her eyes are closed most of the time, biting down on her bottom lip as she grinds against my best friends. Her face is red, her breathing short, and where she was sauntering confidently around the table at first she is now stumbling, her knees weak.

Finally, I win a hand.

The guys applaud as my wife stands up shakily from Tom's lap, her lust-filled eyes focused on me. She stumbles towards me and straddles my lap. My hands are on her ass instantly, squeezing her soft flesh.

My eyes grow wide when I feel her wetness press against my bulge. I slide my hand further between her legs and my heart skips a beat when I realize that *she's not wearing any panties*.

*Have all my friends been playing with my wife's pussy right in front of me?*

"Sorry babe," my wife whispers into my ear as she nibbles on my earlobe. "I lost my panties some time ago. I don't even know who took them."

My fingers easily slide into her wetness. Fuck, she is absolutely *soaking* wet. Her inner thighs are absolutely coated with her juices.

"You're loving this, aren't you?" I whisper back. "Being passed around like

this.”

“Uh huh. It’s so naughty and so hot. All these guys, touching me right in front of you...”

She grinds her wet pussy against the outline of my cock, desperate for release. I am horny enough to cum right inside my jeans when Jack’s deep, gravely voice grabs our attention.

“My turn,” Jack says.

Jenny looks at me, her blue eyes wide, and stands up instantly. I suck in a breath as I watch her waddle towards my arrogant best friend. She didn’t even think twice when she heard his command.

Everyone watches as Jenny sinks down on Jack’s lap. She straddles him, and his big hand gropes her ass right away. He even flips up the back of her dress so that everyone can see his big paws groping her cheeks.

“You’re being a very good wife,” Jack says loudly. “But your husband still isn’t winning very much. How about we up the ante a little bit?”

“Okay,” my wife replies obediently.

“Good girl. Stand up.”

My wife obeys him instantly. I suck in a breath as she stands right in front of him, her knees quivering.

“Lift up that dress.”

Jenny reaches down and slowly pulls her dress up until it’s bunched around her waist. Her wet, freshly shaved pussy is visible to everyone in the room. Everyone is holding their breath, and you could hear a pin drop right now. My wife’s body is flushed all over as she puts on a show for us.

“Look at that,” Jack grins as he runs a finger across her wet folds. “What happened to your panties, baby?”

“I don’t know,” my wife says, her voice fluttery. “Someone took them.”

Jack’s eyes scan the group. “Who is the culprit? Tom, it was you, wasn’t it?”

With a red face, my good friend Tom pulls out an absolutely drenched thong out of his pocket. "Guilty as charged."

"Good for you. You can keep it."

Jack reaches up and grabs two handfuls of my wife's cheek. He spreads them wide, giving everyone a good, proper look at my wife's pink lips and puckered asshole. I see several guys openly rubbing their bulges next to me. This is going south fast.

"Alright, here is the next challenge," Jack says. "I'm going to play with this tight pussy of yours, and if you can hold off your orgasm for a whole minute, Timmy wins. Sounds like fun?"

Jenny nods, biting down on her bottom lip.

I'm not sure what I would be winning in this situation, and what happens if I lose, but no one thinks to ask me. I'm a silent observer, as are the rest of the guys. We're all watching the show with bated breath.

Jack is the only one in control now.

"Good girl. Then lose that dress, get on your ass on the table and spread those legs, baby."

My wife's dress hits the floor a second later. She's now completely naked in front of all my friends, her ass, pussy and tits bared. Burt openly rubs his bulge as Mike mutters under her breath. With a big grin Jenny pops her butt onto the table. Chips go spilling all over, but no one cares the moment she spreads her legs wide, opening her dripping wet pussy up.

"Goddamn," Mike grunts. "That's the nicest pussy I've ever seen."

"Hell yeah," Tom agrees. "That's a great cunt. Nice tits, too."

"What do you say to that?" Jack asks.

"Thank you," Jenny says shyly.

"Good girl." Jack leans forward and without warning he buries his face right between my wife's legs. She screams out in shock as her eyes roll to the back of her head. Her cries quickly turn into gasps of pure delight.

I've eaten her out before, but I've never gotten a reaction quite this strong before. Her legs shake, her pussy gushes, and her toes curl.

There's no way she's going to last a whole minute. It has been, what, five seconds?

Jack pulls back, his chin and mouth completely drenched in my wife's juices.

"Ready to lose, Jenny?" He asks as he runs his hands across her wet folds.

"Never," she says, her voice quivering.

Jack slips a single finger into my wife's wet cunt, and she lets out a wanton moan.

"Ooooooooooh, yes!"

"Not putting up much resistance there," Mike chuckles.

"I don't want her to," Steve joins in. "Cum, bitch, cum!"

"Yeah, let go, girl!" Burt agrees.

"Go Jack! Go Jack!" Tom chimes in.

It's fucking pandemonium. My friends are all cheering Jack on, calling him a stud, calling my wife hot little whore, the entire room buzzing with energy as they watch this arrogant bastard finger-bang his friend's wife right in front of them.

Jack slips another finger into her wetness, and my wife is panting like a bitch in heat.

"Oh god, oh god, that feels so good," she moans.

He slides a third one in — and his other thumb teases her sensitive asshole. Jenny's entire body shakes wildly now as she reaches down to grip the side of the table. Her knuckles turn white.

"Tim, I—I—" she stammers, finally calling out to me. "I can't hold on!" I'm... ahh!"

“That’s okay, I can stop at any moment,” Jack says as he suddenly halts his movements.

My wife curses and bucks her hips wildly, pushing her wet pussy back at him. “No, please, *please!*” She begs loudly. “Please!”

“Please *what?*” Jack says, his voice low and dominant.

“Please let me cum,” my wife whimpers.

Jack grins as he slowly starts to slide his fingers in and out of my wife’s dripping wet cunt again, building up momentum. “How bad do you want to cum?”

“So, so bad.”

“Would you let me do *anything* to you?” Jack asks, his fingers still working inside of her. “Just to get off?”

Jenny hesitates for only a moment, and then nods. “Yes. Yes. Please, just make me cum. Please.”

“Would you let everyone else take their turn?” Jack asks, his fingers suddenly stopping again.

My wife moans in protest as her big, blue eyes dart across the room. She looks at Mike, Tom, Steve, Burt. My friends and neighbors, all looking at her naked, writhing body with pure lust.

“Fuck this,” Steve groans as he pulls out his cock and openly strokes it. “This is one hot show.”

“Fuck yeah,” Mike agrees, and he also whips out his impressively sized cock.

Jenny moans loudly when she sees the two firm, throbbing cocks, her hips still bucking against Jack’s hand, looking for that sweet, sweet release.

Jack grins at me for a moment, his eyes burning with fire, before he turns his attention back to my desperate wife.

“You want to cum, don’t you?”

“Yessss!”

“Then tell everyone you are a hot little slut.”

“I’m—I’m a hot little slut!” Jenny pants.

“Tell them what they can do to you.”

“Anything!” Jenny groans. “Anything! Please, Jack, please!”

“Told you guys,” Jack says as he looks at the men around the room one by one. “I told you Jenny was a hot little cumloving bitch that I can use whenever I want. Make sure this is the last time you ever doubt me, got it?”

“Got it,” Mike grunts.

“Yeah, you’re the man,” Tom says.

“Well played, sir,” Burt mumbles.

With his ego fully sated Jack plunges his thick fingers into my wife’s cunt. He pounds her hard and fast, his thumb flicking her thumping clit.

“Cum for me, slut! Show us what a dirty whore you are!” Jack grunts.

“YES, YES, I’M A DIRTY WHORE, FUCK!”

My beautiful wife throws her head back and lets out a primal scream. Her powerful orgasm rips through her body, causing her to squirt all over herself. Her toes curl and her thighs quiver as she cums, over and over again.

I’ve never seen her cum this like this before. It’s the hottest sight I’ve ever seen.

When my gorgeous wife finally stops screaming in pleasure there’s a moment of silence. Jack looks up, grinning, and then he says a few words that change everything.

“So. Who’s first?”

Steve and Mike both move in at the same time. My buddy Mike grabs my wife’s thighs as he moves in between them, while Steve grabs a fistful of my wife’s hair.

“Open wide,” Steve grunts as he slips his hard cock into my wife’s mouth.

She moans deeply as she takes him deeply down her throat. “Oh fuck, you’re a natural, Jenny,” he grunts.

This man was at our wedding. And now he’s fucking my wife’s mouth like a pussy, roughly fucking her face, my wife’s nose pressing into his pubic bone.

Not to be outdone, my friend Mike rubs his dick along my wife’s wet, quivering slit.

“I’ve been lusty for this pussy for years,” Mike says as he grins from ear-to-ear. “Here it comes, baby.”

My wife grunts are muffled as Mike slowly sinks his cock into Jenny’s hot, wet cunt. I simply sit there and watch as they use my wife like a cheap whore.

I want to move, but I can’t. It’s like I’m having an out-of-body experience. Someone places a hand on my shoulder.

“What a fucking whore. Goddamn.”

*Jack.* My arrogant buddy grins as he slaps my shoulder.

“Why?” I croak, my voice quivering. “Why did you make this happen?”

He shrugs. “Because you let me, buddy. And because Jenny wanted it to happen. Look at her, and tell me she is not right where she belongs.”

Mike is pounding my wife’s tight cunt hard while Steve chokes my wife on his cock. Her big tits swing with every thrust. She’s completely at their mercy as she’s double-teamed. She’s a whore, a fucktoy, a slut for them to breed at will.

“Oh fuck, this cunt is amazing,” Mike grunts. “I need to fuck this thing three times a day!”

“Hurry up,” Steve says. “I want my turn inside her.”

Burt and Tom look on from up-close, mesmerized by the sight before them, their pants on their ankles as they stroke their cocks and dutifully wait for their turn.

Jack is right. This is where my wife belongs — underneath a pile of sweaty men with all of her holes stuffed with cock. The moans she's making prove it.

The woman I married, the love of my life, is also the cum dumpster for all my friends. *And I love it.*

“Oh shit, I'm cumming, I'm cumming,” Mike says, gasping for air. “Take it all! Take my load, bitch! Fuck, Jenny, I'm cumming inside you! Ugh!”

My friend *slams* his cock deep inside my wife, his big balls pressing against her tight ass and then he explodes deep inside of her. Jenny's eyes widen in shock, her mouth hanging open as she feels Mike filling her unprotected womb to the brim with his hot, sticky seed. Her entire body shudders as he pumps her tight hole full of cum.

“Oh shit, now I'm cumming in this bitch too,” Steve. “Swallow it all!”

Steve shoves his cock all the way down my wife's throat, his big balls resting on her chin as her nose is pressed against his pubes. He holds her head firmly in place, his hands gripping her hair tightly as he unloads himself down my wife's throat.

Rope after rope of cum is fired inside of my wife from both ends.

Jenny's eyes grow wide as she swallows as much as she can like a good girl. Her cunt clenches around Mike's fat cock, her horny pussy milking his shaft for every last drop. These sensations are too much for her: Her entire body shudders and shakes as she has another mind-numbing orgasm.

She loves this. She *needs* this. To be used and abused by two big fat cocks, to be filled with so much cum it drips out of either end.

Finally, the two of them release their hold on her. Steve's cock pops out of my wife's mouth, a thick trail of spit and cum connecting her lips to the big, purple head. Mike slides out of her well-used cunt, and white jizz runs down her swollen lips.

It's an obscene sight. This is my wife, my love, the woman I married. Mascara runs down her face, cum drips down her chin, and out of her cunt. She's ruined.



And hungry for more.

Burt takes his place between my wife's legs, and when I see his cock I do a double-take. The old man doesn't have the biggest cock of the bunch — that honor goes to Jack — but by god, he definitely has the *thickest*. He's fatter than a beer can.

He runs the thick, bulbous head up and down my wife's well-fucked cunt as his hands roam her naked body.

"I've fucked a lot of whores, but never one as pretty as you," Burt says. "I've been dreaming of this hot pussy of yours for ages, Jenny."

My wife looks up at him through a lust filled daze. "So have I, Burt. Fuck me with the baseball bat of yours. Stretch my pussy wide open."

My mouth hangs open from shock. My wife *knew* Burt had a fat cock? I have so many questions — who told her? Is this common knowledge in our community? Has she really lusted after this old man? — but there's no time for any of that.

Because all of my attention is focused on the old man slowly pushing the fat, bulbous head of his thick cock into my wife's abused cunt. Her pussy lips cling tightly to his meat as he pushes himself in, inch after inch of his thickness disappearing inside of her.

Jenny moans deliriously. Her eyes roll to the back of her head as her entire body shakes wildly.

Burt doesn't stop until his entire cock is buried deep inside of my wife, all the way to the hilt. Her pussy is stretched beyond belief. Everyone is staring at the lewd, wild scene.

The old man grunts as he slowly starts thrusting. He picks up speed, his thrusts turning into slams. Jenny's body jiggles lewdly as she moans and begs for Burt's cum.

"Fuck, I can't hold it!" Tom grunts. He's been slowly jacking off as he waits his turn, but seeing this old geezer absolutely destroy my wife's cunt is too much for him. "Ugh!"

He steps forwards as he shoots his cum all over my wife. Jenny instantly opens her mouth like a good little whore and wraps her lips around his cock, eagerly taking another load.

Meanwhile, Burt is still fucking her with wild abandon, absolutely *slamming* into her. I half-expect the old guy to get a heart-attack when he suddenly roars out “I’m cumming!”

He yanks his cock out of her cunt, leaving it gaping wide open as he blasts ropes of his hot, sticky cum all over my wife. The old geezer absolutely covers my wife from head to toe with his seed: her stomach, her tits, her face — every inch of her drips with his thick, heavy seed.

Burt stammers back, falling into a chair as he squeezes the last few drops out of his cock.

“You okay there, buddy?” Jack asks with a snicker.

“Yes,” Burt grunts. “Oh, I haven’t had a fuck like that in a decade.”

Jenny closes her eyes and sighs blissfully as seed runs down her body onto our table. My entire house reeks of sex. This has been a wild, crazy, insane night — and I’m ready for it to end.

I want to reclaim my wife.

I want to kiss every inch of her body.

I want to sink my cock into her well-fucked wetness and feel her envelop me.

But I want to do that without Jack, or Mike, or Steve, or Tom, or even *Burt* watching. Surely they’ll understand that.

“Time to call it a night,” I say, finally finding my voice. “This has been fun and all, but...”

“What do you mean? We’re just getting started, buddy,” Jack says as he looks me dead in the face.

I look to my friends for help. Usually they’ve got my back, but Tom avoids my gaze, while Mike and Steve just smirk.

“I’m afraid I’m with Jack on this one,” Burt says. “Nights like these don’t come around too often. You’ve got to savor them.”

“Exactly. I knew you and I could get along, Burt,” Jack says.

“What about Jenny? She gets to decide,” I say, voice quivering. Surely they must listen to my wife’s wishes.

“Oh, definitely,” Jack says. “Hey, slut. What do you think? How do you feel about getting fucked in the ass by all your husband’s buddies? You still haven’t had my cock yet, and I’m dying to gape that ass of yours.”

Jack reaches down and plunges two of his thick fingers into my wife’s gaping cunt. White cum runs out as he lewdly fingers her, the cum squelching.

My wife gasps, her eyes fluttering open as she looks at the guys, and then at me. Her bottom lip trembles.

“Sorry, babe, but I...”

Jenny bites down on her bottom lip.

“I... want to try it... I... I want Jack to fuck me in the ass.”



POKER NIGHTS WERE NEVER QUITE the same after that night. Watching your best buddies triple-penetrate your wife while she moans like a whore has a tendency to change things.

I thought that, perhaps, this would be a one-time thing. A crazy night, ever to be repeated again.

I was wrong. Very wrong.

It’s now become a weekly tradition.

The game of poker is now just a pretense to gamble away my sexy wife and her delicious holes. Before the night is over everyone will have had their turn with her, and done everything they desired to her.

The nights when someone introduces a new friend to our little circle are

always the most memorable. Seeing their surprised faces when my wife transforms from a cute, sweet, loving housewife serving up snacks to an insatiable whore desperate for more cock in all her stretched out, cum-filled whores is something I will never tire off.

Luckily for me, my buddies have got plenty of friends, so those nights aren't coming to an end anytime soon...



# AFTERWORD

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:

<http://eepurl.com/Sxflv>

Happy reading,

Emilia.

# ALL I DO IS WATCH

Want to read more hot stories? I've got you covered! Check out the other books in the sizzling hot **All I Do Is Watch** series:

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