



My

Bully

Takes my Wife

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

MY BULLY TAKES MY WIFE
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

I ran into my old bully while on vacation.

My wife loves flirting with strangers when we're on vacation. It's a hot little game we play that gets us both in the mood.

However, when the **tall stranger my wife is flirting with turns out to be my old bully things quickly spiral out of control.**

He quickly realizes **nothing has changed.** He can still **take what he wants... and what he wants is my wife.**

All I can do is watch...

MY BULLY TAKES MY WIFE

“What about him? He’s pretty hot. Would you want me to sleep with him? He’s so big. I bet he could throw me around the room.”

I look up from my drink and scout the bar, trying to find the man my wife Emily is talking about. This is the hot little game we like to play on vacation. She points out men she finds attractive, and later at night, we role-play having a threesome with said dudes.

It gets us both in the mood, and it’s harmless fun. I don’t think I could ever actually handle watching my wife be taken by another man right in front of my own eyes, but it’s a hot thing to day-dream about. Emily has no problem indulging me in these wicked scenarios.

“Who do you mean?”

“Him! The big one, there, with the tattoo’s. Red shirt.”

I finally spot the dude. I didn’t notice him at first, because he’s not my wife’s type at all. She’s mostly into skinny men, like me. A runner’s physique. Meanwhile, this dude is built like a brick shit-house. He’s twice as broad as me, easily, and a whole head taller. His biceps are as big as my damn head!

"Him?" I say dismissively. "That roided up tough guy? *That's* your pick? Okay."

Emily hits me on the shoulder playfully. "Don't be jealous, babe. Variety is the spice of life, right?"

"I suppose, but if that dude's dick is as big as he is, then I'm not sure you'll have much life left in you when he's done with you. Jesus, what a freak."

Emily chuckles, then leans over and whispers sultrily into my ear. "Now you've made me curious. Can you imagine, babe? That giant dick stretching my little pussy out, right in front of you? Fuck, that would be so hot, right?"

Blood rushes down to my core as I tighten the grip on my drink. "Jesus, Emily," I whisper back, as my pants tighten.

"That's what I thought, honey. You want to see it. More than I do, in fact. Be right back, babe."

She kisses me on the cheek, hops off her stool and saunters through the packed bar towards the giant male specimen. I quickly reach down to adjust my growing erection, and take a big swig of my beer.

I look around with a guilty look on my face, but no one is paying this tourist any mind. My eyes are glued to Emily as she makes her way through the bar.

She's toying with me. The closer she gets to him, the more my heart starts to race. My palms grow sweaty, my stomach is in knots and my pants are tenting. We always stick to role-play; Emily's never actually flirted with another man before.

Not when I'm around, at least.

Just as she reaches the tall, tatted, buffed-up guy, she turns around and sticks her tongue at me. Instead of talking to him she turns towards the bar and orders two more beers.

I breathe a sigh of relief. She really knows how to push my buttons. I lucked out with such a sexy and playful wife. Tonight, I'll be sure to give her a nice long massage before—

Wait, that dude is talking to her.

The gargantuan dude is leaning over my wife, and she has to strain her neck to gaze up into his eyes. He's chatting to her. Emily laughs, and plays with her hair. Is his hand resting on her back? It's hard to see in the packed bar. My heart is racing. *What's going on?*

Two beers are placed in front of my wife, but she's in no hurry to grab them. Instead, she keeps talking to the big guy, and laughing. What the hell?

Just when I'm about to lose my cool, Emily finally makes her way through the crowd with two cold beers in hand. Her cheeks are flushed as she places them on her table.

"You're in luck, mister," she says. "Our mystery man bought us these drinks."

"You're shitting me," I say. "He did?"

"Yeah," she laughs. "He was hitting on me, and I told him my husband is waiting for me, but he insisted on paying for the drinks anyway. I didn't think you'd mind," she says with a wink.

I don't know how I feel about this. Another man just bought my wife a drink, and I watched it happen. I let it happen.

I take a sip of the beer. It hits the spot.

Emily grabs my hand and squeezes it. "If you want me to repay him, just say the word," she whispers. "He's interested. His tongue was practically wagging!"

My eyes grow wide. "For real?" I stammer. Suddenly, things are moving fast. Really fast. I fantasized about this moment for years, but I didn't think it would actually ever happen for real...

But why not? This is the moment. We're on vacation. He's a stranger. My wife is feeling frisky. If not now, when?

I just thought I would have more time to think things through.

Emily shrugs, her cheeks red as the sun. "Maybe. Maybe not. I'm just saying, I could flirt with him a bit, if you like. He's very sexy up close. He's got this ogre-ish charm. Not my usual type, but there's just something unique about him."

I take another sip of my drink and look over at the big dude, as I try to come to a conclusion. He turns towards me, grinning, and shoots me a thumbs-up. This is the first time I get a proper look on his face and it's like lightning has struck me.

I know this man.

That's Cody.

That's the man who made my life a living hell.

Who pushed me into lockers.

Who called me names.

Who made sure I had absolutely zero friends.

That's my bully.

My hands are trembling as my heart pounds incessantly. I try to take another sip, and end up spilling beer all over my shirt.

"Honey? Are you okay?" Emily asks. "Babe? What's going on?"

I turn towards my wife, my face as white as a sheet. "I know him," I croak.

"You do? Who is he?"

I swallow the lump in my throat. It's embarrassing to say you have a bully when you're a fully grown adult, but that's the situation I find myself in.

"That's Cody. He used to bully me," I say quietly.

"Oh, babe! I'm so sorry! I had no idea."

Emily hops off her stool and throws her arms around me. I hug her tightly as I try to make sense of the many emotions I'm feeling.

I'm grateful for such a loving and understanding wife, of course. We were just playing out a wild fantasy, but the moment I pump the brakes, she's in my arms, comforting me.

But, whirling around inside of me like a wild storm, underneath the shock of seeing Cody after all these years, is...

Arousal.

I can't believe my wife, my loving wife, the woman I pledged my life to, called my bully *very sexy* to my face.

It's embarrassing. Humiliating, even.

So why is my cock throbbing?

The illicit thought of my innocent wife and that big brute together is intoxicating. I cannot shake it out of my mind, no matter how hard I try. What did she say again, when she first saw him? *Can you imagine his big, thick cock stretching out my tiny pussy while you watch...*

Jesus fucking christ. That's so *hot*.

"We can go back to our hotel if you like," Emily says. "Whatever you want, honey."

"No, it's okay," I say. "I'm fine, really."

Just as my wife lets go of me, I hear his booming, thunderous voice. It's a voice that instantly gives me flashbacks to feeling small and insignificant.

"John?! Is that you, mate?! I thought it was you! Wow!"

I look up to see Cody standing right in front of me.

Oh, fuck. He's here.

And he's even bigger up close. Time has been good to him. I can see what my wife meant with ogre-ish charm. He looks like a brute, but one with smoldering eyes. My old bully grabs my hand with his massive paw and squeezes it painfully hard. As he shakes it, my entire arm goes up and down.

"What are the odds, huh?! How have you been?!" He asks as he slaps my shoulder hard. "So this beautiful woman is with *you*? Amazing! Who would've thought! Not me, ha!"

Emily rolls her eyes. "We were just leaving, actually," she says, but I cut her off.

"No, actually, we're staying," I say.

I'm not going to let this man ruin our night out. I'm not going to scurry off into the night and fantasize about punching him in the face as I try to fall asleep at night.

I'm staying right here, goddamn it.

"Good!" Cody says. "Mind if I join you?"

Without waiting for an answer, he grabs a stool and pulls it right up to our table. Emily looks at me quizzically and I grab her hand and squeeze it.

"It's fine," I mouth. "We can handle him."

"If you say so," she whispers back.

"So, tell me how you've been, man! It's been years! I never thought you'd make it out of town, but look at you! Partying in the Bahamas. Nice bro," Cody says.

"John's doing really well for himself," Emily says before I have a chance to answer. She's fired up, looking straight at our uninvited

guest. I know that intense look. She's defending me.

I take a sip of my beer and watch the fireworks.

"Is that so?" Cody asks with a half-shrug.

"Yeah. He owns his own business, actually."

I bite the inside of my cheek.

I have my own business, but it's a small one. Very small. I paint miniatures and sell them online. Meanwhile, Emily's a successful lawyer. She makes the big bucks, and it's because of her salary we can afford this vacation.

"Really? That's a surprise," Cody says without missing a beat. "I got rich off of crypto. Don't have to work another day in my life. But you're your own boss, huh? Good for you, mate."

Cody takes a swig of his drink and looks at me with a grin. He hasn't changed. He still belittles me at every possible moment.

Emily rolls her eyes. "So you're *one* of those guys, huh? Figures."

"What? Rich? Successful? Powerful? Yeah," Cody grins. "That's me, baby."

He winks at my wife, and she's flustered for a moment, her cheeks turning red.

"So how did a beauty like you end up with John here?" Cody continues. He is leaning over our table, completely dominating the both of us in size and presence. I shrink into my seat, but Emily meets him head-on.

I know Cody. He'll never back down. He always needs to get the last word in. He's relentless.

"You know, I thought you were hot when I first saw you but now I realize you're just an asshole," Emily blurts out.

Cody's eyes grow big. "So you thought I was hot, huh?"

"I mean," Emily snaps, suddenly turning red. "No."

"Can't unsay that, baby," Cody laughs boisterously. "I don't blame you. Compared to that shrimp husband of yours, I'm a deluxe king."

Emily and Cody stare each other down. Meanwhile I just sit there, my cock throbbing, my hands sweaty. Why am I letting this happen?

"I know how to solve this. Let's make a little bet," Cody says. "Just like old times."

My stomach lurches. Cody and I used to make plenty of bets. Except they weren't really bets. He would suggest something impossible I could never do, like beat him in arm-wrestling, and then he would use that loss to justify bullying me.

It seems he's still on that same wavelength.

"Bet?" Emily asks.

"Yeah. John and I used to bet all the time back in the day. Mostly he would lose, and I would humiliate the poor fucker. I think he kinda liked it. Do you like humiliating your husband, baby?"

"Fuck off," Emily spits.

"Come on, don't be a sour puss," Cody continues. "Why else would you tell me I'm hot straight to my face?"

Cody looks at me and grins. He's daring me to speak up, but my tongue is all tied up.

"So let's make a bet. With some real stakes. If you win, I'll pay for your entire vacation. It's chump change to me, but I bet it's a lot to you."

I suck in a breath.

"You're willing to bet ten thousand dollars, just like that?" Emily says.

Cody shrugs. "Let's make it fifteen. I'm feeling generous."

Emily's eyes narrow. She's very competitive and never backs down from a challenge. It's one of the things I love about her but I've got a feeling it might bite her in the ass here.

"And what if you win?"

"If I win? Then your pussy is mine for the entire week, babe," Cody says.

My cock twitches. Emily's mouth is wide open in shock. No one's ever dared to speak to her like this.

"You're serious," she stammers.

"Dead serious, babe. I don't play around."

I expect my wife to slap him in the face and storm out of here in a huff, but her next words surprise me to my very core.

"What's the bet?" She asks softly.

Cody grins. "Oh, that's easy. You two party with me for the rest of the night. Until the sun comes up. And you can't quit a moment sooner. If by the end of the night I haven't gotten a kiss from you... you win."

"That's it?" Emily asks. "All I have to do is not kiss your arrogant ass? That's easy. I'm in."

"Hold on—" I say, but the two of them are ignoring me.

"There's a small catch," Cody continues, unfazed.

"What's that?"

"You're my date for the night. Which means you act like my date. Which means you dance with me. You drink with me. You hold my

hand. And your husband can only watch.”

“That’s it? That’s the catch?” Emily says. “That’s easy.”

“Babe,” I stammer, as I try to stop this moving train. Spending an entire evening with Cody is not worth it. Not for a million bucks, and certainly not for fifteen grand. My words fall on deaf ears.

“So you’re in?” Cody asks.

“I’m in!” Emily says defiantly.

“Awesome.”

Cody wraps his big, meaty paw around Emily’s waist and pulls her close to him. She yelps and tries to slap his chest, but his big hand comes down on her ass with a powerful swat.

SLAP!

Emily gasps and Cody laughs.

“You’re my date now, bitch, and you know I like to manhandle my women a little bit. Come, let’s go to an actual good club.”

“Hold on,” I say. “This has gone too far.”

“It’s okay,” Emily says to my surprise. “I can handle him.”

Cody laughs.

SLAP!

He slaps my wife’s ass again. It’s getting attention as people whisper and stare at us. It’s very obvious that my wife came in here with me and now this mountain of a man is smacking her ass right in front of me and I’m just standing there.

“Let’s go, people. John, be a good husband and pay my tab.”

He grabs my wife’s hand and leads her away while I stand there, dumbfounded. Emily looks over her shoulder at me, her face as red

as a tomato.

If I didn't know better, I would think I saw excitement in her eyes.

And then she's out the door and I'm jolted into action. I have to follow them, but I need to pay the tab first. I head to the bar but the place is packed. My heart hammers in my throat as I try to wrestle my way to the front. Several angry people shove me to the back.

In the end it takes me twenty minutes to settle Cody's bill.

When I finally step outside they're nowhere to be found. My heart's racing as I pull out my phone and send out a text. Nothing. I pace down the street, looking into bars, trying to spot Cody's hulking figure.

After twenty minutes, I finally get a text back with the name of a club. I hail a cab and ask him to take me there, but the man takes one look at me and shakes my head.

"That's not your kind of place, friend."

"Shut up and take me there," I say as I pull out a wad of cash.

He chuckles. "Get in, friend."

By the time I get to the club I haven't seen my wife in well over thirty minutes. There's a long line to get in. I get in the back of it, but ten minutes pass without any movement.

Exasperated, I head to the front.

"Club's full," the bouncer says.

"I need to get it."

"Club's full," he repeats.

"Look, I—"

He grabs my shirt. "What part don't you understand, man?"

"My wife's in there," I stammer.

His face turns from a scowl into a wide grin. "What?"

"My wife's in there," I repeat. "I need to check on her."

"Hold on."

He heads inside then returns with two more tough looking guys. Just seeing them makes me feel uneasy. What kind of place is this?

"Tell them what you told me," he says.

I lick my lips. "My wife's in there," I say again.

The bouncers laugh. Even the people in line are chuckling.

"What's she doing there without you?" The bouncer asks. "Shouldn't you be keeping her safe?"

"She's with a friend."

"Uh huh. A 'friend'. That's why you want to see her so badly, huh?"

"Look, will you let me in or not?"

The bouncer grins. "That depends, friend. How badly do you want to see her?"

\$300 later I'm inside the club. The dance floor is completely packed, and the loud sound and flashing lights disorient me. I search through the crowd, desperate to find them, my stomach in knots when I *finally* spot my wife's dress in the crowd.

She's grinding against Cody on the dance floor.

I stare in disbelief as they move as one. Cody is leading her, his massive hands on her hips. Jealousy surges through me. I can barely believe what I'm seeing.

My bully is dry-humping my wife right in front of my eyes, and all I do is watch.

Emily turns around. Her face is red and sweaty. She looks up at him. The look in her eyes is not one of anger.

She looks... horny.

I watch in horror as my bully leans down. Is he going to kiss my wife?

Am I going to lose this bet so quickly?

If I kiss your wife, then her pussy is mine all week.

That's the bet. That's what is on the line. My heart is hammering as I rush forward, elbowing my way through the crowd. I reach them just in time.

"Hey!" I shout as loud as I can.

Emily turns to me, her face flushed. "Hi babe,"

"Managed to find this place?" Cody says.

"A moment," I say as I grab my wife's arm and pull her away. Cody lets her go, grinning at me as he goes over to the bar to get us some more drinks.

I lead my wife away from the dance floor. I have to pull her into a hallway away from the pounding bass to be able to have a proper conversation with her.

Her dress clings to her body, sweaty and tight. Her hair is tousled, her make-up slightly runny. She looks sexier than ever.

I can't believe how hot and bothered my bully has already gotten her. This needs to end. Now.

"Are you okay?" I ask my wife.

She nods. "Yeah."

"Why did you accept this stupid bet?" I say. "We should just get out of here."

She shakes her head. "And let that asshole think he's better than us? No way. I'm sorry babe, but you know me. I won't back down from a challenge."

I nod and take a deep breath. "I understand that, sweetie, but he's not worth the time and the energy. Let's just go home."

"I'm going to win this bet," Emily says. "He's all talk."

My cock twitches. She couldn't be more wrong. I know Cody. He's a man of his word. He's a serial winner. He will stop at nothing to get what he wants.

I'm afraid my beautiful wife is in over her head.

Before I can change her mind Cody rocks up to us, holding three beers.

"If it isn't my favorite couple in the whole wide world," he says as he hands us our drinks. "Enjoying the show, John? Your wife has got a great ass, by the way. Feels great on my big dick."

Emily looks at me, waiting for a response. My ears burn hot. I have no retort, no comeback. Cody has always been able to fluster me.

"You're an asshole," Emily finally says.

"An asshole with a big dick that you were grinding that hot little ass against as your helpless hubby watched."

Emily's breathing is heavy now. "I was only dancing with you because that was part of the bet, you jerk."

"Yep. But I bet your pussy is soaked, too. That's not because of the bet, is it? That's because you enjoy being a hot little cheating slut."

Now it's Emily's time to be silent. Her mouth hangs open in shock, but no words come out.

"Ah, did I hit a nerve?" Cody chuckles as he takes a sip of his beer.

"That's enough," I say, finally finding my words again. "I wish I could say it was nice seeing you again Cody, but it truly wasn't. I'm taking my wife home. This little game has gone on long enough."

"Shut up, loser," Cody snaps. "I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to his hot little bitch of yours, and she's not going anywhere. A bet is a bet. But, I'm feeling generous, so I'll throw you a bone. An out."

"Like what?" I ask.

Cody takes another sip of his beer, grinning victoriously. Meanwhile, my Emily is still just staring at him, her mouth hanging open, her breathing heavy. It's like this asshole's cockiness is making her brain melt.

"Take off your wife's panties," Cody says while looking me dead in the face. "If they're dry as bone, you can take her home right now, and I'll double the money. Thirty big ones for your trouble."

Emily sucks in a breath, trembling ever so slightly.

"But if her panties are *soaked*... Then I'm taking her back on the dance floor, and all your dumbass can do is watch. How's that for a deal?"

"Deal," I say instantly.

This is it. Finally. My moment to make this jerk eat crow.

"John—" Emily croaks, but it's too late. I slide my hand up her dress until suddenly, I freeze.

"But..."

Cody laughs, right in my face. "HAHAHA!"

Emily's face is as pale as a sheet as she looks at me. "Honey, I..."

I don't know what to say or do. It always takes me plenty of foreplay to get my wife wet. Oral, hands, the works. I figured that, being this

angry, being forced to deal with this brute, the last thing that she would be is turned on, but...

Her panties are absolutely, completely and totally *soaked*.

They are literally dripping with her juices.

"Take them off!" Cody says. "That was the deal."

I find myself shaking like a leaf as I kneel down and slide my hand up my wife's thighs. She spreads her legs ever so slightly and allows me to peel her wet panties down her thighs.

Both of us are in shock.

I hold her panties; a wet, drenched mess in the palm of my hand, and Emily and I both stare at it.

"Babe..." Emily tries again. "It doesn't mean anything."

I nod, but it doesn't feel like that. It feels like a huge deal.

My wife was grinding her ass against my bully's bulge and her panties were completely soaked. That means *something*, right?

Cody pulls the drenched panties out of my hands and takes a deep whiff.

"Mmhm, I love the smell of wet pussy," he grins.

SLAP!

His big hand comes down hard on my wife's ass. She yelps, and this time, his hand stays on her butt as he gropes her big cheeks right in front of me.

"Let's go dance some more, eh?" He grins. The bastard wraps one arm around my wife's shoulder possessively and leads her away, flinging her wet panties at my face as he does so.

I stand there, dumbfounded, as my bully takes my wife to the dance floor, knowing she's not wearing panties and that her pussy is

dripping with juices.

I head to the bar for another stiff drink. My eyes are glued to the both of them as Cody dances with my wife, his hands running all over her body. He's groping her tits and her ass and Emily is letting it all happen. I've never seen my wife look this flushed before.

I should be stopping them but instead I'm rooted to the spot.

I turn to the bar for another drink but when I turn around I can't see them anymore. My heart is instantly in my throat as panic surges through me.

Then I spot the two of them — tucked away in a corner booth, almost completely hidden from view. Cody is whispering something into my wife's ear and she seems to be nodding along.

I hurry towards them.

"Honey? Are you okay?"

My wife looks up at me, her cheeks red, her breathing heavy, her hair tousled. The look on her face is a wild one.

Cody grins. One arm is wrapped around my wife's shoulder, his hand practically groping her tits, while the other one is under the table — and it's moving.

"Sit down, John," Cody commands.

I sit down across the two of them. Emily seems like she can barely focus, like she's not even registering that I'm here. All her attention is focused on my bully. Cody whispers in her ear and she nods along, eyes closed.

"Is she okay?" I ask, concerned. "Maybe she needs some water."

"Oh, she's fine. Show him. Show your husband."

Emily turns to me, eyes dazed. She smiles and spreads her legs. My eyes dip down and what I see makes my blood freeze.

Her dress is bunched up around her waist — and Cody has his big, beefy fingers inside my wife. My bully pumps his fat fingers in and out of her cunt right in front of me. Emily is gripping his thick arm with both hands, moaning softly as this asshole fingers her wetness right in front of me.

“I haven’t lost the bet, baby,” she moans softly. “I haven’t... I haven’t kissed him...”

Cody pulls his fingers out of my wife’s pussy. Even in the dimly lit club I can see that they’re glistening with my wife’s juices. The bastard holds them under his nose, smells them, grins, then holds them right in front of Emily’s face.

“Open wide.”

She looks at me, swallows the lump in her throat, and opens her mouth. Cody slides his juice-covered fingers into my wife’s mouth and her eyes flutter as she sucks them clean.

“If you wanted to stop me, you would have done so a long time ago,” Cody says. “That’s what a real man would have done. So I can only conclude you both want this to happen.”

He places his fingers under my wife’s chin and turns her face towards him. She looks up at my bully with a look of sheer reverence.

I was right. Even my headstrong wife is not able to stand up against my relentless bully.

“Your husband wants you to kiss me,” Cody says. “He wants to see you become my slut. He wants to watch as I stretch your pussy wide open, and fuck you like a real man. Isn’t that right, John? You want to watch your wife become mine. You want me to steal your most prized possession. Admit it now, and I might even let you lick her pussy after I fill her with my cum. Deal?”

Emily trembles, her gaze locked on Cody's face. Her legs are still open, her dress bunched around her waist, her pussy completely exposed for all to see. Juices drip down her inner-thighs, creating a puddle on the chair.

Cody is right. I should have stopped him a long time ago.

I should be dragging my wife out of here.

Instead, I nod.

"Deal," I croak.

My wife lets out a fluttery breath she was holding.

Cody grins.

And my bully kisses my wife.

He pulls her in for a deep tongue-kiss. The tall ogre practically devours my wife's face as their tongues swirl lewdly. Emily matches his intensity, kissing him back hard, as his hand slides back between her legs to play with her hot, wet pussy.

"Can we get out of here?" I say, worried that we'll attract a crowd if we're not careful.

"Great idea, loser."

Cody stands up and pulls my wife to her feet. She pulls her dress down and he leads her away, carving his way through the crowd. I follow as best as I'm able, but seeing as I don't have his bulk or mass it's much harder for me.

I find them outside, hailing a cab. They're already climbing in the back when I approach and I just barely manage to slip into the front seat before the car speeds off.

Cody continues right where he left off — openly mauling my wife's petite body. He spreads her legs wide and plunges two fingers into her wet cunt, filling the taxi with wet squelching sounds.

The driver looks in his rear-view mirror and smiles.

"Fun night, huh?" He says.

"Uh, yeah."

I wish he would keep his eyes on the road as he speeds down dark streets but the driver is fully focused on what's going on in the back.

I hear a zipper going down, and then my wife gasping.

"Jesus Christ," she says. "I could feel you were big, but this..."

My neck whirls around so fast I nearly get a whiplash.

Cody's so big he barely fits in the back of this taxi. His pants are open, and standing upright is the biggest and thickest cock I've ever seen in my life. As thick as a can of beer and as wide as my forearm, with a big, angry purple head that's glistening with pre-cum.

Emily looks at it with disbelief, her mouth hanging open. She shakes her head slightly. "Unbelievable..."

"Bigger than your husband?" Cody says.

My wife's eyes dart towards me, and she chuckles. "*Much* bigger."

The driver looks at me quizzically. "That's *your* wife?"

I swallow the lump in my throat. "Y-yeah," I stammer.

He laughs and shakes his head. "Americans."

Emily leans forward, opens her mouth wide, and wraps her lips around Cody's big cock. The cab is filled with wet sloppy sounds; slurping; and gasps for air.

It's almost like she's taking my bully's immense size as a challenge. One she's losing. She can barely fit half of him into her mouth.

Our cab slows down, and our driver honks. I turn around to see we're approaching a taxi stand, and there's lots of men hanging around, waiting for work.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"Giving the boys a show," the driver says with a laugh.

I turn back around and see my bully holding my wife's hair in his big fist, pumping his big dick in and out of her mouth.

Slurp slurp slurp

Emily's sitting on her hands and knees, her butt pointed right at the window. Cody grabs her dress and yanks it up — completely exposing her pussy and ass to anyone outside.

My ears turn red as I hear loud laughter and jeering coming from the men. Everyone can see my wife's pussy. Everyone can see my bully using my wife like a complete slut.

Cody pulls my wife off his cock. She takes a deep, shaky breath, a string of saliva still connecting the big purple head of his cock with Emily's mouth.

"If you want more of this cock you better spread your cheeks, slut," Cody says. "Gives the boys a show."

My wife looks at me with a hungry, horny look. Then she sees the group of men who by now fully surround our cab, and she visibly shakes with arousal.

Without asking for my permission, she reaches back to spread her ass-cheeks wide. The men outside cheer loudly, and my breath falters. What's going on? How can Cody control both of us like this?

To my horror, the taxi driver hits a button and the windows all go down. Many hands reach in to touch my wife's ass, squeezing, groping, fingers sliding right into her wetness.

Completely strangers are fingering my wife.

"Let me get a feel of that whore," I hear someone say.

"Get us out of here," I say.

"She's not in a rush," the driver says as he turns around to watch the show.

Cody's grinning at me triumphantly as he pushes my wife's head back down on his cock. She resumes sucking him obediently as strangers grope her. Without breaking eye-contact with me he smacks my wife's face with his big, veiny dick.

I reach into my wallet, pull out all the cash I have left and throw it at the driver. "Please," I say. "Get us home!"

He looks at the money, sighs, and rolls the windows back up. The men give a final hurrah as he turns back onto the road and speeds towards Cody's address.

Luckily, it's not far.

The taxi pulls up to a massive mansion built on a cliff overlooking the ocean. Jealousy fills me as I look at it — *this* is my bully's house? He wasn't joking about being successful. Damn it.

"We're here," Cody says as he pulls my wife off his cock. She almost doesn't want to let go of him. Her make-up runs down her face. My Emily has never looked sluttier.

We all get out. Emily's shaky on her feet, and she pulls her dress down as best as she can; until Cody stops her. He places her right outside the driver's window.

"Thank our driver for getting your husband home safely," he commands my wife.

She looks at the driver. He's an older man, nothing special, not a man you'd ever think twice about. While looking at him my wife lifts her dress up slowly, exposing her perfect pussy to this sleazeball.

"Thank you, sir," she says obediently. "For getting my husband home safely."

The cab driver laughs. He reaches out and runs his fingers across my wife's wet folds. The old geezer pumps his fingers into her wet cunt a few times, and my wife simply lets him.

He pulls them out, takes a deep whiff and shakes his head. "Have fun, you freaks," he says, and he drives off.

Cody grabs my wife's wrist and leads her towards the mansion. I follow, still in shock, as he opens the massive gated doors and leads us towards the front door. Every inch of this place exudes wealth and influence.

He stops at the door and looks at my wife and me.

"Take your wife's dress off, John," he says. "I like my bitches naked."

Emily nods. My hands are shaking as I grab my wife's dress and lift it over her head. She's completely naked now, except for her heels.

This is crazy.

"Good," Cody grins as his big hand lands on my wife's naked ass with a smack. He opens the door and leads us inside. The interior is just as opulent as the exterior: Massive open spaces, a panorama view of the ocean, expensive art and statues everywhere.

My naked wife, strutting in on her heels, with her perky breasts and perfect ass out for all to see fits right in.

Cody leads us to the living room and points towards the couch. Emily sits down obediently, her legs spread slightly, her naked body on display.

Meanwhile Cody heads to the bar to fix us some drinks. He hands me a scotch, and offers my wife a glass of water.

"I want you to know that your wife is stone cold sober," Cody says. "She's here because she wants to be. Isn't that right, slut?"

My wife sips on her water. Her cheeks are red. She nods.

“Speak up, slut.”

“Yes,” Emily says. “I’m... I’m here because I want to be.”

Cody grins triumphantly. He downs his drink in one go and slams it on the table.

“Time to give you the show of a lifetime, John.”

My bully slowly takes his clothes off. Emily’s eyes are glued to his massive frame. She’s never looked at me with this level of sheer reverence before. When he’s finally naked his big, thick cock swings between his legs.

“How do I compare you?” Cody grins. “To your husband?”

My wife's breathing is shallow. “You’re way bigger, Cody. Way more of a... a man.”

“Good slut. Now spread your legs and beg me to breed that married pussy of yours.”

Emily trembles. I can barely believe what I’m seeing. My loving wife, the woman I want to grow old with — she’s spreading her legs wide for my bully.

“Please breed my pussy,” she whispers. “Please, I’m begging you. Fill me with your cum, Cody.”

My bully chuckles. “This slut is too easy.”

He walks towards my wife and kneels down in front of her. His big body dwarfs her completely. Emily hooks her legs around his waist as Cody gets into position, his big, purple head aimed straight at her wet pussy.

I hold my breath. This is happening. What I feared would happen the moment I laid eyes on my old bully back in that bar is happening.

My bully is going to fuck my wife.

Emily gasps as Cody pushes his thick head inside of her pussy. He keeps going, and going, and going, stretching her more and more with his monster cock. My wife's eyes grow big and her mouth hangs open as she takes him deeper, inch after inch after inch.

"Holy shit," she moans. "Oh my god... it's too much, it's too big..."

"Take it all, slut," Cody groans as he works his giant cock into my tight wife. When he bottoms out, his big fat balls resting against my wife's ass, she lets out a powerful and deep moan.

"Does your husband ever fill you like this?"

"N-no, never," Emily pants instantly. "Oh, it's so... it's so big..."

Cody slowly pulls out, her pussy walls clinging tightly to his thick cock, until only the big purple head remains inside of her. Then, he slams into her, balls-deep.

Emily screams out in pleasure, holding onto his massive shoulders, as my bully fucks her relentlessly right in front of me. He pounds her like a cheap whore. He uses my wife's married pussy like it's his own personal fuck-toy, and Emily is loving every second of it.

"Oh my god!" She screams out at the top of her lungs. "Oh my god!"

Her tits bounce wildly with every thrust. Her face is contorted with pleasure, the likes she's never felt before. Cody's big balls slap against my wife's ass over and over again, his thick, veiny shaft glistening with her juices.

"Tell your husband what it's like to be fucked by a real man," Cody grunts.

"Honey..." Emily moans. "Oh my god... it's so big... it's so good..."

"Whose married pussy is this, slut?"

"It's yours! It's yours, Cody! My pussy is yours!"

“Admit you’re my bitch.”

“I’m your bitch, Cody! I’m your bitch! Your slut! Your whore! Cody! Oh my god!”

“That’s a good bitch.”

Cody reaches down to pinch my wife’s nipples roughly. She arches her back, her mouth hanging open.

“Do you want me to cum inside you?”

“YES!” Emily screams. “Breed me, breed my married pussy Cody, please!”

Suddenly, Emily’s body tenses up — and then she squirts her juices all over the couch as the most powerful orgasm of her life wrecks her completely. Cody grunts like a wild animal as he buries his cock balls-deep inside my wife’s married pussy.

He holds her down as his big balls twitch.

“Oh my god!” My wife moans deliriously. “He’s cumming! He’s cumming! Cody’s cumming inside my married pussy! Oh honey, I can feel it, there’s so much! Oh!”

My bully fills her to the brim with his seed as Emily gasps and shakes, her body completely overwhelmed. My biggest rival has just bred my wife right in front of me.

He pulls out and leaves her married pussy a gaping mess. It leaks thick, white cum. My wife reaches for him feebly, but he walks towards me and grabs me by the neck.

“Eat your wife’s pussy,” he commands as he pushes me to my knees.

I’m inches away from her ruined, gaping pussy. I look to see my wife looking at me with lust-filled eyes, her legs spread. She’s enjoying this immensely.

“Honey, your... your bully came inside of me...”

“I... I can see that...”

“Eat it... eat your bully’s cum out of my married pussy, honey... I know you want to... it would be so hot to watch you... to watch you eat his cum, baby...”

I lean forward and give my wife what she wants. I devour her wet, sloppy creampie, burying my face into her wetness and savoring every last tangy drop of it.

I’m far from done when Cody pushes me away and easily lifts my wife up. “You had your fun — now you sleep on the couch.”

He carries her naked body away, his big hand resting possessively on her ass, and just like that I’m alone in this massive living room, Cody’s taste still on my lips.

It doesn’t take long for the sounds of hot, wanton sex to echo through the house. My bully is not done with my wife. Not by a long shot.



EMILY WAKES me up the next morning.

“Hey, honey,” Emily says as she gently shakes me.

I groggily open my eyes. Bright sunlight pours into the living room, showing off the panoramic view of the blue ocean.

I rub the sleep from my eyes and look at my wife. She’s wearing a big white t-shirt, no doubt Cody’s. Her hair is tousled, and there’s love-marks all over her neck.

“How are you feeling, baby?”

I sit up straight, and my stomach lurches. “I... I don’t know,” I answer truthfully.

Last night was the hottest and most difficult night of my life.

"I should have listened to you," Emily says with a gentle smile. "You told me he was relentless, but I thought I could beat him. I was wrong. Cody is... Cody."

"Yeah," I say. "He's one of a kind."

She rubs my thigh gently. "Are you mad at me?"

"No," I quickly say. "No, not at all, but I am... surprised at how fast everything went."

"So am I," my wife shyly admits. "I know you think it's hot when I flirt with other men, so I thought I was in control, but there's something about Cody that just... he just swept me away, and I wanted nothing more than to obey his every command, you know? And the more he pushed me and you, the..."

"The hotter it was?" I say. "Yeah. I agree. Maybe that's where a lot of my fantasies come from."

"Then we have Cody to thank for our good sex life," my wife chuckles.

My heart thumps. Thank that bastard? I could never... but it would also be really, well... hot.

She leans forward and kisses me. I kiss my wife back. There's a strange, but familiar taste to her. *Cody*.

I pull back and look at her questioningly. She tucks a strand of hair behind her ear and nods.

"How many times?" I ask.

"I lost count," Emily admits. "Like I said, he's relentless. I'm sore all over. He's taking a shower right now. We could... we could leave right now, if you want," she says. "If you would want to."

"Do you want to leave?" I ask.

"Don't ask me that," she shoots back.

"Because you want to stay."

"Maybe," she admits.

My heart skips a beat.

"Look. I'm giving you the option, honey," Emily says. "If you want to pretend this never happened, then we have to leave right now. *Right now*. Before he walks into this room, because the moment I lay eyes on that man, I don't think I'm going anywhere. If you don't move your ass RIGHT NOW you're going to sit on that couch and watch your bully fuck your wife six ways to Sunday. What will it be, baby?"

I look at my gorgeous, well-fucked wife. She's the love of my life. The woman I married and want to grow old with. The future mother of my children.

And right now, I want nothing more than to see Cody stretch out every hole in her body and make me watch.

I grab her hand and place it on my crotch. She's confused for a moment, until she feels my erection. A large smile spread across her lips.

"We can stay?!" She whispers excitedly, like we're going to Disneyland.

"Uh huh."

She slides her hand into my pants and pulls out my cock. She can easily hold it with one hand, and she starts jerking me off quickly.

"Oh thank god baby, because I'm completely addicted to Cody's cock."

"Oh god," I say, gasping for air. "Go on, tell me more."

"Bigger really is better. I need big cocks in my life from here on out. I don't care who it belongs to, as long as they know how to fuck."

"Fuck," I moan.

"Your bully turned your wife into a slut," Emily says while looking right at me. "And it only took him one night." She lifts off Cody's shirt, showing off all the lover-marks that cover her body. Her pussy is red and swollen, and still dripping.

"This is what you always wanted right? A slut for a wife. Well, you have one now, honey. Shoot your cum into my hand," my wife says. "If you want your bully to completely own your wife, you'll cum right now."

"FUCK!"

I shoot my load directly into my wife's hand. She milks me dry while soothing me, wiping the load directly onto my jeans.

As the reality of the situation suddenly hits me, I want to go back on my word, and head out the door with her right now. But before I can utter the words, my wife jumps up and gives me a big, wet kiss.

"I love you so much, baby, so so much," she says. "I love that you know exactly what your wife needs to be happy. I'm the luckiest girl in the world to have you... and Cody."

She gives me another kiss, and then she hops off my lap. Cody's calling out for her, and she snaps to attention. "Coming!" She yells.

My wife looks over her shoulder at me, gives me a little wave, and heads down the hall.

I sink back into the expensive couch, my head swimming with thoughts. Soon, I hear the familiar sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, of heavy grunts and loud moans, and my cock stirs back to life...

Time to make breakfast for me, my wife, and the man who owns her pussy now.



THE END.

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:

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

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