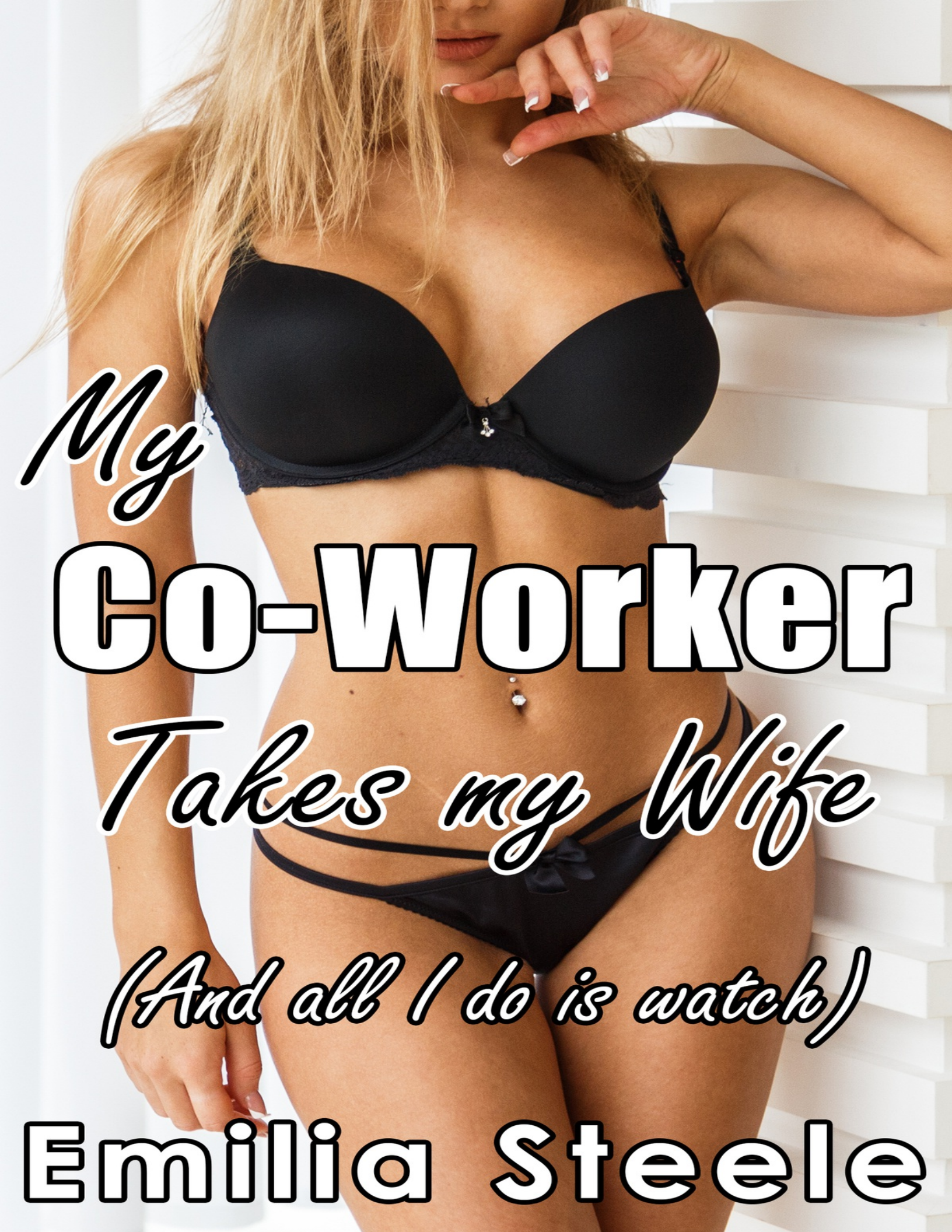




My
Co-Worker
Takes my Wife

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

MY CO-WORKER TAKES MY WIFE
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

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

<http://eepurl.com/Sxflv>

Happy reading,

Emilia.

INTRODUCTION

Ever since Cody saw my wife at the company picnic, he's been telling me he's going to get into her pants.

Cody's a loud, arrogant, jock. Exactly the type of man my beautiful darling wife Nicole loathes, so I have absolutely nothing to fear.

When I run into him at the company gym, Cody proposes a friendly wager. If I can bench more than him, he'll never mention my wife again — but if he wins, **I have to give him my wife's number.**

Somehow I end up losing, and I give him my wife's number. I'm a man of my word, and besides, I have nothing to fear from an arrogant guy like him.

Right?

Later that week, Cody tells me has a surprise for me. I ignore him, but I'm starting to get a little worried when my wife tells me she's meeting a friends for drinks, and that I shouldn't wait up.

Could still be a coincidence, right?

And then I get a call from Cody.

And what I hear happening on the other end of the line... it changes *everything*.

MY CO-WORKER TAKES MY WIFE

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

“Y our wife is going to be mine, my friend. I saw her at the company picnic. The blonde, with the big tits and the round ass, right? Nicole, yeah? You don’t deserve an ass like that, man. Your numbers are weak. Everyone knows I’m the top dog of this department. You lose to me in work, and you’ll lose to me in darts. You should give me her number. I’ll take her off your hands, show her a good time. Send her home happy. You’ll thank me later. Just give me her number man, and I’ll fuck your wife silly. She won’t be able to walk straight for a week. All I need is her number and she’ll cheat on you in less than a week, I guarantee it. She eye-fucked me at the picnic, you know. Checked out my bulge. I could see she was wondering what I got in my pants. Your wife is dying to know if my package is bigger than yours. And it is, David. It’s fucking huge. I’m packing a fucking anaconda. I’ll stretch that wife of yours open so wide you won’t ever feel the sides again, my friend.”

I drown out the sound of my co-worker’s taunting as I line up the shot. One bullseye is all I need to win this game and to shut Cody up permanently.

Well, perhaps not permanently. My co-worker, friend and rival — the lines all blur together — never seems to shut he fuck up. He has the ability to say anything to anyone at anytime. And much to my chagrin, Cody even has the charisma to get away with it.

“What are you waiting for? Take the shot. You throw like a bitch anyway.

You've never going to hit the bullseye. Just like you'll never amount to anything in life. Everything you have now is temporary. Next summer, I will be promoted over you, and I will make you my personal work-bitch. And that wife of yours will leave you for me. You'll get to work overtime, stuck in the office alone, while I'm in your bed, fucking your wife, cumming on your sheets, wiping my balls on your pillow so you can sleep smelling like my big, fucking, sweaty *balls*, David."

My wrist flicks. The dart leaves my hand and flies through the air.

And straight away, I know I fucked up. The moment I took the shot, Cody uttered the words '*balls*' into my left ear, and it broke my concentration.

The image of Cody, the big, burly, asshole that was Cody, sitting on *my* marital bed buck-ass naked, his big sweaty balls resting on *my* pillow as my sweet wife, my Nicole, nursed on Cody's thick cock flashed into my mind and rattled me enough for my hand to shake — and for the dart to miss its target.

"YES!" Cody shouts, pumping his hands into the air. "WHO THE MAN? WHO? IS? THE? MAN?!"

"You are," I sigh. I pull out my wallet and throw a twenty dollar bill on the table. I'd lost the game and now the bill was mine to pay.

"That's right! That's right!"

Cody makes a right fool of himself, celebrating this friendly game of darts in the packed pub like it's the fucking Olympics. Bystanders shake their heads, and I take a large swig of my stale beer.

Cody claps me on the back and smiles ear-to-ear. "So, how about your wife's number, eh?"

"You're out of your fucking mind. I ought to punch you in the mouth for all that shit you talked."

"But you won't," Cody beams. "Because you're a loser. You just lost this game. Cracked under pressure. Just like you'll lose your wife."

I stand up and square up. "Shut the fuck up, Cody. I can deal with a little

banter, but you're pushing it."

"Just fucking with you, mate."

Cody's shit-eating grin proves that is a complete lie, but I let it slip. Somehow, he steals all of my clients, swindles me out of drinks every Friday, and we're still best friends. It's like I'm yearning for his approval or something. Why do I keep hanging out with this douchebag?

And ever since the company picnic, Cody's gone into overdrive with the bullying.

My wife was there. She wore a crop top and hot pants — nothing scandalous, but with her body, even the most mundane of clothing look spectacular. Cody was all over her, and I let it slide.

But ever since then, Cody's been yapping about how he's going to fuck my wife. And the strange thing is?

It kinda turns me on.

It shouldn't. I should punch this smug asshole in his mouth — but fuck me if it doesn't get me going.

There's no way in hell I'm telling Cody this, however. He might actually try to steal my wife for real.

"I'm getting real tired of your jokes, Cody," I say.

"Hey, it's just banter. If you win next time, you get to call me every name in the book."

"You can count on that, my friend."

We shake hands, and part ways, but as I drive home, Cody's lewd words bounce around my skull. Every single day, it's the same damn thing, over and over again:

You've got such a hot fucking wife, man. I'd love to stretch her ass wide open. I'll shoot my cum down her throat. I'll douse her breakfast with my cum and make you watch as she eats it.

Cody whispers the wildest fucking things right into my ear in the middle of

the office. I try to ignore him, but it's not working.

This morning was another speculantly gross piece of imagination by Cody. *"I'm saving up my loads, you know. Every morning I jack off into a cup that I've been saving in my freezer. I've already got half a gallon saved up, because I come fucking loads. Big balls and all that. And when that next barbecue comes around, I'm mixing my baby batter into the salad dressing and I'll serve it up right to your hot little wifey. She'll be eating my cum in front of the entire company. How does that make you feel? A nice little mental image to get you started this morning."*

Cody walked away that morning, smirking, before I could even react. And then my cock woke the hell up, demanding immediate release. I only needed a couple of strokes before I came, panting and gasping in the bathroom stall.

Jerking off at work like a fucking degenerate. What was wrong with me?

I shake my head to clear out the lewd thoughts as I pull up to my home. I haven't told Nicole about any of this weird shit. She doesn't need to know.

"You're home early," my wife says when I walk in.

"Yeah, decided to call it a night."

I kiss my beautiful wife on the lips. Right as I do so, a mental image of Cody's big balls flashes into my mind. *Nicole's lips would be puckered like this as well — as they descended upon Cody's giant nut sack...*

That asshole is invading my thoughts even now!

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, babe."

"But you look angry."

I sigh and run my hand through my hair. "It's just Cody. He's been pissing me off all day again."

Nicole shakes her head. "Men. I don't understand your friendships. You hate him, but you're also his friend?"

"I don't *hate* him, it's... complicated."

Nicole laughs. “Sounds like you two are in a relationship.”

I shudder. “Please, anything but that. No, I can learn a lot from Cody. He’s the best in sales. If I ever want to hit my targets, I’ll have to improve a lot. I can learn from watching him.”

“And what have you learned today?”

“That I’m absolutely shit at throwing darts.”

“Sounds like a productive day, sweetie.”

The next morning, Cody strolls into the office half an hour late. As usual. He gets away with it because no one can touch his numbers.

Most certainly not me.

Cody swoops in on me like a hawk. I grip my computer mouse tightly, pretending not to notice the big guy coming over.

Even though my cock is already quivering in anticipation of what dirty words are going to come out my friend’s mouth this time.

“Morning, mate. How’s the hangover? I know a lightweight like you gets fucked up after two drinks. Have you thought about my proposition?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I answer. “I’m trying to close this deal with the London client. Some people actually try work here, you know.”

“Oh, London? You’re wasting your time, I already closed that deal yesterday.”

Blood surges through my veins. I stare up at Cody. “You poached my client? *Again?!*”

My rival grins. “What are you going to do about it? Cry to the boss? You’ve been working them for two months, I got the deal done in one *day*. Face it. You needed me to close. Just like you need to give me your wife’s number.”

I turn my face back to my screen. “Go away,” I whisper.

“Not until I get that number.”

I try to ignore Cody and focus on my screen. It is next to impossible with Cody's imposing figure practically towering over me.

"What do you want, Cody?"

"You know what I want. Your wife's number. What have you got to lose? You're not afraid she's going to *cheat* on you, right? You trust her, don't you? If you trust her, you can just give me her number. I'll even show you all of my texts. No secrets between friends, right?"

"You know that's not going to happen. I'm not giving you her number."

"One of these days you will, amigo," Cody chuckles. "One of these days. Smell ya later."

I try to get back to work, but with the London client now gone, I have zero fucking leads. Another two months of work wasted. No bonus. No nothing.

To blow off steam I head to the company gym, load up the weights, and pump out a lifting session. Of course, who else shows up there but Cody?

"Hey, nice warm-up!" Cody says.

I'm obviously bench-pressing close to my maximum.

"Shut up, man. I don't want to see you right now. You stole my fucking client. Not cool."

Cody shrugs. "I'd tell you I'm sorry but I'd be lying. That's work, man. Hope that doesn't come between us as friends."

"What the fuck, of course it does!" I shout. The gym is empty, so we can be real for a moment. "I needed that deal!"

"Then you should have closed it! I'm not going to do you any favors, man. No one in this business will. If you want to make it, you've got to *take* it. If I started doing you favors, I'd be setting you up to fail, and you know it. I'm making you better at sales, my friend, like it or not."

I sit down, panting. Deep down I know Cody is right. It's just business — but that doesn't mean I have to like it.

"Is it the money? The bonus? I can give you some money, man," Cody says.

“No problem.”

“It’s not the fucking money. It’s the principle.”

“That’s where you are wrong. In sales, there are no principles. Just get the fucking deal done.”

“Whatever man.”

“Look, I’ll make you a deal.” Cody slaps the barbell. “You want me to get out of your hair? Fucking earn it. You’ve been hitting the gym hard, right?”

“Fuck yeah I have,” I growl.

“Then let’s make a bet. If you can benchpress more than me, I’ll never touch a client of yours. I won’t sniff around your territory ever again.”

“Sounds good. Too good. What if *you* win?”

Cody smirks. “You give me your wife’s phone number. What do you say, big guy? Or are you too chicken?”

“Fucking bring it, man,” I answer. “Under one condition. You never ask for my wife’s number again if you lose.”

“Sure thing man. Let’s go!”

I don’t like how much Cody is smirking, but this is a golden opportunity to get my co-worker off my back permanently. I’ve been hitting the gym like a beast this past few weeks — mostly to blow off steam after every time Cody pisses me off again. I’m not going to let this opportunity to put my rival in his place slip.

I assume the position as Cody loads up the weights.

“What’s your personal record?” I ask as my fingers grip the bar.

“200. You think you can top that, David?”

“Easy as fucking pie.”

This is going to be easier than I had anticipated. I grip the bar and hyped myself up.

All I have to do now is one rep. One single fucking repetition and Cody will be out of my hair.

He'll stop badgering me for my wife's phone number.

No more disgusting sexual stories about how Nicole is going to swallow his thick load.

I look up. Cody towers over me, ready to grab the bar if needed. He is also in the perfect position to teabag me, if he so desired.

If my wife *did* worship Cody's big fat balls, this is the position she would be in. This is what she would be seeing.

I grip the bar. No more distractions. Just one rep. Let's get it.

I lower the bar. My muscles strain. This is it!

What if I can't lift it? Then I'll have to hold up my end of the bargain. I'll have to give Cody my wife's number. And then? She'll ignore him. Of course she will. She hates him more than I do. But what if he manages to sweet talk her? That asshole can charm anyone. Could he really steal my wife away from me?

Could he really get my sweet wife to suck on his big fat balls behind my back?

"Help me out," I wheeze.

My biceps buckle. The bar drops; Cody catches it just in time.

"You okay?"

"Fuck," I pant.

I'd lost it. I didn't make the rep. My arms failed.

How did that happen? My max is 220. 200 is easy for me.

And yet, I failed.

Almost as if I lost on purpose.

I get up, shaking my head. Cody takes my place. The asshole benches the

weight easily. Fuck!

“Time to pay up, my man,” Cody says. “You own me your wife’s number.”

My hands shake as I scribble her number down on a piece of paper. A bet is a bet, and I’m a man of my word.

“You won’t regret this,” Cody says.

“I better not.”

“Oh, you won’t, David. Trust me. You won’t.”

I race home, sick to my fucking stomach. How did I end up giving Cody my wife’s number? That fucking slimeball, that rat managed to weasel his way into my brain and confuse me somehow!

It’s okay, I tell myself. It’s fine.

Nicole hates him even more than I do. I’ve been telling her what a jerk he is for months. She’ll block him right away. When I get home, she’ll probably tell me she laughed herself to death at his feeble attempts at texting.

His macho approach doesn’t work on my wife. Of course it doesn’t.

I pull into my driveway and steady myself. I wait for my hands to stop shaking, and enter my house.

“Hi babe,” Nicole calls out.

I greet my wife with a kiss on the lips. I search her eyes for clues, and she laughs. “What? Do I have something between my teeth.”

“No, I was just admiring how pretty you are.”

Nicole rolls her eyes. She does that every time I complement her. She has no idea just how beautiful she really is.

“What? It’s true. You’re a goddamn national treasure, babe.”

“If you say so, honey.”

“What’s for dinner tonight?”

“Lasagna or wraps. Your choice.”

“I’m feeling like lasagna.”

Our conversation flows naturally. Nothing has changed. Cody hasn’t entered our lives.

When Nicole goes to the bathroom, I’m suddenly tempted to check her phone. It would be trivial to log in and block Cody’s number preemptively.

She would never even notice.

I’d prevent a whole lot of trouble that way.

But... what does that say about how much I trust my wife?

“What’s up, babe?”

Nicole interrupts my thoughts. How long has she been standing there?
“Huh?”

“You’re staring at my phone like you’re trying to make it levitate. Did I get a text or something?”

“Oh, no. I just spaced out thinking about work.”

“Was Cody bothering you again?”

“No, nothing like that,” I say. A white lie.

She kisses my forehead. “Then shut off your brain when you’re home, babe. This is your safe space.”

The lasagna is delicious. We watch TV together that evening, Nicole curled up next to me as I stroke her soft hair. Her phone doesn’t vibrate once.

We’re happy.

The next day at work Cody is grinning as usual, but he keeps his distance. No bragging today.

Good.

Nicole shot him down and probably blocked his number.

That's the end of that problem.

As the days pass, the lewd thoughts I have about Cody dominating my wife slowly fade away. I'm happy for it. A man isn't supposed to think about his rival fucking his wife as he's holding her. It's just not right.

Instead of having the usual drinks with Cody on Friday, I decide to take Nicole out to a fancy Italian restaurant. It has been too long since we had a proper date.

"So, how's work?" Nicole asks as she sips on a glass of white wine. She looks absolutely stunning tonight.

"It's fine," I say.

"Is that Cody guy still bothering you? You haven't mentioned him as much."

"Not really."

My wife cocks her head. "You're hesitating. It's okay, sweetie. You can always tell me the truth."

"Well, he did steal one of my clients last week. That sucked."

"What?! That asshole!"

Her raised voice turns several heads towards us.

"It's fine," I say. "Really."

"No it's not! Someone ought to set that guy straight! Put him in his place!"

"Yeah, well, that's not how it works, unfortunately. Don't worry about it babe. Forget I said anything. I've got it under control."

Nicole's eyes seem to glaze over for a bit. She's lost in thought. I've never seen her this pensive before. "Okay," she says. "Okay, honey."

"Seriously, forget about him," I stress. "Let's talk about something other than work."

Nicole grabs her glass and takes an uncharacteristic large gulp. "Okay, honey."

The rest of the dinner was unremarkable, as was my feeble attempt at making love that evening. Both of us had too much wine, and that never helps with my performance.

The following Monday morning, who else walks up to me than Cody?

“Guess what, chicken shit. I have a hot date this Friday.”

“Oh yeah? Hope you’re paying her well, then.”

“Oh, your wife is free, buddy.”

My heart jumps into my throat.

“That’s right. I’m meeting your Nicole, sweet-cheeks.”

“You’re full of shit, man,” I croak.

“Believe me or not, I don’t care. I’m seeing her this Friday, and I’m going to stretch out that married cunt of hers in ways you can’t.”

I clench my computer mouse tightly. Wicked thoughts invade my wife. Nicole, my sweet, gorgeous wife, stretched around Cody’s giant cock. Gasping and moaning like a bitch in heat as this cocky asshole fills her to the brim with his potent, juicy load.

“Fuck off,” I say, my voice trembling.

“Didn’t want to keep you out of the loop mate. You know what? I’ll call you, and you can listen in on the entire thing. How does that sound?”

“Fuck. Off.”

“I’ll take that as a yes. See you later, buddy.”

Cody slaps my shoulder hard as he walks off, leaving me stunned. The rest of the day is spent in a haze.

Cody is just messing with me. Right? There’s no way. Simply no way.

I stumble into my house that evening to find Nicole cooking dinner. She looks as beautiful and innocent as ever.

There’s no way. Cody is just trying to mess with my family. I shouldn’t let

him.

And then, it happens.

During dinner, Nicole clears her throat.

“You remember Cindy, right?”

“Cindy? From... college?”

“Yeah, that’s the one. She’s in town this weekend and asked me to meet her for drinks.”

“Sounds fun.”

“Yes. She wants to meet me on Friday. Is that okay?”

My mouth is suddenly dry. “Th-this F-f-friday?”

“Yeah. Is that okay, sweetie?”

“Sure,” I stammer.

Nicole’s eyes lit up. “Awesome.”

I search her face for any clues, but I don’t see any.

It’s just a coincidence.

People do things on the weekends.

Cody is just fucking with me.

I have nothing to worry about.

The next morning, Cody is already waiting for me at my desk. My stomach clenches as soon as I see him.

“Talked to the wife yet?” He grins. “Did she tell you?”

“Yeah, she’s meeting a friend, actually.”

“Uh huh. So that’s the cover story. Alright, good to know. See you around, buddy.”

The week passes in a haze. That Friday, I came home from work to find my wife getting ready to meet her friend. She's dressed to the nines: Her short black dress hugs her curvaceous body perfectly. In fact, I haven't seemed her this dressed up in years.

"Whoah," I say. "You look amazing."

"Thanks, sweetie."

"All of this for Cindy?"

"A girl's allowed to look good, right? I have to show her I've still got it."

"Uh, of course. I'm just surprised."

"You're not having after-work drinks with Cody, I take it?"

"No, he had other plans."

"Mmhm."

Nicole applies her mascara. She's totally relaxed. Not an inch of guilt on her face.

I have nothing to worry about.

"Have fun, baby," I say as I kiss my wife goodbye.

"Will do, honey. Don't wait up. Bye!"

Nicole drives off, and fear clenches my stomach. I pace around the house, unable to relax — and then my phone rings.

Cody.

My hand quivers as I answer.

"Hello?"

"Told you I'd let you listen in," Cody growls on the other end of the line.

"I'm tired of your games, Cody," I say.

"Shut up — my date is here. I'm doing you a favor, David. We're friends, after all, and I know what you're into — even if you don't. I'm muting my

phone now so you can listen in. Enjoy the show.”

I hear a doorbell ring and keys jangling. A door opens. I hold my breath as I listen in.

He’s really selling it to me. All of this effort just to mess with my mind? What an asshole—

“Are you going to ask me to come inside, or are you just going to stare at me?”

“Excuse me, princess. I was just taking in the view. You look fucking hot.”

“Don’t get any funny ideas, Cody. I’m just here so you’ll leave my husband alone.”

“Sure, babe. Come in.”

My heart hammers in my chest like crazy. *Thud-thud. Thud-thud. Thud-thud.* That voice, it is...

Nicole.

My sweet darling wife. What the hell?!

What is the meaning of this?!

Panic grips my chest. What did she say? *I’m here so you’ll leave my husband alone?* Suddenly, the throw-away comment she made last week flashes back into my mind. *Someone ought to set that Cody guy straight!*

Fuck! I’ve complained about Cody so much my wife has taken it upon herself to fix this mess personally — and now she’s having drinks with him. Alone!

I hold my breath and listen intently.

Cody welcomes Nicole into his house and pours her a drink. She accepts it, and they make small talk for a few minutes before Nicole cuts to the chase.

“You’ve got a lot of nerve, texting me behind your husband’s back.”

“You can’t blame a guy for shooting his shot, right? And you’re here, aren’t you?”

“Only to tell you to back off, Cody.”

“That’s not what you told your husband. Why the lie?”

“I didn’t want him to worry.”

“Does he have anything to worry about?”

“Of course not.”

“Of course not,” Cody repeats. “Look. I’ll be straight with you. I like David. Really, I do. But I can tell he’s not able to handle a woman like you. You need a real man. You need *me*. And deep down in your heart, you know it to be true. And so does David. That’s why he gave me your number, after all. He wants this.”

“He doesn’t,” Nicole gasps.

“He does. You can ask him yourself. Your husband gave me your number so I could fuck your brains out — and that’s exactly what’s going to happen.”

“You’re delusional, Cody,” Nicole says, but her voice is shaking.

“Am I?” Cody asks. “You know I’m telling the truth. You’ve known it for a while. It’s why you agreed to meet me here. That’s why you’re dressed so sexy. Your panties are already wet, aren’t they?”

“You asshole,” my wife gasps.

“You can leave right now, if you want. Really. The door is right there. Or you can call your husband.”

I wait for a moment.

Silence.

“That’s what I thought,” Cody says triumphantly.

I can easily picture the arrogant smirk on his face.

“Let’s cut to the fucking chase.”

I hear the unmistakable sound of a zipper going down.

“Oh god, Cody,” my wife says breathlessly.

“That’s what a real man looks like, Nicole. Get on your knees.”

“Cody, I... I shouldn’t...”

“You shouldn’t, but you’re going to. On your knees.”

My heart is pounding so hard I’m about to faint. I’m clutching the phone so tightly I’m afraid it might snap. There’s nothing but silence for a moment. And then...

“Mmmphp!”

A long, heavy moan from my wife.

“There you go, babe. Take it all the way in. All the way.”

“Mmmmmph.”

My cock stiffens uncomfortably at the wet, sloppy sounds I’m hearing.

“Just like that. Fuck yeah. Suck it like the naughty married slut you are, Nicole.”

“Mmmm.”

“Fuck, babe. Those tits look great. Let me help you take them out.”

Nicole’s muffled cries are silenced when Cody pulls his cock out of her mouth. My wife’s breathing is heavy.

“God, these puppies are fucking amazing,” Cody says. “Let me just put them right in my mouth. I bet they taste delicious.”

“Ohhh, Cody,” Nicole moans.

The unmistakable sounds of suckling can be heard over the phone.

“These are perfect, babe. Just fucking perfect.”

“Oh, Cody, what are we doing?”

“I’m giving you what you need, Nicole. Do you want to stop? Or do you want to keep doing?”

Nicole lets out a whine.

“Answer me, babe. Do you want me to stop? Or do you want me to keep going until I stretch your married cunt with this big cock?”

Nicole lets out a gasp and stays silent.

Cody continues, his voice stern. “I need an answer, Nicole. Are you going to be a good girl and do as you’re told, or are we stopping this right now?”

“I... I’ll be a good girl.”

My blood runs cold at those words.

“Tell me what you want.”

“I want... I want your cock,” Nicole whispers.

“Louder.”

“I want you to fuck me, Cody.”

“Louder, slut. Don’t make me punish you.”

Nicole moans loudly. “I want you to fuck me, oh God! Please, Cody, fuck me!”

“Finally, a little respect, huh? Take off your clothes, babe. Now.”

Nicole moans. More shuffling can be heard, and then the unmistakable sound of her dress sliding down her body.

“Fuck, your body is smoking, babe. Get on the table. On all fours. That’s right. Now spread those legs. I’m not done playing with these tits. So fucking perfect.”

Nicole’s cries grow more desperate.

“Time to lick your pussy. Spread it for me. Good girl.”

“Oh godddd Codyyyy.”

“You taste amazing, Nicole. So fucking amazing.”

“Oh fuckkkkk Codyyy!”

“I’m going to claim this fucking cunt. Fuck, you’re tight. Fucking amazing. That’s right. This pussy is mine now.”

“Oh god!”

“Do you like the way I stretch out your tight cunt, Nicole?”

“Oh god!”

I’ve never heard my wife make sounds like that before. She sounds so desperate, so animalistic, so *primal*.

“Do you like the way a real man fucks his little married slut?”

“Stop... saying that word...”

“Which word? Married? *Slut*? It’s true, isn’t it? You love it.”

“Oh god, no—no,”

“Then why are you moaning so loud?”

“Codyyyyy, please.”

“Take it, Nicole. Take this cock like a good girl. Take all of it!”

Nicole cries louder.

“That’s right. It’s filling up your entire pussy, isn’t it, babe? This is your new favorite feeling. Admit it.”

“*Fuckkkkk*.”

“Say the words, or I’m pulling out.”

Nicole cries loudly.

“I’m serious, babe. Say the words, or I’m leaving, and this will never happen again. You’ll never feel this cock ever again. Do you want that?”

“No!” Nicole pleads instantly.

“Then say the words.”

“This is my new favorite feeling,” Nicole says.

“What is?”

“Codyyyy, please.”

“Be a good girl and say it.”

“Your cock is my new favorite feeling!

“How does it compare to what your hubby gives you?”

“You’re so much better.”

“What did you say?”

Nicole whines.

“What did you say, Nicole?” Cody demands. “Louder!”

“You’re better! So much better!”

“Who’s the best fuck you’ve ever had, Nicole?”

“You are!”

“What was that?”

“YOU ARE!”

“Are you ready, Nicole?”

“Ready? Oh god, Cody, what are you doing?”

“You’ll see. Brace yourself.”

Nicole screams as my rival pounds her hard.

“Take it, Nicole. Fucking take it like the dirty, naughty married slut you are. Scream your lungs out. No one can hear us.”

“Cody! Oh, Cody. It’s too much! Too big! Oh, god!”

“Breathe, babe. Breathe. You got this. Fucking breathe. Relax. Good girl. Good. Good. Fuck. Now it’s really time.”

“Time? Oh, Cody, wait.”

“Get ready, Nicole.”

“Wh-what? Wait — Cody, wait — Oh GOD!”

“Here it comes. Here. It. Comes!”

Nicole screams again. She’s panting and wailing at the top of her lungs.

“Oh, god, Cody! Oh, no!”

“Do you feel that, Nicole?!”

My wife whimpers.

“Do. You. Feel. That?”

“You’re too big!”

“Your husband doesn’t know what it feels like to stretch your pussy like this, does he?”

“Oh god,” Nicole cries.

“Answer me, babe. Tell me the truth.”

“N-no. He doesn’t. Oh my god. No one has ever filled me like this.”

“This pussy belongs to me now, Nicole. Do you understand that? It’s mine. Forever. You’re my little married slut and your hubby knows it.”

“Cody, please.”

“This pussy is never going back to him, Nicole. Only I can satisfy you.”

“Yes!”

“What would you tell your husband if he could hear you right now?”

“I’d... I’d tell him... Oh, Cody, it’s too much.”

“Answer. Me.”

Nicole wails.

“I’d tell him that his wife belongs to you.”

“What else, Nicole?”

Nicole cries. “That my pussy is yours now.”

“What else?!”

“That... that you’re the best fuck of my life!”

“Good girl. See how easy it is to submit to a real man? That wasn’t so hard, was it, Nicole?”

Nicole pants.

“Answer. Me.”

“No,” my wife moans. “No, it wasn’t.”

“What did it feel like, taking my massive load inside your cunt? Tell. Me. Now.”

“It felt... amazing,” Nicole whines. “Incredible. I’ve never been this full in my life.”

“Your husband will never know what this feels like.”

“No.”

“Your cunt is full of my seed.”

“Yes.”

“His wife is dripping with another man’s cum.”

“Cody, please.”

“Your husband’s rival just claimed his wife.”

“Oh, Cody. You’re... You’re still hard!”

“I’ve got plenty more loads saved up for you, babe.”

“Cody, please. It’s too sensitive.”

“On your feet, Nicole. We’re just getting started. Bend over the counter. There you go. Fucking beautiful. Such a nice, thick ass.”

“Cody, I can’t...”

“Tell me what’s dripping out of your cunt, Nicole.”

Nicole whines.

“Excuse me?”

“Cum.”

“Whose cum is it?”

“Yours.”

“Who do you belong to, Nicole?”

“You.”

“Louder.”

“You, Cody! I belong to you!”

“Does your ass belong to me as well?”

“...yes.”

“Louder!”

“My ass belongs to you too!”

“That’s right!”

Nicole scream as I hear flesh slap against flesh.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!”

“Codyyyy, oh, noooo.”

“Fuck, Nicole! Tight. Your ass is fucking tight!”

“OH GODDDD.”

“Time for another load, babe. Deep inside.”

Nicole cries hysterically.

“Here it comes. Take it. Every drop.”

“Cody!”

“So goddamn good. Your ass is heaven, Nicole.”

“Fuck... Cody. Oh, my god. I can feel it.”

“I’m stretching your ass, babe. I’m going to cum deep inside your ass. Take it!”

Nicole screams as Cody climaxes inside her once again.

I come all over myself. Listening to my rival completely dominate my wife and, by approximation, me is the hottest thing that has ever happened to me; and my biggest regret is that I wasn’t there to see it.

“Are you okay, Nicole?”

“It’s... I can’t feel my legs.”

“It’s alright. Sleep, baby. Cody will take care of you.”

“Thank... you.”

I hear footsteps, and after a couple of minutes of silence, Cody is back on the phone.

“I see you’re still on the line. How’d you like the show, David?”

I don’t know what to say. All I can do is breathe heavily.

“Come pick her up, David. She’s in no position to drive. You know where I live.”

Cody hangs up.

I sit in silence, unable to move.

What the hell just happened?

I jump into my car and race over to Cody’s house. When I get there, I ring his doorbell. The door opens, and there Cody is, dressed casually, as if nothing

had happened. “Hey, buddy.”

“Where’s Nicole?” I ask.

“Upstairs,” he grins.

I push my way past him and head up the stairs.

When I open the door to Cody’s bedroom, there Nicole is, naked and passed out on the bed. She’s a mess. Her legs are spread and cum oozes out her well-used pussy and her gaping ass.

I stare at her in complete and total shock.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it?”

I try to formulate an answer, but I can’t.

“It’s okay, David. You can be honest with yourself. This is what you wanted — and what Nicole needed. That’s why you gave me her number. I’m great at reading people. You want to watch another round, don’t you?”

Silently, I nod.

Yes.

Yes, that is exactly what I want.

I heard it happen, but now I want to see.

“Good boy. Sit down,” Cody commands me.

I sit in a chair at the foot of the bed. Cody strips down naked and approaches Nicole.

“Wake up, princess. I need a bit more of your cunt.”

“Oh, Cody,” my wife mumbles.

“Spread your legs, babe.”

Nicole opens her eyes, and suddenly sees me sitting at the edge of the bed. Her eyes are filled with shock.

“David,” she gasps. “I-I can explain!”

“Shhh, Nicole,” Cody hushes her as he jerks his thick cock inches from her face. “He knows, babe. And he likes it. Don’t you, David? Tell your wife it’s okay.”

“It’s... It’s okay, baby.”

“See, babe? It’s all okay. Open up. Good girl.”

Nicole parts her lips, and Cody slides his cock into her mouth as we hold eye-contact.

“Suck,” Cody orders.

My wife bobs her head slowly.

“Eyes on David the whole time, Nicole.”

My wife stares at me as she sucks on Cody’s cock obediently.

“Good girl. Good. Take it all the way in. Good. Deeper. Deeper. Fuck, Nicole. Such a good little slut.”

This is incredible. This woman who I’ve dated for years, who I walked down the aisle, who I love with all my heart and my soul... is looking right at me as my brutish co-worker fucks her mouth like she’s a cheap whore.

“Is sucking another man’s cock in front of your husband turning you on, Nicole? Answer me. With your mouth full.”

Nicole mumbles around Cody’s thick shaft.

“What did you say? Louder.”

“Mmmmmhhr.”

“Good girl.”

Cody pulls out, and a string of saliva connects the tip of his cock to Nicole’s tongue. She looks like the hottest, sluttiest woman alive.

“Good, Nicole. On all fours now. Show your husband just how well you’ve been trained.”

Without hesitation, Nicole turns around and crawls onto her hands and knees.

“Arch your back, Nicole. Spread those legs. There you go. Such a perfect view. Look, David. Doesn’t her little married cunt look amazing?”

“Yes,” I croak.

“Time to remind this naughty girl who she belongs to.”

“Please, Cody,” Nicole moans.

“Beg me, Nicole. Beg for another creampie.”

“P-please, Cody. Give it to me.”

“Give you what, Nicole? Use the magic word.”

“Your cum. Your cock.”

“Be specific.”

“Please, Cody. Fill my pussy with your cum. Again. Please!”

“Good girl,” Cody growls as he drives his cock inside.

Nicole howls and grips the sheets.

“Deep. Fucking. Breaths, Nicole. Just like I taught you. Good. Good. Fuck. Amazing. Such a tight, married cunt. Fuck.”

I watch, mesmerized, as my jock colleague fucks my wife right in front of me. His thick cock stretches her pussy wide open, and watching him fill her pussy, watching her ass jiggle with every thrust, hearing her loud moans and screams — it makes me realize that *this* is perfection.

This is how a real man fucks a woman.

This is what my wife needs. What she deserves.

“Oh Cody!”

“Do you like the way my cock fills up your pussy, Nicole?”

“Yes!”

“Say the words, babe. Say them.”

“You fill me better than my husband!”

“Such a good girl. How’s the view, David?”

“Amazing,” I groan.

“See how much she’s loving it? See how much she’s moaning? That’s because I’m stretching her out like she needs. Like the married slut she is. Isn’t that right, Nicole?”

“Yes, Cody.”

“How close are you, babe?”

“I’m... I’m close.”

“Good girl. We’re going to climax together. Understand? Hold nothing back. I want you to scream the house down.”

“Cody! You’re so, so good.”

“Deep breaths, Nicole. Breathe. Just like that. Good. Fuck, your married cunt is amazing. Here. It. Comes. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK.”

Nicole screams as she climaxes, and Cody groans as he unloads deep inside her. His balls pulse as he fills her with his seed — adding another load deep inside of her body.

My wife collapses on the bed, and Cody pulls out, leaving her cunt gaping wide open.

“Such a messy, naughty little married slut. See how much is dripping out, David?”

“Oh my god,” I whisper.

“Nicole’s pussy is full of my seed. Again. That’s what happens when your wife is mine.”

“Y-yours?”

“She’s mine, isn’t she, Nicole?”

Nicole nods silently.

“Louder, babe.”

“Yes,” my wife whispers.

“Say the words.”

“You own me.”

“And whose pussy is it?”

“Yours, Cody.”

“Good girl. Kiss your wife, David. Show her you still love her.”

My wife smells of sex and sweat and cock. The scent of Cody lingers all over her. I shake as I come closer, both our eyes filled with a crazed look.

I kiss her deeply. She returns my kiss, pushing her tongue into my mouth, giving me a taste. She wraps her arms and legs around my body as we make out deeply. I lose my clothes quickly and sink myself inside of her. I barely last three thrusts before I add my meagre load to the gallon of cum my friend has pumped inside of her.

“I love you,” I gasp as I cum. “I love you!”

“I love you too!” My wife answers, pushing her tongue into my mouth and wrapping her legs around my waist.

We hold each other like that for a while, both of us catching our breaths, and the moment is perfect... and then I hear Cody chuckle.

“So cute,” I hear him chuckle. “We’re going to have a lot of fun, you two. A whole lot of fun.”



AUTHOR'S NOTE

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