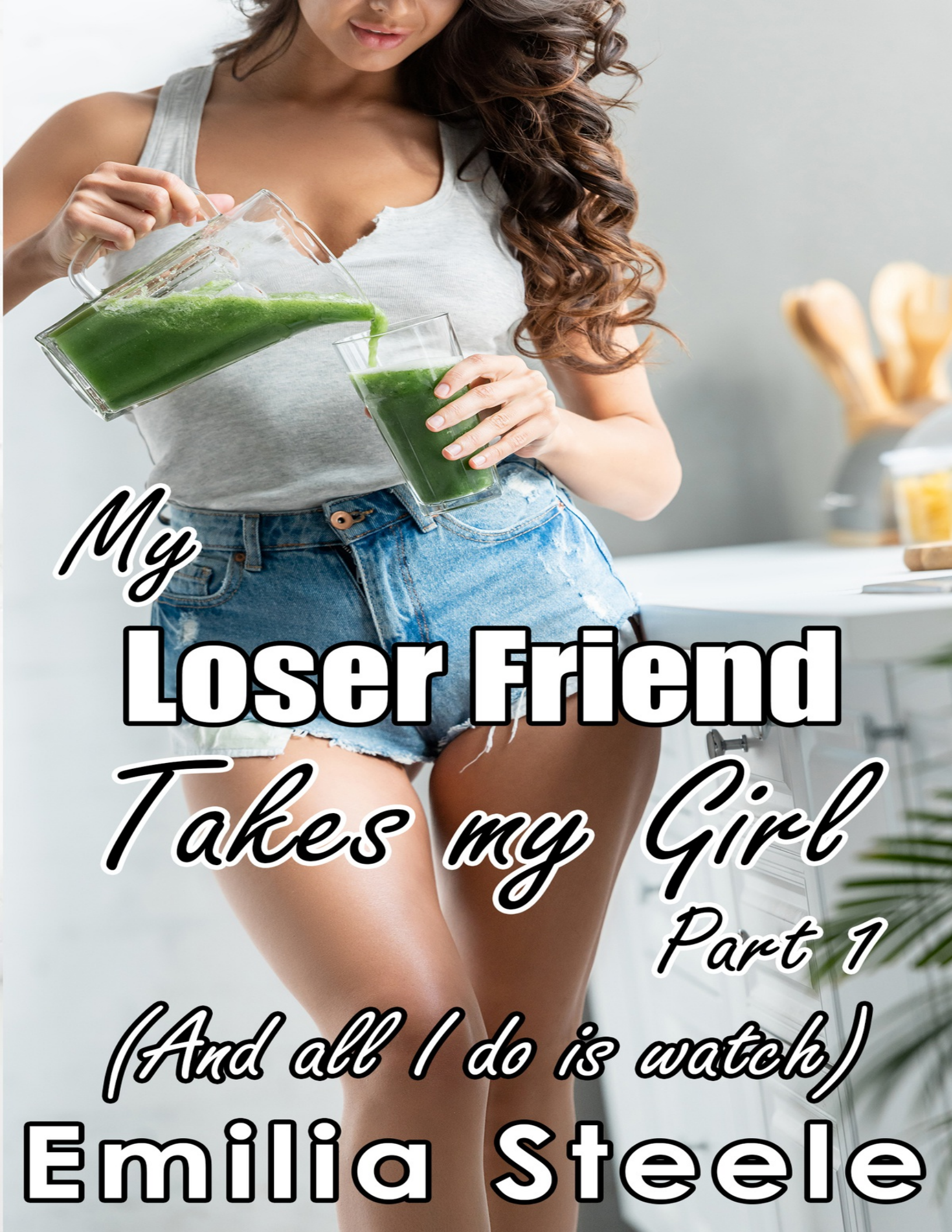


A woman with long, wavy brown hair is pouring a vibrant green smoothie from a glass pitcher into a tall glass. She is wearing a light gray tank top and denim shorts. The background is a bright, modern kitchen with white cabinets and a wooden spoon resting on a counter.

My

Loser Friend

Takes my Girl

Part 1

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**MY LOSER FRIEND TAKES MY GIRL:
PART I**

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

Copyright 2024 Emilia Steele.

This work of fiction is intended for mature audiences only. All characters represented within are eighteen years of age or older and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. This work is property of Emilia Steele, please do not reproduce illegally.

FOREWORD

When I tell my friend Olivia and I are thinking of opening our relationship up **he instantly volunteers.**

I know him well and I can trust him, after all. It makes sense. Besides, **he's a bit of a loser.**

There's **no way my girlfriend is going to fall in love with him** or anything like that. If we want to **experiment** then this is the time.

To my surprise **Olivia agrees,** and just like that... **all I can do is watch.**

CONTENTS

[My Loser Friend Takes My Girl](#)

Part 1

[Afterword](#)

[All I Do Is Watch](#)

MY LOSER FRIEND TAKES MY GIRL

PART 1

“I don’t how you do it man,” Hans says as he takes a hit from his bong.
“Kudos to you.”

“Do what?” I ask as I stuff a chocolate-chip cookie into my mouth. I’ve lost count of how many cookies I’ve had at this point. They’re just too damn delicious.

EDM plays softly in the background, while Hans’s dingy apartment is filled with a thick haze of smoke. I wish I had my own apartment like this, together with my girlfriend, Olivia. We wouldn’t have to be so quiet anymore when we want to get it on.

“Stay faithful to your girl, of course,” Hans says with a cough as he hands me the bong. “I could never date just one girl. Here, your turn.”

“Nah, I’m good. I’m having dinner with my folks later.”

“Come on, pussy. Your turn. We’re getting fucking *lit*, boy.”

“Fine,” I say as I take the heavy bong. Not that I needed much convincing, anyway. Ever since Hans introduced me to the leaf, I’ve been sneaking over to his place to smoke up any chance I get.

So much so that even my folks have started to complain about it. Even though I’m twenty years old, I still live under their roof. With this economy it

makes sense, but it does take a toll on my relationship with Olivia.

I've been working as a dishwasher, trying to save up enough money to get my own place. That's where I met Hans. He's a little older than me — late thirties, I think — but he's a really cool guy. He smokes and plays video games and does whatever the hell he wants.

Hans is *way* cooler than any other adults I know.

My old folks don't agree, of course. They call him a bad influence. A *loser*, Frank even called him. A deadbeat drop-out. They don't know what they're talking about, I think.

Hans is the only one who treats me like the adult that I am, and not like I'm still a kid. I'll keep going here and doing whatever the hell I want, thank you very much.

"So tell me more about Olivia," Hans says as he grabs his controller and boots up a game.

"What do you want to know?" I ask as I exhale a large breath of smoke and sink into his large, leather couch. Damn, this is the comfiest couch I've *ever* sat on.

"What do you think I want to know, dumbass? Does she put out? Have you gotten into her panties yet?"

"Come on man, that's private," I say.

"Aren't we best buds? Come on man, I tell you everything."

I shrug. "I don't know, man. Feels like I shouldn't tell you."

"Wait," Hans says as he pauses his game. "You haven't done anything yet, haven't you? You're a fucking *virgin*!"

"Am not!"

"Yeah, you are. You're still a virgin loser. Incredible."

"I'll have you know that Olivia and I have been fucking like *rabbits*, okay?" I say, my cheeks getting red. "I'm not a virgin, damn."

Hans chuckles as his eyes return to the tv. He unpauses his video game.
“Prove it.”

“Prove it? *How?*”

“Tell me what she likes. If you’re just bullshitting me, I’ll know.”

I scratch the back of my head. What can I tell him? I don’t know. At the same time, my brain is racing with thoughts I desperately want to share. Olivia and I have been exploring each other’s bodies, and some of the things she wants to do are a little... out there.

“She likes it rough,” I say.

“Rough how?” Hans says casually.

“You know, like choking, biting, spanking, That sorta thing.”

“*Nice*. I thought you landed yourself a sweet, boring girl but it sounds like Olivia’s a little freak. Good job, bro.”

My older friend gives me a fist-bump as blood rushes to my cheeks. It’s true — my innocent girlfriend is secretly a freak. Her parents would have a heart attack if they knew just how naughty she was.

“What about you?” Hans asks. “What gets you going, young padawan?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, you. You’ve got to have some kind of kink, right?”

I swallow the lump in my throat. Can I really share my secret with him? He’s my best friend, after all. Hans is always letting me chill at his place, and he gives me plenty of free food, booze and smokes. But it’s so damn *embarrassing*.

“Come on, don’t be shy now,” Hans says. “It’s just you and me, buddy. Trust me, nothing will surprise me.”

“Don’t laugh at me,” I say softly.

“Never, bro.”

“Well, Olivia has recently started her first job. She’s been working as a secretary in this office, and her boss is this old, gray-haired sleazy guy with a beer belly. And he’s been complimenting her body every day, and telling her to wear heels, and short skirts, and just generally being a bit of a pervert and hitting on her,” I ramble on.

“Uh huh,” Hans says. He’s still playing his video game, but all of his attention is focused on me. “And?”

“Well, I think it’s kinda hot,” I blurt out.

Hans puts down the controller and looks at me, eyes open wide. “For real?”

“Yeah,” I stammer. “I mean, I don’t want anything to happen for real, but the thought of this older guy risking his entire career for my girlfriend —”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Hans nods. “Makes sense, kinda. So you like it when men look at her?”

“Maybe?”

“Uh huh. So what does she wear to her job? You’ve got any photos?”

“I guess, I mean—hey!”

Hans grabs my phone from the table and opens my gallery before I can stop him. My face is hot as he starts swiping through my private collection. Olivia always sends me plenty of selfies, so there’s a lot to admire.

“Oh, *nice*,” he says. “Damn, your girlfriend is fucking hot, man. Great tits and a nice ass. I can see why her boss is drooling all over her. What’s this guy’s name? Her boss?”

“Gary,” I say. *Why am I telling him this?*

“So you wish she was probably in Gary’s office right now, huh? Under his desk, if you know what I mean?” Hans says. “Those high heels peeking out from underneath as she earns herself a promotion.”

“Stop it, man,” I say as blood rushes down to my core. “Not funny.”

“I’m not being funny, bro. There’s nothing wrong with being a cuck, you know.”

“I’m not a cuck!”

“Not yet, but soon you will be,” Hans says matter-of-factly. “Not even playing with you, bro. Just think about it. Gary’s her boss. He’s probably rich. The man spends every day with your girl together in his office. *Something* is going to happen, you know. That’s just the laws of nature.”

“Oh shit, you really think so?” I say, panic gripping my throat. “I thought it was just bedroom talk!”

“Oh shit, you’ve been roleplaying this shit?” Hans says.

“Sometimes, yeah,” I stammer.

“She knows you’re a cuck?”

“Well, we don’t use that word but —”

“Oh damn, you’re getting sloppy seconds sooner rather than later!”

My heart feels like it’s going to explode. A panic attack has me in its sharp claws, and it’s not letting go.

It’s true — Olivia and I have actually role-played her submitting to her older boss. It was Olivia’s idea, but I was happy to go along with it. But I never wanted it to become reality. Now that I’ve said what we’re doing out loud, it sounds like such a stupid idea.

Of course her older boss is going to hit on her. My girlfriend is fucking beautiful. She’s only twenty years old and pretty enough to be a model. And I’ve been sending her the message that it’s all okay. *What was I thinking?!*

“Relax, man, relax,” Hans says as he places his hand on my shoulder. “You’re looking really pale.”

“I think I need some fresh air,” I say.

“No, we need to *solve* this,” Hans says confidently. “And I have the perfect solution.”

“You do? What is it?”

Hans thumps his fist against his chest. “Me!”

“You?”

“Yep. Me.”

“What do you mean?”

“Are you dumb, bro? Think about it. If she fools around with her boss, what’s going to happen? *She’s going to leave you for him.* He’s got everything you don’t have: Money. Power. A house! You can’t let that happen, but you’ve already opened Pandora’s Box by telling her you’re a cuck and into freaky shit,” Hans tells me confidently.

“So what do I do now?” I ask.

“You trust your older friend to make things right,” Hans says. “Think about it. I am your close friend. You trust me. And you know I have zero interest in long-term, monogamous relationships.”

“Yeah,” I nod, still not getting it. “Okay. So?”

Hans squeezes my shoulder and looks me directly in the eye. “So you let me fuck your girl.”

All the air is sucked out of my lungs as I look my good friend in the face. “I *what?*”

“Think about it. You’re a cuck, Jim. And your girlfriend knows it. You’re already roleplaying freaky shit. If you’re not pro-active about this she’s going to end up in Gary’s bed, and we just established you don’t want that. So I’m your best bet. Bring her with you come Friday. We’ll have some drinks, and by the end of the night, I’ll fuck that freaky little bitch’s brain out while you jerk off or whatever it is that you do, and the both of you go home happy and satisfied. What do you think?”

“I think I’m running late for my dinner with my parents,” I say as I stand up so fast I get dizzy.

Man, the air is so thick in here I can barely breathe.

Hans waves me off. “Bring her over on Friday, bro. You won’t regret it. Trust me.”

I stumble towards the door, my heart pounding. I need to get out of here right now. "Okay, bye."

My friend grins as I shut the door behind me.



"ARE YOU OKAY, honey? You've barely touched your food," Angela asks.

"I'm fine," I say. "Just tired from work."

Han's proposal keeps running through my mind. Every time I close my eyes, I imagine them together.

My gorgeous girlfriend on her knees, sucking his big cock, while I watch helplessly from the sideline. Hans fucking my girl from behind, her face contorted in pleasure, while I stroke myself.

I can imagine every vivid detail. I can practically hear every moan, every whimper, every cry.

"Doesn't smell like you've been working," Frank snarls. "You've been hanging around that bum again, haven't you? I told you he's bad news."

I look up at my old man, annoyed.

That so-called 'bum' is going to fuck my future bride you prick. He's going to slide his fat cock into her tight, wet pussy while your flesh and blood watches from up close and jerks himself off, so shut the hell up.

"Can I be excused," I say. "I don't feel too well."

"You're a grown man, you can do whatever the hell you want, apparently," he shoots back.

"Frank, calm down, please."

"I am calm, Angela, but our Jim is being an idiot."

"Jim, you're excused."

I push my chair back. "Thanks for the meal," I say without making eye-

contact as I head up to my room.

The moment we're alone, my intrusive thoughts only grow stronger. What'll Olivia say if I suggest this to her? Will she be furious with me?

Or will she excitedly say yes?

I gulp as I grab my phone and text my girlfriend...



THE NEXT MORNING Olivia and I sit in the back of a Starbucks, both of us nursing a coffee as I fidget with my hands.

My girlfriend looks exceptionally beautiful today. High black heels, a short skirt that barely reaches past her cute butt, and a tight, white blouse that she fills very well. Old Gary's going to have a heart-attack if he sees her like this.

I had to get up really early so we can hang out before she has to go into the office, but even if we spend only five minutes together, it will have been worth it. I'm absolutely head over heels for this girl.

"Come on, tell me," my girlfriend badgers me. "You texted me you wanted to talk about something. What is it? Out with it."

"It's—it's nothing," I stammer. "A silly idea."

"Come *onnn*," she whines cutely as she tries to tickle me. "Stop teasing me!"

"Nevermind. It's a bad idea. A *really* bad idea."

"You know I'm into bad ideas," Olivia whispers as she leans in close to me. "Come. On. Tell. Me. Now."

I sigh deeply before I turn towards my girlfriend. The morning sun hits her just right, her blonde hair looking exceptionally radiant this morning. Her big, blue eyes look at me with love, patience and understanding.

How can I ever tell him my sleazy friend wants to fuck her — and I want to watch?

"So you know Hans, right?" I start.

“That stoner you hang out with? Sure. What about him?”

“What do you think about him?”

My girlfriend shrugs as she takes a sip of her coffee. “I don’t know. We haven’t hung out at that much. What about him?”

“Well, Hans and I were talking about, well, stuff, and —”

“Babe, I love you, but I only have five minutes before I have to go to work. So spit it out.”

“Well,” I stammer. “Well, Hans suggested that we, that is to say, you, me, and him, have, uh, well, uh, a threesome.”

Olivia blinks once. Twice. Her mouth is open in an adorable little ‘o’.

“No way?”

“Yeah,” I say as I look at her nervously.

“No *freaking* way.” Olivia’s voice bubbles with excitement as she grabs my arm. “Really? You talked about *that*?!”

“Yeah,” I answer. “The conversation just kinda, drifted that way, you know.”

“So, do you want to do it?” Olivia asks point-blank. “Do *you* want to have a threesome with Hans?”

I swallow the lump in my throat as I look at my girlfriend’s pretty face for clues as to what the right answer is. There’s a huge smile on her face, her blue eyes open wide.

“Kinda?” I finally answer. “Maybe? I mean, he’s you know, available. And we’ve been roleplaying something like this...”

“True,” Olivia says, her cheeks red. “We have been fantasizing about something like this. And it’s true I’ve been curious about older men, and being with two guys. He’s not really my type, but... Maybe it would be fun.”

“Maybe,” I say. “But we don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do, of course. If you’re not into him it’s totally fine.”

My girlfriend smiles. “I know, babe. You’re the best boyfriend ever.”

She leans in and kisses me with those beautiful, glossy, soft lips of hers and for a moment the entire coffee shop disappears. It’s just me and Olivia in this world, and my heart thumps with love.

And then she pulls back with a naughty smirk. “Now I’m going to be thinking about this all day at work.”

“Me too,” I groan.

“When’s the next time you’re hanging out with Hans?” She asks.

“Friday night,” I say dumbly.

My girlfriend smiles. She stands up and grabs her purse. “Okay. Got to run now. Talk to you tonight?”

“Sure.”

Olivia gives me a final peck on the lips and then she’s out the door. The moment she’s gone, my heart starts pounding like crazy.

Did my beautiful girlfriend just agree to a threesome with Hans?

I think she did.



THE NEXT FEW days are some of the longest of my life. I alternate between being extremely turned-on and feeling sick to my stomach. Can I really hand my young and innocent girlfriend over to *Hans*, of all people?

Even though a part of my brain is telling me this is a bad idea, I feel powerless to stop it. Now that this train has started rolling I am but a passenger.

Finally, after a long and torturous week, Friday rolls around. My girlfriend stands out my front door wearing a low-cut black dress and high heels, and my heart feels like it’s going to explode.

“Babe, you look beautiful,” I say as I kiss her cheek. Damn, she smells good

today.

My girlfriend wraps her arms around me and squeezes me tightly. “Thanks! It’s not too slutty, right?”

My heart skips a beat. She’s worried about what Hans will think of her — right before she’s going to sink to her knees in front of him...

In some of the worst timing known to man, who else decides to show up at that moment but...

“Oh, hi Frank!” My girlfriend says cheerfully as a familiar car pulls up to my home.

“Evening. Damn, look at you, all dressed up. You lovebirds heading out for a romantic dinner, huh?”

“Yeah,” I say as I try not to stammer.

No, old man. I’m taking her over to that deadbeat loser you always rag on so she can blow us both, actually.

Olivia looks at me and smirks. We’re both thinking the same thing, and it’s got my cock leaking.

“Well, I won’t take up any of your time. Have fun!” Frank says as he heads inside.

My girlfriend grabs my hand and squeezes it. “Let’s have some fun, babe. Come.”



“YOU MADE IT!”

Hans looks positively shocked when he opens his door and finds me and my girlfriend standing there, hand-in-hand. Loud dance music is playing inside his grungy apartment, and he’s got a beer in hand. The pungent smell of ganja emanates from his room.

“Come in, come in!”

Olivia walks into his den of sin, her high heels clicking on the floor, and I take in a big breath as I follow her.

“Want a hit?” Hans says right away, pointing to the packed bong on the table. “It’ll loosen you up.”

“No, thank you,” Olivia says with a giggle. “I prefer to keep my wits.”

“Smart girl. Jim, you’re up for it?”

I nod. I need something to help me relax because this is all happening too fast for me.

I take a huge hit from the bong and cough as the smoke hits my lungs. Hans has pulled out the big guns tonight. This shit is *strong*.

My girlfriend takes a seat on Hans’s couch and crosses her long legs. It feels surreal to see her like this, wearing such a sexy, low-cut dress.

Hans joins her on the couch, a big smirk on his face as he stares down her top. I quickly take another hit.

“You are beautiful,” Hans says.

“Thank you,” my girlfriend says demurely.

“So judging by your beautiful dress, I assume Jim here told you that he’s a cuck, huh?”

“Hans!” Olivia says, surprised. “He’s not, you know! *That!*”

“Oh, but he is,” Hans grins. “Right, buddy?”

I try to speak, but my tongue feels heavy. I shrug. My girlfriend just looks at me with red cheeks and giggles.

“I got to say, you two are really mature for you age,” Hans continues.

“We are?” Olivia asks.

“Oh yeah, for sure,” Hans says. “Most couples don’t start exploring until they are middle-aged. But you two are courageous and adventurous enough to take the plunge right away. I respect that.”

My girlfriend nods, her eyes focused on Hans. I can't believe she's eating this shit up. My lecherous buddy is just making shit up to get into her panties. I almost speak up, but deep down I realize I *want* him to get into her panties. *Man, when did I turn into such a pervert?*

I close my eyes and try to focus. The world kinda slips in and out of focus for me as I hear Hans chatting my girlfriend up. He keeps complimenting her, and she's loving every second of it. I get lost in the droning music, and time stretches out before me...

"Right, Jim? Jim? You okay, buddy?"

I open my eyes. How long was I out for?

"Uh, what?" I stammer.

The two of them both stare at me. Olivia's hair is slightly tousled, and her cheeks are red. Hans's hand is resting on her thigh.

"What?" I repeat. "What were you two talking about?"

"Your girlfriend wanted to be absolutely *sure* you want to do this," Hans says, his eyes staring into mine as his hand slowly slides up my girlfriend's thigh. It disappears under her dress, and she makes no attempt to stop him.

"You and I both know that you're a cuck, but Olivia isn't yet convinced. So I need you to tell her, kid. Tell your girlfriend you want to watch her suck my cock. Tell her you want to watch her wrap those hot lips of hers around my thick, throbbing cock. Come on, buddy. This is what we talked about, right? Don't be shy now."

My brain short-circuits. I look at Olivia for help, but my girlfriend has her eyes closed. Hans has slipped his hand between her legs, and he's obviously rubbing her pussy as he looks right at me.

"I think the kid needs a little encouragement. Spreads you legs, baby. Show him how wet you are."

My girlfriend's eyes flutter open slowly. She bites her bottom lip as she slowly spreads her legs. Her dress rides up tantalizingly slow, until Hans simply flips it up.

The red, lacy thong she is wearing is clearly *soaked*. I watch with bated breath as my buddy runs his fingers across her wet folds. He's really teasing her — teasing the both of us, in fact — and driving us both mad.

"This is what you wanted to see, right? Your girlfriend dominated by an older man. A stronger, better, *manlier* man. It's okay, Jim. This is a safe space. You can say it."

I nod, dumbfounded.

"Say it," Hans growls, suddenly aggressive.

"Y-yes," I stammer. "Yeah."

"Exactly," Hans says with a smug look on his face. "Told you, didn't I?"

His hand slips inside my girlfriend's thong. I can hear her pussy squelch as he glides a finger inside of her wetness. Olivia whimpers softly.

"So tell your girlfriend you want to watch her suck my big cock," Hans commands. "Say it, buddy. Because she's going to do it either way, but if you *watch*, well, then you better beg for it. Or we could head into the bedroom and leave you out here..."

Panic grips my throat in an instant. I want to watch. *I need to watch*. I need to every single, depraved moment of this crazy, sinful night.

"Please suck his cock," I say quickly.

"Good boy. You heard that, babe?"

Olivia's big, blue eyes are swimming with lust. "Huh?"

Hans pulls his fingers out of my girlfriend's cunt. They are completely dripping with her juices — I watch a few drops glide down towards his palm.

"Pay attention," Hans says dominantly as he rubs his pussy-juice covered fingers across her bottom lip. "Your boyfriend is talking to you. You better listen."

Hans plunges his fingers into her mouth, and my girlfriend moans as she sucks the juices clean off. He pulls them out, his big hand holding her cheeks tightly.

“Tell your girlfriend you want to watch my big cock disappear into his fuck-hole she calls a mouth,” Hans growls. As the night progresses he gets more and more aggressive with us both. “Tell he you want her to choke on my cock until she sees stars. Tell her, cuck!”

“I—I want to watch you suck his cock!” I say truthfully. “I do!”

My girlfriend looks right at me, her cheeks red and her eyes brimming with lust. When I first met her, I never could have imagined her with such a lewd, sexy look on her face.

“Okay, baby,,” she answers. “I’ll suck Hans off. For you.”

Hans smirks. “Good. Very good, you two. Unzip me, you horny little slut.”

Olivia’s hands tremble as she slowly unzips Hans’s pants. She holds her breath as she reaches in and then — a huge, big, veiny and thick cock springs free, the shiny purple head aimed directly at my girlfriend’s pretty face!

The air is sucked from my lungs as my girlfriend stares at that monster cock pure awe.

“Wow,” she says. “It’s SO big!”

“Bigger than Jim’s?” Hans asks.

“Much bigger,” my girlfriend admits instantly.

Hans has always bragged about his cock, and I expected him to be a *little* bigger than me, but this is an absolute monster. Thick, throbbing veins run up to the angry, purple head. It’s so girthy and just plain *big*.

This cock is going to wreck my girlfriend.

The thought makes a cold shiver run down my back. I can’t imagine my girlfriend being stretched open by that beast.

My older friend smirks at me as he runs his hand through my girlfriend’s golden blonde hair. “Wrap your lips around it, baby. Show your boyfriend what a good cocksucker you are.”

This time there’s no hesitation. My sweet, innocent and loving girlfriend, the girl who it took me months to get to second base with, the one my friends

told me would never put out — that very same girl leans forward and wraps her beautiful lips around my friend's big fat cock.

Her eyes are closed as she bobs her head up and down slowly, moaning while she does so. She can only take the first few inches at first, but slowly she works more and more of that thick shaft down her throat. Her hands work his shaft, one grabbing the base while the other one kneads his big balls.

“Ah, that's it. Fuck, your girlfriend's a great cocksucker, Jim,” Hans says. “Scoot closer, take a better look. Come on, I know you want to see this.”

I swallow the lump in my throat and scoot towards them. He's right. I want to be right up there in the action. I want to see and hear every little detail; a drop of my girlfriend's saliva dribbling down Hans's shaft, a soft groan coming from the back of her throat, the lewd, wet sounds of her lips slipping around that huge, purple head.

“Good girl, that's right. Take that fucking cock. Ah yes, right there. Fuck. Show your boyfriend what a hot little slut you are. Fuck, you're so good at this.”

Olivia opens her big, blue eyes and they meet mine. Her mouth is stuffed with cock, her cheeks red, and I can see in her eyes that she is in heaven. My girlfriend is loving every second of this.

Hans lifts up the back of her dress and grabs a handful of her ass. My girlfriend lets out a surprised little moan as his grabby fingers dig into her soft flesh.

My eyes are glued to the sight of my girlfriend sucking my friend's cock. I don't know how long I watch like this, completely mesmerized, but finally Hans pulls his cock out of her mouth.

She gasps for air, her face red, saliva still connecting his cock to her lips.

“Good girl. Now give your boyfriend a kiss,” Hans says.

My heart leaps into my throat as I make eye-contact with Olivia. The grin that spreads on her face is one of pure lust, and before I can move she grabs my face with both hands and presses her lips against mine.

Her lips taste like cock. Her tongue pushes its way into my mouth, swirling around, sharing the salty taste of Hans's cock-meat with me. I know that I should want to push her away, but the kiss just feels so damn good that I don't move a muscle. Instead, I surrender myself to the kiss and to this moment, grabbing my girlfriend and holding her tightly as I return the intensely hot kiss.

Olivia moans into my mouth as Hans slips his hand between her legs. "Oh god," she groans between hot, salty kisses. "Oh god!"

"Fuck me, your pussy is absolutely soaked," Hans chuckles. "What a dirty slut you are. Sharing my cock with your boyfriend gets you off, doesn't it?"

My pretty girlfriend looks at me with a guilty look, her mouth hanging open, saliva dribbling down her chin.

Slap!

The sound of Hans's open palm landing on my girlfriend's naked ass fills the room. Olivia moans in surprise as her eyes shoot open.

"Answer me, slut!" Hans demands

"Yes!" Olivia says, her voice trembling. "I-I love..."

"Say it," Hans growls. "If you want to feel big cock stretch that tiny cunt of yours wide open, you tell your boyfriend right now what you love."

Olivia looks right at me, eyes filled with emotion. I nod for her to say what's on her mind — we are in this together.

"I love your big cock," Olivia admits, her heart pounding. "I-I love it."

My best friend chuckles. "You two are some kinky little freaks, damn. Take off your clothes, slut. Let me see that slutty body of yours."

My girlfriend does as she's told. She strips down, losing her dress, her bra, and panties. She stands in the middle of Hans's apartment wearing nothing at all. Her nipples are tiny diamonds and her pussy lips swollen and glistening with juices.

She's never looked more embarrassed, or more turned on.

“Damn, look at that body. Those tits,” Hans says as he casually strokes his cock while he admires my girlfriend. “Turn around. Bend over. Spread those cheeks. More. I need to see that asshole of yours. That’s it. Good girl.”

I’ve *never* barked orders at Olivia like this, but she follows everyone of them instantly.

“Hey, you get undressed as well, cuck. It’s kinda weird how you’re still dressed. Come on, lose the clothes.”

I stand up, feeling awkward. Olivia helps me by pulling my shirt off. My pants are next as she pulls them down to my ankles. I hesitate as I hold my boxers. I really don’t want to...

Olivia grabs my boxers and yanks them down. My stiff cock flops out, and this causes Hans to laugh out loud.

“Is *that* what you’re working with? My god,” he says with tears in his eyes. “Now I understand why you’re a cuck!”

It’s true that I’m much smaller than Hans, but I bet ninety-nine percent of the male population is. Truth be told I think my unit is more than adequate, but compared to Hans there is simply no contest.

“Let’s compare the two,” Hans says as he stands up, his massive cock bobbing around. He quickly takes off all his clothes and stands next to me, naked.

I’ve never felt so small in my life as I do in that moment, standing next to my tall best friend with his huge monster cock dangling inches away from me.

“What do you think?” Hans asks my girlfriend.

Her big eyes dart between our cocks. She licks her lips as she reaches up and wraps her hands around our members. Her hand easily fits around mine, while her fingers on Hans’s cock don’t even touch each other.

“Who’s got the better cock?” Hans continues.

Olivia looks at me and bites her bottom lip. “Sorry, babe, but... it’s you, Hans.”

My friend looks at me with a smug smile, feigning surprise. “Me? Really? Who would’ve thought!”

While keeping eye contact with me he slaps the big, purple head of his cock against my girlfriend’s face. She moans as she tries to fit her lips around it, but Hans keeps rubbing it all over her face, spreading his pre-cum all around.

“Such an eager cocksucker,” he tells me. “You did well bringing this slut to me, Jim. You’re a real one for that.”

“You’re welcome,” I mumble as my girlfriend’s face disappears between his legs, her face pressed into his sweaty nutsack.

“Now, let’s give this horny bitch what she needs. Hey slut, do you want my cock inside that tight pussy of yours?”

“Yes,” Olivia groans deliriously as her lips drag across Hans’s shaft. “Yes, please, I need it, I need it so bad!”

My cock throbs and my heart aches as I see the desperate *need* all over my girlfriend’s face. She means every word. Right now, more than anything, she needs Hans’s cock to stretch her out.

Hans sits down on his couch, his massive cock bobbing up and down. “Climb on top,” he commands.

Olivia is on top of him in an instant, straddling his lap, her tits pressing against his face as she reaches down to grab his cock and line it up with her wet, quivering pussy.

Hans grabs her wrist and stops her. “Wait. Jim, *you* do it,” he says with glee. “Prove to her you’re okay with this. Guide my cock into your girlfriend’s wet pussy.”

My loving girlfriend moans deeply as Hans says those words. “Oh, that’s so *naughty*,” she pants. “Please, baby? For me? Guide your best friend’s cock into me, *please*?”

I scoot forward. *Fuck. Am I really doing this?*

I kneel down in front of them. The smell hits me instantly — I never realized how strong of a musk sex has. But the smell of Hans’s pre-cum, his sweaty

balls and my girlfriend's juices all mix into a potent, all-overpowering scent.

I reach out and grab Hans's cock with one trembling hand. It's so heavy. It throbs in my hand as I give it a soft squeeze.

Olivia looks at me over her shoulder, absolutely mesmerized by the sight of me holding such a huge, veiny cock.

"Do it, baby," she hisses eagerly. "Slide that thing in side of me."

I press the huge, purple head against my girlfriend's dripping wet entrance. I've never seen her pussy this swollen or wet before.

I watch as Hans's cock slowly disappears into my girlfriend's pussy. Olivia throws her head back and lets out a deep, guttural moan as inch after inch of that thick monster cock glides into her.

I'm hypnotized by the sight in front of me. There's nothing else in this world than this fat meaty cock stretching out this beautiful cunt right in front of me.

That the cock belongs to my deadbeat buddy and the pussy belongs to my loving girlfriend doesn't even register. It's just pure poetry in motion.

"Fuck me," Hans groans. "Your girlfriend's cunt is so fucking tight!"

"You're so big, you're so thick," Olivia whimpers. "I love it!"

That's Hans's cue to grab her waist and pull her down even further, burying his shaft all the way to the hilt inside of Olivia.

"Oh god!" Olivia scrams. "Oh god, you're so deep!"

"What was that, you love my cock?" Hans says as he reaches down to grab her ass cheeks and spread them open for my viewing pleasure. "Say that again for the cuck, you fucking slut."

Hans pulls my girlfriend up and then slams her back down. Olivia's eyes roll to the back of her head as she grabs Hans's shoulders, her nails digging into his skin as she rides his cock for all she's worth.

"Tell him!" He growls.

"I love your big fat cock!" Olivia whimpers. "I love it. I love it!"

I watch in amazement as my best friend fucks my girlfriend. The lewd, wet sounds of his cock sliding in and out of her wet cunt fill the room, along with her hurried gasps and his low grunts.

The pain in my chest is overwhelming, but the throbbing in my cock is even stronger. I can't look away. I don't want to look away. I want to fully enjoy every single second of this. In fact, I'm stroking myself as I watch Hans and Olivia. It's so wrong, but it feels so *right*.

My girlfriend's moans grow louder and louder as she starts slamming her hips down to meet his thrusts. She's getting close to losing her mind.

"Yes! Oh fuck, yes!" She groans. "It's so good, oh god, it's so good!"

Hans pants deeply as sweat trickles down his lanky body. "Fucking take that cock, slut. You like that fucking cock, huh? You like getting fucked down in front of your boyfriend?!"

"I love it!" Olivia screams. "I love it so much!"

"God, your tight cunt is the best I've ever had!"

Olivia starts to stammer as her entire body shivers. "I'm close, I'm so close, I'm cumming, oh I'm cumming!"

"Beg for it!" Hans growls, his hands grabbing her tits roughly. He sucks one nipple into his mouth, his teeth grazing it. "Beg for it, bitch!"

"Please! Please make me cum, sir!"

"Look at your boyfriend! Look at your boyfriend and tell him the truth!"

My girlfriend looks over her shoulder at me. I feel suddenly caught, as if I am intruding on their own, private moment. Her face is red, hair sticking to her forehead, her eyes wild and somehow filled with guilt.

She knows she shouldn't be getting off on cucking me like this, but it's obvious that *this* is the best sex of her life.

Olivia notices me jerking off while looking at them, and there's a smile on her face for an instant. She realizes I'm getting off on this as well, and that comforts her.

“I love Hans’s cock, baby,” she groans deeply. “He’s stretching me so *good*.”

“Yeah?” I ask, my hand fisting my own swollen cock.

“Oh yeah,” she whimpers. “Oh, I’m cumming baby, I’m cumming, oh your girlfriend is coming on your best friend’s cock baby, oh fuck, oh FUCK!”

“That’s it, cum for me, slut!” Hans demands as he pounds her tight cunt, his heavy balls slapping against her with every thrust. “Cum in front of your boyfriend!”

“Yes, yes, *YES!*”

Olivia throws her head back. Her entire body shudders and her mouth hangs open as her powerful orgasm rocks her entire body. I watch her pussy lips spasm around Hans’s thick shaft, milking him dry as her toes curl and her entire body trembles.

It’s too much. My cock explodes, and I shoot my own load all over my hands as I watch my girlfriend come on Hans’s cock.

Olivia collapses, resting her head on Hans’s shoulders while she pants for air. “Oh god,” she moans. “Thank you, thank you...”

Hans pushes her away. “You’re not done yet, slut. Get on your knees and swallow my load.”

Olivia nods, still dazed from the force of her orgasm. I watch in awe as she obediently sinks down to her knees in front of me, her mouth wide open as Hans stands in front of her and strokes his cock.

My best friend towers over the both of us now. He’s never looked more powerful to me than in this moment.

“Fuck, here it comes, you slut, here it comes!”

I instinctively reach out to grab my girlfriend’s hand. Our fingers intertwine and she lovingly squeezes my hand the moment the first spurt of cum shoots out Hans’s cock and lands in Olivia’s open mouth. Another rope splashes onto her nose. A third spirt lands on her outstretched tongue. A fourth douses her forehead with thick globs of jazz.

My girlfriend looks absolutely amazing with her cum-stained face. My spent cock already starts to swell at the sight of her looking like such a cum-loving slut.

Olivia swallows as much of Hans's cum as she can. She leans forward and sucks on the head, cleaning the final drops off.

"Ah, fuck, that was good," Hans sighs as he lets himself drop onto the couch. He reaches for the bong and takes a hit, his semi-erect cock laying on his thigh. My friend is so relaxed, like he just won a game of beer pong, instead of nutting all over my girlfriend's face.

Olivia looks at me with a satisfied, cum-drunk smile as she licks her lips clean. She squeezes my hand, and I squeeze back.

"Is that what you wanted to see?"

"Hell yeah," I answer.

"So you still love me?"

"More than ever."

"Enough to give me a kiss?"

My heart thumps in my throat. Olivia puckers her lips as thick strands of pearlescent cum still drip down her cheeks.

Fuck it.

I lean in and press my lips against Olivia's. She returns the kiss with gusto, pushing me onto my back and straddling my lap. Her tongue pushes into my mouth and I can taste Hans all over her as she grabs my now hard-cock and sits down on it. She's insatiable.

She's so wet, and so well-used, and so *loose*. Hans really stretched her out. Olivia rides me wildly, using me to get herself off again, and I'm just along for the ride.

"I fucked your best friend in front of you," she whispers, eyes closed. "You watched him fuck me, you even *grabbed his cock* and pushed it into me!"

I'm not sure if she's talking to me or herself. My loving, naive girlfriend is

really losing herself to pure sex right now.

Her eyes fly open and they are just crazed with lust. She leans down and kisses me forcefully, pushing her tongue into my mouth again.

“Can you taste his cum?!” She says.

I nod.

“Fuck, that’s so *hot*! I’m cumming! *Ugh*!”

Her pussy clamps down my cock so tightly that I cum instantly — only a few drops, unfortunately, compared to the fountain that Hans sprayed her with. My girlfriend collapses on top of me, sweating, panting, exhausted.

I hold her like this, both of us trying to catch our breaths and trying to make sense of this moment...

And that’s when Hans speaks up.

“So, same time next week?”



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:

1. [My Roommate Took My Girl](#)
2. [An Old Man Takes My Girl](#)
3. [My Bully Takes My Bride: Part 1](#)
4. [My Bully Takes My Bride: Part 2](#)
5. [My Neighbor Took My Wife](#)
6. [A Loser Takes My Wife](#)
7. [My Landlord Takes My Wife](#)
8. [A Jerk Takes My Wife](#)
9. [Our Tour Guides Take My Girl](#)
10. [My Best Friend Takes My Wife](#)
11. [My Rival Takes My Girl](#)
12. [My Co-Worker Takes My Wife](#)
13. [A Stranger Takes My Wife](#)
14. [A Stud Takes My Wife](#)
15. [Four Guys Take My Wife](#)
16. [An Old Man Buys My Wife](#)
17. [My Roomie Takes My Girl](#)
18. [A Dirty Slob Takes My Girl](#)
19. [My Boss Takes My Wife](#)

20. [**A Photographer Takes My Girl**](#)
21. [**My Bully Takes My Wife**](#)
22. [**The Bartender Takes My Girl**](#)
23. [**The Ex-Boyfriend Takes My Wife**](#)
24. [**The Loser Next Door Takes My Wife: Part 1**](#)
25. [**The Loser Next Door Takes My Wife: Part 2**](#)
26. [**The Loser Next Door Takes My Wife: Part 3**](#)
27. [**My Nerdy Friend Takes My Wife: Part 1**](#)
28. [**My Nerdy Friend Takes My Wife: Part 2**](#)
29. [**My Nerdy Friend Takes My Wife: Part 3**](#)
30. [**The CEO Takes My Wife**](#)
31. [**My Arrogant Friend Takes My Wife: Part 1**](#)
32. [**My Arrogant Friend Takes My Wife: Part 2**](#)