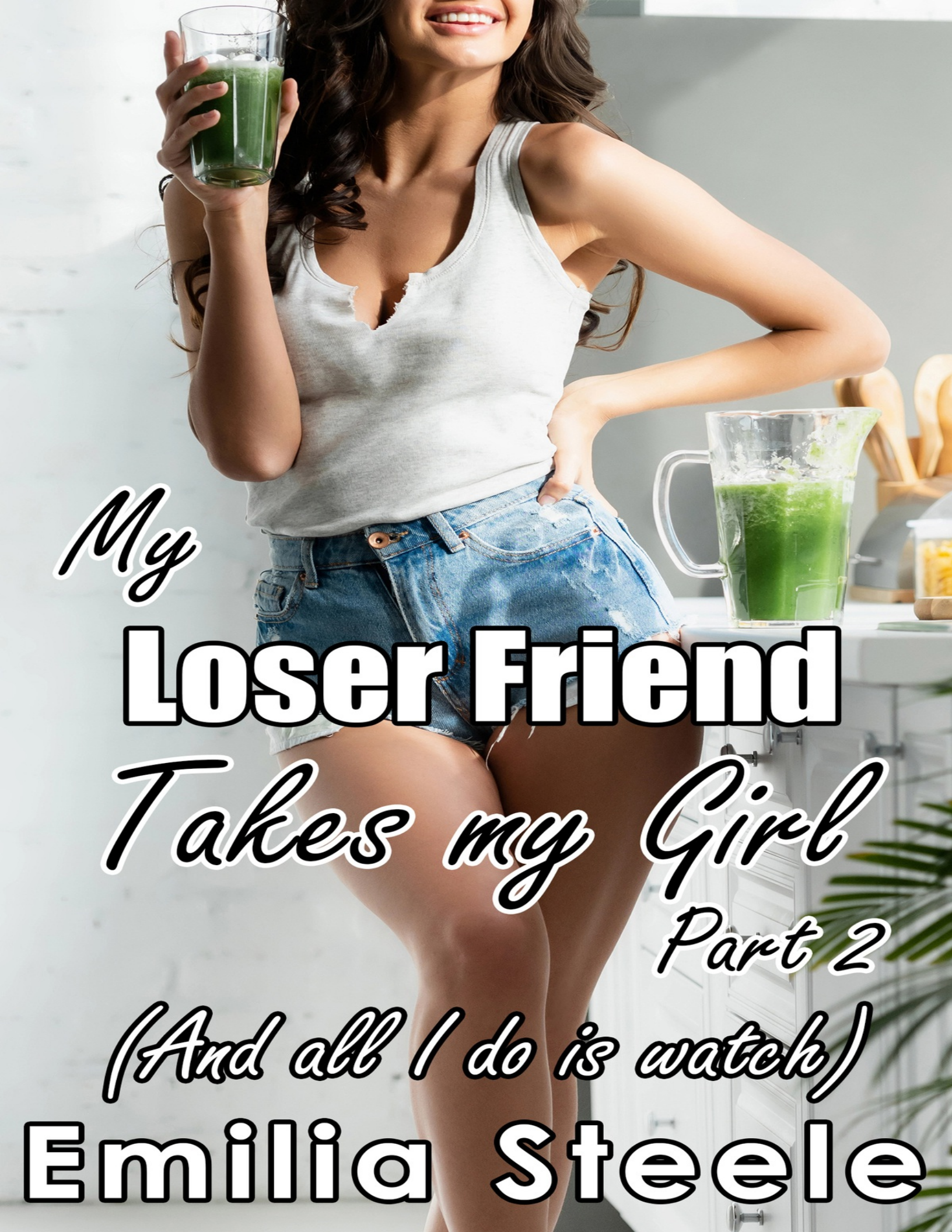




My

Loser Friend

Takes my Girl

Part 2

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**MY LOSER FRIEND TAKES MY GIRL:
PART 2**

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

After ‘experimenting’ with my loser friend...

My girlfriend is hooked.

I think we should take a bit of a break from Hans, but my Olivia has different ideas.

Hans’s birthday party is coming up soon, and she has **big plans...**

And just like that... **all I can do is watch.**

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MY LOSER FRIEND TAKES MY GIRL

PART 2

“Jim? Earth to Jim? You in there, buddy?”

I look up from my plate to see my old folks both staring at me.

“Are you feeling alright?” Amanda asks. “You really haven’t been yourself these past few days.”

“Sorry, it’s been really busy at work,” I try to deflect.

“Bullshit. I know this look. Our boy has girl problems,” Frank says.

“Oh *no*,” Amanda says. “But she’s so lovely. Olivia, right? Is something the matter, love?”

“It’s fine,” I say quickly. “Really. Please. Can we talk about something else?”

“Well, if you want to talk about girl problems, you can always talk to me, you know,” Amanda says. “Really. You can tell me *anything*.”

I swallow the lump in my throat as I think about the many questions raging inside of me.

What if you decide to have an impromptu threesome with your best friend, and it turns out he’s hung like a horse? What if he cucks you and makes your girl admit that he’s superior to you in every way? How do you go from there?

“Thanks for the offer,” I say. “I’ll think about it.”

I sit through the prolonged interrogation into my love life and then, finally, head up to my room. The moment I’m alone I close the door behind me and drop down on my bed.

What happened last Friday was just... *insane*.

Absolutely mind boggling.

It seemed like such a good idea at first. Olivia and I have been wanting to experiment with other people, and this thirty-something year old stoner I hang out with, Hans, offered to be our first foray into the ‘lifestyle’.

I told my girlfriend, and she was downright *giddy*. It all went down last weekend, and the images are still burned into my retina. Every time I close my eyes I can see the pleasure on her beautiful face, I can hear her whimpers and moans, I can *smell* the pungent, addictive musk of their sex.

I pinch the bridge of my nose. *Fuck, Jim. Get it together.*

It didn’t go the way I envisioned it. I expected a threesome. Instead, my mate cuckolded me. I was just a passenger, an observer. The moment he whipped out his monster-sized dong, Olivia was completely mesmerized by him.

He gave my girlfriend the best fuck of her life, and it still haunts me.

It’s been four days and I haven’t even recovered. It was hot, *incredibly* hot, I cannot deny that. The most sexually charged, erotic thing that I have ever had the pleasure to witness. But I also think it was a big mistake.

Reality is never as perfect as your fantasies. That’s something I know now. Reality is messy. Live and learn, I guess.

The worst thing is that I’ve barely had time to talk to Olivia to process this crazy night. She had family obligations on Saturday and Sunday, and I had to work Monday and Tuesday evenings. We’ve texted a bit, but this is the kind of conversation you want to have face-to-face.

I’m meeting her for drinks in the pub in an hour, and I’m worried sick that she’s mad at me for how it all went down. I handed her over to my loser mate to be used as a toy — *of course* she regrets it.

I just hope she forgives me.



“BEST. NIGHT. *EVER.*”

I stare open-mouthed at Olivia. Out of all the possible responses, I wasn’t expecting that.

She pops a fry into her mouth as she smiles at me. My girlfriend looks absolutely radiant tonight with her tight jeans and low-cut top. She is the most beautiful girl in this whole packed bar... which makes it all the harder to swallow that I let a thirty year old guy stuff his fat cock into her while I watched and jerked off like a damn loser.

“Right?” She asks when I remain silent. “This is what you wanted, right?”

“I mean,” I say, my voice trailing off. “I...”

Sensing my hesitation, Olivia reaches out to grab my hand. “Come on, baby, it’s okay,” she says. “Talk to me.”

“I don’t know,” I say honestly. “It was a lot to process, you know.”

“But you don’t *regret* it, right?”

“Regret is not the right word, but I’m not sure if we should do it again.”

A panicked look crosses my girlfriend’s face. She quickly grabs her pint of beer and downs it one big, long gulp. Her face is pale and her eyes wide.

“What’s going on?” I ask. I’m not the quickest to pick up clues, but even a nitwit can see she’s panicking.

“I thought this is what you wanted!” She says, the words all coming out at once. “You told me this was your fantasy!”

“It was! It is!” I say, trying to keep our voices down. Our favorite bar is busy this evening, but even so I don’t want anyone else to listen in on us. “I still love you. More than anything. I just think we should, you know, pump the brakes for now.”

My girlfriend looks down and avoids my gaze, fidgeting with the hem of her shirt. I tilt her chin up, and then I see her big, beautiful eyes are filled with tears.

“Baby,” I say. “Baby. Please, don’t cry. It’s okay.”

“I’m a terrible girlfriend,” she whimpers. “Terrible, terrible, terrible.”

“No, not at all, you crazy goose,” I say as I lean in to kiss her. “I love you. More than anything. Really. We did something crazy, something absolutely wild, and that’s okay,” I try to comfort her.

“But...”

“What? Tell me, babe.”

“I thought that... this was *your* fantasy...”

“It was,” I say, shifting in my seat. “I liked it. But it was also overwhelming, you know? Just really intense. Hans is more intense than I thought.”

“He said it was your fantasy,” she mumbles. “He said you would be excited for it... He convinced me... God, I’m such an idiot...”

“What are you talking about, honey?” I say. “You’re not making any sense.”

Olivia takes a deep breath, wipes her tears away, and pulls out her phone. Her hands are shaking when she hands it to me.

“Please don’t hate me.”

“Why would I *hate* you?” I say. “I’m so confused right now.”

“Open my gallery.”

“Uh, okay?”

I open the gallery app on my girlfriend’s phone and all the air is sucked out of the room instantly. My heart starts thumping so loud it’s all I hear, like war drums banging right in my ears.

Ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum.

The first picture is of my girlfriend wearing raunchy lingerie inside a swanky

hotel room I've never been in before. She's posing for the camera confidently, hands on her hips, her eyes making fuck-me eyes to the camera.

I scroll through the photos. There's more. Many, many more. So many that it almost plays out like a video.

Hans steps into the frame.

My lanky, big-dicked loser friend walks up to my girlfriend — naked. His big cock is already swinging between his legs. Olivia grips it with both hands and starts jerking him off as he leans down to kiss my girlfriend.

My best friend looks at the camera, giving it a thumbs up as my girlfriend sinks to her knees in front of him and starts to worship his fat cock. Hans is making all kinds of stupid faces as he chokes my girlfriend with his member, slapping the purple head against her face, spreading copious amounts of precum all over her pretty face.

I turn as pale as a ghost as I keep scrolling through these photos. It doesn't seem to end.

Having finished her beer, Olivia now grabs mine and downs it. My hands shake as I scroll. And scroll. And *scroll*.

"Wha...?"

"Hans told me it would be a nice surprise for you," Olivia says, her voice trembling with emotion. "I thought that this is what you wanted, baby. I did this for you. For you!"

I reach a shot where his fat cock is just resting on Olivia's face, covering both her eyes as her big smile lights up her entire face.

My stomach is in knots and my cock throbs painfully as I keep scrolling.
When does this end?

"When was this?" I ask.

"Saturday," Olivia mumbles.

I look up, shocked. "But you had a birthday on Saturday, right?"

"Yeah, but... Hans texted me the address of this hotel, and told me it would

be a nice surprise for you. You seemed so into it on Friday that I agreed, so I snuck out, and, well...”

A cold shiver runs down my spine. All Saturday long, while I was still processing what had happened during the previous evening Olivia was already between Hans’s legs, worshipping his fat cock, this time in front of a camera capturing every last, sordid detail.

I keep scrolling.

Hans’s giant cock stretches out the wet lips of Olivia’s cunt. The flash captures every last inch of it perfectly. My memory of Friday was hazy and lust-filled, but this photo is almost clinical.

Almost perfect.

The photo shoot ends with a huge creampie. My girlfriend obscenely spreads her pussy lips and grins at the camera as fat globs of sperm run out of her gaping pussy. I hand the phone back to my girlfriend with trembling hands, but she shakes her head.

“That was only Saturday,” she whispers.

“Yeah?”

“There’s more.”

“There’s more?”

I keep scrolling. *Fuck!*

There’s multiple outfits, multiple locations, lingerie I’ve never seen before, positions we’ve never done it in before.

Her naked ass pressed against the window of a hotel during daytime. Her naked tits, dripping with seed, on Hans’s balcony. Her smiling face while she throws up a peace sign for a selfie — with Hans’s cock resting against her glossy lips.

This wasn’t just Saturday. *They’ve been constantly fucking for the last four days.*

One thing stands out to me as I watch my girlfriend getting fucked, over and

over again in cowgirl, doggy spread eagle and missionary: *The look on her face.*

It's one of pure, unadulterated pleasure. Of sheer and utter devotion. I might even say *love*.

I don't think she loves Hans as a person, but she certainly loves all the things that he does to her.

I close the screen when I get to an image of Hans working his giant cock into her tiny asshole. Her ass has always been off-limits to me, and I've developed something of an anal obsession these last few months. Olivia has always shot me down, and I've respected her limits.

And now my best friend has stolen that from me as well.

"I'm so sorry," Olivia mumbles. "So, so sorry."

I glance up, dazed, and finally notice my girlfriend is a sobbing mess. Tears run down her face, her mascara ruined, and several couples are looking over at us. They probably think we're breaking up.

They couldn't be more wrong.

I get up from my seat, throw my arms around my girlfriend and hug her tightly. I still love her, no matter what. Nothing will get between us. Certainly not that loser Hans.

"It's okay," I say softly. "It's okay."

"I thought you wanted this," she repeats. "I thought it would be a *fun* surprise."

"I understand," I say. "Perhaps I haven't been giving you the clearest signals. It's my fault, too."

Olivia looks up at me, those beautiful eyes of hers filled with emotion, and I realize instantly I can't stay mad at her. She's so beautiful, so perfect, so good to me. I forgive her instantly.

I reach down and kiss her, tasting some salty tears. She grips my shirt tightly and kisses me back firmly. As her lips press against mine, my mind is

flooded with images.

Those lips have been wrapped around Hans's cock all week.

She's been swallowing his loads while I've been at work all day. While I busted my ass, she was spreading hers.

Heat rushes down to my cock. We need to get out of here. Now.



OLIVIA'S naked body curls up against mine. I had to spring for a hotel room for us to be alone on such a short notice and I had to drain my account to afford it, but fuck me, it was worth every penny.

I reclaimed my beautiful girlfriend. We had our fun, we have the images and video to prove it, and now can move past it...

"You were like an animal," Olivia purrs into my ear. "I don't think you've ever fucked me that hard."

"Yeah? Did you like it?" I answer as I nuzzle her.

She smiles. "Yeah, I did."

"Good."

I reach down and squeeze her ass. *The same ass my loser friend used first.* Damn. I want to forget all about Hans, but my thoughts keep drifting to him, and to his cock, and to all the degrading things he made my girlfriend say...

Time is the only thing that'll heal these wounds, I suppose.

"What's on your mind, babe?"

"Nothing," I say.

"Babe. Be honest with me. We need to communicate better, right?"

"You're right," I say. "I keep thinking about... you know..."

"Hans?"

“Yeah,” I say.

“Me too,” she says softly. “I didn’t want to mention it because I didn’t want you to think I’m like, obsessed with him or anything, but...”

“No, it’s totally okay,” I say. “It’s not like we can just forget everything that happened.”

“Right,” Olivia says. “And it was pretty hot, right?”

“I mean, yeah,” I admit.

My spent cock slowly grows hard as our conversation continues. Olivia notices right away, and slips her fingers around my sticky cock and slowly rubs it as she keeps talking casually about being my best friend’s fuck-toy for the last four days straight.

“It’s so wild we did this,” she continues. “The last few days were hot, but doing it with him in front of you was the highlight for me.”

“It was?”

“Oh yeah. Totally. When you guided him into me? Oh my god, I almost came on the spot. That was so freaking *hot*, babe. There’s only thing I can imagine that’s even sexier.”

“What’s that?”

Olivia straddles my lap, my now erect cock pressing against her sopping wetness. My head presses against her entrance, and while leaning down and kissing me, my cock slowly sinks into my girlfriend.

While she gently rides me, she reveals her deepest fantasy to me.

“Mmhm... don’t freak out, babe, but... mmhm... by biggest fantasy... the hottest thing I can *ever* imagine is... mmhm... it’s you, eating me out... right after... mmhm... yeah, right after...”

My heart is racing in my throat and my cock is as hard as it’s ever been. She’s not going to say what I think she is, is she?

“Right after... right after Hans has... mmhm... has come inside me, babe... without protection... yeah... right after he’s filled my pussy up with his

cum... you know how much he cums babe, you know how big his balls are... those big, delicious balls of his... right after he's filled me up, I want to feel your tongue on my clit, babe... mmmm.. I want you to lick me, I want you... to eat my sloppy, used, well-fucked pussy babe... can you do that for me...? Can you... mmhm, oh god, Jim... *can you eat my creampie?*"

Fuck.

I am lost in a sea of lust. Yes. Yes, I want to do that more than anything. I want to dive my tongue in that sloppy wetness, I want to inhale her scent, I want to taste Hans all over her, I want to see that jerk's cum drip out of her gaping, well-fucked cunt...

"I thought we were going to stop?" I gasp, using my last remaining few brain cells. "I thought this was the end, right?"

Olivia bites her bottom lip as she sinks down onto my cock. God, she looks so gorgeous. Wait, are those bite marks I see on her tits? I hadn't even noticed those before. *How rough has my buddy been with her?*

"I do *want* to stop, but... I think we should try it once more, right? One final time..."

She reaches down to squeeze my balls. Olivia knows I love how that feels, and I come instantly whenever she does this.

"One final time?" I groan.

"Yeah, babe... One final time... I need you to eat me out when he's filled me up, and, well... Hans's birthday is this weekend... he's throwing a party... and I promised him a gift..."

"A gift?"

"Yeah, babe... what do you think? Do you think you watch your best friend fuck your girlfriend... one last time?"

"YES!"

She squeezes my nuts and I come so hard I see stars. My toes curl as I pump my load deeply into Olivia. She throws her ass back at me, her pussy milking my cock dry as her tongue invades my mouth.

I fall back onto the hotel bed, totally spent and exhausted, as Olivia climbs off me and hugs me tightly.

“Thank you,” she whispers into my neck as she showers me with kisses. “Thank you, babe. You’re not going to regret it.”

Somehow, I’m not so sure about that...



“JIM! MY MAN! COME HERE!”

When Hans opens the door he pulls me into a tight hug right away. I can smell the pungent ganja coming from his apartment and hear the loud EDM playing in the background. He looks absolutely giddy as he hugs me and slaps me on the shoulder.

“How did you like your surprise, huh?” Hans says. “Bet you liked it, didn’t you?”

“It was, uh, a bit much, to be honest.”

“Bullshit. It’s exactly what you wanted, you horny little cuck. Come in. Olivia’s in the living room.”

My friend leads me into his apartment. There’s a bunch of people already here, drinking and smoking. The first thing I notice is that they’re quite a lot older than me — and that they’re all dudes.

And then I spot my girlfriend.

She’s wearing a sexy little dress that barely reaches past her ass. Her hair is done up, showing off her slender neck. My heart skips a beat when I look at her: she’s absolutely *stunning*.

And I’m pretty sure every guy here agrees with me. They all stare openly at her. She’s out of any of their leagues, but the way they look at her... it makes my stomach turn.

Hans told them.

He must have. Of course. That asshole can't keep his mouth shut. I'm sure everyone here knows that my beautiful girlfriend is his slut. My cheeks burn bright red with embarrassment.

Olivia finally spots me and runs over to me, wrapping her arms around me tightly and kissing me on the lips. She tastes like wine.

"You made it!" She yells, having to strain to make herself heard over the loud music. "I was starting to worry!"

"Of course I made it," I say.

Like I would ever leave her alone in this den of vipers.

Hans approaches me with a cold beer and we toast. I take a deep sip while I see smug looks all around me.

This is going to be a *long* night.

Olivia is the life of the party, fluttering from one guy to the next as they are all eager to talk to her — and stare openly down her top. She's either oblivious or enjoying the attention. Knowing her, probably both.

I drown myself in my beer to keep from freaking out. I open the fridge door when I hear a familiar, booming voice that nails me to the ground.

"No way! Jim, that you? Wait, *you're* the boyfriend?!"

I slowly close the fridge door, my heart pounding in my throat. Please no. Please don't tell me that's...

"Boris," I say. "Hey."

My boss — a Russian-American guy in his fifties, with a round beer belly and grey hair — slaps me on the shoulder so hard I wince.

"Jim! How are you doing, buddy?!"

I take a sip of my beer and try to think of a good answer. How do I get the hell out of here?! Hans and I used to work together — that's how we met — but Hans got fired for always showing up to work as high as a kite.

I had no idea he was still hanging out with Boris, his former boss, and my

current one. If Boris knows about Olivia and Hans... then it's only a matter of time before everyone at work knows.

"Oh, I'm alright," I say. "How about you?"

Boris pulls me into a tight hug, wrapping his arm around my shoulder. He smells strongly of aftershave. The man pulls me into a corner of the room, and his grip is too strong for me to get out of.

"You know what Hans has been saying, right?"

"Uh, no?"

"He's been bragging in the group chat all week about how he's bagged himself the hottest little fucktoy around."

A group chat? What? There's a whole group chat where Hans brags about my girlfriend? Oh god, they took so many photos together. Did he share them? Do all these strangers here know what my girlfriend looks like naked?

"No way?" I stammer.

"Yeah. And here's the thing: He says that this pretty little thing has a boyfriend, and that the pervert likes to watch. Now, I thought he was just bullshitting, but here she is, and here you are..."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I say, barely getting the words out. "You know how Hans is."

"I do," Boris says with a grin. "You have fun tonight, buddy. I know I will."

The encounter with my boss leaves me shaking. This is not how I wanted things to go. I wanted to experiment, have some fun, try to expand our boundaries... not be outed as a cuck to my boss.

I look for Olivia in the crowd. We should leave. I spot her on the balcony, having a smoke with some older guys. I want to step in and tell her we should go, but before I can do that someone ropes me into a conversation about the next Call of Duty.

The next time I look up, Olivia is gone. She went to the bathroom, I reckon. However, five minutes later she's still gone and a heavy feeling grips my

heart. Surely she isn't...

I excuse myself from the conversation and look through the apartment, my face growing paler by the second. It feels like everyone is looking at me and snickering under their breath.

I checked every room, except for...

Except for the bedroom.

My palms are clammy and my heart races as I turn the corner and bump right into Hans.

"Hey buddy, watch where you're going," Hans says. "You okay? You look a little spooked."

Hans is here. Okay. That's good, right? If he's here, my girlfriend can't be sucking his dick at the same time. Yes. But that leaves a question lingering in my mind. Where is my girlfriend?

"Olivia," I stammer. "Where is she?"

"Oh, don't worry about her," Hans says as he wraps his arm around my shoulder and guides me back into the living room. "Let's have another beer, shall we?"

"No, I'm good," I say. "I *really* want to talk to Olivia."

Hans grins from ear-to-ear. "I'm afraid she's rather busy at the moment, buddy. She's got her *hands full*, if you know what I mean."

I hear a chuckle behind me I try to ignore.

"What do you mean? Take me to her, Hans. *Now*."

"Are you sure, buddy? You don't think you should hang back instead?"

"Now!" I say with balled fists.

"Okay, okay, chill, bro."

"I'm *not* chill," I whisper. "You told Boris?! He's my boss, man!"

"Hey, it was her idea," Hans says. "Don't get mad at me just because you

can't handle that sexy freak."

It feels like someone just punched me in the gut. "It was?"

"Yeah, man. Look, she's not doing anything she doesn't want to, you know. This party? It was all her idea. If you don't believe me, just go and ask her. Although I think her mouth is pretty full at the moment. From what I've heard, Boris is pretty hung..."

A cold shiver runs down my spine. I already realized she was in the bedroom with someone, but with my boss? *With that sleaze-bag?!* I've told her countless times how I've got a pervert for a boss who hits on every girl he sees, no matter the age... Olivia always told me what a scumbag he was, and encouraged me to find a different job... and now she's... with him...

The world spins for a moment. Hans catches me, wrapping his strong arms around me. We walk down the hallway together. Are we stepping outside? Good idea, I need some fresh air. I need to be somewhere else. Anywhere but here.

A door opens.

The powerful musky scent hits me and sobers me up in an instant.

"Ah, there *he* is," a man with a strong Russian accent grunts. "Let's give him a show."

A pretty girl giggles. "Hey, baby. I hope you don't mind."

What I'm looking at doesn't make sense to my shocked brain.

I see the most beautiful girl in the world on her knees. There's never been a more gorgeous creature in all of existence — I'm sure of it. Her big blue eyes are looking right at me, and her glossy lips form a smile that makes my heart flutter.

But there's something else. Something is wrong. Something that shouldn't be there.

Between those two beautiful, pink lips there is a... a cock. And not just any cock. No, a thick, fat, veiny, powerful cock. Throbbing veins run up the length of that monster, all the way from the hefty balls up to the bulbous,

purple head.

And the pretty girl is flicking her tongue all over the wet, weeping head while looking right at me with a playful smirk.

“Seems he’s at a loss for words,” the man laughs. “I thought you were into this shit, you little pervert.”

The old man grabs a handful of the pretty girl’s blonde hair and forces his cock down her throat. She coughs, tears forming in her eyes, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as her moans are muffled.

“Ah fuck, that’s it, take that cock you hot little whore. Fuck, Hans was right. You’re the best fucking cocksucker I’ve ever had — and I make sure to get my dick sucked by every waitress that’s ever worked for me. This hot mouth of yours takes the fucking cake. Fuck yeah, slobber all over those balls, bitch.”

The man presses the girl’s face into his big, sweaty balls. She sucks them into her mouth, eagerly bathing them with her tongue. The rougher this guy is, the more this girl is into it.

And this girl, is...

She’s Olivia.

That’s my girlfriend. And that man is Boris. My boss. My old, sleazy, pervert of a boss.

My girlfriend is practically rimming my boss.

The truth hits my brain like an icepick. I was dazed before — my own body trying to protect me from the truth? — but now I’m wide awake, and a myriad of emotions race through me.

I’m angry, ashamed, embarrassed, hurt, but most of all, I’m fucking *horny*. I watch in awe as Olivia sucks one of Boris’s big balls into her mouth, while his giant hand cradles her neck.

This is where she belongs. Between the knees of an older, powerful man, worshipping his fat cock and big balls. That’s what my girlfriend is. That’s what I made her. *A horny slut.*

“Come closer, you little fucker,” Boris snaps. “Hans told me you’re just as perverted as she is. So prove it. Give her a deep, deep kiss. With plenty of tongue, too.”

I’m used to Boris barking orders at me at work, but this is different. Still, just like at the job, I obey. I find myself kneeling down next to Olivia, my hand resting on her lower back as she turns to me, her blue eyes drunk with lust.

I have no idea if the door behind me is open. I don’t know who is watching this happen. Is it Hans? Is it the entire party? Are they all lined up, waiting for their turn? I don’t know. I don’t care.

Right now, all I want to do is kiss my crazy sexy girlfriend.

“Hey babe,” Olivia says softly. Her breath is warm, and musky. I feel it on my cheeks. Saliva drips down her bottom lip.

“Hey,” I say, my voice trembling.

“I’m a bad girl, babe.”

“Yeah, you are.”

I try not to stare at Boris’s cock, but the asshole’s giant, throbbing cock is inches from my girlfriend’s face. It’s hard not to notice it. A big, pearlescent drop of pre-cum glides down his length.

I swallow the lump in my throat. “Come here,” I say.

Olivia kisses me deeply, pushing her warm and wet tongue into my mouth. I moan, surprised by her intensity as she shares the taste of Boris with me. Her hands grip my face, not letting me move away as her tongue whirls around inside of my mouth.

My cock rockets to full hardness in an instant as I leak all over myself.

The deep laughter of Boris fills the messy bedroom. “Unbelievable. I’ve seen a lot of weird shit in my time, but this takes the cake. Fuck it, I’m going to rub my cock all over you two freaks. God, this is fucking hot.”

As we tongue kiss, I feel the weight and warmth of Boris’s cock press against Olivia’s face and cheeks. He’s rubbing his shaft and sack all over her as her

tongue invades my mouth. This is so wild and crazy — and I don't want this moment to end. *Ever*.

This is the most sexually charged moment of my existence.

Olivia pulls back from our kiss and looks me deep in the eye, her hands gripping my face. Boris's fat cock rests against her forehead, but she keeps eye contact with me.

"I'm going to fuck your boss," she says, her voice raw.

I nod eagerly. "Yes."

"You're going to lick me while we do it."

"O-okay."

"And you're going to eat my pussy after he's filled it with his fat load."

"Yes, god please yes," I plead.

"Fuck, you two are nasty fucking animals," Boris grunts. "Hurry up and get on the bed, slut. I can't wait to fuck that hot cunt of yours."

Olivia obeys instantly, crawling onto the bed and spreading her legs for my older boss. Her puffy, wet pussy is more than ready for him. I watch with a beating heart as the old, hairy guy gets between her legs.

"Hold on," Olivia says. "Babe, can you guide his fat cock in for me?"

Boris laughs deeply. "Christ, you're a dirty slut. Yes, boy. Guide my cock into this slut."

I nod dumbly, my cock as hard as it's ever been. "Okay," I say. "Anything you want, babe."

"Good boy," she moans.

My boss rubs his fat cock up and down her pussy lips, smearing his pre-cum all over her puffy lips. I reach in and grab his shaft. He's so heavy and thick, and I feel his cock throb powerfully in my hand.

I slowly guide the huge, purple head into my girlfriend. When I look up and

my eyes find Olivia's, I see raw desire in them as she nods eagerly.

My boss's thick cock enters my girlfriend's warm, tight cunt.

My heart skips a beat as my girlfriend lets out a deep, satisfied whimper. Her body tenses up as Boris lets out a heavy groan.

"Fuck, I haven't had a pussy this tight in years," he sighs blissfully. "Watch how it's done, boy."

His big, meaty hands grab her tits roughly as he thrusts forward, impaling my girlfriend on his monster cock. Olivia screams out in pleasure from the sudden assault — and in the back of my mind, I realize the entire party can hear her.

I don't care about that, though. All of my attention is focused on my boss fucking my girlfriend. He doesn't make love to her — he fucks her hard and mercilessly.

His big, sweaty balls slap against her ass as he pumps his fat cock in and out of her. Olivia wraps her legs around his waist, her nails raking down his back as she gasps and moans like a bitch in heat.

All I can do is watch, enthralled, my mouth open in awe. She looks so happy. Olivia has found heaven.

I scoot closer towards my girlfriend and hold her hand as she's getting fucked. Olivia gives me a weak smile, but it's hard for her to focus on me with that fat cock ravaging her.

"Oh baby," she gasps. "This is the best cock I've ever had. He's stretching me so good..."

She presses her forehead against mine and moans, and I kiss her on the lips.

"Better than Hans?" I ask.

"Uh huh!"

Damn. Even Hans was a step up from mine, and now he's already being outdone. There's an endless supply of cock out there... and I want my Olivia to enjoy them *all*.

“I’m close,” she gasps. “I’m so close!”

My boss grunts, his hips moving frantically now. “Fuck, I’m going to blow my load inside of your cunt. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, you slut?”

“Yes!” Olivia groans. “Please give it to me! Cum inside of me! Please!”

Boris roars as he thrusts powerfully, his hips a blur, his balls slapping against her flesh. I hold my girlfriend’s hand tightly and kiss her as she whimpers in pleasure.

I sense her orgasming, her body tensing up, her pussy contracting around Boris’s fat cock as her tongue enters my mouth. My boss roars as he blows his load deep inside of her, pumping his potent sperm deep inside of Olivia’s well-fucked cunt.

Olivia looks at me with a hazy and dazed expression on her face as Boris pulls out.

“Oh my god, Jim,” she gasps. “I don’t think I can ever go back to regular sex...”

“That’s okay, I just want you to be happy, baby,” I say as I softly stroke her cheeks.

Olivia smiles at me. “You can make me even *happier*, babe.”

“How?”

“Eat me out. Please, babe... I’m so close to cumming again.”

I look down and see her pussy glistening with my boss’s cum. Her legs are spread, her lips red and swollen, sperm gliding down her inner thighs.

“Do it, you perverted loser,” my boss laughs. “Lick her sloppy cunt clean.”

Fuck. I dive in.

I lick her clit, the musky taste of semen filling my mouth. It’s like an aphrodisiac — I just can’t get enough of the stuff.

I suck on Olivia’s clit and she cums instantly. Her orgasm rocks her to her very core, and I grab onto her hips to keep her from squirming away from me

as I lick her through another orgasm.

“I can’t believe you two,” Boris says as he pulls his pants back on. “Hans told me you two were perverts, but this is insane. I guess you’ll be eating her out whenever she’s done working a shift, huh? If that’s the case, there’s countless of creampie in your future, boy.”

I don’t respond to his jabs. Instead I focus on Olivia’s clit, sucking, tasting and licking. My mind is focused on her delicious taste. I’m lost in the moment, lost in heaven. This is where I should be.

This is where I belong.



THE NEXT MORNING I wake up on the couch with a pounding headache. My mind is instantly flooded with images of last night’s wild party. Boris was only the beginning of an insane night of debauchery...

“Hey babe, wake up. I’ve got a little surprise for you...”

My girlfriend’s sweet voice gets my attention. I open my eyes and what I see makes my heart-rate skyrocket.

Olivia’s well-fucked pussy is hovering inches from my face.

“What—”

Before I can finish the sentence my girlfriend presses her cunt down on my face. The salty, powerful taste of cum fills my mouth as a thick drop of it slides down my throat. I nearly come instantly as all my senses are assaulted.

Olivia grips a handful of my hair as she grinds her pussy on my face.

“That’s it, baby, lick me clean,” she grunts. “It’s so *hot* that you love cum just as much as I do, babe.”

I can barely breathe, but I don’t care. I lick her sloppy cunt greedily, drowning myself in her juices, tasting... I don’t even know whose cum it is that’s dripping out of her — Hans? Boris? One of Hans’s many friends? — and that only makes it hotter.

“I know we agreed that tonight would be the last night we’d do this, but... I think we both know it won’t be, huh?” Olivia says.

I nod, my nose pressed into her asshole. “Mmhmm.”

“Mmhm, good, because I’m going to keep fucking Hans babe. And your boss. And anyone Hans tells me to. And I want you to watch, and eat me out afterwards like the good little cum-loving cuck that you are, babe.”

Olivia pressed her pussy down on my face further. I can’t breathe, but I don’t care. All that matters is her pleasure.

“Is that okay, babe? You’d love that, right?”

She lets go and I can finally take a much needed breath of oxygen. My head is spinning, but I know one thing for certain.

“Yes,” I gasp. “Yes! I’d love that!”

“Good,” Olivia says as she sits back down. Her hands reach down to jerk me off as she smothers me with her cunt. The moment she grips my cock I cum instantly, spurting all over her hand.

Olivia jerks me off until I stop spasming, and then she kneels down next to me and gives me a warm, hot kiss. She lovingly strokes my hair as I gasp for air and slowly calm down.

“I love you, baby,” she says. “I love you so damn much.”

I love her, too — more than I can put into words. Whatever happens next, whatever Hans has in store for us both, it simply doesn’t matter.

I love my Olivia.

Nothing can ever change that.

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.

ALL I DO IS WATCH

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