



My

Roomie

Takes my Girl

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**MY ROOMIE TAKES MY GIRL
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH**

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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:

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

INTRODUCTION

It all starts when Tom comes home early from work one day.

Tom lives together with his beautiful and innocent girlfriend Emma, and his dominant best friend Jack.

Jack is staying with the young couple for a while, until he gets back on his feet. In truth, Jack has no plans on ever leaving. He doesn't have to pay rent or buy groceries — Tom takes perfect care of him.

And so does Emma.

When Tom walks into his living room, he sees just how well his girlfriend is taking care of their roomie.

All he can do now is watch...

MY ROOMIE TAKES MY GIRL

It all started when Tom came home early from work one day.

He lived together with his beautiful girlfriend Emma and his best friend Jack. For as long as Tom could remember he had been the best of mates with Jack, even though they couldn't be more different.

Jack was wild and rough around the edges, while Tom was sensible and hardworking. Tom is the one who went to college, studied hard, and now had a coveted internship at a prestigious law-firm. Meanwhile Jack spent most of his time playing video games, getting high, or chasing women. Due to his rogue-ish good looks and addictive charm, Jack's never had to work a day in his life.

Whenever he was short on cash for beer money he took on a modeling gig, but most of the time the tall and handsome Jack was content with mooching off his best friend Tom.

Meanwhile, Tom's girlfriend, the gorgeous and innocent Emma, was in the process of finishing her thesis in sociology. This meant Emma spent the majority of her time in the house, working away on her paper... or getting high with Jack and playing video games.

More often than not Tom came home to a pungent smell, and he would find the two of them on the couch, duking it out in some video game.

Tom didn't mind.

He knew how stressful writing a thesis could be, and he trusted Emma to finish it on time. She deserved to relax and have fun before entering the corporate world. And sure, perhaps Jack wasn't the best influence on her, but she was still young. This was the perfect time to live a little.

Plus, there was another upside. Emma got *incredibly* horny whenever she got high. Tom didn't mind reaping the benefits from that one bit.

As Tom opened the front door that fateful day, he instantly picked up the familiar scent of ganja. His cock twitched in his pants, already anticipating what was to come later tonight.

Emma was a total knockout. She had blonde hair, blue eyes, a great set of tits and a big, juicy ass. She was the most beautiful woman in the world to Tom, and he felt privileged to call himself her boyfriend each and every single day.

He softly closed the door behind him, hung up his coat and ran his hand through his hair. It had been a long and stressful last couple of weeks, and his boss had given Tom the afternoon off to recharge. He was looking forward to kicking back on the couch, ordering pizza, and just having a lazy evening in.

Tom walked towards the living room when he heard a sound. A soft sound, barely audible, but enough to stop Tom dead in his tracks. He held his breath and listened.

"Mmhm. Yeah, that's it."

Tom instantly recognized his best friend's groan. Jack must be jerking off in the living room. Perhaps Emma was out shopping, or

she went to her university to work on her thesis there. Tom prepared to clear his throat and announce his presence when he heard a giggle.

A female giggle.

"You're doing a good job, girl. Yeah, keep licking it baby, just like that."

Heat raced to Tom's cheeks. Jack had brought a girl home — a regular occurrence, but usually he just took them to his room. Getting head in their shared living room? That was pushing the boundaries of their living arrangements a bit.

What if it was Emma who had come home and found Jack mid-blowjob? Suddenly, the thought of his girlfriend looking at his best friend's fat cock made Tom's heart race.

It had always been obvious that Jack was much more gifted when it came to charming women than Tom. Jack was taller, better looking, and he had the bigger cock, too. Still, it was Tom who landed the gorgeous girlfriend, while Jack was still bouncing from one hook-up to the next...

Tom shook his head to clear his lewd thoughts. He turned around to give his best friend his privacy when he heard another voice.

A very familiar voice.

"God, you're so fucking big, Jack."

"Yes I am. You love it, don't you?"

"Fuck yes I do. I can't get enough of your fat cock."

"Am I bigger than Tom?"

A giggle. "You know it."

"Tell me, slut."

"You're much, *much* bigger than my boyfriend, Jack. He doesn't even compare to you."

What? That voice...

In a daze, Tom tip-toed toward the living room, breath held. Those words could have only come from one mouth, but it was impossible, simply impossible...

Tom looked around the corner and time stopped.

His Emma, his girlfriend of three years, the love of his life and the woman he intended on marrying was on her knees in front of the couch, as naked as the day she was born.

Jack was sitting on the couch, naked as well, his rock hard cock right in Emma's face.

Tom's girlfriend licked his best friend's impressive manhood up and down, her large tits dangling freely as she worshipped every inch of Jack's monster cock.

Tom's head was swimming. What. The. *Fuck*. He had the instant urge to storm into living room, yell at Emma, beat the living crap out of his best friend, but instead... instead he stayed where he was.

And watched.

Emma bobbed her head up and down Jack's thick cock, taking the entire thing into her mouth, gagging slightly as the tip hit the back of her throat. Jack's big hand was in her hair, guiding her.

"Such a good girl, taking my cock all the way down your throat. Fuck, that's amazing. You love my cock, don't you?"

Emma pulled Jack's big cock out of her mouth, a strand of saliva connecting her lip to the glistening, purple head of Jack's cock.

"Yes, your cock tastes so fucking good, Jack."

Emma resumed her duties, slobbering all over Jack's pole. Tom could barely believe it. The two people he trusted most in the world — the two people he was working his ass off all day for just to pay rent, while they lounged around the house and smoked weed — were cheating on him behind his back.

Tom knew he should be furious! And yet, his cock was hard. Incredibly hard. Harder than it had ever been. The sight of Emma greedily sucking Jack's thick cock was the single hottest thing Tom had ever seen.

"Lick my balls too, slut."

Emma obeyed instantly and licked all the way down, slurping on his massive sack. She had never sucked Tom's cock with such enthusiasm.

"You like my big balls, you little bitch?"

Emma nodded.

"They taste so fucking good, Jack."

Jack grabbed his dick and slapped Emma's face with it, smearing her saliva all over her rosy cheeks.

"You want my load, don't you?"

"Oh god yes. I need it so fucking bad."

Tom was completely frozen, unable to move, unable to form even a coherent *thought* as he stared at the wanton scene in front of him. His girlfriend was never a prude, but she had never begged for his cum so desperately either.

Jack had turned Tom's naive girlfriend into his obedient cum dumpster.

How long had this been going on?

How many of Jack's thick loads had Emma already swallowed?

When Tom came home from work and gave his girlfriend a kiss, was there ever cum on her lips?

Tom watched as Jack stood up and pointed his big cock right at Emma's face. Emma stuck out her tongue, eagerly awaiting Jack's cum all over her face.

"Stroke me, slut."

Emma started jacking the big cock in front of her, hard and fast, her dainty hand moving up and down Jack's meat, her large tits bouncing with every stroke.

"Fuck yes! That's it, you cheating whore! That's it! Open wide, bitch!"

Jack grunted loudly as thick ropes of cum shot out of his cock — covering Emma's face completely. Spurt after spurt of pearlescent white cum covered his girlfriend's face, and it was the hottest thing Tom had ever witnessed.

He could feel his own pre-cum dribbling down his thighs as Emma kept stroking Jack's cock until every last drop of his cum had landed on her face.

Satisfied, Jack sat his naked ass back down on their couch — Tom's couch, actually, he suddenly thought, as he was the one who paid for it — his hard cock still bobbing up and down.

"Clean me."

Emma leaned in and licked Jack's cock clean, slurping up all the warm, delicious cum.

"Good girl," Jack grinned.

When Jack's cock was clean, Emma scooped the thick goblets of seed off her face with her fingers and licked them clean. Tom's eyes widened as he saw his girlfriend act like a total and utter *slut*.

That's what she was, Tom realized. She might be his girlfriend and life partner, but she was Jack's slut. His plaything. His *toy*.

"When's that loser coming home?" Jack asked.

Emma shrugged. "We usually have another hour before Tom's home."

Tom's cheeks burned red. His girlfriend hadn't batted an eye at him being called a *loser*.

"Good," Jack grunted as he squeezed his cock. "I'm not done with you yet."

Jack reached out and grabbed Emma's blonde hair, pulling her in for a deep, passionate kiss. When he pulled away, Emma was left panting.

"I've fucked a lot of bitches, but you're the hottest slut I've ever had," Jack growled as he roughly pinched Emma's nipples.

"Th-thank you, s-sir," Emma moaned, biting her bottom lip.

"Turn around and show me that ass."

Emma turned around, showing her big, round ass off. Jack grabbed Emma's juicy cheeks and spread them, gazing upon her tight little asshole and her wet pussy.

Jack leaned in and rimmed Emma's tight little hole.

"Oooh Jack, that feels amazing."

Tom had never eaten his girlfriend's ass before. It wasn't a thing he was into — but now he wish he had. As proved by Emma's squirming and panting, she absolutely loved a tongue in her asshole.

Jack pulled back and rubbed her rosebud with his thumb.

"Tell me what you want, slut."

"Fuck my ass, Jack, please."

Tom's breath faltered. *What?* As far as he knew, Emma had never had anal sex before...

"I need your cock inside of me, Jack. I've been such a bad girl and I need to be punished..."

Jack smiled as he lined up his cock with Emma's tight hole. Tom could barely believe what he was witnessing — his girlfriend was begging for his best friend to fuck her ass!

Jack started pushing, his thick, hard cock slowly entering his girlfriend's tight asshole. It stretched open, accommodating Jack's massive cock.

"Fuck yes," Emma grunted like an animal. "Fuck my ass Jack!"

As Jack's thick cock spread open Emma's asshole open further and further, she started making noises Tom had *never* heard her make. She was grunting and groaning like a bitch in heat as her tight asshole was filled by a thick, pulsing cock.

Jack bottomed out, his big balls resting against her ass cheeks, and then he started thrusting. Slowly at first, but soon speeding up. Emma's tits bounced around wildly as Jack pounded her asshole.

It was absolutely clear to Tom this wasn't their first rodeo. For how long has his best friend been claiming his girlfriend's ass behind his back?

"Oh fuck Emma, you've got such a great ass." Jack fucked Emma's ass like a man possessed. "Fucking take my cock you little slut. You've been a bad girlfriend, and I'm gonna punish this tight ass."

Emma moaned even louder. There was no way their neighbors weren't hearing this. Did *everyone* know his girlfriend was a cheating whore?

"Yes Jack! Punish my ass! I'm a bad girl!"

Jack slapped Emma's ass hard.

“Say you’re a slut.”

Emma groaned. “I-I’m a slut Jack! I’m your slut!”

Another loud spank.

“Tell me your boyfriend is a loser.”

Emma bit her bottom lip and moaned loudly.

“Tom’s a loser, Jack! Fuck me! You fuck me so much better than him!”

“Does he ever fuck your ass, slut?”

“Never! My ass belongs to you, Jack! I’m your ass-slut!”

Tom’s blood ran cold. He stood there, watching, frozen in place as his best friend spanked his girlfriend’s pale ass until it was red as he fucked her in the ass.

His best friend, the man he was closest to in life was degrading him — no, making his loving *girlfriend* degrade him — and Emma was loving it. She was absolutely loving it.

Jack spanked her ass until there was red marks all over her soft skin.

“Fuck, I’m gonna cum in your ass, slut.”

“Cum in my ass, Jack! Fill my hole with your cum!”

Jack grunted. Sweat dripped down his muscular body as he unloaded his seed deep into Emma’s asshole. The girlfriend moaned and started shaking — her powerful orgasm hitting her as her boyfriend’s best friend unloaded himself inside of her ass.

Jack pumped her asshole full of cum, and then pulled out.

Her asshole was left gaping wide open. Thick globs of cum oozed out of her ruined hole, dripping down her puffy pussy and her wet thighs.

His girlfriend's ruined asshole was the sexiest thing Tom had ever seen.

Jack sat his sweaty ass back down on the couch as he caught his breath. Emma kept laying on the floor, her ass up in the air, cum dripping out of her asshole.

Tom tip-toed back to the hall. He quietly grabbed his jacket and stepped outside, softly closing the door behind him.

What had just happened?

His girlfriend had cheated on him... and Tom had loved every second of it. His beautiful Emma had never looked hotter than with her ass gripping Jack's cock.

What the fuck does this mean? How long has this been going on?

Tom wandered the streets for hours, a myriad of emotions running through his mind. He was angry, he was sad, he was hurt... but more than anything, he was turned on beyond belief.

With his mind still racing, he opened the front door to his apartment. He walked towards the living room with his heart hammering in his throat. What would he find there? He turned the corner, half-expecting to find his girlfriend's gaping asshole still dripping with cum.

Instead, Jack was playing a first person shooter while Emma was reading a book on her phone.

"Hi honey," Emma greeted him with a smile.

"Sup," Jack grunted.

Tom looked at Emma, and at Jack, and back at Emma. They looked totally normal. Completely at ease. There was not a single hint of guilt on either of their two faces.

Had Tom imagined the whole thing?

"What's wrong, honey?" Emma asked when she saw his wide-eyed stare. "Did something happen at work?"

"Come here for a moment," Tom said. He grabbed his girlfriend's wrist and pulled her into his bedroom. Jack barely looked up from the first person shooter he was playing.

"Babe?" Emma asked.

Tom just stared at her. His beautiful, loving girlfriend looked back at him. A myriad of emotions raced through Tom's mind. Jealousy. Anger. Lust. All swirling into a potent, explosive cocktail.

He opened his mouth to speak.

Instead, he suddenly found himself kissing his girlfriend hard. He pushed his tongue into her mouth as his hands roughly groped her ass.

"Oh babe," Emma laughed, her laugh turning into a moan. "What's gotten into you?"

Tom didn't answer. Instead, he pushed his girlfriend onto their bed.

"I need you. Now."

"Okay," Emma answered.

Tom practically ripped his girlfriend's clothes from her body in a frenzy. Emma gasped as he pulled her pants and panties down in one go, Tom's hands trembling from excitement.

He stared at her cunt for a moment, breathing heavily. His girlfriend's pussy was completely and totally *soaked*. The scent of raw sex filled the entire room.

Tom buried his face between his girlfriend's legs.

He needed to lick her, to eat her, to taste her. His tongue found her fuck-hole and entered it, licking her, tasting his girlfriend's juices.

"Oh god Tom!" Emma moaned. "What's gotten into you? Oh, right there babe! Oh fuck, baby! Eat my ass honey, eat my ass!" She grabbed a fistful of her boyfriend's hair and pushed him even lower.

Tom buried his tongue in his girlfriend's asshole for the first time.

The same ass that his best friend and roommate had just claimed — the same well-used fuck-hole Jack had dropped his thick, creamy load in only a short while ago.

"Oh *fuck*," Emma groaned. "I didn't know you loved my ass so much, babe!"

Tom's entire body trembled with excitement as he licked his girlfriend's forbidden hole. His cock dribbled pre-cum, and he knew he was close.

When he felt his own orgasm coming up he jumped up, grabbed his girlfriend's soft thighs, and rammed his throbbing hard cock into her wet cunt with a single push. Emma gasped for air as her boyfriend filled her. Tom grunted and thrust, sweat trickling down his body as he reclaimed his girlfriend.

"You like that, slut?!" He growled.

Emma's mouth hung open as she moaned. "Fuck yes, fuck that slutty pussy, babe!"

Tom pounded his girlfriend harder than he ever had before. Their entire bed shook and creaked, the bed-frame pounding rhythmically against the wall.

Emma reached out to grab Tom's face and pulled him in for a deep, hot kiss.

"You loved eating my ass, didn't you?" Emma said, batting her lashes.

Tom nodded. His girlfriend smirked.

"Say it," she moaned. "Tell me you love eating my ass."

"I love eating your ass," Tom said, a thrill running down his spine as he realized what his loving girlfriend was getting at — *she was getting off on unknowingly feeding him his best friend's creampie's*. "I fucking love eating your ass, baby. It tastes so fucking good!"

Emma's smile widened. "Yeah it does, doesn't it? I'm going to sit on your fucking face every night baby! Ah! every day when you come home from work I'll be waiting here, my ass up high in the air, just waiting for your tongue, babe!"

The blood rushed through Tom's ear. *His girlfriend was talking about him eating her ass-creampies every single fucking day.*

Fuck! His balls exploded without warning — load after load of his potent seed filling Emma's tight, young cunt to the brim.

"Ahhh!" He groaned.

"Yes!!" Emma joined in, her legs locking around his waist as she came at the same time, her pussy convulsing around Tom's hard cock, milking every last drop of his cum out of him as pleasure coursed through her veins.

Tom collapsed on top of his girlfriend, both of them breathing heavily. They just held each other like that for a moment, as Emma planted small kisses all over her boyfriend's collar bone.

"I never knew you were so kinky," she whispered. "That was really hot, babe."

"Yeah," Tom agreed. "That it certainly was."

"What had gotten into you?" Emma asked, feigning innocence.

Tom looked up. His girlfriend's beautiful blue eyes looked back at him. He wanted to tell her he knew everything — but he couldn't find the words. What would happen if she knew? If Jack knew? Would she leave him for their roommate?

"I just love you babe, more than anything," Tom said. "I just want you to be happy. I'll do anything for you. Anything."

"Aw, honey. I love you, too. You're the best."

When they came out of their bedroom, Jack was grinning ear-to-ear. "Shit, mind keeping it down?" He laughed. "Ya'll making me jealous. It's hard being single, you know."

He looked right at Tom with a smug look on his face.

"Deal with it," the boyfriend said, not wanting to acknowledge the fact he just ate his roommate's creampie from his girlfriend's ass. He headed into the kitchen to start cooking dinner, leaving his girlfriend and roommate alone in the living room.

He heard them whisper, but they kept voices low enough that Tom couldn't hear. As he cooked dinner for the three of them, he started to wonder how he ever got into this situation.

Here he was, coming home from a hard day's work, and *he's* the one cooking? Sure, Emma was working on her thesis, but she could do some work around the house as well. Instead it was up to Tom to pay all the bills, buy groceries and cook dinner, all the while his gorgeous Emma lounged around the house, nursing on his roommate's thick cock and getting fucked behind his back...

All the stolen glances, the knowing smirks, the innuendo's suddenly made sense. *Fucking hell.*

Tom realized fully well he had every right to be angry, but instead he found himself humming and cooking dinner with a sense of pride and joy. He secretly loved this, and he wanted to ride it out to the very end. *How far would Jack take this? How far would Emma allow him to go?*

Jack always had a mean and competitive streak to him. Tom knew this, but he never thought Jack would go as far as to take his girl from under his nose.

What else would Jack be capable of?

Only one way to find out...



THAT EVENING, as the three of them chilled on the couch and watched Netflix, Jack pulled out his trusty bong.

"Come on, let's party," Jack said. "I've got some great new stuff, it'll knock your ass out!"

Tom usually didn't partake — especially not when he had work the next morning — but Jack had been giving him the side-eye all evening. Tom had known Jack for so long, he knew *exactly* what was bothering him.

Jack didn't like how hard Tom fucked Emma when he came home from work. Jack wanted to reclaim Emma's body. Jack wanted to rub it in *both* their faces that *he's* the man of the house.

"What the hell," Tom said with an exaggerated shrug. "Pass me that thing."

"Atta boy!" Jack laughed. "Finally growing a pair!"

Emma giggled as Tom fired up the bong and took a hit. Jack and her exchanged a glance as the harsh smoke hit Tom's lungs. He coughed.

It was strong stuff alright.

"Take another hit," Jack insisted. "I paid out the ass for this bomb-ass kush. Oh by the way, I'm gonna be late on rent this month again — that's cool, right?"

Tom's cock twitched in his pants. "Sure, no biggie," he coughed as he took another hit — faking how heavy it hit him. "Oh man, that's strong."

"Nah, you're just a wuss," Jack said as he took the bong. "Right, Emma? Your boyfriend is a wuss."

"Don't be mean to him," Emma laughed, fake-slapping Jack's broad shoulder. "That's not very nice."

"Just keeping it real," Jack said, looking Tom dead in the eye. "You're a wuss, ain't you, Tom? A pussy. A little *bitch*."

"A wuss, sure," Tom said, heat rising to his cheeks. "If that's what you want to hear, big man, then sure."

The memories of this afternoon came back to him. His girlfriend's ass spread open by Jack's thick, pulsing cock. Emma groaning and grunting as she was bred like an animal — and then she said *my boyfriend is a loser* right as Jack pumped her full of his seed.

"See?" Jack said triumphantly. "See, Emma. Your boyfriend is a wuss."

Emma rubbed her boyfriend's thigh. "Then you're *my* wuss that I love very much."

"Aw, thanks, sweetie." Tom answered as he leaned back and closed his eyes. "Fuck, my head is swimming," he said.

"Your weak pussy-ass can take a nap while we keep going strong," Jack said. "Right, Emma?"

Another giggle. "Sure," she said softly.

Time passed slowly as Tom listened to Jack and Emma smoke up. The air was thick with the scent of weed. Tom was only pretending to fall asleep — or at least, that was the plan, but soon he felt himself getting actually drowsy and his attention slipping.

He woke up when he heard muffled laughter; his eyes still closed. How much time had passed?

"He's out cold, I'm telling you. He won't notice a thing."

"You're so bad, Jack."

"You love it, slut."

There was another strong scent in the room, besides the thick cloud of weed-smoke. It was a pungent, musky scent.

"That's it, jerk that big cock."

"I can't believe we're actually doing this right in front of him."

"Why not? You love being a bad girl. You love stroking my big cock right in front of that loser boyfriend of yours."

"You're so mean," Emma said, but there was no anger in her voice. If anything, it sounded like admiration.

Tom *had* to see. He had to risk it all to see what was going on. He bit the inside of his cheek to prepare himself as he opened his eyes only a fraction, peering through his lashes into the dimly lit room.

His heart-rate sky-rocketed in an instant.

Jack and Emma sat right across from Tom on the couch, only several feet away from the 'sleeping' boyfriend. Jack's pants and boxers dangled around his ankles. His hard, throbbing cock jutted upright as Emma eagerly stroked him, having to use both hands to work that monster.

Emma was jerking off his best friend right in front of him.

Tom swallowed the lump in his throat.

"Am I bigger than him?"

"Much bigger," Emma said instantly. Her blue eyes were fixated on the long, thick cock bobbing in front of her. The angry purple head glistened with pre-cum. She leaned down and licked it off.

The moment her soft tongue touched the hard cock, Jack grabbed a fistful of her blonde hair and pushed her head down, sliding that

thick cock right down her throat. She gagged as she let her boyfriend's roommate roughly fuck her throat.

"Fuck, I love fucking your mouth right in front of that little bitch," Jack groaned. "Ah yeah, choke on that cock, whore."

Emma's body burned brightly with desire. Her swollen clit thumped with need, her nipples as hard as diamonds. This was so bad, so wrong, so... *hot*. So fucking *hot*.

Logically, it made no sense. She loved her boyfriend. With all her heart, Emma loved Tom. And yet, despite that, or perhaps because of it, there was nothing more erotic to her than flagrantly cheating on him with a stronger, rougher, simply *better* man.

It started with an incident. She opened the bathroom to find Jack in there, naked, getting out of the shower. His big, swinging cock was impossible to forget. The roommate started teasing her. Flirting. Pushing the boundaries.

And then it happened, one night after one drink too many.

Her boyfriend had gone to bed early — and Jack fucked her brains out right there in the living room. She screamed her lungs out as their roommate pounded her cheating cunt, thinking for sure Tom was going to burst into the room and see what was going on, but Jack's dick was simply too good to stop.

That didn't happen. Tom slept through it all, and when Emma woke up the following morning, next to her loving boyfriend, intense shame and regret washed over her. *How could she do this to Tom?* She was ready to confess her sins and end the relationship — but Tom opened his mouth first.

"Did Jack bring a girl over last night?" Her boyfriend had asked, innocently. "I think I heard something."

"Maybe," Emma had stammered, cheeks red, heart racing.

"He was really giving it to her good," Tom said. "Can you imagine the type of girl who would come over at the drop of a hat just to fuck an asshole like Jack?"

Emma had laughed nervously. "Must be a real slut, right?"

"Yeah," Tom had agreed. "Jack's got a thing for sluts. You know he always brags he can turn *any* girl into his plaything."

"He does?"

"Yeah. He's so arrogant and cocky."

Emma's heart had pounded so loud she was convinced Tom could hear it, but he was none the wiser. She was ready to confess her sins a moment ago, but lying to Tom's face like this — talking about Jack's love life while her trusting, innocent, naive boyfriend didn't realize it was *she* who had fucked Jack last night, and it was Jack's cum that was dribbling out of her now soaking wet cunt right at this very moment... it lit a roaring hot fire inside her.

"It was kinda hot to hear it though," Tom continued. "Don't tell him I said that."

Emma's heart had pounded even louder. She was so damn horny. She *had* to go for it. Without saying a word, she grabbed her boyfriend's hand and placed it between her legs. Tom mumbled something when he felt just how soaking wet his girlfriend was. She kissed him and then pushed his face down.

Tom acquiesced.

Her boyfriend kissed his way down her body until he got to her dripping wet pussy. Emma grabbed his hair and pushed his face into her well-fucked cunt. As her boyfriend's tongue touched her naughty, dirty sex, she came *instantly*.

All her life, she had been innocent, and good, and kind, and had done the things expected of her. Now, she had a taste of what's it like to be bad, and *damn* it felt good.

It felt *extremely* good to have her boyfriend lick her cheating pussy. Addictively good.

Things had only escalated from there on out.

She tried to fight it. Tried to be the good girl she once was, but day by day, week by week, Jack corrupted her.

And his appetite was insatiable.

Merely using his best friend's girlfriend as his own personal cumdumpster wasn't enough for Jack. He wanted to own her, body and soul.

Jack claimed her ass. Her tight, innocent, virgin ass was now just another hole to fuck for him.

Jack convinced Emma to kiss her boyfriend every evening when he came home from work with cum still on her breath.

Jack even got Emma to jerk him off in Tom's coffee one morning when he was feeling playful, and the both of them could barely hold their laughter as the poor fool drank it with a stupid smile on his face.

The both of them kept escalating, and it had led to this very moment: Emma looking right at her sleeping boyfriend as Jack's big cock fucked her mouth, as his balls slapped against her chin, as she felt hot tears stream down her face as she struggled to breathe. Her orgasm was only a breath away now. In that moment, she wanted nothing more than for Tom to open his eyes so the love of her life could see what a depraved whore she really was.

Tom shifted in his seat. His erection strained against his pants as he watched the debauchery happen in front of him. He wished he'd chosen a more comfortable position to fake-sleep in, but he was afraid that if he moved now, the show would stop. And more than anything, he wanted it to continue.

Jack looked right at him, grinning from ear-to-ear as he roughly fucked Emma's throat. One hand was on the back of her head as the other one yanked her pants and thong down to her ankles. He slapped her ass hard.

"You're going to wake him," Emma panted, her voice muffled by cock.

"Good," Jack grunted as he thrust his hips upwards and made Emma choke. "Let that bitch-ass see whose cunt this is!"

Tom bit the inside of his cheek so hard he tasted blood. He was leaking so much pre-cum that there was an obvious stain on his pants, but the cheating couple didn't notice.

Jack pulled his big cock out of Emma's mouth, a strand of saliva connecting the glistening, purple head to her soft lips. While looking right at Tom, Jack slapped Emma's face with his fat cock.

Emma just moaned like a bitch in heat as the jerk rubbed his cock all over her pretty little face. Her pants and underwear were around her ankles, her shirt was hiked up, tits almost spilling out of her bra, her face red and her hair tussled as Jack toyed with her dripping wet slit. She was turned on beyond belief, drunk on lust, eager to follow every command, no matter how depraved.

Jack pushed her face back down, right between his legs. Emma didn't hesitate and eagerly slurped Jack's big balls into her mouth.

"Eat my ass too, whore."

With a thrill Emma obliged, sticking her tongue as far up Jack's ass as she could. Tom could barely believe what he was seeing — his girlfriend's face was buried between his roommate's ass cheeks.

Jack grunted in pleasure. One hand roughly yanked her bra down and squeezed her big tits as the other one toyed with her puckered asshole.

"You're mine, slut."

Emma groaned.

"Say it." Jack tweaked Emma's hard nipples. "Say what you are."

"I'm yours!" Emma moaned.

"Whose cunt is this?"

"It's yours, Jack!"

"Whose ass is this?"

"It-it's yours, Jack!"

"Who owns your body?"

Emma looked up at her sleeping boyfriend through her fluttering lashes. "You own my body, Jack. All my holes are yours to use."

"Beg me to fuck your ass, slut."

Emma's heart hammered in her chest. This was *so* naughty. There was no way Tom wasn't going to wake up if Jack fucked her ass right in front of him — she'd scream the house down.

"Please, fuck my ass, Jack. Please. I need your cock in my ass."

"Get on all fours, whore, and look at your loser boyfriend."

Emma obeyed instantly. She took all her clothes off and got on her hands and knees in the living room, facing her boyfriend, who was sprawled out in a chair. Her big, round ass was high up in the air, her juices dripping down her thighs.

This was happening.

Tom couldn't believe it. He could see his girlfriend's lust-filled eyes right in front of him — was she looking back at him? Were they making eye-contact? No, she was too cock-drunk to notice he wasn't really asleep — and thanks to the mirror hanging above the couch, he could see his girlfriend's puckered asshole waiting for his best friend's cock.

Jack spat on her asshole as he lined up his throbbing cock with Emma's forbidden hole.

"This is how a real man fucks your girl, loser," Jack grunted as he spread Emma's asshole open wide. His big cock slowly but surely penetrated the tight ass.

His girlfriend's asshole spread open wide as Jack's cock claimed her most intimate place. Emma grunted and groaned, and after a moment, Jack's big balls rested against her soft cheeks.

"How does it feel to be filled by a real man?"

"So fucking good," Emma moaned.

"How does it compare to Tom?"

"It doesn't," she replied instantly. "You're so much bigger than him, so much... *better*."

Jack laughed as he slapped Emma's round, pale ass-cheek.

"Let's wake that fucking loser up," Jack said as he started to thrust hard, his big cock slamming in and out of Emma's right, ruined hole.

"Oh god! Oh fuck! Oh Jack!" Emma shouted.

Instinctively she reached out and squeezed her boyfriend's hand as Jack roughly fucked her asshole. His big balls slapped against her pussy with every thrust, incredible pleasure building inside of her with every motion of Jack's powerful hips.

She grunted and moaned like a wild beast — and then Jack grabbed a fistful of her blonde hair and forced Emma to look right at her sleeping boyfriend.

Only this time, he wasn't sleeping.

Tom's eyes were wide open and looking right at Emma's.

As she made eye-contact with her boyfriend *with another man's cock in her asshole* an unbelievable thrill ran through Emma's body. From head to toe, endorphins flooded her system.

"Hi baby," she grunted, biting her bottom lip.

"Hey," Tom replied meekly.

He could no longer keep the charade going.

Emma's head thrust against his legs every time Jack pounded her ass. She was squeezing his hand hard — not to mention that she was grunting like a pig. Tom still being asleep was rather unbelievable at this point.

"Jack's fucking my ass," Emma said as she stared into her boyfriend's eyes.

She now noticed the large wet spot on his lap — Tom was excited. This made heart heart flutter.

"Jack's fucking my ass really hard, babe."

Tom's eyes flickered up. Sweat trickled down Jack's muscular body as he claimed Tom's girlfriend. His heavy balls slapped against her puffy cunt rhythmically.

"Hi loser," Jack growled. "Don't mind me, I'm just breeding your bitch."

Tom nodded meekly. Of course Jack was breeding his bitch. Jack got everything he ever wanted in life.

"Do you — *ugh* — still love me?" Emma asked, her eyes wide.

"Yes!" Tom said. "Yes, I love you!"

"Even now that I'm Jack's slut?"

Tom swallowed the lump in his throat.

"More than ever," he answered softly.

Jack laughed victoriously. He spanked Emma's ass hard. "I knew it. You're a cuck loser. You love watching this, don't you? You love watching me breed your girl!"

Tom nodded. He couldn't deny it.

"I do."

Jack grabbed Emma's arms and pulled them behind her back. Her large tits swung wildly as her asshole was claimed by a better man.

"Tell her!" Jack demanded. "Tell my whore what you love!"

"I love watching Jack fuck you," Tom stammered, his voice husky.

"Tell her you're a fucking loser, cuck!"

"I'm a fucking loser," Tom said, intense heat rising to his cheeks. "I'm a pussy-ass-bitch who wants to eat his cum out of your well-fucked asshole, babe!"

"Oh fuck, that's so hot," Emma moaned, her eyes fluttering. "I want to sit on your face, honey!"

"Good idea — let's do that right now," Jack insisted. "Get on the floor, loser!"

Tom obeyed instantly. He had committed fully to his new position, lying down flat on the living room floor. Jack parked his girlfriend right on top of him, giving him a perfect, unobstructed view of dripping wet pussy and gaping asshole.

"How's the view, cuck?"

"Perfect," Tom answered breathlessly.

Jack pressed his cock against Emma's asshole. This time, his big cock slipped in easily.

"Oh fuck," Emma groaned. "Oh, yes, Jack! Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass right on my boyfriend's face!"

"You're such a filthy fucking whore," Jack grunted as he bottomed out. "Both of you are!"

Tom reached up, licking his girlfriend's swollen clit as Jack fucked her ass, Jack's big, sweaty balls bumping against Tom's face with every thrust.

Emma orgasmed. Again, and again, and again. The feeling of her boyfriend's tongue on her sensitive clit as her asshole was stretched beyond its limits made her entire pussy *throb*. Her asshole clenched around Jack's thick cock as wave after wave of bliss coursed through her veins.

"Cum inside me, please," she panted. "I need it!"

Jack grunted. "Here it comes, bitches! Fuck! FUCK! AH!"

The cocky and arrogant Jack buried his thick cock all the way to the hilt inside of Emma's asshole and came, his pulsing balls resting against Tom's face as he pumped load after load of his potent seed deep inside of her.

When he finally pulled out, a wave of cum gushed out of the young girl's gaping asshole.

Emma sat down on Tom's face instantly, smothering her boyfriend's face with her red hot cheeks as his best friend's cum slid out of her ass and into his mouth. The loving girlfriend rode her boyfriend's face like a slut — and she bit her bottom lip when she noticed he was cumming in his pants, the sensations too much for him to handle.

Jack laughed victoriously. He had always knew, deep down, that his best friend was a cuck, but he had never anticipated it would go down this well. "Welcome to the team, loser," he said. "How does my cum taste? Familiar? You've been tasting it for weeks, cuck!"

Emma ruffled her boyfriend's hair and slowly got up, her legs wobbly. Tom's face was a mess. She got down on the floor with him

and kissed her boyfriend passionately, sharing the taste of Jack's cum on his lips. Their tongues swirled around each other.

"I love you, Emma," Tom said. "More than anything. Nothing has to change, right?"

"I love you, too, babe. That'll never change. I'm still your girlfriend... only your best friend owns my holes now, I suppose."

Tom nodded. "That he does."

Jack lit up a blunt. "Looks like I have a new bitch. Isn't that right, loser?"

Tom's face became red and hot. Emma lovingly stroked his cheeks. "It's okay," she whispered. "Don't worry. I think it's hot when you do what he tells you."

"Y-yes Jack," Tom stammered.

"Say it."

"I'm your bitch, Jack."

"Damn right you are. Always have been, always will be. You can get me a beer while your girlfriend cleans my cock with her mouth."

"Yes, sir," Emma and Tom replied in unison. "Whatever you say, sir."



AUTHOR'S NOTE

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