



The

Bartender

Takes my Girl

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

THE BARTENDER TAKES MY GIRL
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

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FOREWORD

My girlfriend started working at a bar.

She makes good money, but she cannot stand one of the bartenders. He's a sleazy dude who is always hitting on her, but she does her best to ignore him.

And then the bartender has a proposal that changes everything.

He's hosting a party for all his friends, and he wants my girlfriend to serve drinks — wearing a skimpy outfit.

At first she's angry, but she suddenly **changes her mind and agrees.**

All I can do is watch as the bartender seduces my girl right in front of me...

THE BARTENDER TAKES MY GIRL

When my girlfriend came home from work that evening I knew right away something was up. Instead of her cheerful self, she was scowling.

I paused my video game. “How was work?”

Emma threw herself down on the couch. “Roy’s an asshole,” she said.

Roy was a bartender at the bar where she worked, and technically her boss. A mid-40’s, rough around the edges playboy. Not the type of guy you’d want your twenty year old girlfriend to hang out with, but I trusted Emma completely.

“What else is new?” I said.

“I mean it, Tom. Do you know what he did? He told me I looked hot today.”

“Well, to be fair, you do.”

My girlfriend could easily moonlight as a model. To me, she’s the most beautiful woman on Earth. And she has noticed that when she puts a bit more effort into her appearance her tips double...

So yeah, she looked incredibly hot that day. Short denim shorts that barely covered her ass, and a crop top that showed plenty of skin.

“Yeah, but you’re not my co-worker. It’s not okay to say stuff like that.”

“True, but I’m not surprised Roy is a sleazeball.”

“Can you stop defending that jerk for one moment? God!”

“Sorry,” I said, “You’re right, baby. He’s an asshole.”

“And that was only the beginning. He…”

Her voice trails off as she stares out the window. I’ve rarely seen my girlfriend this angry before. What the hell did Roy say to her?

“What is it, baby?” I asked.

“He asked me if I wanted to earn some money on the side. He’s hosting a football party next Sunday for his mates, and he said he’d pay me \$500 under the table if I would be his ‘waitress’.”

“Five *hundred* dollars?!” I exclaimed. “What?! Just to pour some beers and hand out some hot wings?”

My mind was already spending that money because we were flat out *broke*. We could really use that cash. I could get my bike fixed. We could pay off some of our credit card debt. I could finally buy a new controller for my Playstation.

Emma rolled her eyes. “Of course not, Tom. Come on, think. Why would he pay me \$500 to pour some drinks? No, he wants me to parade around his house in a slutty outfit, like he owns me or something.”

“Oh. Right,” I say. “Of course. Yeah, that’s not cool.”

She grabbed her phone and typed something in. “It was something like this. Here.”

Emma turned her screen towards me. It was filled with pictures of slutty cheerleaders, with skirts so short you could see the cheeks of their asses peek out underneath, and tops cut-off so high you see plenty of underboob.

As I stared at the images, I felt a strange sensation take hold of me: Arousal. My girlfriend’s co-worker asked her to dress up like *this*?

I wouldn't even dare suggest she wear something like this for me in the bedroom! I would be too afraid of her getting mad at me.

"Uh, wow," I said. "That's... something."

"I know, right?!" Emma said. "I can't fucking believe him. What a bastard."

"So you said no?"

"Of course I said no!"

"Just checking," I said, hands raised. "Sorry."

"What, you would be okay with me actually doing something like this?"

My heart hammered in my chest. "I mean, it would be your choice," I said defensively. "That's not me to decide, is it? It's your body, after all."

"Hmm," she snorted. "Maybe. That's true. But still. I'll never do something like this. Even if it is the easiest money I would ever earn."

"Right," I said. "Let's forget about it then. Do you want to change jobs?"

"What? No!" Emma said. "I'm not going to let that sleazeball make me change jobs, not now that I have a good thing going. Look at how much I made in tips tonight."

My girlfriend reached into her purse and pulled out a stack of cash. All tallied up it was around one hundred and thirty dollars.

"Nice," I said. "Well done, babe."

I gave her a kiss and turned back to my video game. Still, I couldn't shake the thought of my loving girlfriend entertaining a whole group of men out of my mind...



THREE DAYS LATER, Emma suddenly raised the topic of the football party again. This time we were out for dinner at our favorite hamburger joint. I was getting started on my second beer of the evening when she reached across the table and stroked my hand.

“Did you mean what you said the other day? About it being my body, and my choice?”

I knew instantly what she meant. My heart rate was up and I could feel myself grow hard.

“I mean,” I stammered. “That’s how it works, right? It’s not up to me to tell you what to do.”

“Be real with me for a moment, Tom. I’m obviously not going to do anything without your approval. You mean the world to me, babe. Your opinion is the only one that matters to me.”

I took a swig of my beer to buy myself some time. “What changed?” I asked, deflecting. “I thought you hated the idea.”

“I did... I mean, I do, but... I’ve been thinking...”

Emma’s face grew slightly red as she started talking.

“It’s just flaunting some skin, right? It’s not that different from going to the beach or anything.”

I wasn’t sure how wearing a slutty outfit for your boss and his friends was like going to the beach, but I wasn’t going to interrupt.

“And if I can make a whole bunch of cash from a bunch of old horndogs... that’s actually pretty empowering. Like, I hold all the cards. Right?”

I nod along. “Sure.”

“So, yeah. Roy has been asking about it incessantly, and he’s upped the price to \$600 now. I told him I would think about it, as long as you were okay with it, and I could veto the outfit.”

My face grew red. She told her boss she would ask her boyfriend if she was okay showing off her sexy body to a bunch of old men. And as my breath faltered, I realized I was going to say yes.

“It would go a long way to paying off my credit card debt,” Emma continued as she bit into her burger. “Or we could go down to Florida for spring break. Or whatever. What do you think, babe?”

I gazed into my beautiful girlfriend's beautiful blue eyes and searched for the right words. This was it.

"I think we could really use the cash," I said, "and I think you're right; it's not that different from the work you do now, right? You show some skin, smile a bit, and take home a bunch of cash. It's just like that."

Emma nodded. "Yeah, exactly."

"So it's your call, but you have my blessing," I said.

"Okay. Thanks, sweetie."

We didn't talk about it again that evening, but when we made love that night, all I could think about was her parading around in Roy's home in a hot little skirt as a bunch of men groped her ass and tits right in front of me. I came quickly. Emma had her eyes closed the entire time.



EMMA CAME HOME the next day whistling a happy tune.

"Good news, baby!" She said the moment she saw me. "You're invited to the game on Sunday as well!"

I shifted in my seat uncomfortably. "I'm what?"

"I told Roy I would only do it if you were there to keep me safe. He agreed right away. You're fine with that, right? All you have to do is watch the game and drink a beer."

And watch how a bunch of men ogle my girlfriend.

"Would you want me there?" I asked.

"Yes," she says firmly. "I think it would really help."

"Alright," I say. "If that's what you want."

She kisses my cheek. "Thanks, babe!"



WE PULLED up Roy's house early that fateful Sunday morning. My girlfriend was still wearing jeans and a shirt, nothing fancy. She wasn't going to change until we were there.

I knocked on the door, and he opened.

"Emma! Come in! And you were Tim, right?"

"Tom," I say as he shook my hand with a firm grip.

"Come in, come in! You can help me get things ready!"

My girlfriend excused herself to get changed as I helped Roy turn his living room into a 'man cave'. We put out a bunch of chairs and set out all the snacks as he grilled me on our relationship.

"So you're really close, huh?" He asked. "And that at your age. Pretty cool."

"Thanks," I said. "Yeah, I know we're young, but it just feels right, you know? Like we're, I don't know, soulmates or something."

"Right," Roy laughed. "Whatever, boss."

At that moment the doorbell rang.

"Can you get that, kid?"

"Uhm, sure."

I went to the door to let the first people in. I thought there would only be a handful of guys, but it's obvious that Roy had a lot more friends than me. They were all rough looking older guys with tats; not the crowd I would usually associate with. Most of them ignored me as they piled in and headed straight for the beer and snacks.

I sat down in the back and nursed a beer as more and more showed up. I think by the end there must've been around twenty or so guys. I had seen no sign of Emma, and I was just about to look for her when Roy cleared his throat.

"Gentleman! The game is about to begin, and to celebrate this momentous

occasion, I thought I would give you all a little surprise.”

Some of the men snickered and exchanged looks. Did they know something?

“I present to you... Emma!”

At that moment, my girlfriend walked into the room in a sexy cheerleading outfit. The men erupted with hoots as my mouth fell open.

She looked *hot*.

Of course Emma always looked hot, but today? Wow. She had gone all-out on her make-up; dramatic eye-shadow, bright red lipstick, blush on her cheeks. Her blonde hair was pulled into a playful ponytail.

And her outfit... holy shit.

The skirt barely reached past her thighs, and the top showed off her midriff and plenty of cleavage. She looked fucking hot.

As the men cheered, I felt strangely proud. This sexy little thing was my girlfriend. Fuck yeah!

Roy raised his hands to calm everyone down. “Emma here is going to be our beer-girl for the day. Now, I expect all of you to be on your best behavior, fellas!”

The men chuckled.

“Because all the way in the back is Emma’s boyfriend, and he’s not someone you want to mess with!”

Everyone turned around to look at *me*. Suddenly thrust into the spotlight, I felt very small as twenty horny dudes looked at me and burst out into raucous laughter.

“I think I’ll take my chances,” a tall, bald dude said.

Roy winked at me. “Nah, but seriously guys, if we want Emma to come back next week, let’s treat her well, yeah? Now, get me a beer, sugar.”

The guys raised their beers as Emma strutted through the room, looking like a million bucks. Her cheeks were red as she passed me and headed towards the

fridge. She bent down at the waist, letting her skirt ride-up purposefully, showing off the globes off her ass for just a second as she grabbed Roy his beer.

“Jesus fucking Christ, what a hot little bitch,” the man next to me whispered under his breath. He elbowed me in the ribs. “That’s your girl, homie?”

“Uh, yeah,” I stammered. “Yes.”

“My man!” He laughed as he squeezed my shoulder. “Your girl’s a sexy little thing.”

“Thanks?”

Emma walked back, flashing me a quick smile as she walked past me before handing Roy his beer.

The game began shortly after that, but I didn’t catch one second of it. All my attention was on Emma strutting around the room, flirting with these men as she handed them beers and wings.

Everyone ogled her, but they weren’t as lewd in their comments as I feared. I managed to relax a little, and in the end, I even realized I enjoyed my girlfriend showing off like this. It was exhilarating.

When the game was over and everyone was clearing out, Roy handed me an envelope stuffed to the gills with cash.

“Thanks for being such a good sport,” he said as he slapped me on the shoulder. “See you again next week?”

Emma nodded eagerly. “Sure thing, boss.”

We didn’t make it home before Emma practically attacked me. As we were driving away she grabbed my hand and slid it under her skirt. Her pussy was soaking wet.

“Holy fuck,” I muttered. “You’re soaked.”

She closed her eyes and groped her own breasts. “That was so hot, baby,” she moaned. “Did you see them all looking at me?”

I pulled over on the side of the road and we fucked quickly. She held her eyes

closed the entire time as I enjoyed her hot, sexy little outfit.

More of this? Yes please!

This became a hot routine for us. We'd show up at Roy's place every Sunday. Emma would get dolled up and parade around in the place in her sexy cheerleader outfit. He would pay us handsomely, and we would have hot, illicit sex in our car afterwards.

Until Emma made a bet that changed everything.

It was the fourth time she was entertaining these men when the game involved her hometown team. She was loudly cheering them on, much to the chagrin of Roy, whose favorite team was losing badly.

Every time they scored Emma would jump up and down and her skirt would ride up and her boobs would bounce, and everyone was loving it, except for Roy,

"Hey Emma, you should cheer old Roy up," someone suggested. "The poor bastard!"

"He is a poor bastard, isn't he?" Emma said. "Maybe that's his fault for supporting such a dogshit team, though!"

Everyone laughed. Even I joined in. And that's when Roy opened his mouth, and everything changed.

"How about we make a little bet," Roy said. "If my team wins —"

"That's never happening!" Emma gleefully said.

"Then you'll have no reason not to take the bet," Roy countered. "If your team wins, I'll double your pay for this week. And if my team wins... I get to choose next week's outfit."

The men whistled. I shifted in my seat, not sure if I liked where this was going, but Emma had already accepted.

"You're on!"

I didn't blame her. Her team was leading massively. How could they ever blow this lead?

Well...

“What the fuck?!” Emma shouted at the screen an hour later. “Come on!”

Roy grinned from ear-to-ear. The game had ended. His team had pulled off a miraculous comeback victory, the kind that only happens once a decade. He wasn’t rubbing it in our faces, but when he handed me the envelope with all the cash, I saw the happy glint in his eyes.

“See you next week, Emma.”

We didn’t fuck in our car that afternoon. Emma was too angry about her team losing the game for that. I didn’t raise the topic that week, not wanting to make her mood any worse.

In fact, we didn’t discuss it all until we were back at Roy’s place, the very next week. He opened the door for us and seemed a little surprised to see that we actually showed up.

“I thought you’d be too chicken to go through with it, but I’m happy to be proven wrong.” Roy said. “The outfit is in the bathroom.”

Emma ignored him and stormed into the house. Roy popped open a beer and handed it to me. “You’re a good sport, kid.”

“What do you mean?”

“She didn’t tell you?” He asked.

When I looked surprised, he just laughed.

“Oh man. You’re in for a treat. You can thank me later, kid. This is going to take her down a peg or two.”

Before I could ask him what he meant his friends showed up. They were earlier than usual, and there was weird tension in the room as everyone waited for Emma to show herself. I didn’t quite like it. It’s like everyone knew something I didn’t.

Some guys looked at me and snickered. Some shook their heads. I focused on the TV to get my mind off of it.

The game had already begun when everyone suddenly fell silent. I looked up

and what I saw made my mouth fall open.

Emma was standing in the doorway, wearing... well, the sluttiest outfit I had ever seen in my life.

Her skirt didn't reach past her ass, and the bottom of her beautiful ass cheeks were clearly visible. Meanwhile, the top wasn't much better. It only covered half her boob — the top part, that is.

The thin straps of cotton barely covered her nipples. She must've taped her boobs into that tiny top, because every time she so much as breathed, her tits threatened to spill right out.

Her blonde hair was pulled into a playful ponytail, and her make-up was even sluttier than usual. I barely recognized my loving girlfriend Emma. She looked, well, like a slut.

I felt the blood drain from my face and race towards my cock as the men all leered at her. This time, there were *plenty* of vulgar comments.

"Look at that hot little slut!"

"Come sit on my lap, babe! I'm thirsty!"

She ignored their comments and strutted towards the kitchen. Everyone's eyes followed her, as did mine. As he walked past Roy, to my shock, he smacked her right on the ass with a loud smack.

"Good girl," he grinned.

Emma's cheeks grew red — both her face and her ass — and she ignored him, as she started handing out beers. Roy's boldness empowered the group, and pretty soon men were pinching and groping her ass every time she walked past someone.

I snuck into the kitchen to grab her attention. She was pouring beers while breathing heavily, her almost completely exposed chest rising up and down.

"Are you okay, babe?" I asked.

She looked up and nervously smiled at me. "I'm fine, honey."

"Are you sure? We can leave."

Emma shook her head firmly. “No, a bet is a bet.”

“Yeah, but... it’s a little much,” I stammered.

“You’re not mad are you?”

“No, no,” I quickly said. “Not at all. But...”

At that moment Roy entered the kitchen. The moment my girlfriend saw him, I saw her eyes grow big, and I swear I could see her nipples stiffen through the thin fabric.

“Hey kid, you’re not distracting the staff, are you?” He grinned at me as he walked over.

“No, we were just —”

My words were cut short by Roy grabbing a handful of my girlfriend’s ass cheeks. My words died on my lips as I just stared at this older man openly fondling my girlfriend’s ass. Emma just stood there, frozen in place, pouring beers, not stopping Roy’s wandering hands even for a second.

“God, I’ve wanted to grope this fat ass of yours since the moment you walked in the door,” Roy said. “I’m glad you finally saw reason.”

Emma sucked in a breath. Her face was red. I should really step in.

“You’re a good sport, kid,” Roy said, turning his demanding eyes to me.

“Uhm, th-thank you,” I stammered.

Why was I thanking this man for slutting out my girlfriend? It didn’t make sense, but he had this aura. Obeying him felt natural.

“If you want to make even more money, I’ve got a deal for you.”

“I don’t think —”

“What is it?” Emma whispered.

Roy grinned ear-to-ear. “We’ll discuss it after the game. Now go out there and make my friends happy.”

“Yes, sir,” Emma said demurely. She left the room without making eye

contact with me. I just watched her leave in stunned silence.

That afternoon was the longest of my life. My inaction only seemed to spur the men on, and I watched as my girlfriend was passed around from lap-to-lap, the men openly squeezing her soft thighs, and wrapping their hands around her waist so their fingers brushed against the bottom of her breasts.

A couple of times I feared it was going to turn into an all-out gangbang, but they stopped short of sliding their hand under her skirt or up her top. Emma let it all happen.

In fact, she seemed eager.

At the end of the afternoon I was the only one who hadn't felt her up. As the men cleared out, they each handed Roy some cash with big grins, and ensured him they would be back next week.

Finally, we were alone with Roy. Emma sat on his big leather couch, while I still sat on a stool in the back of the room. Roy turned off the TV and threw an envelope at me.

"How much is in there?" He asked.

I pulled out the stack of cash and counted it. Fuck, there was so much of it.

"\$830 dollars," I said.

A shiver ran down Emma's spine.

"Easy money for making my friends happy, right?"

My girlfriend nodded.

"Now, if you want to make even easier money, I could double that for you right now," Roy continued.

My girlfriend sucked in a breath. "Double it?"

"Yeah. All you have to do is make me happy."

I tried to speak up but I couldn't find the words.

"How happy?" Emma asked.

“How about we start with a blowjob?” Roy suggested.

The breath was sucked right out of me. Emma was silent for a moment, and then she turned towards me, acknowledging my presence for the first time in a while.

“What do you think, honey?” She asked.

I stared back at her, my heart racing. This was my moment to intervene. “It’s your decision,” I heard myself say.

She nodded quickly. “Okay,” she said, before turning back to Roy. “Okay.”

Her boss smirked as he loosened his belt and unzipped his pants. “Great choice, Emma.”

I watched in silence as Roy reached his hands into his pants and pulled out a thick and meaty cock. He was already hard, and his size dwarfed mine. Emma’s eyes got big when she saw it.

“Bigger than your boyfriend, I take it?” Roy laughed.

Emma nodded. “Yeah.”

How was this happening? One moment we were just chatting to this guy, and now he’s jerking his fat cock inches from my girlfriend’s face.

Roy took a step forward and grabbed my girlfriend’s pony-tail with one hand.

“Open up, Emma,” he said.

My girlfriend obediently opened her mouth. Her boss slid his fat cock into her open mouth and sighed blissfully.

“Oh yeah, suck that cock, you hot little whore,” he groaned as he thrust his hips back and forth. His cock was slick with my girlfriend’s saliva as he fucked her mouth right in front of me.

He was right. My girlfriend was her boss’s whore. Did that make me her pimp?

Roy reached down and yanked down her top. Her big tits spilled out, and he

grabbed hold of them instantly.

“Fuck, you’ve got great tits,” he growled as he mauled them roughly. Emma’s nipples were very sensitive, but he was tweaking them like was trying to jump-start a car. The rougher he was, the louder Emma’s moaning became.

Roy placed one foot on the couch, grabbed her head, and started fucking her throat. To my shock he managed to force the entire length of his thick, fat cock down my girlfriend’s throat — she never managed to take me that far, and I was half his length on a good day.

The sounds Emma was making were obscene. She moaned and groaned like a whore as her boss choked her on his cock so much I was starting to get worried.

When Roy finally pulled his cock out of my girlfriend’s mouth she gasped for air. Strands of saliva still connected her juicy lips to his cock, as spit ran down her face and onto her chest. Her make-up was ruined as tears ran down her face.

Roy slapped his cock against her face, spreading the mixture of pre-cum and saliva all across her pretty face as Emma kept her eyes closed and moaned submissively.

This man was completely in control of the both of us.

“Thank your boyfriend,” Roy said.

“Thanks babe,” Emma replied instantly, her voice trembling. It’s only then that I noticed her hand was between her legs and she was playing with herself as her boss fucked her moth. “Thank you so much for letting me be a whore.”

Jesus, this was so hot. I couldn’t stop myself, and I pulled out my own cock and started stroking myself. Roy saw this and laughed.

“He’s enjoying the show,” he said as he slid his cock back into Emma’s waiting mouth. “Your boyfriend loves watching you be a hot little slut for all my friends. Now you’re going to swallow my cum like a good whore, aren’t you?”

Emma nodded furiously, her hand a blur as she toyed with her hot pussy. Roy fucked her face, his balls slapping against her chin before he groaned loudly.

“Fuck! Take it, take my load you fucking whore!”

His balls pulsed as he fired his load right down my girlfriend’s throat. She swallowed as much as she could but Roy’s cock was still pumping out cum when he pulled out, several strands of hot pearly cum ending up on her face. Emma started trembling fiercely as she came on the spot, with her boss’s cum running down her face, and her tongue eagerly trying to taste as much of it as possible.

I shot my load onto the living room floor, unable to control myself any longer.

When it was all over, Roy took a step back and stuffed his cock back into his pants. He patted my girlfriend’s head. “Good girl,” he said. “Same time next week.”

Roy pulled out his wallet, grabbed a wad of cash and handed it to me. I could see pity in his face as I tried to stuff my cock back into my pants. “Clean up this mess” he said, pointing at my meager load.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good boy.”

Roy left us to our devices as he headed up the stairs. Emma just sat there on the couch, eyes closed, cum dripping down her face as I cleaned up the living room as best as I was able. I grabbed a towel and handed it to my girlfriend.

“You okay, babe?” I asked softly.

She nodded, and reached her hand out for me. When I accepted it, she pulled me towards her with surprising strength and speed. I fell down on the couch next to her and she climbed on my lap, fumbling with my pants, and pulling them down.

My aching cock slid into her sopping wetness.

I had never felt her this soaked before. I moaned loudly, and she shut me up with a hot tongue-kiss. Her face still dripped with Roy’s cum, but that didn’t

stop her from pushing her tongue into my mouth. I wasn't sure what to do but my heart raced as I tasted her boss on my loving girlfriend's tongue. She rode me hard, slamming her hot pussy down on my cock as she kissed me.

"I'm such a slut," she said between kisses. "I'm such a slut."

"Yeah," I moaned.

"You watched my boss fuck my mouth," she said. Her eyes were burning brightly with lust. "You watched and you jerked off."

I nodded, a little unsure. "Yeah?"

"That's so fucking *hot* babe," she said, pushing her tongue into my mouth. "Taste his cum! Be a hot little cumslut with me! I fucking love cum, babe! Ah! I fucking love sharing cum with you! Ugh! I love you! UGH!"

We kissed passionately, her tongue practically in the back of my throat as I came inside of her. My load was a mere pittance to what she had already swallowed, and she kept moving her hips, eager for more, until I had to slow her down, the sensations just too much.

The drive home was silent — but we fucked like rabid bunnies all week. Neither of us dared mention what would happen again on Sunday, but we both knew. We knew.

Or we thought we did.

But that next Sunday, it was clear from the very first moment that the vibe was different.

When we got to Roy's house, half the guys were already there. The raunchy comments started the moment we walked in the door. I stood there like a deer caught in headlights, but Emma walked right past everyone and went straight to the bathroom to get changed.

Someone pushed a beer into my hands and I downed it quickly. Pretty soon the room was packed, and there were even some guys I had never seen before. The game was playing in the background, but it was obvious no one was watching.

The game was just an excuse for my girlfriend to parade in front of a group

of men dressed like a whore.

Emma came out wearing the tiny skirt and minuscule top, and my heart hammered in my throat as she strutted through the room — making her way through a sea of men who all reached out to touch, grope and squeeze her body as she passed them.

That was the start of the hottest afternoon of my life. I was as good as invisible as these old men made lewd comments about my girlfriend's body.

“What a good little slut,” the guy next to me said. “Roy sure knows how to pick ‘em.”

A bald guy with a big belly pulled Emma onto his lap. His grabby hands slid up her skirt right away, and my girlfriend's face turned red. She squirmed, and I thought about intervening — but then Roy put his hand on my shoulder.

“Enjoy the show, Tom,” he said. “This is a special night for you.”

He cleared his throat, and all the guys in the room turned to him.

“I think the foreplay has gone on long enough. You all know why you're here. If you want to enjoy the services of our beer-girl, then give this man his money.”

Roy slapped me on the shoulder as a dozen men reached into their wallets. Before I realized what was going on people were handing me fists full of dollars. Some of it fell on the ground, and as I kneeled to pick them up, more bills were thrown at me as men laughed.

While I was down there, I looked up to see several guys unzip their pants and pull out their already hard cocks. *What the hell?* These guys casually jerked themselves as they watched the show.

I followed their line of sight, and what I saw made my blood freeze.

Emma, my beautiful loving girlfriend, was still sitting on the big bald man's lap; but her legs were spread wide and the fat man was pumping two fingers into her wet cunt. Her mouth was hanging open, drool dripping down her chin, as she stared at the sea of cocks surrounding her.

She wanted everyone in this room.

A gray-haired man stepped forward. He grabbed my girlfriend's head and slid his hard cock into her waiting mouth without warning.

"Fuck, that's hot," a man next to me groaned. "Richard is three times her age, easily."

Richard probably wasn't used to a hot young thing sucking his cock because he came after only a couple of thrusts. Half of his load ended in my girlfriend's mouth, and the other half splattered against his cheek as he pulled out, his entire body trembling with pleasure.

He was unceremoniously shoved aside by a tatted-up biker with a fat cock. "My turn," he growled as he grabbed my girlfriend's hair and fucked her throat so roughly the sounds she was making were obscene.

"Be careful with the merchandise," someone joked as the *gluck-gluck-gluck* sounds filled the room.

The biker pulled out and blasted her right in the face. Thick goblets of cum dripped down her chin as she looked like a complete and total slut.

"If I pay double, can I fuck her? Hey, are you even listening? Fuck it, here's the cash."

Someone threw money at me. I barely noticed. I was frozen in place, watching as one guy after another shot his load over my girlfriend's face as this fat guy fingered her dripping wet cunt.

Emma was lost in the throes of passion as cum dripped down her cheeks. Roy stood next to me, grinning.

"Did you have any idea your girl could be such a slut?" He whispered into my ear.

I shook my head. "No."

"I did. The moment she walked into my bar, I knew I was going to see her with cum out of her gaping holes. She just has this look, you know, of a proper goody-two-shoes who needs to be corrupted. And so do you."

He leaned in so close I could smell his breath.

“The moment I saw you, I knew you were not going to stop me if I pulled out my cock and fucked your girl right in front of you. I knew you were just going to stand there and watch with your dick throbbing, just like you are now.”

My face burned with shame as Roy grinned, slapped me on the shoulder one last time, and joined the men who were busy using my girlfriend’s face.

Roy pushed his way through and picked my cum-covered girlfriend up. He laid her down on his dining room table and unbuckled his pants.

Emma just laid there, semen dripping down her face and breasts as she looked around at all the men surrounding her, completely dazed.

“Boy, come here and hold your girlfriend while I fuck her,” Roy shouted.

Someone shoved me forward. I suddenly found myself standing next to Roy and Emma as a dozen guys leered at me. Roy held up my girlfriend’s ankles, and I held them.

“Tell your girlfriend how you feel about her,” Roy said as he pulled out his thick, fat, throbbing cock. He rubbed that monster all across Emma’s dripping wet cunt, spreading her juices all around.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and looked down at my Emma. She stared back at me, her eyes filled with emotion, as fat globs of semen slid down her cheeks.

“I love you,” I whispered.

Emma smiled, and it lit up my chest. “I love you too—aaah!”

At that moment Roy slid his thick cock into my girlfriend and stretched her wide open. All I could do is watch in shock as her boss filled her to the brim with his cock. My girlfriend’s emotional words turned to lewd moans as he started fucking her hard and fast, slamming into her as hard as he could.

I was pushed to the side as a tatted up guy stepped forward and spurted his load across Emma’s face. She held her mouth open and tongue stretched out, like a good whore, as she took load after load on her face.

Roy buried himself to the hilt inside of my girl and came right there, dropping his load deep inside of her. He was instantly replaced by another man.

That was the start of a wanton gangbang that lasted hours.

I think that by the end of the afternoon, every man in the room had come inside my girlfriend's unprotected pussy at least once — and came on her face and breasts at least once, if not twice.

Emma was totally destroyed. Torrents of cum dripped gushed out of well-used pussy, and there was so much semen on her face I could barely see her smile. The smell was out of this world.

When everyone's balls were well and truly drained, the men started to clear out. We were left with just Roy, as my girlfriend laid there on his dining table, completely exhausted after having serviced dozens and dozens of men with all her holes.

"Now be a good boy and give her a kiss," Roy smirked.

I trembled as I looked down at the complete mess that was Emma's gorgeous face. I couldn't... right?"

My girlfriend looked up at me, her big eyes pleading with me.

"Kiss me," she whispered.

Ah, fuck it.

I bent over, closed my eyes and puckered my lips. A quick peck would surely be enough. God, the pungent smell was so strong.

Emma grabbed me and kissed me deeply, pressing her face against mine, pushing her tongue into my mouth. The taste, texture and overwhelming sensations nearly made me gag, but that only gave my girlfriend the opportunity to push her tongue deeper into my mouth.

I pulled back, swallowing, my face red. Emma giggled, and reached out to grab my hand. She squeezed it lovingly.

Roy chuckled as he popped upon another beer. "Clean this mess up, you

degenerate. I expect this place to be spotless.”

I looked around. This place was an absolute mess. Empty bottles all over the place, cash all over the floor, and spunk everywhere.

“Yes, sir,” I said.

“Good boy.”

First, I helped Emma stand up and I carried her to the master bathroom. I placed her in the shower and helped her get most of the cum off, before returning to clean Roy’s house.

I picked up all the cash and counted it. There was almost three grand here, give or take. Not a bad haul, all things considered...

When I was finally done making the room look somewhat presentable, I went to check on Emma, but found the bathroom empty. I found her sleeping in Roy’s master bedroom, completely gone, as Roy smoked a cigar and lounged in his chair.

“You can stay on the couch,” Roy told me. “She’ll need to sleep it off for the rest of the day. But first, go pick us up some dinner, would ya? I’m feeling like pizza. You’ve got the cash for it.”

“Um, sure,” I said, leaving my naked girlfriend sleeping in Roy’s bed as the older man grinned at me...

I don’t know why I listened to his orders, but obeying him just felt natural. As I headed out the door to grab pizza, my thoughts drifted.

I remember my girlfriend coming home from work. Complaining about her boss. What an asshole he was. How presumptuous and rude he was. I would listen to her rant while I played my video games with an uneasy feeling in my stomach.

And now my naked and well-fucked girlfriend is sleeping it off in that bastard’s bedroom while I’m getting him pizza. How the tables have turned...

I wouldn’t have it any other way. Roy might be a bastard, jerk, and a complete asshole, but he’s read me and my Emma like a book.

I can't wait to see what more he has in store for the both of us.



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Happy reading,

Emilia.

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