



*The*

**EX-Boyfriend**

*Takes my Wife*

*(And all I do is watch)*

**Emilia Steele**

**THE EX-BOYFRIEND TAKES MY  
WIFE**

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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# FOREWORD

**We ran into my wife's ex-boyfriend while on vacation.**

He invited us to a house-party. **"Just like old times,"** he said.

**"That's what worries me,"** my sweet wife responded.

I had no idea what they were talking about, but **I was about to find out just how wild my wife used to be...**

# THE EX-BOYFRIEND TAKES MY WIFE

I never thought I would *actually* be a cuck.

For as long as I can remember I've always had this fetish. I remember reading stories in Penthouse magazine about cheating wives, and it turned me on immensely. I vividly remember one particular story about a young bride cheating on her husband on their wedding day with the best man — I was so confused and so damn *aroused*.

I knew from that moment on I wanted to experience that thrill for real. Of course, real life isn't like Penthouse magazine (unfortunately). I met my wife Sophie in high school, and we were best friends growing up. We were both too scared to ask each other out and ruin our friendship, so we went off to separate colleges with a lot of regrets.

I ran into her one summer when I was back home, right after graduation, and we hit it off instantly. One cup of coffee turned into drinks turned into sex, and we started dating right away. Six months later we were married.

Sophie is the most gorgeous woman in the world to me. She's tall, blonde, and blessed with a curvy and perky body. We're both 32

years old now, and to me she becomes more beautiful with every passing day.

Because we've known each other for so long, we're both very open with each other. She knows all about my cuckold fetish, and it's something we role-play in the bedroom occasionally. My favorite thing in the world is when she tells me about all the guys she hooked up with in college. I don't know if all her stories are true, and I don't want to know either — I prefer to keep the fantasy alive. You shouldn't fact check *everything*.

Last month we were on vacation and *everything* changed. We were enjoying ourselves on the beach and I was savoring the view of Sophie in her tiny yellow bikini. I love the attention she gets from men. Most can't help but take a second-look when they pass us by, and it's a big thrill for me.

There was a rowdy party going at the beach-bar, with lots of college-aged guys and girls. They were playing volleyball, and Sophie was watching them intently. I can't blame her; because all these guys were fucking *jacked*.

I'm not exactly built, and sometimes I wonder if Sophie would have fallen for me if we weren't lifelong friends. She could obviously land someone way hotter than me, though she would never admit to that, of course.

The ball landed in our direction, and the biggest guy in the bunch sprinted towards it. He was tall and covered in tattoos, and when he came close, Sophie gasped.

"No way," she said. "No way. It can't be."

"What's that, honey?"

The man grabbed the ball, looked at us, and froze in place.

"You gotta be fucking shitting me," he said. "Fifi?"

"Tyler?!"

Sophie launched up and hugged this tall, built stranger. He wrapped his big, tattooed arms around her and lifted her right up. My wife laughed as he twirled her around.

I lowered my sunglasses and shifted in my seat. What was going on? This was way too familiar a greeting to be just anyone.

Also, what did he call my wife? *Fifi*? I've never heard that name before.

"Put me down, you big brute," Sophie laughed.

"Never!" Tyler said. "You're mine now, Fifi."

"My husband will get mad if you don't."

"Oh shit!" Tyler lowered my wife's feet down into the sand and pivoted towards me. "You're her husband?"

"Guilty as charged. I'm Peter."

"Nice to meet you, Peter."

Tyler grabbed my hand. His grip was strong.

"No fucking way," he said, shaking his head again. "After all this time. How long has it been? Six years?"

"Eight," my wife quickly corrected him.

"Amazing. Hey, you two should come join us! We're having a party, you're more than welcome to join."

"I don't know," Sophie said. "My husband is not much of a drinker."

"Oh, we can have one drink, right?" I said, not wanting to ruin the vibe these two had going on.

"My man!" Tyler said. "Awesome! See you in a moment!"

The buff dude ran back to the party as I turned my attention back to my wife. "Care to explain what just happened?" I asked.

Sophie stuffed her book into her purse, and I noticed there was a slight blush on her cheeks. She was stalling.

"What?" I said.

"I don't know if you're going to like this."

"Try me, honey."

As we walked to the bustling party, arm-in-arm, Sophie leaned over to whisper in my ear. "You remember the stories I told you about Mr. Big, right?"

Remember? They were etched into my memory. The stories my wife told me about the mysterious Mr. Big were always the hottest and sexiest stories she would tell me in the bedroom. According to her, this man brought out my wife's wildest side, and she was absolutely addicted to his big, giant cock. It was, as she called it, her big slut-phase.

This man would use her as a piece of meat, as a fuck toy, as a cum dumpster, and Sophie would not let him do whatever he wanted with her, but she would come crawling back to him no matter how bad he treated her just because the sex was *that* damn good.

I thought it was all made-up. After all, these stories were simply too hot and too wild to be true.

"Yeah," I answered my wife nonchalantly. "What about them?"

"Well..."

She raised her eyebrows.

"No way," I said.

She raised her eyebrows even higher.

"No way!"

"Yep," she said. "Tyler is Mr. Big."

“Holy shit,” I said, stunned, as I froze in place. My cock stiffened in my pants as my mind ran through all the stories she had ever told me; every single one I had stored in my spank-bank.

Sophie gently stroked my arm. “Are you okay, honey? We can leave now if you want. We don’t have to go to this party. It can all stay in the past.”

“I’m fine,” I said as sweat dripped down my back. This is all I ever wanted, right? “I just thought you made those stories up.”

“Well, I might have embellished one or two,” Sophie whispered. “But the gist of it is... Tyler has a really big cock, and he knows how to use it.”

The shorts I’m wearing were not great for hiding boners in, and when my wife saw it she got a diabolical smile on her face. She pulled me to the side of the beach-bar, out of sight, and gently lowered her hand down to my bulge.

“It feels like you don’t mind.”

“Fuck,” I growled.

“Do you want to watch me flirt with him a bit?”

I nodded. “Yes.”

She squeezed my bulge. “Okay, hubby. Let me know when you want to go home, and we’ll be out of here in a second, okay?” Sophie kissed my cheek and waltzed inside, and I had to tuck my hard cock into my waistband to make it less obvious.

Tyler was waiting for us at the bar with three large beers. He welcomed us in and introduced us to his friends — more meatheads and jocks. They were friendly enough though, and I made small talk with several guys as Tyler monopolized all of my wife’s attention.

She was constantly playing with her hair and fluttering her lashes as she looked up at him. The big guy practically ignored me as he

placed his hand on my wife's lower back as he talked to her.

A couple of times my anxiety spiked and I thought about calling it a night, but then I saw how happy my wife looked, and I decided I could wait a couple of minutes longer.

And then I went to the bathroom. When I returned I didn't see them at the bar, and my heart skipped a beat. I scanned the crowd, not knowing if I wanted to spot them or catch them outside doing something sinful — when I saw Tyler's big frame in the back of the dance floor.

He was grinding all over my wife, his hands freely roaming her bikini-clad body. His big hands were all over her ass, and she was doing nothing to stop him.

I sat at the bar and sipped my drink, feeling dazed. This is what I fantasized about all my life, but I never thought it would *actually* happen.

Sophie was dancing like a college-aged slut, shaking her tits and ass, turning around and pressing her ass right into Tyler's bulge. The wild college stories about Mr. Big suddenly felt a lot more true...

He tilted her head up and she looked up at him, her mouth hanging open, and my heart jumped in my throat as I feared he's about to kiss her. Right at that moment the music changed, and it was just enough to jolt Sophie out of her daze. She saw me watching her, gave me a wink and untangled herself from Tyler's strong grip.

My wife walked over to me, grabbed my beer and took a big sip. "Hi, babe," she said casually.

"Hi, sweetie," I said.

"Are you still having fun?"

"Are you?"

"I am, but that wasn't my question, honey. Are you?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

"Good."

Tyler walked over and placed his hand on my wife's lower back. She sunk into his large frame, resting her head on his broad shoulder as she gazed up at him.

"It's so fucking good to see you again," Tyler said.

"It's good to see you, too."

"Want to get out of here?"

My blood froze as my wife hesitated. "I'm not sure about that, Tyler."

"Come on, the boys are headed to a house-party. It's going to be great. Just like old times."

I was a total passenger to this conversation. Tyler didn't even look at me once.

"That's what worries me," my wife giggled.

"Come on," Tyler said again, his hand gliding down my wife's body. "Don't make me carry you there."

"Maybe..." she said, as she turned to me. "What do you think? Want to continue this, or call it a night?"

I'm suddenly put on the spot, and my cock wins out over my common sense.

"We can check this party out for a bit, right?" I said.

"Great!" Tyler said, and he grabbed my wife's waist and literally lifted her over his shoulder and carried her out like she's his trophy. Her legs were dangling and his hand rested right on her ass as he walked off with her, and I was left clutching my beer, gobsmacked for a moment.

And then I followed. I saw Tyler climb into the passenger seat of a hummer, and he pulled my wife on his lap and closed the door. I tried to get in the back but the car drove off before I could grab the handle.

*What the hell?!*

I looked around and saw some other college-aged dudes getting into a car. I ran over to them.

"Hey, you heading to the house party?" I asked.

One of them gave me a weird look. "Yeah. Why?"

"Can I ride with you?"

"Uh, that's a weird question, bro."

"Yeah. Are you like, someone's dad or something?" A second guy asked.

I was only a decade older than these guys, but to them, I might as well be retired.

"I'll pay you a hundred bucks, alright?" I said, exasperated. "Let's just fucking go."

"Uh, alright. Sure!"

I hopped in the back with the two bro's and we rode off. I held onto my butt because this guy drove like a fucking maniac. He blasted some awful techno at max volume, and they had to scream at each other just to be heard.

"Hey, did you hear about he bird T-dog pulled?!" The driver asked.

"No!"

"Yeah, and not just anyone. Get this. It's this chick named Fifi!"

"Fifi! No way?!"

“Yeah! You heard about her?”

“Heard about her! She’s a fucking *legend!* Horniest slut on campus!”

At first I couldn’t make out their conversation that well over the loud music, but then I realized what they’re talking about, and my heart fucking stops.

“Yeah! She’s one of the only chicks to do a triple-crown of her year. Shit’s legendary, bro.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Triple-crown?” The guys laugh. “That’s when a chick gets fucked in her mouth, pussy and ass by every guy in her year.”

All I heard was static for a moment. “Every guy?”

“Yeah man, every guy! That’s why Fifi is a legendary freak, bro. You know why they call her that, right? Fifi?”

“No?” I ask. “Do I want to know?”

“It’s because she’s T-dog’s *bitch,*” the guy said, and they both laughed. “She’ll do anything that guy says. And it gets even better. I heard she’s married now.”

“No way, dog. Some guy married her? Do you think he knows what a slut she was?”

“I can’t imagine it. Although some guys are into that shit. I don’t fucking know, man.”

The guy looked at me in the rear-view mirror. “Wait, you’re not her husband, are you? You’re not going to like, fucking stab me right?”

“No, no,” I stammered. “I’m just, uh... yeah I’m someone’s dad. Uh, Cha—no. Bradley. Yeah, I’m uh, Bradley’s dad. Have to keep my eye on old B-dog, right.”

“Right. Fucking called it!” The guy said. “Hey look, there’s T-dog’s ride!”

We pulled up to the giant black hummer waiting for a red light. My wife sat on Tyler’s lap in the front. She was bouncing up and down slightly, even though the car was standing still.

“Yo Fifi! Where’s the party at?!” My driver yelled.

My wife looked at us with a glazed look. At that moment, Tyler reached up and pulled her top down. Her big breast popped out, and Tyler squeezed her big tits right in front of us.

“FUCK YEAH!” The guys in the car screamed.

The light turned green and both cars took off with screeching tires. My mind spun as we raced through the streets blaring shitty techno. All of those stories couldn’t be true, right? My wife, fucking every guy in her year? *In her ass?* No...

But she did just let her ex-boyfriend grope her in front of a bunch of strangers, while she had that dazed, horny look on her face... how well did I know my wife really?

*Had all her dirty talk been true all along?*

I couldn’t even be mad at her. I encouraged her to tell me more, to tell me hotter and hotter stories. She obliged. She gave me everything I ever wanted, I just didn’t know it was all true.

We pulled up to a giant mansion. The music coming from this place could be heard two blocks away. I could feel the bass already pounding in my chest as my driver parked the car, and I scrambled to get out.

The hummer was already here, and was now empty. My wife was somewhere inside.

With my heart hammering in my throat I pushed my way into the packed house. It was filled to the brim with shirtless bro’s and bikini-

clad women, but there was only one woman I cared about.

I looked at the stairs. Would I find her up there, in the middle of a gangbang? Part of me wanted that to happen, and that scared me a little.

And then I spotted her outside. Chatting to Tyler, still wearing her bikini. Not in the middle of a blow-bang.

I let out a big sigh and wandered over. The moment my wife spotted me she walked towards me. Tyler grabbed her arm and tried to stop her, but she told him off and ran up to me.

"Babe!" She said as she wrapped her arm around me. "You made it!"

"I made it!"

"Are you okay, honey? You look a little pale."

"Are *you* okay?" I asked. "I can't believe he flashed your tits to those guys!"

Sophie laughed, her cheeks growing red. "Yeah, that was crazy! I hope you're not mad at me. I warned you about Mr. Big. I told you the stories!"

"Yeah, but still... no, you're right, I'm not mad, just a little... surprised."

As we talked, all the anxiety and fear I felt in my gut faded away instantly. Everything I heard in the car was bullshit. I knew that in my veins. This was my *wife* we're talking about. My wife! And she was on my side.

"I was just doing it to rile you up," Sophie whispered. "We can get out of here if you want. This is fun, but I love *you* Peter. Tyler doesn't mean anything to me. Nothing."

I wrapped my arms around my hot wife and gave her a kiss. There was plenty of tongue, and we were both breathing heavily by the end of it.

"I think you want to stay," I whispered as my forehead rested against hers. "I think you want to relive old times."

"Maybe," she whispered. "You're not mad, though? Tyler can be a real asshole."

"Oh yeah, he's a total jerk. But that's also kinda, well, hot?" I admitted. "If you don't think that's weird."

Sophie bit her bottom lip, her eyes twinkling.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, don't take this the wrong way, but... I also think it's really hot," she admitted. "The way he just dismissed you, or how he just carried me off like he owned me and you could do nothing to stop him..."

"Or the way he just showed off your tits to a bunch of strangers," I added, my voice hoarse.

"Yeah," Sophie answered, her voice almost a moan. "That was so fucking hot."

I squeezed her ass. A bunch of guys were checking her out, as her small bikini showed off plenty of skin.

"Do you want to get out of here?" Sophie whispered. "You should really not let me stay here, babe."

At that moment I saw Tyler approaching us from the corner of my eye. I had a decision to make, *right there*. I could pull my wife out of here and this would always stay a hot memory, a day we could look back on for the rest of our lives, when we got a little wild.

Or...

"Hey, bro, hold this," Tyler said as he handed me an empty beer bottle. I let go of my wife and accepted it, and he slid one big arm around my wife's waist and pulled her body close against his.

Sophie looked at me with a wide grin as her asshole ex-boyfriend felt her up right in front of me — his big hand replacing mine on her ass right away.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Go get us some new drinks, Peter,” Tyler said.

“Uh, sure.”

I left them alone and I heard some men chuckle as I headed towards the kitchen. My dick was as hard as a rock, and I quickly adjusted it when I was out of sight.

There was something about the way Tyler carried himself that made me and Sophie just want to obey him. The way she just let him do whatever he wanted was just the hottest thing in the world to me; I didn't know why.

The kitchen was very busy and it took me a while to push my way to the front, but I managed to grab three beers and head back outside. There was only one problem: I couldn't find them anywhere.

A young guy walked over to me. “You're looking for that girl, right?”

“My wife,” I corrected him.

He laughed and shook his head with pity. “Man, you can't be serious. Your wife? That's cold-blooded, dog.”

“Tell me where they went.”

“You don't want to know, bro. You should probably just go.”

“Tell me,” I repeated, my voice shaking a little.

His eyes darted up. “Upstairs, bro. But seriously you don't—”

I pushed my way into the house and rushed up the stairs. What would I find? Would my loving wife be passed around like a piece of meat?

I peeked into the first room. I spotted a 20-year old girl being double-teamed; hot, but not my wife. In the second room was a couple making love.

I found my wife in the third room.

Tyler sat on the bed, wearing his shorts, and my wife was straddling his massive body — still wearing her bikini. They were making out vigorously as his big hands squeezed her ass-cheeks.

I stood in the door opening, gobsmacked, just staring at this brute making out with my wife. It's like I was having an out-of-body experience.

"Step inside and close the door, Peter," Tyler said.

I looked up to see him looking directly at me. I followed his command, and I saw my wife turn her head to look at me, a big smile on her face.

"You're going to sit there and you're going to watch. I don't want to hear a peep out of you, or I'm kicking your ass out the room. Is that understood?"

"Yes," I croaked.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good boy."

I sat down, feeling incredibly small as this big man bossed me around, but then I looked at my wife and I saw the look of pure arousal in her eyes, and I realized we're doing this for *us*. He's just a tool. Literally and figuratively. My wife still loved me, and that's all that mattered.

"You're so bad," Sophie said. "Bullying my husband like that."

"You're the bad one, slut," Tyler said. "Groping my cock in the bar with your husband only a couple of feet away. I knew right away when I saw him he's a cuck, but I wasn't sure if you were still the hot slut you were back in the day."

"And, what do you think now?"

"I think you only got hotter and sluttier," Tyler growled, and at that moment his big hands came down on her ass. *Slap!* My wife shrieked as this dude spanked her ass right in front of me.

"Only a hot little slut would get off on being spanked in front of her husband," he growled as he grabbed her bikini bottoms and yanked them down to her thighs. He grabbed a handful of her ass cheeks and spread them wide.

"Tell me, Peter. What do you see? How wet is your wife?"

My heart hammered in my throat as I looked at my wife's dripping wet pussy. Her inner-thighs were glistening with juices. Never had I seen such wetness.

"Extremely wet," I said.

"You sure? Come take a better look. No, don't walk, cuck. Crawl. Crawl towards me."

Abandoning all dignity I dropped down to my hands and knees and crawled towards my wife's ex-boyfriend. He sat on the bed like it was a throne, and my wife sat on his lap like she was his trophy. Tyler grabbed her ass-cheeks and spread them as wide as possible, giving me the perfect view of both her holes.

"Tell me what you see, cuck."

"I see a... a hot, wet, pussy, sir. My wife's pussy is wet for you."

Sophie just moaned as we discussed her body like it was an object.

"You hear that, slut? Your husband says your cunt is ready for me. Is that true?"

My wife nodded.

“Don’t tell me, tell him.”

Sophie turned her head to look at me. When our eyes meet, I saw just how much lust was burning in her eyes.

“Peter,” she says, her voice husky. “My pussy is really wet for Tyler.”

“I know,” I answered.

“Is that okay, honey?”

“Yes.”

Tyler reached down, grabbed my hair and pulled my face directly into my wife’s ass. Sophie shrieked as my tongue disappeared into her wet hole right away.

“Oh my fucking god,” Sophie moaned as I lick her pussy and her ass. “You’re such an asshole, Tyler, oh my god.”

“And you both love it,” Tyler said. “Get that pussy nice and wet for me, cuck.”

My wife reached back to lovingly stroke my head as I licked her pussy and dipped my tongue into her asshole too, while she made out with her ex-boyfriend. I could stay there for hours, but eventually Tyler pushed me away using his feet.

I took the hint and crawled back to my chair.

“You know what to do, slut,” Tyler said.

My wife crawled off his lap and got on her knees in front of him. Her top was now gone, and she was completely naked. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds, her skin red. While I was eating her out, he must’ve been mercilessly groping her big, soft tits.

Tyler stood up and my wife reached for the waistline of his shorts. Tyler gave her a stern look, and she pulled her hands away.

"You know the rules, slut."

Sophie squeezed her thighs. "But... not in front of my husband," she whispered.

Tyler laughed. "If you want my big cock, you're going to follow the rules, slut. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir..."

My wife was silent for a moment. Her following words shocked me.

"Please let me suck your cock, sir," she said like an obedient slut. "I live to suck your big cock."

"That's more like it. Go ahead."

Tyler looked at me triumphantly as my wife pulled down his shorts. His massive nine inch cock bobbed out, and my wife moaned at the mere sight of it. I thought this situation couldn't get more humiliating, but I was wrong.

This was just the start.

His cock was as thick as a can, and as long as my arm. Big, throbbing veins ran up the length. Mr. Big indeed.

My wife nuzzled his member, planting soft kisses on the bottom, the big piece of meat resting on her face. To my surprise, Tyler reached for his phone.

"What are you doing?" I said, surprised, as he started taking pictures of his big cock resting on my wife's face. Fooling around is one thing, but taking pictures?

"What does it look like, cuck? Enjoying the view of my big-titted slut. Tell him, Sophie. Tell your husband what you are."

"I'm Tyler's big-titted slut," my wife moaned as she dragged her lips across her ex-boyfriend's pulsating cock.

“Again.”

“I’m Tyler’s big-titted slut!”

“Good girl,” Tyler grinned as he took another picture. “Now take that cock.”

My wife opened her mouth as wide as she could and struggled to take his massive meat into her mouth. Drool dribbled down her chin and tears leaked from her eyes as she gagged and slurped on Tyler’s cock.

“Not used to such a big one, huh?”

Sophie shook her head.

The bully chuckled as he grabbed a fistful of my wife’s hair and started fucking her mouth, forcing his giant cock down her throat. My wife’s face went red as she struggled to breathe.

“Fuck!” Tyler said. “Goddamn, Fifi. I forgot what a good fucking cocksucker you are!”

He let her go and my wife gasped for air. “Thank you, sir,” she said, wiping the drool off her chin.

“Now go kiss your husband. He looks like he could use a little attention.”

My wife turned to me, and the look on her face was one of pure animalistic lust. She had never had *this* look on her face as she crossed the distance between us in a second and kissed me instantly, forcing her tongue right down my throat.

Her mouth was salty and musky and my cock leaked pre-cum when I realized that I was tasting my wife’s ex-boyfriend’s cock in her mouth.

“Oh god,” I panted as my wife reached down to squeeze my bulge.

"This is so hot," my wife whispered between kisses. She grabbed my hand and placed it between her legs, and she was soaked. "I can't believe you're kissing me right now, honey."

Before we could continue our little moment Tyler snapped his fingers, and my wife turned her attention back towards him instantly. He laid down on the bed, completely naked, looking like a fucking king as his massive cock stood upright.

"Time for the main event, slut. Your husband wants to see you take his big cock. Don't you, cuck?"

"Yes," I croaked.

Sophie straddled his giant frame, his cock nestling itself between the cheeks of her ass as they kissed; her soft breasts pressing against his hard chest. She reached down to grab his cock, but Tyler stopped her.

"Cuck, you do it. Guide my cock into your wife. Prove to her that this is what you really want."

I stood up, my legs shaky. Not even in my wildest fantasies did I think this scenario could ever happen, but now I was wrapping my shaking hand around a thick, girthy cock, and my wife's dripping wet pussy was right in front of me, and I could smell her wetness as I placed the big, purple head against my wife's entrance, and I could hear her moan "oh god," over and over again under her breath as her ex-boyfriend prepared to fuck her right in front of me.

"Good boy," Tyler said — and he pushed his hips up and his big cock entered my wife, inches from my face.

It was happening.

It was done.

Another man's bare cock was fucking my wife right in front of me.

I was officially a cuck.

No turning back now.

My wife threw her head back and moaned like a whore as her tight cunt was spread open wide by her ex-boyfriend's fat cock.

"Oh fuck, I forgot how big you were!" She screamed.

"Yeah? And you missed it, didn't you, slut?"

Sophie nodded, her big tits shaking. "Yes, I missed it so much, Tyler, so fucking much."

That stung a bit, but it was also extremely hot to hear. In truth, there was no contest. My dick is fine, but Tyler's? His cock is godlike.

The asshole worked his cock into my wife completely, filling her with every inch of his monster-cock, until her ass rested against his big balls.

He grabbed two handfuls of her tits and groped them roughly as he starts pounding her; his big balls slapping against her ass as he fucked my wife right in front of me.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Sophie panted as sweat trickled down her back. "This is so wrong!"

"This is so fucking hot," Tyler grunted. "You're cheating on your husband right now, slut. I'm fucking you right in front of him. How does it feel, slut? How does it feel to be fucked right in front of your husband?"

"Feels so fucking good!" Sophie moaned as she bounced up and down his thick cock relentlessly. "So fucking good!"

"Yeah? Tell him. Tell your husband! Look him in the eyes, Fifi!"

My wife obeyed her ex-boyfriend's orders instantly. Our eyes met. She looked absolutely delirious. Her mouth hung open, and saliva dribbled down her chin. Her eyes were unfocused. She was on a sexual high that I never made her reach before.

"Peter, he's fucking me so fucking *good* babe! Ah fuck! Oh, he's cock is so damn big, honey, so damn good!"

"Tell him who this pussy belongs to now!"

"Tyler!" She screamed out while looking right at me. "Tyler owns my pussy now, babe! I'm his slut! His whore! His fuckhole! Oh, I'm cumming! I'm cumming! Ah!"

Sophie's eyes rolled to the back of her head as her orgasm hit her. Her entire body trembled and her moans turned to gibberish as Tyler kept pumping his giant cock into her, not missing a single stroke.

"Fuck, Fifi! Your cunt is squeezing me tight!"

His big balls slapped against her ass harder and harder, and then, with one last powerful thrust, Tyler drove his massive cock all the way inside of her and groaned.

My heart skipped a beat. No fucking way.

His balls twitched as he filled her with rope after rope of his hot, sticky cum. My wife threw her hips back at him, eager for every last drop, her toes curling.

Tyler just came inside my wife's unprotected, fertile pussy. Right in front of me. I couldn't believe it.

They stayed like that for a moment, kissing with open mouths, swapping tongues, her pussy lips stretched around his manhood. Finally, his big cock slipped out of her, and I saw my wife's pussy was red and swollen and dripping thick gobs of pearly white cum onto her ex-boyfriend's shaft.

I sat down on the floor, stunned, unable to look away from this incredible sight.

Tyler reached for her ass and spread her cheeks wide. "How is the view, cuck?"

I was speechless.

"Tell your wife you love her, cuck."

I licked my dry lips. "I love you, honey."

Sophie just laughed. "I love you too, Peter," she replied, and that soothed the ache in my heart for a moment.

"Go get us some water, cuck," Tyler commanded me. "And a towel."

I obeyed. When I returned Tyler was in the shower, and my wife was dozing off. Her legs were still spread, and her pussy was oozing with cum. I placed the towel between her legs as I kissed the top of her head.

Her eyes fluttered open.

"Hi honey," she said.

"Hi, babe."

"Did you like that?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

"Good," she said with a smile. "So did I."

"Shall we get out of here?" I suggested.

My wife's eyes shot towards the bathroom, and a playful smile appeared on her lips. "I think we can stay for a bit longer, right?"

She reached out to touch my crotch, and she found my cock as hard as a rock. She quickly unzipped my pants and reached in to stroke my cock. After all I saw I was so turned on that the touch of her fingers made me groan with pleasure.

"Oh, I think you *really* enjoyed the show," she whispered. "I knew you had a fetish for this but I never thought you would make for such a good cuck. If I had known earlier..."

"Then what?" I panted.

She smiled devilishly. "I would have started fucking other guys years ago."

"Oh god," I groaned as I spurted out some pre-cum all over my wife's hands.

"Aw, your little guy is so happy," she said. "Too bad I know what a big one feels like now..."

"Shit," I groaned. "That's so hot."

"It is, isn't it? That your wife loves bigger cocks? That you don't compare to Tyler in any way? That you just watched my ex-boyfriend pump my pussy full of cum right in front of you, and you just stood there and watched like a good little cuck? Oh yeah, your cock is throbbing, honey. Cum for me. Show me what a good cuck you are."

I couldn't hold back. I came on the spot, shooting my load directly into my wife's hand. I fell on the bed as my knees gave out, and my wife hugged me with one arm, the other one milking my cock dry.

As I laid there on the bed, panting, my wife gave me another kiss, wiped her hand clean on the towel, and stood up.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To join Tyler in the shower, silly," she said. With a flirty smile she sauntered towards the bathroom. I watched her go inside, and not much later, I heard the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and my wife's deep, filthy moans...

That was how it all began: a chance encounter with my wife's burly ex-boyfriend turned me into a cuck, and my wife into his own personal cumdumpster. It was only the start of our wild adventures, but that is a story for another time...



# 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.

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