



The
Loser Next Door
Takes my Wife

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

THE LOSER NEXT DOOR TAKES MY
WIFE

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

“Look at that hot little thing. The things I’d do to her...”

We just moved to the suburbs and our new neighbor Frank is a rude, crass, dirty old man. I was warned not to invite him to our barbecue, but that would be rude, right? So I invited the slob over.

And the *very first* thing he does is point out my wife to me and tell me all the filthy things he wants to do to her.

When I tell my wife Emily, she gets a blush on her cheeks. She tells me he’s **a harmless old man, and there’s no harm in teasing him** a bit.

I agree, and so I don’t stop Frank when he **pulls my wife onto his lap**. I don’t say a thing when **his hands start to wander**.

Before I realize what’s happening...

The loser next door takes my wife.

And all I can do is watch.

THE LOSER NEXT DOOR TAKES MY WIFE

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

“Look at that hot little slut. Jesus, the ass on her. The things I’d do to that thing. Can you believe that? Strutting around with half her ass out for the whole world to see. I bet she’s not getting enough dick at home. What do you think, huh, neighbor? Do you know where she lives? I might pop in and give her a proper fuck when her husband is out!”

Frank laughs loudly as he elbows me in the ribs. Some of my new neighbors have already warned me about Frank. They told me he’s crass, rude, and dirty. They told me I should think twice about inviting him to the neighborhood barbecue.

But the man lives right next door. Of course I have to invite him, right? Besides, I figured they were exaggerating. Sure, he looks a bit like a slob. He is old, balding, overweight, and wears Hawaiian shirts that are too small for his big, round stomach.

So, I invited him over. And the *very first thing* the man does is point at my wife and call her a hot little slut to my face. Maybe my neighbors were on to something.

“Yeah, I know where she lives, Frank,” I say. “She lives right here. That’s my *wife* you’re talking about.”

His eyes grow big. “Oh, shit! Fuck! My bad, neighbor!” He grins from ear-to-ear, and he doesn’t sound apologetic in the slightest. “Take it as a

compliment, eh? You've got one hot wife! The hottest woman at this entire fucking party."

"Sure," I say as I flip the burgers over.

I'm stuck on barbecue duty as my wife, Emily, entertains our guests. She's wearing a crop-top and hot-pants, and Frank is right about one thing: She's the most beautiful woman at this entire party — and the entire world, if you ask me.

Emily is stunning. She has shoulder-length blonde hair and blue eyes, and despite her slim, athletic frame she's been blessed with a great set of tits and a firm, round ass. I'm used to men hitting on her whenever we go; though not many are as brazen as my neighbor Frank is.

I wish that fat loser would move on, but he's not going anywhere. He leers at my wife as he guzzles on his beer.

"Fuck me, you might be the luckiest man in the world, Jim. I bet she sucks a mean dick, too. Those lips are made for sucking cock."

"Frank," I say, exasperated. "Come on. Don't talk about my wife like that."

"What?" He burps. "She doesn't suck your dick?!"

Several of my neighbors look at over at us with raised eyebrows.

"Quiet down," I hiss. "You're shouting."

"Sorry, mate."

"For your information, my sex life is perfect. But that's none of your business, Frank."

He shrugs and takes another swig of his beer. "Just saying, I'd give my left nut for a blowjob from her. That pretty little face of hers would look so damn sexy with those hot lips of hers wrapped around my fat shaft."

"Noted, neighbor. Why don't you grab me another beer, huh?"

After having to listen to his drivel, I need a fucking beer. Frank nods and waddles towards the kitchen. I sigh a breath of relief when he's gone.

Two soft hands wrap themselves around my frame from the back.

“How’s my genius chef doing?” Emily whispers into my ear.

“Fine,” I say.

Her hands brush against my crotch, and she moans a little *ooh* into my ear.

“Someone’s awake,” she giggles.

I hadn’t realized it, but my cock is as hard as a rock. All this talking about my wife giving BJ’s must’ve woken the little guy up.

“What were you two talking about?”

“You don’t want to know.”

“Oh, tell me.”

“No really, you don’t want to know,” I chuckle. “Trust me.”

Emily spins me around so that I’m facing her. “Tell me,” she says, her tongue wetting her lips. “I’ve already heard Frank can be a real pervert.”

“Pervert doesn’t begin to cover it. The first thing he told me is that he thought you were hot piece of ass who he wanted to fuck behind her husband’s back!”

My wife’s eyes grow big, and her mouth falls open. A blush rises to her cheeks, and I see her nipples poke through the thin fabric of her crop-top. “He said that?”

“Yeah. And then he went on how he’d give his left nut for a blowjob from you. Crazy, right?”

Emily is suddenly breathing heavily. “Yeah, that’s... that’s crazy,” she says. “So crazy.”

“Do you want me to kick him out?” I ask. “I didn’t want to make a scene, but if he makes you uncomfortable, he’s out.”

“N-no, that’s fine,” my wife says right away. “Totally fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive, babe,” she says with a healthy glow on her cheeks. “He’s just a pervy old man. I can handle that just fine.”

At that moment Frank waddles back towards us, carrying two beers. “Hi there, beautiful,” he says as he thrust the beer into my hands. “My name’s Frank! Come here, give an old man a kiss!”

My neighbor wraps his big paws around my wife’s slim frame and pulls her in for a kiss. I thought he’d aim for her cheek, but my wife turns her face towards him at the last moment and his fat bastard’s lips touch my wife’s. I’m frozen in shock as I watch it happen right in front of me.

Both of them are shocked as well, because neither of them move away. Only when I clear my throat does my wife suddenly pull back. A string of saliva still connects her bottom lip to Frank’s.

“Well, that’s a very *European* way of saying hello,” my neighbor laughs. “I’m not complaining!”

“S-sorry,” my wife stammers, her voice breaking.

I notice Frank’s big paw is still wrapped around my wife’s waist. His grubby fingers dig into her soft flesh. His hold on her is tight.

“No apology needed, beautiful,” Frank laughs. “If that’s how you say hello, I’ll have to visit more often!”

My wife *finally* grabs Frank’s hand and peels it off him. “I have, uh, something to do!” Emily says, and she walks towards our home briskly. Frank watches her ass sway and licks his lips. Bastard.

My neighbor gives me a shrug and wanders off, and I turn my attention back to the meat I’m grilling.

Ten minutes pass without a sign from my wife. She’s usually the life of the party, and I’m starting to become a little worried. I flag down Pete, one of my friendlier neighbors, and ask him to take over barbecue duty for a moment as I have to check on my wife.

My first stop is the kitchen, but she’s not there. Is she upstairs? Did that accidental kiss upset her so much?

“Honey?” I call out as I walk up the stairs. No answer.

The door to our bedroom is closed, which is strange. It’s usually open. As I creep towards it, my breath suddenly catches in my throat.

What do I expect to find?

What do I *hope* to find?

Images of Frank’s hulking frame on top of my wife suddenly flash into my mind, and I’m instantly as hard as a rock. *What’s wrong with me?* I ought to punch his lights out, but instead, I’m fantasizing about him taking my beautiful Emily right in front of me...

I hear a soft moan coming from inside.

With my heart hammering in my throat I grab the handle and open the door. “Baby?” I ask as I step inside.

To my shock, Emily is laying on our marital bed, with her shorts dangling around her ankles. Her pink panties are pulled to the side and she’s got her magic wand vibrator pressed firmly against her pussy as she moans and writhes in pleasure.

There’s no Frank in sight. My wife is alone here; getting herself off as our backyard is filled to the brim with guests.

“Baby?” I ask again, surprised.

My wife’s eyes fly open. She looks at me through glazed eyes, a wicked smile on her lips.

“Hey baby,” she moans. “J-just getting myself off.”

“Yeah, I see that,” I chuckle.

The pleasant *buzz* of the sex toy fills the room as my wife looks right at me. “Come kiss me, baby,” she moans.

I climb onto our bed and my wife practically yanks me towards her and kisses me deeply, pushing her tongue right into my mouth. She humps her hips as she kisses me, her tongue swirling in my mouth.

“What’s gotten into you?” I say with a laugh as I reach out to grab her round, firm ass.

We’re no stranger to sex toys and our sex life is healthy, but sneaking out of a party to rub one out is a new thing.

“Do you taste him?” Emily whimpers as she looks at me through fluttered lashes. “Do you taste him, babe?”

I look at my wife’s gorgeous face and frown. I lick my lips and wonder what she’s talking about. Tasting him? I think for a moment. Her kisses do taste a bit different; there’s a tang to it. Not an entirely pleasant one. Hints of cigarettes and booze.

“What are you talking about, babe?” I ask.

She grabs my neck and kisses me deeply again, pushing her tongue into my mouth. “Frank,” she groans as her hips shudder. “Do you taste Frank, baby?”

Heat rushes to my cheeks and my heart is pounding in an instant. “What?”

“That pervert kissed me right in front of you,” Emily groans. The constant *buzz* of her magic wand is very loud, the sound mixed with her heavy breathing and constant moaning.

“He slipped his tongue into my mouth and groped my ass right in front of you.”

My eyes grow wide and my breath falters. I noticed their lips touching, but I didn’t see any tongue, and I wasn’t paying attention to his hands either. “Really?” I ask.

Emily reaches for my crotch and squeezes my throbbing cock. She fumbles with my zipper and pulls my dick out. The moment her fingers wrap themselves around my member I groan with pleasure.

“Uh huh,” Emily nods, as she kisses me again, with plenty of tongue. “He’s such a perv.”

“Oh fuck,” I groan as my wife strokes me hard and fast. “That’s so hot,” I admit freely.

“I wish he would’ve slipped his hands into my pants and played with my pussy right there, baby,” my wife moans. “I was instantly wet.”

“Oh yeah? You want to be our fat neighbor’s little plaything, don’t you? He was right when he said you were a slut. He saw it right away.”

My wife moans loudly, her face red, her legs trembling. “Yes, baby, yes! I want to be Frank’s slut, baby, his little whore! Oh fuck! God! Ugh!”

Emily’s orgasm is incredibly powerful. Her legs kick and flail as pure pleasure courses through her entire body. She pulls me close and pushes her tongue down my throat as she trembles, her hand squeezing my cock like a vice, and I cum at the same time, spurting my load all over her stomach. She milks me until my balls are empty and my sticky semen covers her body.

Satisfied, she leans back and gasps for air.

“Holy fuck,” my wife groans. “That was intense.”

“Yeah,” I chuckle. I take a deep breath and then grab one of my old t-shirts to wipe the cum away. My wife looks at me, her cheeks flushed, her hair tousled, and she’s never looked hotter to me.

“You know I was just playing, right?” She says. “I would never cheat on you, baby. Never.”

“Of course,” I say. “But you *were* horny as fuck.”

“Yeah. And so were you.”

“That’s fair. I never envisioned Frank to be your type though.”

“Him? My type? God no,” my wife laughs. “*You’re* my type, babe. Not some fat old slob.”

I run my finger up my wife’s dripping wet folds and she shudders, playfully swatting my hand away. “Then why has he got your pussy all wet, huh, babe?”

Emily bites her bottom lip. “I don’t know. Maybe because he was just so rude and so... crass. So disrespectful. Feeling me up right in front of my husband.”

I nod. Rude, crass and disrespectful described our neighbor to a T. As I think about it, my cock springs back to life, dribbling pre-cum. Emily notices and gleefully starts stroking me again. Within seconds I'm back to full hardness.

"Seems you think it's hot too," my wife grins.

"Maybe."

"Admit it, babe. You've never been this hard this fast before. You think Frank feeling me up is hot."

"Yeah," I groan as my wife squeezes my cock. "Yeah, it is."

"Good," Emily says. She leans over and wraps her hot lips around my hard cock, and sucks her own juices off me.

"Good? Why good?"

"Because I'm going to tease the hell out of that loser," Emily says, popping my cock out of her mouth. "I'm going to walk around in skimpy bikinis all day and give that fat fucker something to look at."

"Oh fuck," I moan.

"Yeah? You like that, babe? You like thinking about Fat Frank ogling your wife while you're stuck at work all day? Maybe I'll ask him to rub my back as well, and apply some sunscreen... what do you think he'll do then, hm?"

"He'll grope you," I pant. "He'll grope the hell out of you."

"Yeah," Emily says, her eyes gleaming with lust. "What will you do when you come home from work and you find him like that, huh? With his grabby hands in my bikini bottoms? Will you just stand there and let him disrespect you like that? Will you just let him grope your wife like she's the slut next door?"

"Fuck!" I say as I shoot hot ropes of cum down my wife's throat. She eagerly sucks me dry, swallowing every last drop. I fall back on my ass, panting heavily as she licks her lips.

"We should really get back to the party," I say, gasping for air. "People are probably starting to wonder where we are."

My wife jumps up with a smile on her face and pulls her soaked panties and hot pants back up. She leans over to give me a kiss and just like that she's out the door, back to the party, her face still flushed and her hair still ruffled.

I sit there and take a moment to process everything my wife had just said. She's a very sexual being and she loves teasing me, but we've never involved other people before.

I bet it was just dirty talk, though. Yeah, has to be. She was just getting me riled up, pushing my buttons. I'm lucky to have a wife who is so open-minded she'll say anything to get a rise out of me.

I head to the bathroom, splash some water on my face and head back outside.

My heart skips a beat when I see Emily sitting on Frank's lap, his big pawns resting on her thighs, his meaty fingers clearly sinking into her soft skin as my wife talks to one of our other neighbors, pretending not to notice Frank's wandering hands.

I walk past them and head back to the barbecue.

"Took you long enough," Pete says.

Oh shit, that's right. I let Pete stay on barbecue duty this entire time.

"Sorry, nature called," I say. "Want me to take over?"

"Nah, that's fine. I don't mind grilling. You might want to rescue your wife. Fat Frank's got his hands all over her."

My face turns red as I follow his line of sight. Our leery neighbor smirks at me as he runs his hand up my wife's thigh, right in front of everyone. While looking at me his hand dips up so far that Emily has to interfere — she laughs, grabs his hand and brings it back down to her knee, like he's a harmless old man.

"Oh, she's fine," I say. "She's got it under control."

Pete raises his eyebrows. "You sure, mate? You know what they say about him, right?"

"What do you mean?"

He shakes his head, like he really doesn't want to answer my question. "Come here," he whispers.

I lean towards him.

"You didn't hear this from me, but... the story is that Frank's got a huge fucking cock."

"What?!"

"Quiet, man."

"Sorry. What? *Him*? He's so fat I bet he can't even see his cock!"

"Yeah, you'd think so."

"Wait, how do you even know this?" I whisper.

"Again, you didn't hear this from me," Pete whispers. "But word is that some of the wives in our neighborhood have cheated on their husbands with him. That's part of the reason I warned you not to invite him. There's some bad blood there."

My blood turns to ice as I turn my gaze back towards Frank. Now that Pete's mentioned it, I do see quite a bulge in Frank's shorts. I thought it was just a fold or a crease, because no way his cock could be that big, but now...

My mouth is suddenly dry as my eyes scan the party. All of the women here seem so prim and proper. I wonder which ones have cheated on their husbands with this fat fucker. Natalia? Jessica?

Emily laughs. My attention turns back to her. Apparently Frank whispered something in her ear, and my wife's face is all red. She fake-slaps him, and our slob neighbor just grins.

How about Emily?

Will my lovely wife be Fat Frank's new conquest?

At that moment our neighbor spreads his legs a bit. His big shorts ride up a bit, and from where I'm standing I can see right up the pants leg — and I'm frozen in place as I see the biggest pair of balls I've ever seen in my life. The bastard's not wearing any underwear, and his balls are bigger than tennis

balls. Hell, they're more like fucking grapefruits. If his balls are already this big, what the fuck kind of cock does he have?!

"So yeah, be careful," Pete says. "He's a beast."

"Th-thanks," I say, stuttering. "No worries."

My wife finally stands up, and I breathe a sigh of relief as she walks away. For a moment I was afraid Frank was going to end up french-kissing my wife in front of all our neighbors. I want to catch up with her but before I can do that, I'm roped into another conversation with one of my new neighbors.

As the hours pass and the party drags on people start to leave. The only person who shows no signs of clearing out is Frank. He's still in his chair, a dozen crumpled beer cans next to him. Emily's inside, cleaning up, as I start collecting all the trash in the garden.

"Hey, neighbor, time to go," I say.

"Nah, I'm fine where I am," Frank says. His breath reeks of alcohol. "Come have another drink with me."

"I think you've had enough, man."

"Bah, you're a lightweight. I'm just getting started." He cracks open another beer.

"Okay," I shrug as I take the trash inside, a little annoyed he won't clear out. I want to have another round with my wife and talk about everything that's happened, but we can't do that with him around.

My Emily is washing the dishes. I wrap my arms around her from behind and kiss the back of her neck. She presses her ass against me, and my hands instantly move towards her perky breasts. My wife lets out a small moan, then turns around and kisses me deeply.

"Is everyone gone?" She asks, her voice a hoarse whisper.

"Everyone except Frank," I say.

My wife hesitates, biting her bottom lip. "Damn it. Can't you kick him out?"

"I tried, but he won't listen to me. Maybe you need to tell him."

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” my wife says.

“Why not?”

She cups my bulge and squeezes it. I stifle a moan.

“Frank might get the wrong idea,” Emily whispers.

“And what’s that?” I ask as I lean in to kiss her again.

My wife smiles as she unzips my pants and reaches her hand in. Her fingers wrap themselves around my throbbing hard cock. She jerks me off in the kitchen, both of us breathing heavily.

“What idea would Frank get?” I ask again, egging her on.

“That I’m a cheating slut looking for cock,” Emily whispers.

“And what could give him that idea?”

My wife flutters her lashes at me. “I have no idea, babe.”

“Uh huh. Is it because you’ve kept rubbing your ass over him all night?”

“Maybe,” Emily breathes heavily. “Maybe it’s because he told me to come find him when you’ve gone to bed if I want to know what a real man feels like.”

“A real man? He said that?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s so disrespectful.”

I groan as my wife squeezes the base of my cock. I’m dribbling pre-cum all over her flat stomach as she rubs the head of my cock against her soft skin.

“The fat asshole who talked to your wife like she’s a slut is in your backyard right now, guzzling down luke-warm beer as he waits to see if your wife is a cheating whore who’ll suck his fat cock behind your back as you sleep,” my wife says, gazing directly into my eyes, a wicked glint in them.

“So what are you waiting for?” I say, my voice quivering.

She looks back at me, both of us silent for a moment, only the squelching sound of her thumb rubbing across the pre-cum covered, engorged head of my throbbing cock filling the room.

“Are you sure?” She asks me, her voice barely a whisper.

I nod. My heart is going crazy, but I want this. I want this more than anything. I want to see just how far this crazy night will go.

“Do it,” I say. “Tease the hell out of him.”

My wife’s eyes go wide and a big smile spreads across her face as she leans in to give me one last, quick kiss.

And then whirls around and marches towards the back door. Just like that, she’s gone, and I’m left standing alone in my kitchen, my mouth dry, my heart racing, and my cock throbbing.

What did I just agree to?

I hold my breath and tip-toe towards the backyard. I can hear Frank’s deep voice loud and clear.

“Ah, there you are, you hot little slut. I was wondering what kept you so long. That limp-dicked fucker asleep then?”

“You can’t talk about my husband like that, Frank. And to answer your question: Yes, he just went to bed. ”

“I’ll say whatever the fuck I want. We both know why you’re here.”

“It’s because I’m taking out the trash. Speaking of trash, isn’t it time you head out, Frank?”

I can hear my wife trying to sound tough, but her voice is quivering. I peek around the corner, and I see Frank is still sitting in his chair as my wife stands a couple of feet away, her hands on her hips.

My neighbor grins. “Now why would I do that? We both know what you want, baby girl. Stop pretending.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Frank leans down and squeezes the giant bulge in his crotch. My wife sucks in a breath, and the grin on Frank's face gets bigger.

"No? I think you do. Quit lying to yourself. You were rubbing your hot little ass all over my cock in front of everyone, you little slut. You want to suck my big fat cock. It's okay. Just say it, and it's yours. Say it, Emily. Say the words."

"Frank," Emily says. "I'm married."

I notice she doesn't say no. She doesn't tell the slob to get the fuck out. No, she says *I'm married*.

As if, it it wasn't for me, she would be on her knees obediently blowing this rude asshole. Fuck, that's so hot.

"I don't give a fuck," Frank shoots back. "Married sluts are the best cocksuckers."

"We really shouldn't," Emily says, but her voice lacks conviction.

"You should have thought about that before you walked around all day like a slut in that outfit, teasing me," Frank groans as he places his hand on his zipper. "Don't act all innocent now. You asked for this."

My wife sucks in a breath as Frank slowly pulls his zipper down. I noticed I stopped breathing as well. The entire world is silent. There's only the big man in my backyard who's got us both entranced.

Frank reaches his hand into his pants. My wife's face is flushed bright red, her breathing heavy. Her eyes are glued to the spectacle in front of her.

In fact, since she walked into the backyard she hasn't looked back into the house even once.

My neighbor's hand stops. "You want to see it, don't you?"

Emily bites her bottom lip and nods.

"Say it."

She looks up in surprise, and slightly shakes her head. "Frank..."

“Say it,” he orders, his voice dripping with authority. “In fact, *beg for it.*”

My wife hesitates. This is her breaking point, I’m sure. The teasing, the bullying, the dominance shown by Frank is hot, but there’s a red line, and he’s crossing it. There’s simply no way she’s ever going to —

“Please show me your monster cock, Frank,” Emily whines. “Please.”

I’m stunned. My blood turns to ice as my wife’s pleading voice reaches my ears. Not in a million years would I have ever imagined those words could come out of her lips.

Frank grins. “That’s a good start, Emily, but not good enough. Come here. Come to Big Frank.”

For a moment Emily stands still. Then, she walks towards our fat neighbor, as if in a trance. My jaw drops as my heart pounds. If I want to put a stop to this, this is the moment. If I step outside now, everyone can still leave with their dignity intact. If not...

“On your knees, bitch.”

My beautiful, young, brilliant, intelligent and outspoken feminist wife drops to her knees in front of our older, overweight, balding, rude, demeaning, asshole neighbor.

“Like what you see?” He asks, pointing towards the massive outline of his member pressing against his shorts.

“Yes,” she whispers.

“Yes *what*, slut?”

“Yes... sir.”

“Good girl. Pull my pants down, bitch.”

My wife’s hands are trembling. My heart skips a beat as she grabs his shorts and pulls them down his thighs. Something gigantic pops out and smacks against Frank’s big stomach.

“Holy fuck,” my wife moans.

I feel the exact same way. *Holy fuck.*

Resting against Frank's fat stomach is the biggest cock I've ever seen in my life. It's as thick as a baseball bat, and nearly as long, too. Thick pulsing veins run up the length of that damn thing, right towards the shiny purple head.

My wife is frozen as she stares at the monster cock bobbing up and down right in front of her. Frank laughs as he grabs the base of his cock and slaps his thick shaft right against her face. Pre-cum dribbles down my wife's cheek, and she closes her eyes and shudders with pleasure.

"You like that, slut? You like having Big Frank's big fat cock on your face, don't you, you slut?"

"Y-yes," Emily moans.

Frank smears his sticky pre-cum all across my wife's pretty little face. He presses the thick, purple, weeping head against her cheeks and her hot lips. She sticks out her tongue, tasting his seed, moaning as she does so.

"This is where you belong, slut. On your knees, with my fat cock resting on your face. You love it, don't you?"

My wife nods. One hand is between her legs, rubbing her pussy as our fat neighbor humiliates her in our own backyard.

"Tell me what you need, slut."

Emily opens her eyes. She looks right at our neighbor, and the next words that come out of her mouth make my cock throb with desire.

"I need to suck your cock, Frank."

"Good girl."

Our rude neighbor grabs a handful of my wife's beautiful hair and stuffs his fat cock right down her throat. My wife gags, but he doesn't care. He pushes his thick shaft deeper down her throat.

"Uh, yeah, slut, that's it. Suck that fat cock. You're such a fucking whore. I knew the moment I saw you and that hubby of yours I was going to fuck that

pretty little face of yours. You're nothing but a cock loving slut, aren't you?"

My wife moans as our bastard neighbor roughly fucks her mouth. I've never ever been this rough with my wife, but she seems to love it. Frank holds her blonde hair in his thick paws as his fat hips thrust upwards, every movement forcing more and more of this thick, monster cock down my wife's bulging throat.

"Fuck, that's good. You're a good cocksucker, slut! Fuck, yes! Take it all!"

Emily's mascara is running down her face. Her body trembles with pleasure as Frank uses her mouth like a fleshlight.

Finally, Frank pulls his cock out of my wife's mouth. Emily gasps for air, her face puffy and red, tears running down her cheeks.

"Oh my god," she gasps. "Oh my god."

For a second I wonder if I should intervene and save her from Frank, but then she leans in and starts running her tongue up and down his quivering shaft out of her own volition, planting sweet kisses all the way down to his giant ballsack.

"Oh yeah, you love the smell of my balls, don't you?"

"Uh huh," my wife groans as she buries her face in his nutsack. His balls are so big she can bury her entire face in there.

"Are you going to kiss your husband with that mouth?"

"Uh huh!"

"Oh, you're a nasty little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes, Frank!" My wife moans, her tongue darting across his sweaty taint.

"Fuck. I need to claim that cheating pussy of yours. Lose the clothes, bitch."

My wife stands up, her legs shaking as she strips all her clothes down instantly. Frank wraps his fingers around his shaft, which drips with my wife's saliva, and he pumps it while looking greedily at my wife. I'm hidden in the shadows, watching it all happen, still perplexed that my beautiful young wife is showing her body to this slob.

“Nice tits. Now show me that ass.”

Emily turns around and presents her naked behind to him like a cheap whore. Frank reaches out and grabs a handful. “Great ass, slut. Now get on that fucking table.”

My wife hops on the table we’ve set out in the backyard and lies down on her back. A mere hour ago the table was filled with snacks and drinks for our neighbors as we entertained them and put on the facade of us being a normal, well-respected couple.

If only all those people could see my Emily now: Eagerly spreading her legs wide for this fat oaf, her pussy dripping wet, juices running down her thighs, her eyes focused on the throbbing monster cock in front of her.

And what about me? Watching from the shadows, one hand in my pants, jerking off furiously as my wife offers herself to this barbarian.

What a couple we are.

“What do you want?” Frank asks as he slaps his fat cock down against her quivering pussy.

“Oh my god, you know what I want.”

“I know, but you need to say, it slut.”

“I-I need you to fuck me, Frank.”

“Louder.”

“Fuck me, Frank! Fuck me with that big fat cock!”

Any louder and our entire neighborhood can hear. That’s his goal, I suppose. He doesn’t just want to stretch my wife’s married pussy out — he wants the whole neighborhood to know about it. Frank bellows out a deep laugh, grabs hold of my wife’s firm ass, pulls her towards him, and presses the swollen purple head of his cock right against her wet pussy.

I would’ve easily slipped into my wife in this position, but Frank’s so thick the head of his cock just rests there.

“Stretch me, baby, please,” Emily moans like a bitch in heat.

“Greedy little whore,” Frank grins. “Does your husband not fuck you enough?”

“No, no he doesn’t,” my wife instantly replies. “Not like you can.”

“Is he small?”

“Compared to you everyone is, Frank.”

Frank grins from ear-to-ear. He towers over my wife as he leans forward and thrusts his hips. My wife screams loudly as Frank’s giant cock stretches her pussy wider than anyone has ever done before.

“FUCK! Oh god!”

“You like that, slut? You like that fat cock!”

“YES! Yes! Fuck! You’re so big, Frank, so big!”

“You love getting stretched, don’t you?!”

“I love it! Stretch me out! Stuff me with that fat cock! Fuck, you’re SO big”

Frank laughs as he keeps drilling my wife. His big heavy balls slap against my wife’s ass as he pounds the table so hard I’m afraid it’s going to break.

“Fuck, you’re so tight! Ugh! I bet your husband doesn’t fuck you like that!”

“Oh no, never, never!”

That stings a bit, but at the same time makes my blood quicken.

“If your pathetic little hubby could hear you right now, what would you tell him?” Frank growls.

My wife opens her eyes wide and looks right up at the older man towering over her.

“I’d tell him your cock feels so good inside me, Frank! I’d tell him I’ve never been fucked this good!”

Heat rises to my cheeks as I watch my wife humiliate me right in front of our obese neighbor. The nastier she gets, the more her toes seem to curl in pleasure.

“I’d tell him sorry, baby! Sorry, but Frank just fucks me so good! I need his big cock! Oh my god! Ugh!”

My asshole neighbor grins as he reaches out to squeeze my wife’s tits toughly. He pinches her nipples hard. My wife gasps, but doesn’t stop him.

The bully picks up his pace and pounds my wife even harder and faster than before. The sound of his big, heavy balls slapping against my wife’s ass is so loud I’m certain our neighbors are listening in. Emily doesn’t seem to care. Her mouth is hanging open, her tongue lolling out, her eyes dazed with lust.

I jerk off frantically as this obese asshole destroys my beautiful young wife, as he uses her pussy like she’s a common whore.

“You’re such a good slut, Emily. Such a good little fucktoy. This is where you belong. Underneath me, taking this big fat cock. That husband of yours can’t fuck you like this, can he?”

“N-no,” Emily moans.

“No, he can’t. You’ll always be my little slut from now on, Emily.”

“Y-yes!”

“Thank me, slut. Thank Big Frank. Thank me for fucking me better than your pathetic husband.”

“Th-thank you for fucking me b-better than m-my husband,” Emily moans.

“Ugh, yeah! That’s right. Keep going, slut!”

“Thank you for fucking b-better th-than my h-husband! Thank for you f-f-fucking me better than my husband! Oh my god, Frank! Thank you! Thank you!”

“Tell the world whose slut you are!”

“I’m Frank’s slut! I’m F-f-frank’s s-s-slut!”

Emily’s stuttering, barely able to speak. Her eyes roll to the back of her head as our neighbor slams his cock into her, over and over again.

“I’m going to cum in this cheating pussy of yours, slut! I’m going to fill your

married cunt with my cum!”

“Oh yes!” My wife groans. “Please! Don’t stop, please don’t stop, please! Cum in me Frank, fill me! *Ahh!*”

My wife cums on the spot. Her entire body trembles as her legs flail wildly, and her moans turn to screams.

“OH GOD! CUM IN MY MARRIED PUSSY!”

Frank howls with laughter. “Here it comes!”

“Yes! Pump me full of cum!”

My asshole neighbor’s huge balls contract. They were bouncing up and down, but now they’re tight. I watch in amazement as he pumps my wife’s married pussy full of his cum. His big heavy body shakes as he fills her with load after load of his sticky, white, potent seed.

“Oh my god, so much cum, so much cum,” my wife pants, her voice dripping with pleasure.

Frank groans deeply.

Finally, his body goes slack, and he gasps for air. Both of their bodies are drenched in sweat. My wife giggles as Frank grunts. He pulls away, and his giant cock is finally out of my wife’s used and abused pussy. A torrent of cum instantly spills out, covering the table.

Frank’s cock flops against his legs, a trail of sticky white seed still connecting the purple head to my wife’s swollen cunt.

Emily gasps for breath as Frank parks himself back in one of my chairs, his cock dribbling cum right onto the seat. Meanwhile, I’m still hiding in the shadows, holding my breath.

“That was... incredible,” Emily says.

“Yeah,” our neighbor grins.

“I didn’t know sex could feel that good.”

Ouch. That hurts, but it hurts so good. I have to be honest with myself: I’ve

never fucked my wife like Frank just did. She made noises and faces I have never seen or heard before. For better or for worse, the loser is a better fuck than me.

“I get that a lot,” Frank says. “Now get dressed and get back to hubby.”

“Okay,” my wife says. “This... this can’t happen again, Frank.”

“Fuck that,” Frank grunts as he lazily strokes his still fat cock. “Next time your husband is out, you’ll be worshiping Big Frank’s cock again. Won’t you?”

Emily bites her bottom lip. “I’m not sure that’s a good idea, Frank.”

“It’s too late to go back on your word now, slut. You promised to be my fucktoy, remember?”

“I’m a married woman, Frank.”

“Yeah, and with my cum leaking out of that married cunt of yours. You’re feeling guilty, is that it? You’ll be back. They always come back to Frank.”

Our neighbor pulls his shorts back up and walks over to my wife, who is still spread eagle on the table, cum dripping out of her pussy. Frank runs two of his fat fingers up her thigh, and my wife is in no hurry to stop him.

Grinning, Frank plunges two of his fingers right into her sopping wet cunt. Emily closes her eyes as Frank fingers her, her wet pussy squelching. When he pulls his fingers out they’re dripping with his thick, goopy seed.

“Open your mouth.”

My wife looks at Frank through half-open eyes. I can tell she wants to resist this bully, she wants to be a good housewife, she wants to stay faithful to me, she wants...

Emily opens her mouth.

Frank slides his goopy fingers into my wife’s mouth. Her eyes flutter as she sucks Frank’s cum off his fat fingers.

“That’s it, you cum-addicted whore,” Frank grunts. “Swallow it all.”

He goes back and forth several times, feeding my wife his cum from her own cunt. She sucks on his fingers like her life depends on it.

“Now, I don’t want to hear anymore of this *I’m-a-married-woman* bullshit. You’re my cum-addicted fucktoy, Emily, and I’m going to fuck this hot little pussy of yours whenever I like. Is that understood?”

My wife looks at him through a daze. “Y-yes, s-sir.”

Our neighbor gives both of her tits a last rough squeeze, and her ass a slap.

“Good girl. Now clean this pussy up before your husband sees. Or go sit on his face for all I care.”

Frank whistles a tune as he strolls out of my backyard and stumbles back to his house. Emily lays there for a moment, gathering her wits before she hops off the table. Her legs are shaky and there’s still some cum dribbling down her thighs as she walks towards the house.

The moment she’s inside I practically jump on top of her.

“Hey,” she pants, and then I kiss her deeply, my arms wrapped around her tightly.

I’ve never felt closer to her than at this moment. She kisses me back, but her legs are wobbly. I wrap my arm around her shoulder and lead her back to our bedroom.

“Did you see everything?” She asks.

“Yes.”

“I’m sorry, honey.”

“Don’t be,” I say.

“I didn’t intend to go that far.”

“I know, babe. It’s okay.”

“Frank’s huge.”

“I know, babe.”

She falls down on our bed, her legs spread. I take a moment to let this view sink in — my wife has just been used by another man like a fucking whore. Her pussy is swollen and puffy, and her body has red marks all over it. Her nipples are swollen, her cheeks flushed, and cum leaks out of her.

My wife has never looked more beautiful.

I take my pants off and try to climb between her legs, but Emily stops me.

“I’m too sore, babe,” she pants. “I’m sorry.”

She wraps her dainty fingers around my quivering cock and strokes me. I’m instantly reminded how she could barely fit those fingers around Frank’s girth, but she can hold my cock easily.

“You’re so hard,” she says with a tired smile. “You really liked it, didn’t you?”

“I-I l-loved it,” I stammer.

“Good. Because I think Frank owns my pussy now, baby. As long as he lives right next door, your wife is his plaything.”

I explode all over my wife’s stomach. My beautiful wife laughs as I shake with pleasure.

“I’m glad you’re on-board, baby,” she says. “This was so much fun.”

I lean down and kiss her, not sure if I truly am completely on-board, but there’s nothing I can do about that now.

My wife dozes off quickly, completely exhausted by the events of the night, while I struggle to fall asleep. With everything I’ve seen, I don’t think I can sleep for the next week or two. I’ve opened Pandora’s box.

As long as that loser lives right next door, it seems my life is going to become very *interesting*...



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Happy reading,

Emilia.

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