



The
Loser Next Door
Takes my Wife
Part 2

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**THE LOSER NEXT DOOR TAKES MY
WIFE: PART 2**

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

My wife belongs to the loser next door.

I asked my wife to tease our new neighbor a bit, but I had no idea what would happen next. Frank took control and before I knew it he had **claimed my wife**.

That one crazy night is only the beginning.

My wife is completely addicted to him, and **all I can do is watch..**

THE LOSER NEXT DOOR TAKES MY WIFE

PART 2

I can barely focus on my work. My mind keeps wandering, thinking about everything that has been going on.

Last week, I watched from the shadows as the loser next door took my wife in my own backyard. Frank's a pervy old man, and the plan was that my wife would just tease him a bit.

Instead, he pulled out his massive member, and from that moment on both my wife and I were spellbound. She sank to her knees in front of him while I watched them from inside the house.

That night, he claimed her body as his. The things he did to her, and the dirty words that came out of his mouth... I haven't been able to stop thinking about them.

Emily and I had great sex the following day, *and* the day after that, as I reclaimed her body. In fact, we've both been like a pair of bunnies, unable to stop touching each other. I even took a couple of days off work to reconnect.

However, all good things come to an end, and I really had to get back to the office. I've been staring at spreadsheets all day, but my mind has been anywhere but here.

All I can think about is Frank and the things he did to my wife.

He defiled her like she was his cheap whore.

I never ever pictured my gorgeous, smart and outspoken wife being talked to and treated like that. And the craziest thing of it all? My wife seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

After all these years of dating and marriage, I thought I knew her inside and out. I didn't think she could have any surprises left for me.

Clearly, I was wrong.

My proud, strong, feminist wife let our rude, crass, dirty neighbor fuck her like a cheating whore and *thank him for it*.

My phone vibrates.

Hey babe!! How is work?

I smile. Even after doing something crazy, we're still close as ever.

Boring. How are you?

I'm fine! Just catching some rays.

She texts me a picture of her wearing a skimpy white bikini. My heart jumps into my throat directly — I don't think I've seen this pair before. The fabric is so small, most of her tits and ass will be hanging out.

Is that for me?

It takes a moment for her to reply. I stare at my screen intently.

Maybe ;)

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.

We fantasized about this — her seducing Frank while sunbathing. It was just a fantasy, but after last week...

All bets are off.

I pack my stuff and leave the office early. I don't even bother explaining myself. They can write me up for all I care. I need to get home. *Now*.

The drive home has never felt this long before. I park my car down the road and run the last couple of yards. While sweating and breathing heavily, I sneak towards our fence and peer over.

Emily is lying down on a sun-bed, the skimpy white bikini accentuating her curves in just the right way. Watching my wife from his own backyard is Frank. He's wearing shorts and a stained undershirt, his beer belly hanging out for all to see.

Neither of them have spotted me.

"You know you're going to get a sunburn, looking like that?" Frank calls out. "Not that I'm complaining."

My wife looks up, a playful smile on her lips. "I think I'll be fine, Frank."

"Nah, you really should let someone lather you up. Where's that husband of yours?"

"At work."

A grin spreads across Frank's face.

"Then let me help you out, doll."

Without waiting for her reply Frank gets up and waddles towards our backyard. I rush to the side and hide in the bushes, praying the other neighbors don't spot me acting like such an idiot. I'm pretty well-shielded from view, so I should be fine.

Our old neighbor lets himself into my backyard and strolls towards my bikini-clad wife. She makes no effort to stop him, and I can already see a flush spread across her chest.

"You shouldn't be here, Frank," she says, her voice a whisper.

"And why's that, hm?"

"You know."

"Spell it out for me, doll."

"Because of... last time."

“And what did we do last time?”

My wife bites her bottom lip and hesitates.

“Say it,” Frank demands. “What did we do last time?”

Without waiting for an answer Frank grabs a bottle of sunscreen and squirts a big, white glob into his grabby hands. Our fat, rude, dirty neighbor grins as he puts one hand on my wife’s thigh. Emily shudders as Frank’s meaty paw squeezes her soft flesh.

I watch in silence as he lathers up my wife’s legs from top to bottom. His grip is strong, and I can see his touch melting away my wife’s resolve.

“Tell me what we did last time I was here, babydoll.”

“I cheated on my husband,” Emily admits softly.

“Yeah you did,” Frank chuckles. “And you loved every second of it. Didn’t you?”

Emily doesn’t respond, but her hard nipples poke through the thin fabric of her top.

“Roll over, doll. Let me see that big ass of yours.”

My wife does as commanded, and rolls onto her stomach. Her ass, barely covered by the small bottom, jiggles lusciously.

“God, you have a sexy fucking ass,” Frank sighs as he squirts the sunscreen directly onto her big, soft globes. His grabby hands go to work, giving her ass a deep, thorough massage. He’s kneading and spreading her cheeks, the thin line of fabric barely covering her asshole or her pussy at this point.

Emily has got her eyes closed and her mouth hanging open ever so slightly. She loves our crass neighbor openly groping her like this, using her ass like it’s his toy.

“You’re lucky to have such a helpful neighbor like myself, you know. Wouldn’t want this ass to get sunburned.”

“Oh yeah, I’m *really* lucky,” my wife chuckles. “I don’t think my husband would agree with that statement.”

“Hm. But we don’t care what that little bitch has to say, do we?” Frank says as he slides his fat fingers under the strap of her bikini bottom. He’s rubbing her wet lips now, or toying with her puckered asshole. I can’t quite see, and it’s killing me.

Emily sucks in a breath, but does not move away.

“You’re so mean, Frank,” she says, her voice fluttery.

“I’m just telling you the truth. A *real* man wouldn’t leave a gorgeous wife like you at home all day, strutting around in an outfit like this. Such a skimpy little thing.”

My wife shudders again as Frank’s fingers keep moving inside her bikini bottom.

“Frank,” Emily says. “We can’t.”

“We can’t do what? This?”

My neighbor’s meaty hand disappears deeply into the back of my wife’s bikini bottom. My wife gasps for breath, her eyes closed tight as Frank pulls the bottoms to the side — giving me a perfect view of her dripping wet cunt.

Frank laughs as his thick fingers dance across her pussy.

“Fuck, you’re absolutely soaked, you hot little bitch,” he grunts.

“F-Frank,” Emily breathes.

“What? Are we shy today? Are you not the dirty little whore we both know you are?”

“N-no,” Emily moans.

“That’s not what you said last time. You were begging for my cock.”

“Th-that was a mistake,” Emily pants.

“It didn’t feel like a mistake when you choked on my fat cock.”

Frank moves his fingers down and plunges them deep into my wife’s sopping wet cunt. Emily moans in ecstasy as Frank’s fat fingers stretch her out.

“Fuck, your hot little pussy feels so good,” my neighbor grunts. “This cheating married cunt is mine now.”

“P-please,” Emily moans.

“Please what? Please take me inside and fuck my brains out? Please pump this hot married pussy full of your thick white cum? Please let me welcome my husband home with your potent load deep inside my fertile womb? Is what you’re saying?”

“N-n-no,” my wife groans. “Th-that’s so w-w-wrong.”

“Yeah, but that’s what makes it hot, right? That’s why your cunt is so soaked. Because you’re a whore who loves cheating on that limp-dicked husband of yours.”

To prove his point Frank adds another finger and plunges them into my wife’s pussy. Her fingers grab the edge of her sun-bed tightly, pushing her hips back, her body betraying her.

Victorious, my neighbor grins widely as he pulls his fingers out. His fat digits are slick and glistening with my wife’s juices. He pushes them right into her mouth, and my wife hungrily sucks on them.

This bastard can literally do whatever he wants to my wife.

“Well? You want my fat cock, bitch? You want to be Big Frank’s little fucktoy?”

“...yes,” my wife admits shyly.

“Then let’s go inside, bitch. I’m going to fuck you right on your dinner table.”

Frank gets up and grabs Emily by the arm. My neighbor leads my wife into our house, and I’m left standing there, my heart racing.

The power that bastard has over my wife is astonishing.

I climb over the fence as quietly as I can and sneak into my own backyard. I’m crouched down as I peer into my own home.

Frank sits at my kitchen table, his shorts dangling around his ankles as my

pretty wife kneels in front of him. He takes a sip of his beer as my wife plants sweet kisses on his massive, veiny shaft, worshiping the damn thing.

“Is this where your husband usually sits?” Frank asks.

“Uh huh,” my wife answers.

My neighbor grins. “You’re such a little whore, Emily. Sucking my cock while I park my fat ass in your husband’s chair. You love cheating on him, don’t you?”

Emily doesn’t answer. Instead, she parts her hot lips and lets his massive member slide into her warm mouth. Frank groans loudly, placing a big hand on the back of my wife’s head, forcing her down deeper on his cock. My wife gags and struggles, tears forming in her eyes as inch after inch of that thick member goes down her throat.

“Fuck, you’re a good cocksucker,” Frank groans. “Yes, take it all, you whore.”

Does my wife even know I’m watching her? Does she even care? Does that make it even hotter? All these thoughts swim through my head as I watch my wife surrender herself to Big Frank. She worships his cock, taking it down her throat as far it can go, then coming up, gasping for air, and then planting slobbering, wet kisses all over his thick shaft and big, bulging balls.

Frank spreads his legs wide and shoves my wife’s face between his legs, rubbing his sweaty sack all over her face. I can hear my wife’s pleasurable groans all the way from where I’m standing.

I had no idea my wife could be so submissive. Emily’s a strong woman. Proud. Independent. Fierce.

And now, an older, overweight man colloquially known as Fat Frank is shoving her face into his sweaty ballsack, and she’s loving it.

Truth be told, so am I. My heart is racing, my palms are sweaty and it feels like I might throw up — but my cock is as hard as diamonds and I’m leaking so much pre-cum it’s dribbling down my legs.

Our neighbor laughs as he grabs Emily by her hair and pulls her up. He leans

in for a whiff, then pulls away.

“You smell like my balls,” he chuckles.

My wife’s face is flushed bright red. Her lashes flutter, and her eyes are unfocused. She’s completely in the zone now, in a submissive state of mind.

“What would you do if your husband came in right now, huh?” Frank asks.

My blood runs cold. Has he spotted me? Or does he just enjoy humiliating my wife, and reminding her that she’s cheating on me?

Emily licks her lips. “I’d kiss him,” she answers.

Frank laughs loudly. “Yeah, you’d kiss him with those dicksucking lips of yours, wouldn’t you?”

“Uh huh.”

“Am I bigger than him?”

“Much bigger,” she answers without hesitation. Her hands are wrapped around his thickness, and she’s jerking him off slowly.

“Keep talking,” Frank says.

“Your cock is the best. It’s so thick, and tastes so good. I can’t get enough of it, Frank. Please... please fuck me.”

“Beg me for it,” Frank says.

I clench my fist. The nerve of this guy, ordering my wife around like this. As if cheating on me isn’t bad enough — he’s going to make my proud wife beg for his cock?

To my shock, my wife drops to her knees in front of him instantly, placing a wet, sloppy kiss on the head of his weeping cock. She looks up at the old slob and flutters her lashes, putting on the biggest doe-eyes I’ve ever seen.

“Please fuck me, Frank,” she says in a sultry voice. “Please? I need to feel this big cock inside of me.”

“You know you’re a cheating slut, right?” Frank grunts as he grabs the base

of his cock and slaps the monster against my wife's cheeks.

"Yes," my wife sighs blissfully. "I'm a slut for your cock, Frank. You made me into a cheating wife. Now, I need that big, fat cock of yours inside of me. Please use me and fill me with your cum, Frank."

The dirty and filthy words rolling out of my wife's mouth with ease stun me.

Frank reaches down, and the bastard squeezes her tits roughly. My wife closes her eyes and shudders as he pulls on her nipples, much rougher than I have ever done.

"Good girl. Get your cheating ass on the table," Frank growls.

My wife hops up instantly and lays down on the table, her bikini top and bottom both pulled to the side as she spreads her legs for our neighbor, showing off her perfect, young body to Frank.

A man like him, a rude, crass, pot-bellied boomer doesn't deserve to see my gorgeous, young wife spread her legs and offer her wet cunt for him... but that's exactly what she's doing.

He takes a step forward, plopping his monster cock down on her belly. Fuck, he's so damn big. He's going to rearrange her organs with that thing. She's already so submissive to him now. If I just stay here and watch... she's going to become completely addicted to his cock.

"Jim never makes you cum, does he?" Frank asks.

My heart sinks. "N-no," my wife stammers. "Never."

That's so cruel. It hurts to hear, but my cock throbs regardless.

Frank grins. He takes his thick, throbbing cock in one hand and rubs it all over Emily's dripping wet pussy.

"You need my cock to come, don't you?"

"Yes!" My wife says instantly. She pushes her hips up, eager, no, *desperate* for Frank to stretch her out, but Frank keeps moving away. The fucking bastard loves teasing her like this, humiliating her, making her totally and completely his.

“Not yet,” our neighbor teases as he presses his cock against her entrance.

“Please,” my wife whines. “*Please.*”

“Tell me whose cunt this is.”

“It’s yours,” Emily answers instantly. “It’s your pussy, Frank, it’s all yours.”

“Good girl.”

My neighbor grows as he plunges his fat cock deep into my wife. Emily screams out in pleasure, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as this bastard stretched her pussy out to the limit.

“Oh my fucking god,” she moans. “Oh, Frank. You’re so big. You’re so fucking big. Oh god!”

“Tell me I fuck you better than your husband!” He grows as she gives her ass a slap.

As he pounds into my wife, our dinner table creaks and groans. This is where we have dinner, as a family, every night. It’s the table we bought together after we got married, the first real ‘grown-up’ expense we made.

And now, my neighbor is stretching out my wife’s pussy on it.

“Ugh! You’re so much better than my husband, Frank! He doesn’t know how to fuck me! Your cock is so much bigger! Ah! So much better!”

Spurred on by her dirty words, Frank gives my wife the fucking of a lifetime. He’s even rougher with her than before. He slaps her tits, pinches her nipples, leaving red marks all over her, and Emily lets it all happen. Her face is flushed, her pussy is dripping, and she moans and groans as this misogynist asshole uses her body like a fleshlight.

“I love cheating sluts like you,” he groans. “Your pussy is mine now.”

“Yes! My pussy is yours! All yours! I’m coming! Fuck! I’m coming!”

My wife closes her eyes in pleasure. Her entire body shudders and trembles, and she wraps her legs around Frank’s ass and pulls him closer into her, wanting to feel every inch of his thickness stretching her wide.

To my shock, Franks leans down and spits on my wife's face.

"Whore," he grunts.

My wife opens her eyes, her gaze unfocused, and she nods.

"Open up."

Obediently, my wife opens her mouth and stretches out her tongue. I can't look away as a fat glob of saliva drips out of my dirty neighbor's mouth — directly into my wife's open mouth.

I nearly faint as she swallows it. My wife is lapping up Frank's spit? How did he transform her from a proud woman into his obedient fucktoy? Is his cock *really* that good?

Fuck, this is so messed up. Why do I love seeing this so much?

Frank grabs Emily's face and pulls her into a sloppy kiss. They swap tongues, making out messily with plenty of spit.

This is so insane. My smart, feminist wife is being used as a cock-sleeve by an obnoxious, rude asshole, and she's loving every second of it.

They keep fucking, our table threatening to snap at any moment, when finally Frank buries himself to the hilt inside of my wife and groans loudly. I watch his big, heavy balls pulse as he pumps his massive load into my wife's fertile womb.

After what feels like an eternity, Frank finally pulls out his dripping wet cock out of my wife's abused cunt. My wife's pussy is red and swollen and looks delicious as it leaks cum all over our dinner table.

Frank reaches down to his shorts and pulls out his phone.

"Say cheese," he says.

My wife looks up at the camera, well-fucked and exhausted as our neighbor snaps several pictures of her used cunt.

Shit. Why is she letting him do this? Now that he has proof of her infidelities... this is bad. I've wanted nudes forever, but my wife is too worried about them ever leaking so I have a grand total of *zero* sexy pictures

of my own wife.

“Spread that cheating cunt,” Frank orders.

Every time I think he’s pushing my wife past a limit, Emily keeps surprising me. And so she does now, as she spreads her legs wide, hooking her arms around her knees to show off her swollen, well-fucked cunt to the camera. As Frank leans in to take a picture a big, sticky, white gob of cum slides out of her pussy, right onto the table, at the side where I usually sit.

“Nice,” Frank grunts. “See you tomorrow, baby girl.”

My wife smiles bashfully, her face a dark shade of crimson.

Frank pulls up his shorts and fixes his shirt. Emily doesn’t bother covering herself up. She just lies there, legs spread, panting heavily, her skin glistening with sweat as she stares at our rude neighbor.

I duck down quickly as Frank comes my way. He walks out whistling, looking happy as ever, not noticing me at all.

When he’s gone, I sneak into my own home. My wife doesn’t bother covering herself up. She lies there, on our dinner table, legs spread, panting like a bitch in heat, her skin glistening with sweat, her pussy leaking cum.

She looks absolutely beautiful.

“Hey baby,” she says when she notices me.

I just stand there for a moment, frozen, my heart racing, taking it all in. Every single detail I commit to memory.

My wife spreads her legs further. She reaches down and spreads the red, swollen lips of her pussy for me. A white glob of Frank’s cum leaks out.

“You are too late, sweetie,” she says.

I nod, dumbly. Yes, yes I am.

If I wanted to prevent my sweet wife from becoming our rude, pot-bellied neighbor’s cumdumpster... then I’m much, much too late.

“Come give me a kiss.”

I stumble towards my wife, dazed. When I get close I smell Frank all over her. She cups my cheeks and pulls me into a deep, passionate kiss. Our tongues wrestle, and my cock dribbles pre-cum.

I can taste Frank all over her. As the kiss breaks, she looks directly into my eyes.

“Now eat me out, baby,” she whispers. “I want to feel your tongue.”

My blood runs cold. Can I really do that?”

“Of course,” I mutter I as I drop down to my knees in front of my wife. Frank’s cum is still oozing out of her. His pearlescent cum is right there, leaking out of my wife’s used pussy.

I’m not sure if I can —

Emily grabs the back of my head and pushes my face into her sloppy cunt. She’s in control now, and it’s the hottest thing ever.

“Put your tongue inside of me,” she moans, her voice almost a feral growl. “Lick deeper!”

I do as she commands, sticking my tongue deeply into her swollen, well-fucked cunt. Her taste mixes with the flavor of Frank’s potent and salty cum. My cock throbs hard as I eat Frank’s creampie.

“Mmm, good boy,” Emily moans. She smushes her pussy against my face, smearing her juices all over it. I lap it all up as best I can, desperate to please her.

My heart is still racing like mad as the realization of what is happening slowly sinks in.

There’s no going back after this.

I’m her husband. It’s my job to protect her. To defend her honor. That’s what I promised to do at the altar, in front of all of our friends and family. I looked her father in the eye and told him that protecting his daughter’s honor is my highest priority.

And now?

Now I'm licking her used cunt clean. I'm slurping down the thick load of a fat asshole who used her pussy like a fleshlight — and I fucking love it.

Why is this so fucking hot?

“You love it as much as I do, don't you, baby?” Emily pants. “You're almost as much of a cumslut as I am.”

I just nod. She knows the answer. I am really into this.

“Good,” my wife purrs. “Because we're never stopping this, baby. I fucking love it when Frank uses me — and I love it when you eat me, baby. Oh, you're eating me so good. I want to hold your hand when he fucks me, baby. I want him to fuck me right in front of you. Is that okay, honey? Can I fuck Frank right in front of you?”

My wife grabs a fistful of my hair and smothers me with her wet cunt. I can barely breathe, but she pushes my head into her pussy further. She looks down at me, her eyes glazed with lust as her thighs quiver. My beautiful wife is about to cum, and I'm not coming up for air until I have her moaning and screaming.

“Oh fuck, I want to sit on your face when Frank fucks me baby, I want your tongue on my clit as that stupid fat cock spreads me wide open — Oh Jim, I want his big sweaty balls to rub all over your face as he pounds into me — I want you to feel them pulse and flood my pussy with his thick load — and then I want to watch it dribble right into your mouth! Right into your fucking mouth! Oh god, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'M CUMMING!”

My wife screams loudly, her legs thrashing, her body quivering, her voice breaking. I do my best to keep up, licking and slurping and swallowing. Her body shudders as she rides out her orgasm, and only when she is totally and completely spent does she let go of me.

I gasp for breath, my vision blurred, my mouth filled with the mixed taste of her sweet juices and Frank's tangy spunk. My wife pants and wheezes, her body flushed and covered in sweat.

I take off my pants and place my throbbing cock in her hands, but she is too tired to even jerk me off. She is completely spent.

“I’m so tired,” she says. “Jerk off for me, baby?”

It takes me about two strokes before I cum, my sperm landing on her flat belly. It’s a mere pittance compared to the volume Frank left inside of her.

She smiles, and closes her eyes, and within seconds she is snoring.

I lift her up and carry her up the stairs. I’m reminded of our wedding day. I also carried her into our home, and we also had sex on our mind... but then, I could never have imagined this scenario.

Now my wife, my bride, the beautiful woman I pledged my life to is sweaty, used and abused. Her pussy is beaten up, and I ate our neighbor’s cum right out of it. And from all I’ve seen, I know it won’t be the last time.

Frank’s not done with us. Not by a long shot.

I run a bath for Emily and get her all cleaned up. She lets me fuss all over her, and we exchange soft kisses and small touches.

I eventually get her into bed. We lay next to each other, holding hands, underneath the sheets. Both of us are silent for a bit.

“I can’t believe you really did that,” Emily says, breaking the silence. She rolls over on her side towards me.

“Did what?” I ask.

“Lick my fucked pussy,” she says with a grin. “What else? There was so much cum and you licked it all up. I had no idea you were into that.”

“Neither did I,” I say, my face feeling red and flushed.

Noticing my discomfort, my wife squeezes my hand.

“It’s okay,” she says right away. “I thought it was really hot. *Really* hot. I’m serious. It’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. I love you so much for being so adventurous and understanding, baby.”

“Okay,” I say. “I love you, too, honey.”

She bites her bottom lip. “Did I go too far?”

“What do you mean?”

My Emily giggles. “What do you think? I just wanted to tease Frank a bit and get you riled up, and he... well, he used me like a cheap whore.”

“And you loved it,” I add.

She nods, her face flushed. “I... I do. I don’t know what it is about Frank. Physically, he’s repulsive. He’s old, out of shape, overweight. I shouldn’t be into him. And yet... when he uses me, when he calls me his little whore, when he treats me like a cheap fuckdoll, it just... *does* something for me. It feels so wrong, and that makes it so hot. Do you think I’m crazy, sweetie? Do you think I’m weird —”

I shut my wife up with a deep kiss. I grip the back of her neck and pull her close, both of us naked underneath the sheets, our limbs entangling. My hard cock brushes against her stomach, and I feel her smile. Our kiss is full of love, affection and reassurance.

I love my wife. I truly, completely and utterly adore her.

And what we’re doing is so damn *wrong*.

My wife has let herself be used and humiliated by our old fat neighbor. He thinks she cheated on me. She let him use her body and beg for his load — and he even took pictures to prove it.

There’s no knowing who he’ll share those pictures with. He could share them with all our neighbors. Everyone we meet from now on could secretly know my wife is a dirty whore.

He could even post them online and expose us to the world.

I should be deeply worried, but instead, I’m turned on — and so is she. I love my wife for being so kinky and adventurous, for trusting me enough to share this part of herself with me, and for pushing me further in our depraved and kinky acts.

She reaches down and wraps her dainty hands around my hard, throbbing cock.

“Frank’s cock is so much bigger, isn’t it?” I prompt her. “His size is

immense.”

“Oh my god I didn’t want to mention it but yes, he’s SO big baby, it’s crazy!”

“How does it feel inside of you? Be honest.”

“Good. In fact, good doesn’t even begin to describe it. Amazing.”

“Better than my cock? Be honest with me, baby. Tell me.”

My wife nods eagerly. “Oh, so much better. Don’t get me wrong, I love your penis, baby, it’s a good size, but Frank is just... oh my *god*. I never understood when they said bigger is better, but they were right. Bigger is better.”

My cock throbs at her words. Emily smiles naughtily as she squeezes my erection.

Her words should hurt my pride, but all they do is turn me on.

My pretty, smart, feminist wife letting our rude, fat, old neighbor bend her over and fuck her raw is the hottest thing *ever*.

“I’m so happy you like this as well,” she says. “I love you so much, baby.”

My wife pulls the sheets aside, revealing her gorgeous body to me. She runs one hand down her naked body, towards her swollen folds, rubbing her clit slowly.

She sighs happily, one hand lazily stroking me, the other one hand playing with herself.

We lie there, gazing into each other’s eyes, enjoying this intimate moment... while both of us think about Frank.

My wife closes her eyes and shudders with pleasure. She rolls towards me and starts jerking me off quicker while looking directly at me.

“I can’t wait for Frank to fuck me right in front of you,” she whispers. “I want to see the look on your face when he stretches me out, baby. I want that more than anything!”

I come instantly, moaning, my legs jerking as my wife milks me dry. She's got a wicked smile on her face as she wipes the cum off her hands on our bed sheets.

There's no stopping it now.

Frank is going to take my wife right in front of me one of these days...

And all I can do is watch.



AFTERWORD

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

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15. [Four Guys Take My Wife](#)
16. [An Old Man Buys My Wife](#)
17. [My Roomie Takes My Girl](#)
18. [A Dirty Slob Takes My Girl](#)
19. [My Boss Takes My Wife](#)

20. [A Photographer Takes My Girl](#)
21. [My Bully Takes My Wife](#)
22. [The Bartender Takes My Girl](#)
23. [The Ex-Boyfriend Takes My Wife](#)
24. [The Loser Next Door Takes My Wife: Part 1](#)