



The

Loser Next Door

Takes my Wife

Part 3

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**THE LOSER NEXT DOOR TAKES MY
WIFE: PART 3**

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

The loser next door takes my wife right in front of me.

My wife Emily is a beautiful young woman who could be a model. She's smart, independent and proud.

Our neighbor Frank is an overweight, balding old man with a beer belly. He smells of cigarettes and beer, and every other word out of his mouth is something rude.

Emily should hate his guts. And part of her does — part of her is absolutely repulsed by him.

The other part wants to serve him.

And that's the part that won...

THE LOSER NEXT DOOR TAKES MY WIFE

PART 3

I stare at my phone. The message is typed and ready to be sent. All I have to do is hit a little button, and my whole life is going to change.

The table has been set. The food is in the oven. My beautiful wife Emily is wearing a flowery sundress, without any underwear.

All I have to do now is invite our neighbor over for dinner, and nothing will ever be the same again.

When we moved out here, I was warned about Frank by some of my other neighbors. They told me Frank is a rude, crass, obnoxious old fart I should stay well clear of. A total slob. An asshole. A fucking bastard.

The colorful descriptions went on-and-on. The message was clear: This guy was bad news. However, he does live right next door. And you need to have a good relationship with your neighbors, right?

And so I invited 'Fat Frank' over to my neighborhood barbecue... and boy, were they right.

The very first thing that bastard did was look at my wife walking around in hot-pants and tell me how he wouldn't mind giving her a proper fuck while her husband was out.

When I informed him that her husband was, in fact, *me*, he just grinned and

sipped his beer, daring me to kick him out. He muttered a half-hearted apology, then continued on describing all the lewd, filthy things he wanted to do to her.

I told him to grab me a beer, and then I told my gorgeous Emily all the rude things he just said to me. Her response surprised me.

She got *incredibly* turned on.

I know my wife. I know the signs. She got flustered, her cheeks went red, and she started playing with her hair.

Then, to make things worse, Frank appeared behind her, bringing me my beer, and he introduced himself to my wife by grabbing a firm hold of her and planting three wet, sloppy kisses on her cheeks. Surprised, my wife turned to face our fat neighbor, and their lips met.

Far longer than necessary for a kiss hello, I might add.

When Emily finally pulled away, a strand of saliva still connected their lips, and her entire body was flushed. She quickly excused herself, and when she didn't appear after ten minutes, I decided to check on her.

I thought she was furious with Frank, and perhaps me for not kicking him out right away. Instead, I found the shock of a lifetime: My wife on our marital bed, her shorts around her ankles and her legs spread wide, a magic wand pressed against her clit as she got herself off.

She pulled me in for a hot kiss and admitted to me that she found Frank to be irresistible. That him kissing and groping her right in front of me, disrespecting the both of us in front of all our friends and neighbors, ignited a bright, fiery spark in her loins.

Neither of us really understood what was happening. My wife is a sexy young woman who could be a model, and Frank is an overweight, balding boomer with a beer belly. He smells of cigarettes and beer, and every other word out of his mouth is something rude.

Meanwhile, my wife is a smart, feminist, independent, proud woman. She should hate his guts. And part of her does. Part of her is absolutely repulsed by him.

The other part wants to serve him.

And that's the part that won. That very evening, I pretended to go to bed early, sending her out into our backyard where an inebriated Frank was still lounging.

He pulled out his giant, fat cock, and told her to get to sucking.

I thought she was going to kick his ass. Shows you just how much I know about my wife and her deepest, darkest desires. Because she sank to her knees in front of that asshole and sucked his cock while he shit-talked me and our marriage.

My Emily craves humiliation, and there's nothing more humiliating than submitting to Frank.

He pounded her sweet pussy that very night, and made her thank him for it. That night, we had the best sex we ever had, and the both of us discovered this new, crazy, kinky side to ourselves.

We both decided this was really hot, but we should also not dive in head-first. That lasted almost a week before she gave in.

It happened while I was at work.

She texted me a picture of her in her new bikini, and told me she was going to catch some sun in our backyard. I knew exactly what was going to happen next. I raced home, and arrived just in time to find Frank lathering up my wife's body with sunscreen.

It didn't take long before he pulled her tiny bikini bottom to the side and started playing with her dripping wet pussy while telling her what a hot cheating slut she was. He took her on our dinner table and left her there, naked and sweaty and dripping with his seed for me to find.

That's what brings us to the present. Frank hasn't cucked me face-to-face, but he's not exactly being careful about his liaisons with my wife either.

I'm curious to find out how far he'll go in front of me.

I hit send on the carefully crafted text message inviting him over for dinner.

He responds within a couple of seconds.

On my way.

“He’s coming right now,” I say, my voice trembling slightly.

Emily turns towards me, a small smile on her lips. “Okay.”

She wanders over to me and cups my face in her hands. I gaze up into her beautiful eyes, and a calm washes over me. This is my wife, my love, my everything.

Frank can fuck her, he can rub his dick all over her lips, he can stuff her pretty face into his sweaty ballsack and he can cum all over every inch of her willing body — but he can never take the love my wife and I have for each other away from us.

“I love you, baby,” Emily says. “You know that, right?”

“I do,” I say as I kiss her hand. “I love you, too, babe.”

“No matter what?”

“No matter what.”

“Promise?”

“Promise, babe.”

“Okay.” Emily giggles nervously. “Please remember that.”

A loud knock on our front door interrupts our moment. Emily looks up instantly.

“Frank’s here,” she says, her voice dripping with excitement. She practically runs towards the door and pulls it open.

“Heya beauty!” Frank bellows. “Gimme a hug!”

I watch from around the corner as Frank wraps his big, meaty arms around my wife and pulls her into a tight hug. I also can’t help but notice one hand slides underneath her dress to give her ass a firm squeeze.

He’s wearing his usual outfit: cargo shorts and a white tank-top.

When he finally lets go, my wife already looks flushed. She leads him towards the kitchen, and when he sees me, Frank's grin gets even wider.

"Jim! How are ya, buddy?"

"Hey, Frank. Welcome."

He grabs my hand and crushes it in his strong grasp.

"To what do I owe this pleasure?" Frank says. "Smells fucking good, too!"

"Thanks, Frank," Emily says. "I'm making my signature lasagna. I hope you like it."

"Oh, I think I'll love it," Frank says. He watches my wife move around the kitchen like a hawk, lewdly staring at her body like I'm not even there.

When Frank catches me looking at him, he simply gives me a wink and then squeezes the bulge in his crotch. He's daring me to say something, to stand up for myself, to kick him out.

Instead, Emily serves us both a beer.

"Thanks, beautiful," Frank says. "So, Jim, why'd you invite me?"

"Uhm, I thought we could get to know each other a bit better," I stammer. "It's always good to know your neighbors, right?"

The slob takes a swig of his beer and stares at my wife as she bends over in front of the oven to check on the lasagna.

"I've gotten to know your wifey pretty well," Frank says.

"I-I'm happy to hear it," I say.

He turns to me, surprised. "Really, huh?"

"Yeah," I say. "Why not? If someone's looking out for her when I'm gone, then that's... good, right?"

Frank takes another swig of his beer and eyes me suspiciously. "Sure, buddy."

We make some more small talk, and then Emily serves us all dinner. We dig

in, as Emily tells us about her day. When she says she went shopping, Frank interrupts her.

“Buy any new bikinis?” He asks with his mouth full.

“Maybe,” Emily answers.

“You gotta give us a show later, right, Jim?” Frank elbows me in the ribs quite hard. “We can judge how well they look. Put on a little fashion show for us. What do you say, Jim?”

“Uhm, if Emily wants to,” I say.

My wife looks at me incredulously.

This is our plan, but she’s surprised at my complete lack of resistance.

“I suppose I could be convinced,” Emily says.

“That’s more like it!” Frank laughs.

I feel tense for the remainder of my dinner, as Frank and Emily flirt quite openly in front of me. When we’ve finished eating, Frank takes control.

“Jim, why don’t you clean up while Emily makes herself pretty for us, yeah? Sounds good, right?”

“Uhm, sure.”

Emily chuckles and shakes her head as she excuses herself. Frank grabs another beer and parks himself in our living room as I clean up the kitchen, my heart racing and my hands shaking.

This is really happening. My wife is about to show off her body to our neighbor in front of me... and that’s only going to be the start of it.

I’m just about ready placing the last few things in the dishwasher when I hear Frank’s loud wolf-whistle. I rush to the living room to find my wife standing there, wearing a yellow bikini I can only describe as *tiny*.

The top barely covers her perky, full tits, and they threaten to spill out with every breath she takes. And her bottom...

The front is so small it barely covers her pussy lips. And the back? There's no back! A tiny piece of yellow string is all that covers her behind, the thin fabric barely covering her asshole; her jiggle cheeks completely visible.

"Turn around for me, baby," Frank says.

Emily's face is red and she looks at me with a dazed, lustful expression as she turns around slowly, showing off her body to our crass neighbor.

"Fuck, that's a nice ass. Don't you agree, Jim? Your wife has got a nice, big, juicy, fat ass, doesn't she?"

My cock is as hard as a rock, dribbling pre-cum all over my boxers. I try to speak up, but my voice is a small croak.

"Yeah," I mumble.

Emily bites her bottom lip, her thighs pressed together tightly, her hands crossed under her chest — which only makes her tits stand out even more. She has no idea what to do with herself, but she's enjoying the attention.

Frank gets up slowly, his predatory gaze focused on me. He's testing me, trying to see what I'll do.

I just stand there, frozen, shocked, and aroused as he walks towards my wife.

He reaches out and suddenly slaps her fat ass firmly with his open palm. The sound echoes through the room, and Emily yelps and squirms.

"Frank!"

"Sorry," he grins. "A fat ass like that needs to be spanked. Right, Jim? Jim? I asked you a question, buddy."

Frank looks right at me as his meaty paw rubs across my wife's round ass. There's a firm, red imprint of his hand, right on her right cheek.

"Sorry?" I stammer.

"I said your wife's fat ass needs to be spanked. Right, buddy?"

Emily looks at me pleadingly, begging me to go-along with this crazy situation. Her eyes flutter as Frank gropes her ass right in front of me, his

fingers toying with the thin fabric.

This is it. The moment where I can speak up. Where I can kick this oaf out of my house, and regain my wife's respect and admiration.

Or...

Or I could watch. And let this happen. And see from up close, with my own two eyes, what depraved acts my beautiful wife is capable of.

She wants this, after all. She's looking right at me. Pleading. *Begging* me to say yes.

I swallow loudly, my heart thumping in my chest, and nod.

"Yeah."

Frank's smile gets even wider.

SLAP!

My old neighbor slaps my wife's ass again. Her legs tremble and she whimpers, but doesn't move away. His big, fat hand is such a contrast with my wife's young and sexy body.

"F-Frank!" My wife stammers. "Not so hard!"

"Your husband says it's okay, slut," Frank growls. "Say 'thank you, Frank'."

Slap!

My wife bites her bottom lip and squeezes her thighs together. The front of her bikini bottom is damp with her juices.

"T-thank you, Frank," she says while looking right at me.

"Louder!"

Slap!

"Thank you, Frank!"

My wife's ass is now bright red. Frank's grinning from ear-to-ear as he looks at me. "This is how you treat a slut, Jim. You should take notes. Slut, take

that top off. Let us see those big titties.”

With her hands trembling, Emily reaches behind her and unties the tiny string of fabric. Her bikini top drops to the floor and her big tits bounce freely.

“That’s better,” Frank says as he reaches out to pinch one of her hard nipples. “You love showing off this hot, fuckable body, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Emily gasps.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Good girl.”

Frank openly gropes my wife’s tits right in front of me, squeezing and kneading them, his meaty fingers sinking into her soft flesh, his fingers tweaking her hard nipples.

My wife moans like a cheap whore as this fat asshole plays with her body, her face red and her body trembling.

Frank suddenly bends down and plants a wet, sloppy kiss on my wife’s lips. She kisses him back, their tongues intertwining, her big breasts pressing against his belly. When he pulls away, a thick strand of saliva still connects their lips. Emily is panting heavily, her eyes fluttering as Frank slaps her ass again.

Then, he grabs her hand and places it on his crotch.

My wife needs no further instruction. Her small hands rub the massive bulge in Frank’s shorts eagerly.

I stand there, frozen, watching as my wife's neighbor treats my beautiful wife like his personal slut right in front of me.

“You’re a good man, Jim, but you don’t treat your wife like she ought to be treated,” Frank says. “A slut like this needs a firm hand. Sit your ass down and watch how it’s done.”

My body moves automatically, and I sit down in a lounge chair as my wife squeezes Frank’s bulge right in front of me.

“Good boy. Now go on, slut. Let that cuck husband of yours see how much of this cock you can fit in that pretty little mouth of yours.”

“Yes, sir,” Emily says breathlessly as she sinks to her knees in front of him. She tugs down his cargo shorts and big, fat, veiny cock springs free.

My wife looks up at Frank, her eyes wide as her small hands encircle his giant rod. She strokes him off slowly, her hands barely fitting around his shaft, as she lays his thickness down on her face. I watch a thick droplet of pre-cum weep out of his thick, swollen head and dribble down onto her forehead.

She purrs, enjoying the sensation of his big manhood resting on her face

Then she parts her pretty red lips as far as they’ll go and wraps them around the purple head of Frank’s cock.

My neighbor sighs contently.

“Mmhm, that’s a good girl,” he groans. “Suck that fat dick.”

Emily just moans in response, her wet blowjob audible throughout the entire room. Her face is flushed as she bobs her head up and down, taking more and more of Frank’s fat cock down her throat.

I can’t help but reach down and rub my throbbing hardness through my pants at this crazy, wanton scene.

“Look at your husband,” Frank orders her. “Look at your husband with a mouthful of my cock, you cheating slut.”

Emily turns her face to look at me, her cheeks bulging with Frank’s cock. We keep eye-contact as Frank grabs a fistful of her hair and roughly forces his thick length deep down her throat. He keeps her there for a moment, her nose pressed into his pubes, before he starts face-fucking her properly.

His balls slap against her chin, and spit, drool and pre-cum leak from her mouth.

All the while, I keep eye-contact with my wife. She holds out her hand for me, and I quickly reach out to grab it.

She squeezes my hand lovingly — it's a familiar gesture. She does it when we're walking down the street, or before falling asleep, or when we met at the altar.

Now she's lovingly squeezing my hand as our rude neighbor fucks her mouth like it's a fleshlight. His big, sweaty balls slap against her face rhythmically. My cock pulses with joy.

Frank finally lets go, and my wife coughs and gags. She wipes her mouth clean, her eyes watering.

Our neighbor is only just beginning, though. He reaches down and roughly gropes her tits, rubbing his cock all over her plump tits.

"You're a nasty cheating whore, aren't you?" Frank grunts. "Looking at your pathetic husband with my fat cock in your mouth."

"Yes, sir," she stammers."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir, I'm... I'm a nasty cheating whore."

"That's fucking right. You're a cheating slut. You're a married woman who enjoys letting her neighbor fuck her face, right in front of her pathetic husband."

Emily's breathing heavily, her nipples as hard as rocks, her hands pressed between her quivering thighs. The meaner Frank is to her, the more she gets off on it.

"What do you think, Jim? You're enjoying this as well, aren't you? Huh? Answer me, bitchboy."

I'm still frozen in place. Frank snaps his fingers and yells at me, and I finally look up at him.

"Yes," I whisper.

"Louder!"

"Yes!"

“Yes, what, bitchboy?”

“Yes, I-I enjoy it.”

“Yeah, you do,” Frank grunts as she thrusts his hips back and forth, sliding his thick cock all over my wife’s perfect, pillowy tits. “This is what married sluts are for, Jim. Pleasing real men, like me.”

“Yes,” Emily groans as she rubs her own pussy.

“In fact, thank me, Jim. Thank me for me rubbing my cock all over your wife like she so obviously desperately needs.”

My mouth is dry and my hands are shaking. “Thank you, Frank,” I muster.

He laughs. “Good boy. As a reward, you’ll get to see me stretch this little bitch out. You heard me — get your fucking ass on the couch, slut.”

My wife stands up eagerly and pulls her tiny bikini bottom down. She’s as naked as can be right now, in front of Frank, and I watch it all happen while squeezing my own bulge.

She hops onto the couch and gets on her hands and knees, eagerly offering her holes to him. Frank takes a step forward and unceremoniously plops his fat cock down on her ass.

“I’ve got an even better idea. Jim, come here,” he says.

I stand up. My legs are shaking and my heart is hammering in my chest, but I manage to reach the couch with my naked wife on it without fainting.

“Spread her fat cheeks for me, boy.”

Frank’s smell is really strong from up close. Cigarettes and booze. My hands tremble as I reach out and grab my wife’s soft, round ass. I do as commanded and spread my wife’s ass for our old neighbor.

“Well done, boy,” he chuckles.

My wife’s pussy is so wet I can see her juices run down her thighs. Her tight asshole winks, and the thought of that monster destroying her ass makes me weak in the knees.

Frank lets a big gob of spit land right on my wife's asshole. I watch it dribble into her hole, frozen to the spot.

"Rub it in, Jim."

My heart hammers in my throat as I do as ordered. I rub Frank's spit into my wife's puckered anus. Emily's writhing in pleasure, delirious, eager to get pounded and unhappy that she's not yet filled with Frank's monster cock.

"That's a good bitchboy. Now, guide my cock into that cheating cunt."

I look up at Frank, my face blank. I've never touched another cock before, never in my life. I've been a willing participant so far, but this is crossing a line... right?

My neighbor grins back at me. God, he's a hideous, disgusting, beast of a man. Why am I letting this happen? Why is he dominating both my wife and me?

Why am I reaching out and wrapping my fingers around his thick, powerful shaft?

Why does the weight and the heft of his giant cock feel so damn... good?

My wife deserves this cock. She deserves to be spread, filled, and fucked, by a real, proper man.

She deserves to be the fucktoy and cumdumpster of Fat Frank.

I grab Frank's cock and place it against my wife's dripping wet entrance. Fuck, even though my wife is soaked, I don't see how how cock will fit inside of her. The swollen purple head is humongous!

"Now watch, cuck."

Frank pushes forward and my wife's tight married pussy opens up and stretches out to accommodate his monster cock. I watch in awe as her lips stretch, stretch and stretch even further. Emily groans deeply.

"You okay, honey?" I ask, trembling.

"Yes," she moans deeply, her voice absolutely dripping with satisfaction.
"Yes!"

The purple head slips into my wife's cunt. Emily's fingers grip the couch and she lets out a deep, guttural, dare I say *animalistic* grunt as Frank enters her.

In all our years together I've never heard her make a sound like that. Not ever. I've made my wife orgasm, I've made her moan and pant and whine, but she has never grunted.

She has never enjoyed sex with me on this level.

As I watch Frank's cock slip in further, as I watch my neighbor stretch my wife's cunt out one inch at a time, as I watch the veins on his length pulse and throb, I realize in my very soul that nothing will ever be the same.

I knew we were playing with fire.

Letting your old neighbor fuck your young wife in front of you tends to have repercussions.

Still, I wonder if I've been naive. If, perhaps, a small part of me still thought that this was all fun and games, and we could go back to our regular lives after this.

Because now, as I watch Frank work his thick cock into my wife, as I watch her lips grip his shaft tightly, and as I hear her grunting and panting like a bitch in heat, I know that's not the case.

Frank owns my wife now.

Her pussy belongs to him.

She's his cumdumpster. His fleshlight. His fucktoy.

And all I can do is spread her cheeks open, guide his cock in, and hold her hand.

Fuck.

"Hold my balls," Frank grunts.

I look up at the balding, sweaty man in surprise.

"Hold my balls while I fuck your wife, Jim."

To my surprise, Emily suddenly joins in.

“Do it, babe,” she grunts, her voice strained. “Rub Frank’s big balls for me.”

My hand moves down to his big, hefty sack.

I can’t believe it.

I’m holding another man’s big balls in my hands right now as he plows my wife. Jesus Christ. His balls are so big and heavy, and I can feel them pulse and throb.

“Are you doing it?” Emily asks, looking over her shoulder at me. “Are you holding Frank’s balls?”

“Yeah,” I say, my voice shaking.

“Ugh! How do they feel, babe?”

“Big,” I stammer. “Big and heavy.”

“Yeah,” my wife says with a satisfied sigh. “Frank’s got the biggest balls, babe.”

With a final little thrust, Frank has buried his monster cock inside of my wife all the way to the hilt. It’s hard to believe, but that entire monster dong is now inside of my wife.

My neighbor reaches out to grab a fistful of my wife’s hair.

“Ready?” He asks.

“Oh yeah,” Emily moans. “Give it to me, Frank.”

Frank pulls back and roughly *slams* his cock into my wife. She screams loudly as our slob of a neighbor starts pounding her from behind, his hips slamming into hers, his big belly bumping against her ass, his hefty balls slapping against her clit with every single thrust.

“Fuck, you’re so fucking tight,” Frank grunts.

“Ah, ah, fuck, fuck, fuck!” Emily cries. “Harder! Oh, Frank, harder! Fuck my pussy! Fuck that pussy! Fuck *your* pussy!”

“Yeah, it’s my cunt now, isn’t it?” He grunts. “Tell me whose pussy this is!”

“YOURS! It’s your pussy, sir! You can use it whenever you want, just keep fucking me! Ah, ah, *ah!*”

“You heard that, boy?” Frank says, his powerful gaze directed at me. “This is my pussy now. What do you think of that?”

It’s hard to look up at him. The way my wife’s body is shaking and shuddering is proof enough. Instead, I just squeeze his sack.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. Why don’t you take an even *closer* look? On your knees, loser.”

He gives me a push and I drop down to my knees in front of the couch. Frank grabs my head and shoves it directly into my wife’s soaking wet pussy. Her clit is swollen and thumping, and I wrap my mouth around it instantly.

The moment my tongue starts flicking Emily’s clit, her moans change. She was feeling good before, but now, she’s in *heaven*.

“Oh Jim, oh baby!” She moans. “Oh, right there, oh honey, oh yeah right there babe! Ugh!”

It feels good to be a part of this. I’m happy I can give my wife pleasure still — I might not have a monster cock, I might not be as dominant or in control as Frank is, but I can still make her cum.

Even if it is eating her pussy out while our fat, rude, gross neighbor fucks it; while his big heavy balls slap against my face with every thrust; while my tongue accidentally keeps brushing against the underside of his thick shaft as he pistons in and out of my wife.

That doesn’t matter.

My wife loves it, and that’s the only important thing.

“I’m going to cum inside of your cheating pussy, slut,” Frank bellows as he slaps her ass.

“Ah, yes!” Emily screams, her voice filled with need. “Please, cum inside me! I need your load, sir! Fill me! Knock me up! Breed my pussy, Frank!”

Fuck!”

“Ah yes, here it comes, slut! Fuck fuck FUCK!”

Frank’s monster cock pulses as he loads himself *deep* inside of my Emily. He buries himself all the way to the hilt inside of her, his big balls pressing against my face. I feel them pulse, throb and then *unload*. Rope after rope of hot, potent cum is fired deeply into my wife’s potent womb. It feels he’s cumming forever as his balls keep working.

Emily’s clit swells up even more and then she orgasms right on my face. I can see her cunt tremble, her walls clinging to Frank’s shaft, milking his cock, drawing every last drop of cum out of him, as she moans deeply.

And then Frank pulls out.

His big, massive cock slaps my cheek on the way out, leaving her pussy red, swollen and gaping wide open for a second or two...

And then a massive torrent of hot cum gushes out of my wife’s pussy — right onto my face. I feel Frank’s sticky load drip down my face as Emily reaches down to grab a fistful of my hair as she pushes my mouth right against her swollen, sensitive vagina.

“Eat me,” she groans deeply. “Eat my pussy, honey, oh god, eat me!”

I close my eyes and stick my tongue as far into my wife’s pussy as it will go. The amount of semen dripping out of her is unbelievable — my entire face is drenched. I try to swallow what I can, but a lot drips down my chin. Frank’s load is thick and creamy as it slides down my throat, but I try not to think about it.

“Oh fuck, yes, eat it, eat it all baby, ugh,” Emily moans as she rubs my face into her cunt. “Swallow that cum! Eat it! Swallow all of it!”

She’s usually not this aggressive or dominant, but then again, I don’t usually eat her pussy while another man fucks her, so this is new territory for the both of us.

I do my best to keep up with her demands, licking and sucking and swallowing as much as I can.

And just like that, as a particular fat glob of cum lands on my tongue, I cum in my pants. The encouragement from my wife, the intense smell, the addictive taste, the chuckling of Frank as he watches me debase myself — it's all too much, it's all too hot, too damn kinky.

I shoot my load into my own boxers as I feast on my wife's well-fucked pussy.

I collapse on the floor, gasping for air, as my wife slumps down on the couch, her body still twitching, her toes curled, her hair a mess. She reaches out for my hand and squeezes it lovingly, and when I see her tired smile and her flushed cheeks, I am filled with love and admiration.

I love that woman, and she loves me.

And then Frank steps forward, his heavy cock swinging and dripping with juices. "Clean my cock, slut," he grunts.

My Emily doesn't hesitate for a second. She opens her mouth and wraps those beautiful lips of hers around his shaft, eagerly sucking him clean, as he looks down at me with a triumphant glint in his eyes.

Satisfied, Frank shoves her away.

"That was great," Frank says with a shit-eating grin. "Thanks for the meal, Jim. Let's do this again sometime."

Without another word he pulls his shorts, gives my wife's firm tits another good squeeze, and walks out the door whistling — while my chin is still dripping with his seed and my wife is flushed, well-fucked, and exhausted.

Emily closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

"I love you, babe," she whispers.

"I love you, too," I answer right away.

I crawl towards her and we hug each other on our couch, both of us sweaty and looking worse for wear.

"That was hot, right?"

"Yeah," I groan.

“Did we go too far?”

“Who cares,” I say.

She looks at me through half-opened eyes. “You’ve got cum on your face.”

“Where?”

“Let me help you.”

My wife leans towards me and, without warning, *licks Frank’s cum from my chin.*

“Oh damn,” I groan, and my cock springs to life right away. A fact not missed on my wife. She reaches her hands into my pants and wraps her fingers around my cock, frantically jerking me off as she licks up all the cum she can.

My Emily, my gorgeous wife looks at me, a mouthful of cum, her eyes twinkling delightfully — and I grab her neck and kiss her deeply. She groans as my hand slides between her legs, her pussy all wet, and we kiss deeply, our tongues swapping cum as we get each other off with our hands.

Both of us cum simultaneously, her pussy squirting and my cock firing off another load as our tongues meet, both of us lost in the hotness, the sexiness, the pure kink of what we’re doing.

We both gasp for air.

“That was... crazy,” Emily says.

“I know.”

“I loved it.”

“Me too, babe. Me too.”

I pull my gorgeous wife close and we just hold each other, my heart overflowing with love. This was so wild...

I can’t wait for Frank’s next visit.



THE END! This is the final part in the Loser Next Door series. I hope you liked this three-part series. Be sure to check out my author page on Amazon for more of my hot stories.

Thank you,

Emilia.

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:

<http://eepurl.com/Sxflv>

Happy reading,

Emilia.

ALL I DO IS WATCH

Want to read more hot stories? I've got you covered! Check out the other books in the sizzling hot **All I Do Is Watch** series:

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2. [An Old Man Takes My Girl](#)
3. [My Bully Takes My Bride: Part 1](#)
4. [My Bully Takes My Bride: Part 2](#)
5. [My Neighbor Took My Wife](#)
6. [A Loser Takes My Wife](#)
7. [My Landlord Takes My Wife](#)
8. [A Jerk Takes My Wife](#)
9. [Our Tour Guides Take My Girl](#)
10. [My Best Friend Takes My Wife](#)
11. [My Rival Takes My Girl](#)
12. [My Co-Worker Takes My Wife](#)
13. [A Stranger Takes My Wife](#)
14. [A Stud Takes My Wife](#)
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](#)
25. [The Loser Next Door Takes My Wife: Part 2](#)