

Wife Fucked by Teenager

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Emma gets fucked by a stranger next to the river. John watches on.

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The music was brilliant in the pub. Emma and John had only decided to go at last minute but it turned out to be a great night, with a live band playing all the best tunes. They had been sat in the pub for a few hours when at which point, they started having one of the dirty discussions they usually have when they were out drinking. Emma was being quite liberal with her words and John was following suit. He actually said to her that he wanted to see her being fucked by someone, as soon as possible. Emma loved the thought of it, she'd been fucked before by men in front of John, but she loved the idea of being fucked then going home and using the memory as a tool, to get fucked again by John. She knew how he fantasised about watching her, then fucking her. Partly because he always brought it to the conversation! A few of John's friends were in the pub but this time they wanted to keep it private, if that was possible. They decided to leave the pub and go to a nightclub in search of a young horny guy, who would be more than happy to fuck Emma. No man in his right mind would turn that offer down; she looked perfect in her short red dress and heels. She had black stockings on that were just noticeable when she sat down. She looked like a dream! They walked towards the town centre where there were a few clubs to visit, but before they had reached them, they noticed a young guy sat outside of a pub smoking a cigarette. Emma needed a smoke so she asked him for a light and they sat down together on the benches. His name was Charlie. He told them he was let down by a girl who was supposed to be meeting him for a first date. They should've been sympathetic but all they could think about was how to get him to help out. Emma gave John a look that meant she was up for it. John continued to put on his false 'feel sorry' face and then changed the subject at the earliest opportunity. "I think we know how to cheer you up. There's a pub down the road with a live band on, it's full of young single girls looking for guys like you," John explained. "Yeah, we'll take you there, you'll love it," said Emma. The three of them set off slowly, back the way they had come, and started to chat quite openly, about sex. Charlie was explaining that he had only ever had sex with one girl, who he had split from a few months before. Now he just wanted to have some fun, after all he was still only 18. Emma seemed to be even more taken in knowing that he was in need of some relief. She thought that there was no better way for that, than to have sex with an older, experienced woman. "There's a bench over there look. Shall we take a seat and chat some more? My feet are killing in these heels," Emma told the other two. It was very obvious to John that she had other

motives. They sat on the bench, overlooking the city river. It was dark and tucked out of the way from view. You could see the bridge they had just crossed, but the three of them were hidden in the shadows. John knew Emma had her plan so he stood and walked a few steps to lean on the railing along the river. He could hear Emma talking to Charlie but couldn't quite hear the words over the sound of the water. He turned around and saw that Emma was leaning forward to take off her heels. He also noticed that Charlie had spotted the stockings and he seemed to be in a teenage sex trance. John knew that this was all planned and Emma was having the reaction she wanted. She sat back up and crossed her leg so she was facing Charlie to continue their conversation. Her stockings were fully on show. Her smooth bare thighs were the object of Charlie's desire. Emma smiled and asked him if he liked what he was seeing. She casually hitched up her dress even higher so he could see the black underwear she was wearing. Charlie looked a little nervous but he was so focussed on Emma's crotch he didn't realise his hard cock was showing through his jeans. Fortunately Emma did. She reached over and placed her hand on it. "Do you want me to do something about this?" she questioned. Charlie stuttered, his eyes flashing from Emma's crotch, to her face, then onto John's face. John urged him on, "Go on Charlie, I'm just here to watch. She's great at sorting out an inconvenient hard on." Without waiting for any confirmation, she began to unzip his jeans. She pulled down his shorts and his solid hard cock sprung out. He must've been in pain with that locked away in his jeans. His cock was long, and it was pumped with blood. Emma's eyes lit up as she leaned in closer and touched it with her tongue. Charlie's reaction was brilliant. He just loosened up instantly and rolled his eyes. Emma took his young hard cock in her mouth and started to suck. She adjusted herself so she could get as much in as possible, she always liked to deep throat. Within minutes she was sucking hard, like she was desperate to taste his cum. Charlie had relaxed and was resting his hand on her head, softly pulling her onto his cock. John was still stood against the railings, just watching on as his wife sucked this teenager's hard cock. He could feel his own cock pushing against his trousers, just aching to get involved. Emma released his cock from her mouth. It glistened in the light of the streetlamps, the veins bulging out and the large bulbous head shining. She stood up and took his hand. "Come with me now, I'm gonna let you have fun with me," she ordered. She walked to the railings where they met the wall of an old boathouse. It was hidden in shadow but John could still clearly see them. She faced out over the river, dropped her underwear and leaned on the railings, raising one foot onto the bottom rail. She pulled her dress up over her perfectly curved hips and looked over her shoulder. "Touch my pussy Charlie. Then do what you want to it. I want you to feel what fucking a real women is like." With that instruction, Charlie reached under her bum and felt her dripping pussy. He ran his fingers along her lips and couldn't hold himself back. He urgently shuffled in behind her, gripping his cock. He rubbed his bulging head onto her wet lips and slowly pushed in. Emma gasped with excitement as his young hard length entered her. She reached back with her hand and gripped his arse, pulling him in closer. She wanted all of his cock inside. "Holy shit, you're so wet. You're so tight. This feels amazing!" said Charlie, slowly fucking her pussy. "You haven't got long Charlie, you're gonna have to give it to her hard," interrupted John. In moments John could feel the rail he was leaning on begin to shake. The vibrations as Charlie fucked Emma hard were making

a dull ringing down the length of the river pathway. He was pounding away, with all the energy and excitement every teenager has when lucky enough to be fucking a gorgeous women. Emma was forcing her lips closed as she tried to stem the moans coming from her mouth. The sound of wet pussy being fucked was echoing around the private little corner they had chosen. Charlie was comfortable now. He was forcing his cock deep inside of Emma. His hands were exploring every part of her body as they made their way up to her pert small boobs. John could see that he was pinching her gorgeous nipples, something she always loved while being fucked. He could see that Emma was now gasping for air as she was getting close to climax. Charlie didn't realise this but his energy just continued until suddenly she let out a quick loud scream. She began to shake and her legs almost gave way. Charlie just carried on, pounded the wet pussy that had just come all over his long teenage cock. He was obviously getting close too, as he gave it his all. "Cum in my pussy Charlie, fill me with your hot, thick cum!" With a low moan and a jerk of his hips, Charlie unloaded into Emma's dripping pussy. He pumped every last dropped inside her as his muscles contracted. He rested his head on Emma's back as she lowered her leg. John's cock was now rock hard and bursting out of his trousers but he knew he'd have to wait. After a minute or so, Charlie let his softening cock slide from Emma. He pulled his shorts and jeans back up and leaned with his back on the wall. He looked relieved. Emma wiped her pussy with her hand. Whatever cum that had dribbled out she let drip into the river. The rest of it would just have to stay inside and do what it does best. She bent over to pick up her underwear and as she did, John could see her glistening pussy and just couldn't wait to get inside her. Emma handed the black lace French knickers to Charlie. "Keep these as a memento. They're dripping wet with my scent. Now you'll never forget this fuck." Charlie replied, "I don't think I'll ever forget this fuck. It's the best night of my life." John walked over and took hold of Emma's hand. "We'd love to stay but we've got to get home, 'cause I want to put my cock in her now. Give us your number and we might very well be talking to you again soon." said John. They took Charlie's number but never gave out their own. They wanted him wondering when the best phone call of his life was gonna come. The three of them walked to the pub where the band were and said goodbye. Charlie went inside, feeling like more of a man than ever. Emma and John went home, to take advantage of the night's memories...