**Exhibitionist Wife**

by Ribbleman

**Exhibitionist Wife Pt. 01**

*Joe coaxes his wife Millie into revealing her charms.*

For a long time, Millie Smith's husband Joe had been trying his best to coax his wife into dressing a little more eye-catching and glamorous when he took her out at weekends. At last he felt he was making headway. On the previous Saturday night, enjoying an evening at their local club, Millie had dressed in a tight clingy little black dress that had quite a deep split up the side, showing plenty of thigh as she walked or sat down. The tantalising, though tasteful low-cut design, showed off just enough cleavage to draw admiring gazes from the male customers who greatly outnumbered the women.

Why did Joe want to do this? Well, quite a while ago, he had admitted to his wife that he would get hell of a thrill from seeing other men lusting over her. They had talked about it on several occasions but Millie, being reserved and quite shy had always point blank refused to indulge her husband. The thing was, Millie had never seen herself as being capable of arousing feelings of lust, telling Joe she would feel quite silly to even make the attempt.

Now, in the back of her mind was a growing sensation that becoming more sexually extrovert could prove to be very enjoyable and exciting - not an idea that she'd be prepared to openly admit to Joe. Millie certainly wasn't going to complain about the way Joe made love to her after he became highly aroused while vocalising about her showing off to the guys in the club.

'I think you should buy a couple of sexy short dresses and skirts and display more thigh,' Joe told his wife, 'and revealing tops, showing plenty of cleavage.'

Millie giggled. 'Speaking of tops, I think you're going over the top! You're getting carried away. I'm hardly a glamour puss, who likes flaunting herself about.'

'Nonsense, I bet most guys would get a hard-on seeing you dressed up in the right gear. I'm not saying you should dress like a slut - just dress more provocatively.'

A fortnight would pass before the couple could enjoy another Saturday night out and Joe had big ideas.

'When I went for a quick pint in the pub the other night one of the lads told me the club had been having trouble hiring a decent act for this week's entertainment. Why don't we have a change and take a taxi out of town - try somewhere else?'

Crafty Joe hoped that by going where they were less known that his wife would feel like being a bit more adventurous with her mode of dress. What he didn't know was that Millie immediately thought Joe's proposition was a good one. Unknown to him, she had treated herself to a few new items of clothing and was going to surprise him. Still having reservations and feeling a little anxious about what the regulars in the club would think about her change of style, going to a place where no one knew them instantly made her feel more comfortable.

There was something else that Millie had kept quiet about. Over the last two weeks the normally shy, reserved wife had often found herself becoming aroused and excited at the thought of seeing lots of men eyeing her up. She had pictured in her mind's eye the growing bulges in their trousers, erections caused by her simply flashing a bit of flesh. Millie had noticed how some men, when they ogled her, smirked in a very lewd way; automatically she had smiled back, experiencing a sexual thrill.

Already now she was aware that by going out of town she could turn those quick nervous smiles into longer lingering glances. During the week she had occasionally wandered up to the bedroom and lay on the bed with her hand inside her panties bringing herself to orgasm as she visualised herself indulging in all manner of lascivious and lewd behaviour. Of course, she told herself, it was all pure fantasy.

Joe had been called to the phone when Millie was getting ready and as the arrival of the taxi was imminent he never got chance to see her outfit. Now on their journey however he was getting glimpses of her new dress as her short coat was partially open at the bottom. The dress seemed quite short, but he couldn't really tell how short. It wasn't until they arrived at the nightspot that Joe got the full view when Millie came out of the cloakroom sans coat.

'Wow!' Joe was taken aback.

'Is my outfit too revealing - you look a bit serious?'

The truth was, Joe never expected a dress so short and tight and certainly didn't expect to see so much cleavage on view. He thought he could detect signs of a suspender belt strap under her tight dress, as she stepped forward but being almost awestruck never mentioned it. What he did notice though were the glances of at least three men as they walked past. Joe's heart beat faster than normal, while Millie, feeling a tad nervous, needed a little time to compose herself and settle down.

'You look a million dollars, Millie!' Joe said in a loud whisper as they walked into the main room and headed for the bar. Now the young wife began to feel better.

Ordering a pint of ale for himself and a large white wine Joe discreetly glanced to each side trying to see if any men were eyeing up his wife; Millie knew several were doing just that! In every direction she turned her head her eyes met the smile of a man or men looking back at her, not staring her in the eye but focusing on her thighs then her breasts. It wasn't until Joe turned to hand Millie her drink that, for the first time that night he was able to take in the full frontal view of her plunging neckline. A silly term, he thought given that the material of the front of her dress began nowhere near her neck - in fact it hardly covered her tits. Another new item of apparel that Millie had invested in was a lacy bra, designed to push her breasts up and together, with minimum coverage, creating a deep cleavage that left most of her alabaster white flesh bare.

Like all the other men in the room, Joe, also couldn't make his mind up which bit of Millie deserved the most attention, legs or tits. What he did notice was his wife grinning and smiling as she acknowledged the admiring and lustful looks of all the men staring at her. Millie was fast becoming aroused, finding it difficult to follow the conversation she and her husband were struggling to make.

'I can't believe how different you look,' Joe told his wife, 'like a different woman, so fucking sexy! What a transformation.'

Millie was now finishing off her second glass of wine and having drunk them quickly was already feeling a little light headed.

'Well, I hope you approve,' she grinned, while her eyes flitted around the immediate area of the bar, noticing the men.

'I very much approve,' Joe said, 'Including seeing how you are obviously enjoying the attention of all these men, who look like they're mentally fucking you!'

'My goodness, Joe,' Millie hissed, 'I hope no one can hear you! Anyway, they're probably only looking because there are so few women in here.'

'No, they're looking because your tits are almost spilling out and that dress is clinging to you like a second skin - my cock is very hard, as I'm sure are the cocks of all these guys you are giving sexy coy smiles to. You know, don't you? You are very conscious that you've given all these guys an erection.'

'I suppose I might have turned a few of them on.'

'And does that thought turn you on, Millie?'

In a very low voice, Millie answered, 'Yeah!'

'I'll get another round of drinks in, then we could do with finding somewhere to sit; it's getting busy in here.'

'Can you get me a gin and tonic this time, I've had enough wine.'

'I'll get you a large one if we're moving away from the bar - it will last longer,' Joe said, happy that his wife was drinking faster than she normally did. More relaxed, might mean she'd be more daring - or more careless about what she showed, he thought.

As they moved away from the bar through the bunch of people waiting to be served, it became evident that all the tables were occupied.

'Go over toward the wall, Millie, there's a spare stool there, at least you can sit down - I'm used to standing up while I'm drinking - do it all the time in the pub.'

For the second time that night, Joe's heart began to pound as he watched his wife struggle to climb on the high stool and almost show her panties. There was a shelf attached to the wall where people using the stools could put their drinks, and rather than sit facing a blank wall it was customary to sit facing sideways or facing the middle of the room so one could see what was going on. As Millie climbed on the stool the hem of her dress rode so far up her thigh that she showed off stocking tops and an expanse of bare thigh. Right away she attracted the eyes of several men but took her time adjusting her clothing. Joe noticed how she seemed unaware that her stocking tops were not completely covered but he failed to point that out. He was getting hell of as thrill from seeing his wife show so much bare flesh.

A few minutes later, as they listened to the artiste that had just come on stage Millie made it clear that she was very aware her stocking tops where showing.

'I think this dress is a bit too short after all - it soon rides up too - and so tight it's almost impossible to pull down.'

'It's only because you're perched on a high stool,' Joe reassured her.

As Joe answered her he noticed her smile at a man sat at the table nearest to them. In fact there were four men sat together and being lower than the tall stool, two of them were positioned so they had a very good view of Millie's lower half, clearly able to see her stocking tops and the small area of bare thigh.

Millie, very aware of what she was showing the men, simply ignored the problem and let them look, sipping her gin and openly exchanging occasional smiles. Joe's stomach felt like it was full of butterflies; such was his feelings of sexual excitement on seeing his wife blatantly show off her upper thighs. But there was more to come.

Joe felt a strong need to answer the call of nature and excusing himself went off to the gents' toilet for a pee; the beer was going straight through him. Looking back at his wife from a distance he became very aware of how sexual she looked. Now he had moved away from his wife, more people were able to get a good view of her perched on the high stool and her luscious legs. Then Joe stopped in his tracks.

The guys sat on the next table had struck up a conversation with Millie. Joe's cock began to throb even though it was just a case of a couple of guys flirting with another man's wife. Of course, Joe, knowing very well that the guys had been ogling her tits and thighs went a long way to making the veins of his penis fill with blood. Needing that piss, Joe resumed his journey to the Men's room. Entering a cubicle rather than using a urinal Joe found it hard to piss due to having an erection. Though he didn't want to dampen and weaken his libido the thoughts of Millie showing off and flirting with the table full of men made him give in to his urges, compelling him to masturbate while fantasising about sex, mainly featuring his wife with other men. He had been gone a long time.

Eventually, Joe made his way back into the room and ordered more drinks at the bar as he passed. When he walked toward where he had left Millie he saw, through a gap in the crowd, that Millie had turned her body toward the men - she was sat facing them - with her knees parted. Given that the men sat at the table were lower than her tall stool, they had a clear view between her legs. When Joe struggled through the crowd he saw his wife had let her dress ride up even higher; no doubt the men, whose heads were hardly an arm's length away from Millie's crotch would easily be able to see her pussy. Joe knew her panties were very brief and lacy.

The expressions on the faces of both men and woman told a story; dirty grins and smirks and watching where eyes focused and stared made it obvious that the subject of the chat was sex. Joe even saw his grinning wife look down at her midriff, like she was checking exactly what she was showing, then the guy nearest to her licked his lips as he gazed between her legs before looking up; both wife and man fixed their gaze on each other, looking like they both wanted to fuck.

Joe finally approached breaking the spell and handed Millie her fresh drink. He could tell the alcohol was affecting her, which may have explained her abnormal behaviour. Millie remained in the same position, flashing her crotch to the men, not caring that Joe was aware of her lewd behaviour. Before Joe could speak the man who had his eyes locked on his wife beat him to it.

'Our two friends here are about to go. I was just about to suggest to your lovely wife here that she might be more comfortable sat on a chair - you're both welcome to join us at our table.'

Millie looked eager to take up the offer and while attempting to carefully lower herself off the stool caused her dress ride up almost as high as her belly. The eyes of all the men, including Joe, nearly popped out of their sockets, while it was a certainty that that their cocks had grown hard. Millie managed to utter a giggling 'Whoops', unable to make herself decent until she succeeded in placing both her feet firmly on the ground; for a few seconds she was stuck with her arms remaining on the seat, her body at full stretch.

Joe shuffled to the side slightly so he could see exactly what the sitting guys could see. Unbelievably the dress had slid all the way up, as far as her belly button, clearly displaying her very brief panties, the crotch of which had disappeared up between the lips of her labia. Joe had no idea until this second that his wife had recently completely shaved her pussy.

The whole incident lasted but a moment, yet it was evident to all the men that Millie could have made more haste in covering up - had she wanted to. Instead she had moved quite slowly, giggling and even taking time to look around at the expressions on the faces of not only the men close to her but others lucky enough to have observed her wardrobe malfunction and 'predicament.' A lot could be seen in those two seconds.

Smoothing down her dress while standing in front of the flirtatious man, wriggled her body, the still giggling young wife let him watch the way her breasts wobbled from side to side as she smoothed down her clothing. Now, sinking in the seat next to her new male friend she was happy to let him enjoy the view as he gazed down the front of her dress; it seemed the sartorial upset had also dislodged her half-cup bra, allowing her left tit to pop out. The two strange men at the table, plus her extremely sexually aroused husband, watched intently as Millie calmly stretched out the front of her dress and thrust her hand down her front to replace her tit back into its cup - though not without exposing the nipple for a couple of seconds.

'Sorry if I've embarrassed you,' she said to the men, 'I'm very clumsy tonight.'

'Not at all,' the flirting man said, 'That was better entertainment than the guy on the stage doing the singing.'

Millie let her gaze fall to check out the man's bulging crotch. It excited her to know she had made him erect and has an added turn on she was enjoying the way her nipples were prominently poking through the thin material of her dress.

Joe now took a seat, seeing how his wife had left her chair positioned away from the table; he noticed how both men were able to see her from waist up, which gave him another thrill, because both men had a view of Millie's panties and the bare flesh of her upper thighs. He suspected it was no accident that his wife had again let her dress ride up.

The small talk flowed as the men wanted to know more about the couple, or rather the amazing wife. Joe marvelled at how open and extrovert his wife was behaving, not disguising the fact she loved being on display, though drinking more than usual helped somewhat. The husband found he got on well with both men and he suspected that they realised that he too was getting a kick from seeing his exhibitionist wife display herself. Neither of the two men held back from flirting, making suggestive and lascivious comments that caused Millie to have giggling fits. When the man in reach of Millie leaned in and told her a lewd joke Joe felt a thrill when he saw him place a hand on her thigh - when Millie laughed heartily at the punch-line the hand stayed put and Joe saw his wife let her legs fall open allowing the hand to slide round to her inner thigh and creep a little higher.

From the anxious expression on Millie's face and the way she kept slowly but nervously turning her head toward him, Joe could tell his wife was looking to see if he approved or disapproved. The fact that she hadn't pushed the man's hand away was a sign that she really liked his touch.

Joe didn't give Millie any indication at all, good or bad, though in his mind he secretly wished they had more privacy and were not sat in a crowded club. How interesting it would be, he thought, not to mention how exciting, to find out how far Millie would let this go. In the end, it was she who broke the spell.

'I'll have to go and find the Ladies Room,' Millie said, then turning to the man whose hand was massaging her upper asked, 'Could you point me in the right direction, it's so crowded in here I can't even see the far wall!'

'Why don't I take you, I need to pay a visit too? I'll show you where the ladies toilet is. Follow me.'

Right away Joe suspected the man had an ulterior motive but he could hardly refuse to let her go with the man. Off they went, with Millie again checking Joe's reaction to see if he looked annoyed. Joe shrugged his shoulders and watched them disappear into the crowd. Meanwhile he carried on chatting to the second guy, but in his head were thoughts of Millie allowing her escort to make a pass at her. As the minutes ticked away and neither one had returned to the table Joe felt butterflies in his stomach and once again his heart began to pound.

'Looks like your mate has run off with my wife!' Joe said to the second guy, failing to make the comment sound humorous.

From the look on the man's face it seemed his mate thought there could be a strong possibility that might be the case.

'Well, I guess they have both been teasing and flirting with each other all night - so with the signals she's been giving out you could hardly blame my pal for trying! And let's face it - you've not complained - in fact it seems to me that you have enjoyed watching her tease and show off. It's okay mate, we're glad we've met you but no need to pretend - it's obvious you're getting as big a turn on as we are. If she's gone further than you expected it would be silly to cause trouble over it. Maybe they're having a kiss and a grope around the back - or more!'

Taken aback by the directness of the man Joe didn't know how to answer. He did feel a little silly already, made painfully aware that this being the first time he and Millie had indulged in such behaviour it was clear they had a lot to learn. Joe was concerned that, given his wife had drunk far more than usual - and knowing how drinking too much alcohol sometimes affected her - given the way she had taken to the man and the way she was sexed up, there was a strong possibility that if he made a pass at her, she might sneak off outside in a dark corner and let him go all the way. Was he trembling because he was excited, or because he was scared to hell that she could be getting fucked?

The guy sat at the table with Joe sipped his beer and left the worried husband to his private thoughts. Another few minutes passed before Millie reappeared with the guy right behind her. Joe noted that they hadn't even bothered to cover up the fact they had spent time together by returning to the table separately.

Thinking about what the second guy had said about looking silly Joe bit his tongue and said nothing about the long absence. He did, however, note his wife's dishevelled state; not only her hair looked ruffled but to Joe's astonishment, the most telling clue came when Millie, almost subconsciously and automatically reached down with both hands and pulling her dress up a little, needed to adjust her stocking tops which appeared to have become twisted. How Joe wished he could have felt between her legs to see if her cunt was soaking with leaking sperm from having had a good fuck.

The second guy sensed that Joe needed a few minutes alone with his wife.

'Come on,' he said to his mate, 'Let's go to the bar, you can help me carry the drinks back.' He then looked inquiringly at Joe. 'I take it you both want another drink.' Joe knew that what he was really asking was, 'Shall I get you a drink or will you be going home - have you things to sort out with your wife?'

Joe took a deep breath and accepted the drink - he and Millie would stay a little longer.

'Did you go outside with that guy?' Joe asked his wife, 'you were gone a long time given you only went for a pee!'

'I needed some fresh air and he kept me company,' Millie said, 'My head was a bit fuzzy.'

'But you've just accepted another drink, so that doesn't make sense. And how come he was on hand when you came out of the Ladies Room - was he waiting for you?'

'I thought he just happened to be there - and by the way, his name is Peter.'

'So you really got to know him. Did he take you around the back for a shag?'

'Don't be silly. Well, yes, he did make a pass at me but it was all harmless.'

'You'd better tell me.'

'Don't forget you're the one who put me up to this in the first place - you've been pestering me to give other men something to look at, for ages - blame yourself, not me!'

'How far did you let things go outside?'

'Well, I let him have a kiss or two, then....'

At that point the two men re-appeared, Joe didn't get chance to hear Millie's story. Now he knew something actually did happen he felt a mixture of emotions, from anger to arousal. He would have to wait before the fine detail would be revealed.

The atmosphere around the table in the club was a little tense. Joe was in turmoil wanting to know just how far his wife had gone with Peter but unable to confront them without making himself look a jerk. Both the men were very much aware that Millie had been flashing all she had with her husband's full knowledge, more than that, it was obvious he had been getting a sexual turn -on from seeing his wife tease and expose herself to two strangers. Hardly surprising Peter had decided to 'chance his hand' after cheekily rubbing her inner thigh in full view of her husband; she looked like she very much enjoyed his touch. The grieved husband realising all this, simply had to keep his cool, not cause a scene, and bite his tongue.

Joe was a bit surprised that in spite of the change of mood Millie was still sat like she didn't care, hair tousled, one breast hanging out the top of her dress more than the other, and hem of her dress above her stocking tops almost showing her panties. Only the crowd standing right next to their table kept the entire club from seeing the display. Right in front of Millie, apart from Peter's mate Sid, was the wall - and the table itself spoilt Syd's view. Peter could see everything and in spite of knowing Joe was annoyed about him being outside with his wife that didn't stop him mentally undressing Millie and openly lusting over her.

Unable to cope with not knowing what his wife and Peter had been up to Joe told Millie to get her coat.

'We'd better got off home,' he said, 'I'll call a taxi while you go to the cloakroom.'

Joe politely thanked the men for their company but didn't commit himself when they asked if he and Millie would be coming again; though he could see the look of disappointment on the face of his wife.

Waiting outside in the warm air of the late summer evening Joe waited for Millie, trying to ignore the pictures of Millie and Peter that flashed across his mind, while he attempted to phone a cab.

'I've tried three taxi firms,' he told Millie when she appeared, 'Everybody seems busy, we'll have to wait at least twenty minutes.'

'Why don't we go back inside then,' Millie suggested.

'I've a better idea, 'Joe snapped, 'Why don't you tell me what you did with Peter?'

'I've told you, I let him have as kiss - it was just a bit of flirty fun - too much to drink.'

Joe grabbed hold of his wife but not in a violent way, he planted his lips over her mouth.

'You were gone a long time, so don't try and tell me it was just one kiss. He must have at least wanted to touch you up. Where did you go?'

Millie wasn't prepared to spend time arguing and denying what was to her a mild indiscretion; she decided to tell all.

'Okay, I let it go further, so what, you don't need to make a federal case of it. I did intend to tell you about it when we got home; I actually thought at the time you'd get a turn-on but it appears I was wrong!'

Joe kissed his wife again, and then insisted she tell him more. While Joe kissed her neck and pulled her away from the entrance Millie revealed little fragments of the story.

'Yes, I'd be stupid to try and pretend we just had a one quick kiss. After he kissed me on the lips a couple of times - just briefly - it felt quite exciting. He started to pull me round the side of the building and I went along with it. Before you ask the obvious, yes I knew he'd want a bit more than a kiss - I was fully aware he'd expect more and I happily let him have more.'

The few people who came out of the club and walked passed ignored the passionate couple and went on their way.

'Tell me how much more!' Joe insisted.

'He started off playing with my tits.' Millie said, and then went quiet.

'Started off?' Joe snapped. 'So I guess you let him go your dress and play between your legs? Did you play with his cock at the same time?'

Millie hadn't intended to divulge that fact but Joe had guessed right.'

'Yeah, we played with each other - him inside my panties and me rubbing his cock.'

Millie felt the now hard cock of her husband pressing and rubbing against her. His breathing was laboured and loud. She knew he was incredibly aroused by what little she had told him.

'I can't tell you everything here, wait while we get home,' she whispered to her husband.

Suddenly a loud voice from behind startled the couple.

'Do we get to have a goodnight kiss too?'

The couple broke off and turned to see Peter and his mate Syd.

What happened next amazed the young housewife, not to mention surprised the two men somewhat.

'You'll have to make it quick - we have a taxi coming in about ten minutes.'

Joe saw the men stunned into silence, not expecting him to take their request seriously, of course they only meant to tease and annoy him.

'I can't stand here in the open letting everybody see I'm letting two men kiss my wife though, can I?' Joe told them, at the same time nodding toward the side of the building.

Joe knew Peter would take the hint and use his initiative, in fact Peter realised that Millie had told her husband about their little sexcapade - he didn't know what little he actually knew. Signalling for the couple to follow him and Syd, Peter led them out of sight of the main path and away from any prying eyes.

Millie was astounded by the actions of her husband who was willingly taking her into the darkness to be kissed and sexually groped by both men. Remembering what she'd been doing in that same alleyway less than a hour ago rekindled the thrill and excitement she first felt. Her thoughts compelled her to keep repeating; 'my husband's going to let me be kissed and played with - touched sexually. Will he let me touch them?'

They reached the spot where Millie had been earlier. Peter was going to take his turn first but it seemed Syd had no objection, instead he turned to Joe quietly made a suggestion, though Millie heard clearly - and on hearing, felt her sexual arousal increase tenfold.

'I'm glad you got over your little problem and have stopped trying to fool yourself. Why don't you phone the taxi firm and tell them to send a car a bit later on?'

Joe simply stepped away and did just that. When he turned to face the others, the sight in front of him stopped him in his tracks. Peter had Millie's dress pulled right up to her waist and her panties were already around her ankles. The man's hand was between her legs, at least two fingers pumping in and out of her cunt. Millie, with the most sexual of grins on her face was highly aroused. Then Joe noticed what her left hand was doing. As Peter moved slightly to his right Joe was able to see his wife was just as busy, pumping the man's erect penis, almost in unison. Joe also noticed how wide his wife had spread her legs, displaying her wet pussy for all to see.

There was more to come as Syd unzipped his pants and took out his cock to masturbate as he watched the action. Not content with that, Syd moved close up and reaching behind Millie unfastened the back of her dress just enough to uncover her breasts, lifting her tits out of her bra. When Syd began to squeeze her nipples with his spare hand Joe saw his smirking wife staring down at the man's throbbing cock - she reached out with her spare hand and wrapped her fingers around the hot shaft. By now Joe had unzipped and was wanking away as he watched his wife pleasing the men, thrusting her hips out against the hand that was stimulating her cunt.

It looked like Peter was about to attempt to fuck Millie when he removed her hand from his penis, but fate played a hand, making him suddenly lose control, Millie felt his sticky sperm shoot over her belly. A few seconds later, Peter, wearing a disappointed look moved out of the way.

Joe noticed too that his wife also looked a little let down, he had seen her hungry expression, eager to have that hard cock inside her vagina. Joe was shocked seeing how much his wife wanted to be fucked. She so wanted to be penetrated by a big weapon that she literally grabbed Syd and pulled him up against her, holding his cock against her pussy and working it against her clitoris. She moaned and whined working herself up to a climax but being unsure of her husband's reaction resisted pushing the phallus deep inside her hole; she had been happy to let any of the men penetrate her but she didn't want to let her husband see her ramming another man's dick inside her.

She wasn't going to be going home feeling totally deflated. Her ability to rub Syd's cock in just the right place while he tormented both her nipples was enough to bring on a powerful orgasm. Joe looked on in awe, never ever having seen his wife in such a state. He wanted to shoot his sperm in the right place and almost pushing Syd to one side thrust his cock up Millie's cunt and finished himself off.

'Did you enjoy that?' he asked with a hiss.

'I loved it!' she purred.

A loud voice was heard to shout out from nearby, 'Taxi for Smith!'

Very quickly Joe and his wife tried to make themselves decent and hobbled off back to the front of the building leaving the men to take their time adjusting their attire.

'Will we be seeing you both again?' Peter called.

'You might do,' Joe answered, knowing that his wife would certainly be willing to have any or both of the men fuck her.

The taxi driver gave the couple a knowing look and ogled Millie's bouncing breasts as she hurried to the vehicle, noticing her unkempt appearance and ruffled hair. Millie smiled at him, knowing that he too was getting an erection, even imagining being fucked by him in the back of the taxi.

The couple would have a lot to talk about in the coming days... and beyond.