

# Teaching Millie She's Hot, Part III: A New Life

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*Millie gets it, and realizes she's a sex goddess*

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My sweet, big-titted plumper wife, Millie, had changed after her day at the beach. I had once thought she was perfect, but I hadn't known what perfect was before that day. Oh, she was still the same Millie; funny and sweet and giving, and more devoted to me than ever. After her struggle to trust me that day, and her amazing, instant transformation from self-hating "fatandugly" housewife to blazing-hot naked cockteaser as a result of that reluctant trust, she would do literally anything I said without hesitation. The change was exactly that transformation. She was no longer the self-conscious fat girl who hid herself in frumpy clothes and dreaded going out in public. She became a proud and happy BBW, walking down the street or through the Mall with her head held high, her astonishing tits thrust out boldly, her big ass rolling and jiggling, and a contented and secure smile on her face. Where once men hardly gave her a glance, she was now followed by bugged-out eyes and dropped jaws everywhere she went. And she loved it. The first thing we did when we got back to the house from the beach was have three absolutely savage fucks in succession--in the living room, the bedroom, and the shower--with her still naked from the beach and me telling her over and over what she had done. She stayed naked all the rest of that day, and I fucked her twice more before we went to bed. When we finally did, we cuddled and kissed and murmured love to each other till Millie drifted off. She was snuggled close, one huge tit pressed into my side, the other lying across my chest, and she slept in my arms with the most beautiful childlike smile on her sweet lips that I'd ever seen. Only one day, I thought. 24 hours. Less. That morning she had been so afraid.... It was a long time before I slept. The next day we spent shopping. We went to a series of "plus size" women's dress shops and bought Millie a whole new wardrobe. We had to go to three or four, because the first ones we saw seemed to have only the kind of frumpy, dull things she would never wear again. Finally, we found one that had a little of that, but much more of the sexy, tight and revealing clothes that Millie was looking for and hungry to wear. "You don't know what this means to me, Jeff," she enthused as she looked through a rack of low-cut tops. "I always wanted to look good and wear sexy stuff, but I never thought I could. Now I find out I AM pretty and sexy and--and hot." She looked at me, her eyes brimming with love. For about the fiftieth time since the day before, she hugged me and gave me a passionate kiss and whispered, "Thank you, Jeff. Thank you so much." she leaned back and looked at me, her tits still pressed against my waist, and said, "You always knew, didn't you? You always saw me that way

when no one else did." "Yup. You got it, Big Tits." She giggled and rubbed them against me for a second, then said, "I love you so much," and went back to her search. We left the store with so many boxes and bags I had to make two trips. "Where to now?" I asked, and she shocked me--and not for the last time. "Do you know where we can get a dildo?" she asked, a wicked smile on her baby face and her big blue eyes sparkling. "Am I not enough for you?" I asked teasingly. She looked down, her face pink. "Oh, yes, Jeff. But I want to--to--" "You want to show off with it and cum while you do it," I said. She nodded gratefully and asked, "Do you know where we can get one? Or two?" I took her to an adult bookstore I knew. We were there for over an hour after she realized they also stocked lingerie and other goods that other stores didn't carry. Even though Millie was wearing a fairly modest pair of jeans and an ordinary blouse, the clerk couldn't keep his eyes off her. Can't say I blamed him. Millie chose five, count 'em, five outrageous dildos. She also picked out two fishnet body stockings, some crotchless, thong and G-string panties, three pairs of outrageous, stretchy shortshorts, and several amazing T-shirts. One read "ALL NATURAL" in huge red letters; another said "Want me to SHAKE 'em?" and a third came with two iron-on sets of big red lips that we would place on the shirt where her nipples showed through. Across the top it said "KISS ME TWICE." "You're going a little nuts, aren't you, baby?" I said, as she looked at one that just said "BIG TITS," but in letters that were made to look as if they were vibrating up and down. She dropped that one in our basket too and laughed. "You don't know how long I've envied girls who could wear things like this," she said. "Now I'm making up for lost time. Ooo, look at this one!" She held up a shirt that said, "I have two important points..." and beneath, a large "1" and "2." She giggled and took it. "Find me a really dirty one that I can wear just for you, Jeff," she said happily. "Then we can go look at the leather stuff!" I picked one out that said "FUCK ME TILL I CRY," and she squealed with delight. "Do they have it in XXL?" she asked. They did, and we bought that one too. In the leather aisle she first picked out a spiked dog collar and leash. I blinked at that, and she smiled at me, her cheeks pink, and said, "I want you to make me go to the beach naked in this and lead me around and make me do tricks." I was still digesting that when she chose a harness that would emphasize her tits and still leave them bare. Then, to my shock and cock-hardening joy, she picked out some wrist and ankle cuffs, a beginner's bondage kit, and a ball gag. "I want to be helpless," she said with another enchanting blush. Finally, we went back to the "clothing" aisle--if you can really call it "clothing." Millie picked out a few nighties--two that were totally transparent, one that was just a network of ragged rips and tears, and one made of nothing but long fringe. Then she chose some spangled G-strings with matching tasselled pasties and a belly-dancing costume. She asked me, "Is there anything you'd like to see me in, Jeff?" I chose a slave-girl outfit--a string to go around her hips with narrow silk panels in front and back, a string bra that wouldn't even cover her nipples, and a harem veil. She squealed when she saw it and said, "I can't wait to dance for you in that!" We finally went to the counter and paid for it all. It was a bundle, but I'd have spent twice that much without blinking. The clerk called me back with a gesture as we were leaving. When I got back to the counter, he leaned over and whispered, "Mister, I hope you get down on your knees every night and give thanks to God." "I do," I whispered back, grinning. "Believe it." I really do, and every morning as well. "Here," he said as he put a small box in my hand. "This is

on the house. I hope she enjoys 'em." I looked. It was an assortment of French ticklers, meant to be put on my cock as I fucked her to add to her excitement. "Thanks," I said as I slipped them into my pocket. "Now you can feel like there's a little bit of you in her pussy." He grinned. "That's the idea." Before I walked away, I whispered, "She shaves it bare, too..." He grimaced in mock pain and waved me away. "What was that all about?" asked Millie, who had waited by the door. "He just wanted to know if we wanted to open an account," I lied. "And to tell me how lucky I am, like I didn't know that." She giggled and said, "Promise you'll tell me when anyone says something like that." So I told her exactly what he said, and Millie glowed. I left out the part about the ticklers. That would be a surprise. My head was spinning as we went to the car. I guess it showed, because Millie asked, "Jeff, do you want me to drive?" I shook my head. "I'm okay," I said. "It's just a big change, and it happened so fast." I looked down at her. "Less than 48 hours ago, you wouldn't have been caught dead in that place. Now you're buying out the store." She looked up at me with her old sweet smile, but with a new twinkle in her beautiful eyes. "Do you like the change?" she asked coyly. I just looked back at her and said, "Oh, Millie. I loved you more than life, before. Now..." My mouth was open, but nothing was coming out. I shrugged and almost dropped one of the black plastic bags. "You are my life," I finally said. "Your body is my soul, and your face is my heart. I can't believe I'm lucky enough to have you love me." Her eyes filled with tears. "No, Jeff," she said. "I'm the lucky one. You showed me who I am, and now you're letting me be that." She closed her eyes and pursed her lips, lifting her face to me, and I leaned down and kissed her again. That time I did drop a couple of bags. On the way home, Millie was bubbly. "I can't wait to model all my new things for you," she said. "Do I get to jack off?" I laughed. She looked at me with a wicked smile. "You better, Big Dick," she breathed. "And you better shoot, too. Lots of times. I want you to tell me to lick it up off the floor." "We have carpeting," I said. My head was spinning again. "So we do it in the kitchen. I better mop first." I glanced over at her. She was totally serious. It was amazing. Not only had Millie learned what I wanted her to learn, but she had somehow fixated on me "making" her do things. Apparently her being all but forced to parade around in her obscenely small bikini in public had affected her deeply, and now, "having to" do something was an essential element of the erotic thrill for her. I found myself making plans. I thought about Chubbies, the strip club, and smiled to myself as we drove home with Millie excitedly looking through her purchases and oohing and gasping and giggling. We relaxed over a light dinner, and then I sat in the kitchen and waited for the "fashion show" to begin. Millie started with the "street clothes" she had bought first--and they were eyepopping enough on their own. Skintight jeans and sexy sandals, clingy low-cut tops that threatened to spill gallons of tits at every move, short skirts that showed off her beautiful, curvy white legs, and dresses that would stop traffic at rush hour (and did). The shortshorts were incredible. They started four inches below her bellybutton, and they ended halfway down her ass. A hand's breadth of asscheek was left bare on either side, and they were about as concealing--in back and in front--as a coat of spray paint. The T-shirts she wore with the shorts were shocking with her enormous braless breasts bouncing and wobbling beneath them, and she decided she might not wear them in public after all--"Unless you tell me to," she said. I could tell that she hoped I would. She moved on to the nightwear and exotic costumes she'd chosen. I made it

through the transparent babydolls and the net bodystockings--no point in trying to describe those, the effect was nuclear--and the belly dancing outfit, but when she came out wearing a red spangled G-string and matching tassels, and started to do a fuck-me dance in front of me, all bets were off. Jack off, hell. Some other time. I bent her over by the kitchen table and had her hold onto the back of a chair as I pulled the G-string down to her ankles and off and jammed my stiff cock into her wet cunt from behind. She mewled and whimpered and hissed as I slid my cock in and out of her gushing-wet pussy, watching her tits swinging free and her tassels tossing wildly as I slammed into her grasping, slippery cunt. Her big, creamy-white ass rippled and quivered with the impacts as I fucked her deep and hard. I knew how to make her cum. "You cock-teasing bitch! I'm going to make you wear that outfit in public! I want to see you walking down the street barefoot and bare-assed, with your bare tits swinging and your fucking tassels bouncing around and your G-string sparkling in the sunshine!" She was shivering and grunting as she pumped her big ass back at me. "Oh, yes, Jeff--I'll do it--I'll shake my tits the whole time if you tell me to--" Her pussy was milking my cock like she was sucking me off with it. I was already getting close; the stimulation of watching her pick out all those sexy clothes, and then model them for me, had brought me halfway to shooting before I ever touched my dick. I had had a hard-on all day. And grasping the idea that she'd do anything I said was sinking in, too. It was turning me on like a million-volt generator. As I fucked her, I tried to scare her. "I'm gonna take you for a walk in your dog collar like the bitch you are--" "I'll crawl naked on my hands and knees--" "With your bare tits swinging--" "I'll drag my nipples on the sidewalk--" "I'll make you squat and hold your pussy open and piss on the ground--" "I'll do it--I'll shit in the gutter if you tell me to--" "And wipe your ass by dragging it through the grass--" "I'll do it, Jeff! I'll do anything!" She shuddered and jerked and her pussy clamped down on my dick like it was her fist. "I'm cumming, Jeff! I'm cumming all over your dick! Make me do something!" "Catch my wad in your mouth! Do it now!" She shivered and pulled herself off my dick, then spun around and knelt at my feet. She grabbed my dick and put it in her mouth, hands quivering--she was still cumming--and began to suck and slurp and slobber all over it, as noisily and sloppily as she could. One hand went to her bald crotch, and she fingered herself desperately as she worked on my bursting dickhead like there was air in it and she was drowning. I bent down and yanked her tassels off, then grabbed her nipples by the tips and pulled them up till they were level with her eyes--and she mewled and came again, still sucking my dick. I shook her huge tits by her nipples, hard, and she whimpered and stopped sucking long to gasp, "Keep doing that"--and at that I shot in her mouth. Millie slurped on my spurting dickhead, working hard to make my orgasm as intense as possible, even as I pulled and stretched and shook her tender nipples and made her cream so hard her cunt was trickling fluid onto the floor. My sperm leaked from her sweet baby lips and ran down her chin, and she looked up at me with slitted climax eyes and opened her mouth and let it spill out, licking my dick as the last few spurts jetted across her nose and cheeks and into her hair. I let go of Millie's tits and let them flop heavily to her chest, and I sat down. Fortunately, there was a chair behind me. I hadn't bothered to check. I sat there and looked at my sweet wife, kneeling naked with my sperm all over her pretty face and dripping onto her wonderful tits, and she looked back at me. We were both gasping and panting, and Millie's cum-streaked face was pink, her

eyes bright. "I like your new wardrobe," I said, deadpan, and she snorted in surprise and started laughing. I began to laugh too, and we laughed till our eyes watered, Millie stood and moved to sit in my lap. Finally, the laughter subsided. Millie wiped her eyes and said, "Yeah, I kind of gathered that," and we were off again. We eventually stopped laughing, and I squeezed her as she sat on my lap. I lifted my head, she bent hers, and we kissed with Millie's huge milkers cradling my chin. I bent my head and rubbed my face in them, and she put a hand to the back of my head and caressed it. "Mmm, I like that," she murmured. "I still have other things to show you, you know." "Later," I said. "Maybe I shouldn't pig out and devour them all at once, anyway. Bad for my heart." She hugged me and said, "Okay. It'll be fun to surprise you later." I thought of the French ticklers. "Yeah. Maybe I'll have a few surprises for you, too." We managed to get through a shower without fucking again--just lots of soapy caressing and cuddling and kissing--and we went to bed. Millie wore one of her transparent babydoll nighties, and modeled it for me a bit. She looked divine. Her delicious body was more decorated than hidden by the filmy nylon, and her gigantic tits lifted the front so high I could see her pink, hairless pussy. She hadn't bought any panties to wear with it. We fucked again, of course. I slipped on the most interesting of the ticklers the store clerk had given me--given her, really. It was a rubber ring with three thin rubber "fingers" attached to it by quarter-inch bits of nylon cord, so they could swing freely and move around in Millie's pussy as I fucked her. The effect was devastating. "Oh, God, Jeff, what IS that? It--oh--it feels--ungh--fantastic--" She was already shivering and spasming, and we had only just started. "It's called a French tickler," I said. "Little item I picked up at the adult bookstore." "It's--ungh--oh--OH--it's good--nnggh--" She pulled her knees back, opening herself completely. "F-fuck me--nnggh--slide it--in and out--oh, fuck me, Jeff--" She came five times before I even started to get close, each time more intense than the last. By the time I drove it in all the way and blasted her cervix with boiling cum, she was in continuous, writhing, grimacing orgasm, and had been for more than ten minutes. It probably didn't help that I had oiled her big nipples and was milking and popping and tugging on her long, erect titty-faucets without stopping. After I came, we lay together gasping, still connected. She shivered and jerked every few seconds; the tiniest movement of my dick or her pussy was still giving her split-second electric orgasms for long minutes after we stopped our fierce, animal humping. She was as soft and warm and creamy as melted butter, and she could barely speak. "God... Never came... Like that... In... My life... Jeff... Love... You... Hold... Me... Hold me... Jeff... Love you... For... Ever..." I took her in my arms--she was as limp and heavy as if she had been filled with warm water instead of muscle and bone--and she was asleep in seconds. I kissed her sweet, slack mouth gently and finally slipped my dick out of her pussy. Even in her sleep, she mewed and shivered. I looked at the tickler, then kissed it and carefully placed it on the bedside table. Definitely a keeper. Then I put my arm back around my amazing wife and went to sleep myself. My life changed from that day. I can't begin to describe it. Suddenly my plumper wife was a blistering-hot, exhibitionist cocktease and an enthusiastic fucking slut. I had hot, shaved and sloppy-wet pussy three or four times a day, and huge, quivering, blatantly displayed tits ALL the time. Heaven? It was better than heaven. It was my Millie, as I never dreamed she could be. A few weeks later, as I was paying a disgusting sum for a tank of gas at a convenience store (yes, the same one), I glanced at

the magazine rack and did a neck-wrenching double take. The latest issue of CURVY magazine was out, and my wife was on the cover! It was only a small picture in the upper right corner, but my eye was drawn to it instantly. It showed Millie from just above her nipples--in other words, quite a lot--with the caption, in caps, WHO IS THIS GIRL? I bought it, of course, and tore off the plastic wrapper in the car. Inside--on page two, no less, right inside the cover--were five more pictures of Millie from her adventure on the beach. The pictures were a but grainy, but clear enough. Obviously, someone with a cell-phone camera had captured Millie's image and sent it to the magazine. Four of the photos showed her in her ridiculous bikini; one walking from the front, one from the back, and two of her adjusting the blanket. And one picture--the largest, taking up three-fourths of the page--was of Millie dancing naked. Her shaved pussy was clearly visible, gleaming with sweat or sunscreen, and her incredible tits were swinging to the side, toward the camera. Her huge knobs were partially swollen, and one of them was caught in profile, with the long, rubbery tip of it sticking out more than an inch, like one of her thumbs. The picture showed her from her short, swinging hair to her pretty bare feet, with her cute baby face wearing a bright, sweet smile of delight at displaying herself. All in all, it was a beautiful shot--graceful, pretty, and shockingly erotic. The copy on the page was as follows: "WHO IS THIS GIRL? "One of our readers snapped these photos of an unknown young woman exhibiting her awesome body last week at Chicas Grandes, our favorite beach. We will give \$500 to anyone who can give us her name and city of residence and/or put us in touch with her. "This girl has the prettiest face and the most incredible body we've ever seen. If we can find her, and can convince her to pose for us, we plan to devote an entire issue to her. If anyone out there knows who she is, please call us immediately at 212-555-TITS." I looked at the picture and wondered. When I got home, I casually handed the magazine to Millie, who was sitting crosslegged on the couch in her new shortshorts and the "FUCK ME TILL I CRY" T-shirt. She glanced down at it, then did the same doubletake I did. "Oh, my God!" she squealed in alarm. I watched as she opened it. Her reaction would be--interesting, I thought. Her big eyes were enormous and her hand was on her open mouth as she stared at the big picture of herself swinging her tits and bumping naked, and the other pictures of her in her obscene, cockteasing bikini. She was gasping, softly repeating, "Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God," over and over again as she stared at herself, displayed stark naked in a jack-off magazine. I watched in amazement as her hand snaked under her shortshorts and she began to finger her pussy as she stared. "Oh, God, Jeff," she breathed. "I didn't have any clothes on--and now jillions of men are going to see me... Naked... My shaved pussy... My big floppy tits..." she hissed and threw her head back, her eyes clenched shut and her hand busy in her tiny shorts. She began to shake. "A million men are gonna shoot cum to meeeeeee..." I never saw Millie cum so fast. She stared at her picture with that familiar slit-eyed orgasm face, and she jerked and shuddered and cried out. I sat down beside her, and she looked at me with an unreadable expression--and then her face twisted and she dissolved in tears, falling into my arms helplessly. I held her as she sobbed uncontrollably, shaking convulsively and gasping and snorting in her anguish. I thought it was anguish--but when she raised her head, she was smiling. I was thoroughly confused by then. "Baby, what--why--I don't get it," I said, giving up. "Jeff," she choked out. "Jeff--you don't understand." "You're not kidding, baby," I said. "What's going

on?" I handed her a Kleenex, and she took it gratefully, wiped her eyes, and blew her nose. "You know how I've always wanted to be sexy." "You are. You always were." "But I didn't know that," she sniffed. "Not till you showed me. But ever since I can remember--the girls I most envied--the girls I most wanted to be like--" She stopped and took a deep, unsteady breath. "--were the girls in those magazines, the ones who were so pretty and sexy they could pose naked so men could jack off to their pictures." Her face began to twist again. "And now I am one!" She began to cry again, and I held her. When she calmed down again, I asked, "Millie, honey--did you read what it said on that page?" She looked at me wide-eyed. "N-no," she said. "What does it say?" I handed her the magazine again and watched as she read. Her eyes grew bigger and bigger as she read, and her mouth opened wider and wider. She finally looked up. "They want me to pose for them," she said in a childlike voice. "They want to take naked pictures of me and show me to everybody." She looked back at the magazine and began to flip through it, looking at the pictures. I could see she was imagining herself in those pictures, those poses. She said nothing, but occasionally gasped or put her fingertips to her mouth when she saw a particularly revealing or lewd pose. I thought she was horrified--but when she came to the centerfold, she did both, then looked up with a wicked smile. "Look at this one, Jeff," she whispered excitedly. "Look what she's doing." I looked. The model had one foot up on a chair and the other on the floor, half-squatting with her legs wide open and her pussy brazenly thrust forward. She was leaning back and sucking her own tit, while opening her gleaming-wet pussy with her other hand, pressing it inward to make her obviously erect clit stand out prominently between her fingers. There was a knowing smirk on her face as she looked into the camera, her lips firmly locked around her nipple--half the size of Millie's, but still huge. Her other tit hung down almost to her navel. I looked at my wife. Her eyes were sparkling, her color high. "They want me to do that, Jeff! They want me to pose like that!" "Do you want to?" I asked. She turned red, and I saw her nipples suddenly spring out, fully hard and erect. She shivered and looked at me in mock fear, trying to look afraid and embarrassed. "No, Jeff! I'd HATE having to do that! It would be so embarrassing, having to suck my own nipples and hold my wet pussy open and maybe finger myself and cum while some stranger took pictures of me! I'd h-HATE it!" Yeah, right, I thought. I pointed at the number in the magazine. "Make the call, Millie," I said. "Call them and tell them who you are and tell them you want to show off everything you've got, on the fucking COVER. Do it now." Millie could hardly push the buttons fast enough. "Hello, is this--" She looked back at the cover-- "CURVY magazine?" "I'm the girl on page two of this month's issue." "That's right." "Sure, I'll hold." "Hello. Yes, that's me." "Millie Wilson." She giggled. "58 triple H." "Why, thank you. That's very sweet." "Yes, I would." "I'll do anything you want." She looked up at me. "I want to show off everything I've got. I want to show my pussy on your COVER." "Oh. Well, inside then." "That sounds like fun. Should I bring my own? I have five." "Okay. How about sexy costumes?" "Really? In EVERY picture?" She giggled again. "I guess I don't need to bring anything then, do I?" "You're going to PAY me?" I almost choked on my laughter. Millie was ready to pose for free. "I don't know. Maybe--" I leaned down and whispered in her ear: "Ask them to make an offer, then ask for twice that much." She looked at me and nodded, a huge smile on her pretty face. "Well, what would you pay me?" "No way. I want TEN thousand." "Really? Okay, then.

What do I do?" The rest was making arrangements. Millie finally hung up. She was quivering with excitement. "They're going to fly us to New York, Jeff! Whenever we can go! Five-star hotel, all expenses paid, whatever we want!" "What was all that about what you'd do and costumes?" She looked down and blushed yet again. "They asked me if I'd masturbate with a dildo. I said I would... And they want me stark naked in every picture, Jeff! Every single one! They said maybe for my next issue--" She giggled-- "they'd want me in costumes, but for this one they want me--he said, 'naked as a baby.'" She shivered. "I'm going to pose completely bare, Jeff! I'm going to be on every page in nothing but my bare skin!" "Well, not EVERY page," I said. "No, every page! He said so! No ads, not even any articles, just an interview with me and my pictures! It's going to be a special issue that'll sell for way more than their regular magazine! But I'll have some pictures in that one, too, and I'll be on the cover of both..." She finally ran down, and sat and stared at the magazine for a few minutes--a little glazed over, I thought. "Millie, are you okay?" I asked. She looked up at me slowly. "Is this really happening?" "Huh? Of course it is. What do you mean?" She shook her head. "It's just hard to believe. My whole life, I've been this ugly fat girl, and now I'm--I'm--" She stopped. "You're what, baby?" "That guy on the phone said I was going to be the most popular model they've ever had. He said I'm the most beautiful and the hottest and sexiest girl he's ever seen, and he said he's been an editor at CURVY for twenty years, ever since it started. They never did a special issue for just one girl before." She looked at me with an expression of childlike fear. "Jeff--is this a dream?" I laughed and hugged her. "No, baby, it's not. It's all real. And in a week or two, you're going to be showing off in front of the cameras in your pretty birthday suit. Any guy with a few bucks in his pocket is going to get to see what I get to see and touch and hold and kiss and fuck every day." "Is that really okay with you?" she asked timidly. "I know you told me to call because you knew I wanted to. I laughed. "Are you kidding? I'm going to be known as the luckiest guy in the world! And you know what?" "What?" I took her in my arms and kissed her. "I am," I said. --- Next installment: the magazine. Stay tuned.