**Amazing Evening Following Rugby Win**

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Quite a few years ago, we had seats for the Wales vs France match in the six nation's championship, and so booked a small cottage that we sometimes use near Cardiff. My lovely wife Mandy, dressed for the forthcoming evening in her new white studded blouse, under her favourite black tux style jacket and jeans. Then got well wrapped for the match up in her warm puffa jacket.  
  
We were on such a high after the match, with Wales securing the Grand Slam, we joined fellow supporters in St Mary Street celebrating the win. As the evening wore on and feeling quite hungry, we rang and booked a table at a brasserie type restaurant near Penarth, which was within walking distance of our cottage.  
  
When we arrived, we could see that the place was already buzzing with both French and Welsh fans. The atmosphere was terrific. We waited for what seemed like ages trying to get a barman's attention, and needing the loo, I left Mandy to get our first drinks. On my return, I could see that four French guys who were already being served, had bought her a glass of wine and were keeping her company, so waited at a gap at the bar to order myself a beer. Some five minutes later, the waiter approached them telling them their table was prepared.  
  
Mandy re-joined me, feeling very elated at being the centre of their attention. We ordered a couple of bottles of wine, red for me and white for Mandy, and happily chatted before being shown to our table. Mandy was really shining, still on a high after the flattery she had received earlier. The meal was most enjoyable, and the effect of the wine was really beginning to loosen our inhibitions. Having paid our bill, we moved to sit on the high stools at the bar and ordered a couple of G&Ts.  
  
We sat close, and could not keep our hands off each other. With the occasional flick, and Mandy's body movements, it did not take long for the press studs holding the blouse to separate. It was only when she got up to go to the loo that she realised how much of her beautiful cleavage was showing. I implored her not to redo her studs as she looked so sexy as she was. I sat patiently at the bar excited by the prospect of seeing Mandy return. Knowing her propensity for showing off, how would she be dressed? Would she leave her top loose, might she even discard the bra? The anticipation was driving me wild with desire for her.  
  
She re-appeared moments later, pushing her way through the crowded bar. I was over the moon when I saw she was now braless, with just narrow traces of the white blouse showing just inside the lapels of her jacket. The jacket was held together at the waist by two buttons joined together by a short length of cord about two inches long, each with a corresponding buttonhole. The white traces framing her cleavage perfectly, she looked gorgeous.  
  
Again she sat opposite me and our hands met. Selfishly I persuaded her to tuck back the blouse, so that it looked as if she was only wearing the jacket. She smiled saying that I could already see quite a lot of her cleavage and that others may see her, then added provocatively "Do you want me to show the whole bar?" I was getting more turned on by the second, especially at the thought that she would be unable to resist the excitement, of discreetly exposing her breasts at the bar.  
  
The atmosphere between us was so erotic, the continuing banter and teasing, was having a really stimulating effect on both of us. It was at this time that she tipsily excused herself to touch up her makeup, and disappeared to the cloak rooms. She returned a few minutes later and slid across her seat, then seductively opened her bag sufficiently for me to see inside. My stomach tumbled when I saw that she had also now, stuffed the white blouse inside, and asked if that was good enough for me. I said nothing but drew her close and planted a soft light kiss on her lips.  
  
Our flirting continued, and she didn't resist when I slipped the button on her tux for 'my eyes only'. The lapels dropped away to reveal a substantial expanse of her cleavage. Fuck she looked so hot!  
  
Mesmerised by her manner, and knowing her mood, I guessed it wouldn't be long before her uninhibited behaviour progressed. To encourage her, I asked her if she noticed anyone else was paying us particular attention. She cautiously looked around, to see if anyone else was positioned where they could see any daring exposures, but most of the couples and groups were well wrapped up in their own company. However when a familiar glorious pink flush flooded to my wife's cheeks, I knew someone had seen her.  
  
She leaned forward whispering that there was a guy with his wife, who she was sure was watching her past his wife's shoulder. As he was obscured from my view by the rustic wooden pillars, it probably offered him a level of security. To my delight, she then took a large gulp from her glass, and rested her arm on the bar, which caused her jacket to fall open so that her delectable left nipple could be seen from the direction the guy was sitting.  
  
I was loving every minute of it, knowing she was secretly exposing her boob this stranger.  
  
We continued to chat and laugh until she saw the guy who had bought her a drink earlier, at the bar ordering a round for his friends. "Do you think I should offer to buy him a drink?" She mused in a really mischievous manner. I replied by challenging her to return his generosity with her jacket left undone. But much to my disappointment, she chickened out by redoing the button, deciding that he may think she was coming on to him. My hardness was almost busting as I teasingly offered her my card to do it. Mandy laughed and just took the card and moved along the bar.  
  
The guy noticed her immediately, his eyes instinctively focused on her partially exposed cleavage. Seeing my lovely wife teasing the Frenchman by flaunting herself for his admiration, was sending my libido off the scale. I watched excitedly as they continued to flirt, his eyes unable to resist dipping to take in her exposed cleavage as they spoke. Then getting the barman's attention she ordered a round of shots, passed one to her admirer, and then swung around with a glass in each hand and her braless cleavage was distinctly noticeable.  
  
Now really getting into the swing of things, she winked before seductively looking down to see how much was showing. Seeing how much cleavage was visible, she simply pursed her lips in a kissy way, straitened her back, tempting much more of her beautifully formed cleavage to show as she shuffled towards me. I was on cloud nine as she took her seat, deftly undid the button, and pulled my head to hers planting a very delicious long kiss on my lips.  
  
Sometime later the Frenchman approached, and insisted on buying us a drink and asked if we wished to join them. Mandy was certainly very flattered and simply drew her jacket together. My heart pounded at this unforeseen opportunity as we continued chatting for several very minutes. While she was teasingly considering his invitation, the inevitable happened. Her body movements caused her jacket to loosen sufficiently, to reveal one of her gorgeous jutting breasts. In true gentlemanly fashion, he just enjoyed what my amazing wife was showing until the drinks were served when she eventually politely declined his invitation. When he was ready to finally move back to his friends, he said "I love the Welsh" and managed to persuade Mandy to let me take a photo of them with his phone. Posing together with his arm around her waist in such a way, to make her nipple completely visible for the photo.  
  
Both now in a very high state of euphoria, Mandy remained with her jacket unbuttoned for the rest of the evening only pulled it closed when it became too obvious. Eventually most of the patrons had left, it was time to leave and head back to our cottage for what I knew would be an amazing all-nighter.  
  
As Mandy stood and buttoned her jacket ready to leave, I deftly undid it, suggesting we say goodnight to the French group. Mandy was so turned on she needed no encouragement, so approached them clutching her bag under her left elbow and used her right hand to hold her jacket to cover herself. As we arrived the Frenchman immediately stood and introduced his guests. Then saying our good nights, our French friend moved to shake Mandy's hand presenting her with the ideal opportunity to release her jacket. She hesitated for a few seconds before offering her hand, allowing much of her lovely breasts to show. The other three quickly rose to the occasion offering friendly handshakes, no doubt to take advantage of the view of Mandy's totally exposed boobs as she leaned forward.  
  
Whist walking to the foyer the Frenchman approached us again, inviting us both to join them for some drinks at their hotel, which declined as we had plans of our own. The disappointed Frenchman the said "Perhaps a good night kiss then" inviting a sensual response. Mandy glanced at me with devilish glint in her eyes and just moved close to the guy she had teased all night. She brought her lips to his for a deep French kiss. He looked at me for approval, as he nervously slid his hand up to cup to her unrestricted willing breasts. My discreet smile encouraged him to continue his caresses and enjoy the feel of my loving wife's unfettered breasts, enabling her to satisfying her carnal craving and enjoy this thrilling experience, as well as to satisfy my own candaulistic desires.  
  
Eventually it was time to go, and when she pulled away from him, I could tell Mandy was brimming with excitement. Our short walk back to the cottage was also amazing in that she didn't button her jacket as I carried her coat, much to the delight of several taxi drivers parked up along the main road. Needless to say the rest of the night was simply fantastic, as we relived and fantasised what could have happen had we decided to return to their hotel