**Tim's Visit**

by[Poorwriter](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1230527&page=submissions)©

This is another letter that is just one of a series of letters written from a wife named Catherine, to her husband Michael. Catherine purposely uses some of the terms her husband likes to use about her to describe her body. She is happy to accommodate his request and use the words that excite him when she refers to herself in these stories.

He prefers to get his information in a written format as many of us do. So she writes him these letters as she recalls incidents either from her past before she met him, or from their past after they met or from things that happen during her day. Sometimes she reads them to her husband Michael and sometimes he just reads them himself, out loud, while she sits there with him. She will even act out some of the events as he reads them.

Some of the letters are like confessions and some are just told for fun because she knows they will excite him.

For those who want help to visualize her, Catherine is a very beautiful woman. She is five foot four inches tall, light brunette hair, 46 years old, huge green eyes, a stunning face, tiny nose and perfect teeth and smile. She has pert medium size breasts, a cute shape with a fabulous bubble butt and toned muscular legs from weight training, running and biking. She is younger than her husband, but they actually look about the same age. She grew up in the country on a huge ranch and is definitely a country girl at heart. He was always a city boy. I hope you enjoy her stories and memories. This story is about Michael's old Marine buddy staying for a visit.

TIM'S VISIT

Hi Again Honey,

I have to talk to you about something. I know you don't like me to use a lot of 'mitigation' so I will get right to it.

I'm not sure it's such a great idea to have your friend Tim stay with us. I mean I really like him and he's super nice. Don't get me wrong.

And I know our kids are at camp for two weeks so it's just the three of us and we have lots of room. I also know you guys were like brothers in the Marine Corps together. And I know he is a perfect gentleman. It's just that I have noticed a little change in my behavior and I need to tell you about it.

I know you'd like me to show myself to guys and you know I am not that comfortable with it. But some changes have happened sort of naturally.

You know I am very modest around other people. But around our own house I am very relaxed. I walk around naked as I get ready for the day and I don't cover up in front of our daughters. Our sons always knew not to come upstairs when I was getting ready. And I even used to be naked getting ready in front of my own brother when we were roommates. I know that you know all of this.

Well your good old Marine buddy, Tim, took our daughter's room across the hall from ours. The second day he was here I wasn't really thinking. I had gotten ready in the bathroom which adjoins our bedroom.

Then I walked into our bedroom like I always do to get dressed. What I didn't think of was shutting our bedroom door because normally I never do.

Well just as I was standing there in front of our dresser, which is directly in line of our doorway, Tim opens his door to come out. He sees me standing there naked reaching in the dresser and he just freezes in place with his mouth literally open and his eyes like saucers.

I looked over at him too and I guess it took a few seconds for me to register that I was naked.

His response was so flattering that it made me feel funny. It strangely made me feel all powerful and not embarrassed at all.

I sort of realized, in just that couple of seconds, what you have been explaining to me would happen if I let a man see me like that. That just the mere sight of an attractive woman's naked body had an incredibly powerful effect on men.

Now this man, Tim was just five feet away from me and seeing me completely naked from the side with my boobs hanging down as I was leaning over a bit at that moment. I stood up fairly fast and felt my boobs sway side to side and I turned towards the door giving him a full frontal view, shaved pussy lips, slit and all, and my puffy nipples.

I said, "Opps, I am so sorry Tim, I didn't even think to close my door." I shut it as his eyes remained glued on me and he stammered, "NaNaNo problem." After I shut the door I quietly laughed to myself. I was so surprised at the excited feeling that came over me. I felt a tingle in my lower tummy and I think I even got a little bit wet.

I think it was because he didn't 'perve' at me and just looked so admiringly at me, that I felt no shame at all, just a rush of power and excitement.

I went downstairs after I was dressed and nothing was said of it. We all had breakfast and I didn't even bring it up to you.

Then two days later when I was drying my hair in the bathroom I left the door open slightly, but enough to see me. It was so blasted hot and I needed to get the steam out so my mirror would clear.

I heard Tim's door open and I know I should have quickly shut the bathroom door, but for some reason I just left it about a third open as it was.

I just kept drying my hair, fluffing it with one hand while I directed the dryer with the other. You love to watch me do this because it always makes my breasts shake and bounce. I could tell from the corner of my eye that he was standing there watching me. All the while the loud hairdryer was going.

I turned my back to the door and bent over, letting my hair hang down and I kept drying it like that for a couple minutes more. I was so excited just knowing I was exposing to him my sweet little pussy and my bare bottom bent over like that.

I know it drives you crazy to see me bend over naked and I figured since he is a guy too, it would also be driving him crazy.

I then stood up fairly fast and flipped my hair back and casually looked towards the door. Our eyes met and I made a friendly "Opps!!! Look with my face and slowly shut the door as I just kept the dryer going.

I was almost shaking with excitement knowing he had seen all of me naked again and that both times were 'accidents'.

Now here is what I have to confess to you Honey.I think I am enjoying exhititing my body. And remember I never want any guy but you, ever. But things have progressed a bit this week and you know you have been the instigator of it yourself.

You love to have me in my P.J.'s when Tim is around so I wear them to please you. They are little satin ones with a 'shorty' satin top and boy shorts with baggy legs.

The top lays over my breasts and my nipples clearly raise the satin fabric making their whereabouts well known. The top is so short that my bare tummy is displayed and there is always the threat that my breasts will become uncovered.

The bottoms I wear without panties, like you asked me to, and they slide right down between my sweet little bubble butt cheeks. I also think he has seen up the legs of my sorts a few times when I have gotten in or out of a chair.

Both of you have been giving me compliments and telling me how hot I look and what a "delicious looking butt" I have. Blushing, I threatened to go put on sweatpants if you don't stop. But the truth is I have been loving every minute of it.

A few days after the bathroom door incident, I did something else. Now you have been taking off as much work as you can, leaving early in the afternoon to come home early and spend time with our guest. But this leaves him alone with me in the mornings.

Now I will remind you again, that I have no desire to ever cheat on you and I will never be with any other man ever and I know Tim is a loyal friend. But you want me to let him see a little of me, he obviously loves it and now I find I actually enjoy it too, so I am finding ways to do that.

I had to go to a meeting that morning and I was running late. I heard Tim sitting down in the kitchen at the table and drinking coffee. I had a nice dress shirt on and my dress slacks ready, but they needed ironing.

I had on tiny, extremely sheer little pair of panties. You could see right through them and half of my bare bottom showed too. I stood in my bedroom in front of our mirror debating if I should cover up and then just decided to go for it.

I opened my door and came flying downstairs in a huge hurry. I went right past Tim handing him my pants and said, "Here Tim, hold these. I'm in a huge hurry, I'm running late." I noticed him staring at me, but ignored that, I went into the laundry room and returned with the ironing board and iron.

I plugged in the iron and set up the ironing board right next to the counter that was about three feet in front of where Tim was sitting. I took the pants from him, giving him his second direct full front view and then turned and began to iron the pants.

I pressed a little extra hard and moved a little more than usual to get my boobs swaying and to have to move my hips.

I poked out my bubble butt just a little extra too and I made sure to turn this way and that to get the pants ironed just perfectly. I was intentionally allowing him a perfect vice of me from every angle.

I was getting a bit wet knowing he was seeing through my panties and seeing my bare bottom, my butt crack and even my pussy lips as well as my nice long bare muscular legs.

Always being the gentleman and ready with a compliment, he said, "Oh WOW!!!! Catherine! What a treat you are!! You are truly magnificent." I said, "Oh thanks!"

I was done in a few minutes and turned to face him to put the freshly ironed slacks on. First I had to 'adjust' my panties so I handed him the pants to hold while I slipped my fingers in the crotch of my panties on each side, then I was sweeping my fingers from the lowest part up to the highest part, pulling them away from me as I did it.

I know that little movement flashed him my pussy for a second, but I of course acted like that didn't even happen. There was something deliciously thrilling about touching myself while a man looked on, even if it was just for a second.

I took the pants from him and stepped into them and I wiggled my hips as I pulled them up and fastened them.

I ran my hands over my fine rear end as I smoothed my pants and turned by butt toward Tim and poked it out and said innocently, "Do I look alright?" He just nodded with a blank look and I laughed at him.

I grabbed my purse, unplugged the iron and rushed out the door telling him I'd be home in two hours. I am telling you all of this Honey, because I want to make sure I am not going too far.

Honey, you have asked me to walk around in my panties and bra or panties and just a camisole or tee shirt in front of you and Tim. I have reluctantly agreed to do it just to please you, and that was true at first.

But the truth is I am now enjoying this as much as you two are. So it is now normal fair for me to get you two breakfast dressed only in my sheer little panties and a tee shirt.

You like me to wear your muscle tee shirts so I do. I tie them at my waist so my panties still show. But the arm holes let the sides of my breasts show and a couple of times I have turned a bit too fast or leaned over a little too far while serving you boys and my bare breast has popped out.

I always 'act' flustered and you guys always hoot and ask me to leave it out, but you may have noticed that although I respond with an emphatic "No!", it always still takes me a while to get it back under cover.

You two even make comments about my body and it embarrasses me a little. One morning when we were all in the kitchen for breakfast, you begged me to show Tim my breasts and finally I said, "If you two each give me twenty dollars so I can get some new jeans, I will serve your breakfast this morning topless."

I have never seen forty dollars appear so fast in my life. I actually laughed out loud. I kept my part of the bargain and pulled my tee shirt over my head showing off my fine boobies, shaking them side to side to ham it up a bit.

You both went nutz over my puffy nipples and gave me so much attention that they got super big and hard while I was serving your French toast. That did actually embarrass me to have us all see them change and I could feel my face get beet red.

I tried to act unflustered and stood up straight right in front of you both and tweaked each of my nipples, pulling them out far and letting them 'snap' back a few times to tease you and I said, "Eat your hearts out boys, tease all you want, but you know you'd love to have these big hard nipples and nice boobies in your mouth right now!!" and I shook them side to side a few times and bounced them up and down.

Then I said, "And I'll bet there's something hard on you two right now too, isn't there?!" You both laughed and agreed.

O.K. Honey, all of that was bad enough. But I did something else this morning. I hope you won't be mad about what I did this morning. I have to confess it to you. This is why I am worried I am going too far.

I had to go to my girl friend's house this morning. You had already left and Tim was at his regular place at the kitchen table. My clothes were all in the dryer and I mean all, even my underwear.

I stood in my bedroom again looking at my naked self in the full length mirror. I must admit that all the running, biking and working out has paid off. Even at 46 I have a hot body if I do say so myself.

I had also just shaved my pussy completely bald, no landing strip and it looked so soft and great. My 'Miss Clitty' as I call her, really shows without hair in the way and I must admit, she looks 'simply awesome' as you say.

My tan lines were showing and I had just done my hair and makeup and smoothed body lotion all over me. I may have never looked hotter and my skin was even still wet looking and shiny from my lotion.

I asked myself, "Would Michael want me to do this?" and I answered myself, "You bet he would!!!" So I got my nerve up and stepped into my heels and walked right down stairs and right past our guest Tim.

He began to whistle and hoot and that made me laugh. He said, "Oh beautiful goddess!!! PLEEEASE turn around and let me see you, PLLEEEEAASE!!!!!"

So I stopped and faced him directly and just stood there fluffing my hair up and poking my hips out side to side, then striking a Victoria's Secret pose with my feet apart, hands on my hips and my bare pussy staring at him.

I let him see me for a few moments like that, then I turned around and poked out my fine bubble butt with my feet still apart, gave my nice butt three hard smacks and said, "O.K. Mister, how's that for a show?"

I continued to the laundry room where I bent waaaay over to get my clothes out of the dryer and let him see my pussy as I did it. Then he watched me put on my bra, blouse and my skirt.

He says, "What no panties?!?!" I said, "Not that it's any of your business, but no, not today."

I laughed. He said, "Thanks a lot!!! Now I won't be able to think about anything else all day, my entire day is now shot, thinking about you without panties in that skirt. BUT that will still be WORTH IT!!!!"

I laughed a lot at him, gave one last flip up of my skirt to show off my legs and bare bottom and then left for my friend's house.

So Honey, I know you have also asked me to let him massage me naked, but I don't think I can do that and I only will consider it if it is both of you at once massaging me. And I won't promise I will even to that.

Anyway .... We need to talk because I'm afraid you are turning this nice, modest, conservative wife of yours into a bit of a flasher and exhibitionist. I will write you another letter telling you about a couple of other incidents that have occurred.

Bye for Now.

Love – Your Faithful Wife!!!!!!

Catherine