**Dressing Room Exposure**

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For years, I have secretly enjoyed every small glimpse that any other man had of my wife's body. She is petite, beautiful with long brown hair and small A cup breasts and I love the reaction that I see in a man who gets a downblouse peek or sees more than he should. I think this is even better for me because she is so modest. Her embarrassment is always so over the top, that I've become more interested in showing her off as our marriage progresses.

Well, for years I had limited success, a few relatives got to see her usually, just downblouse breast views, embarrassing her greatly, but when our son was born, I hit the jackpot of wife showing.

One true event is below.

So, we live in a medium sized town and we have been here forever. Everybody knows everybody else, and my wife has a pretty public job. All of this keeps her from misbehaving in public for me, or even wearing revealing clothes in our home town (no matter how much I beg).

My best friend, Steve, has all but openly lusted for my wife for years, but nothing I could say would get her to reveal herself in more than a (very) modest swimsuit in the summer. Well, this day, we were shopping with the wives. My son was four, but pretty well behaved so we went to the boutique clothing place that my wife liked because they have dresses in her size (size 4).

Both of our wives shopped and then adjourned to the dressing rooms, which were just booths right off the husband seating with curtains for doors. Steve and I made a practice of sitting there watching the wives bare feet as they wriggled in and out of dresses on these trips.

Today, we sat with a third guy, a bit of an athletic rival of mine from high school, who I hadn't seen for a while. His wife was behind a curtain as well.

Well we sat for a while, watching feet and chatting when my son rushed up to me. This was a surprise, as he was always in the dressing room during these trips. I looked up, and he had clearly just come out of the dressing room, moving the much watched curtain to get out. The curtain was not gaping open, but he had left it 3 inches from closed and from my (our) angle we had a view to the mirror across from my TOPLESS wife!

I froze as I sat by my friends watching my wife's white tiny a cups bounce their way in to a thin dress that she was trying on. Steve looked up in time to see her uncovered thonged ass as the dress came down. When she was covered and looking at herself in the mirror, he looked at me, as if for permission, his face incredulous with what he had seen. I smiled and looked back at the crack in the curtain.

I was pretty abrupt. After years of Steve wondering how my hot wife looked nude, he learned all of her secrets in the next 10 seconds. She threw the dress over her head, clearly a reject, and her little boobs, white with quarter sized pink areola were visible to him in the mirror just 7 or 8 feet away. Her thonged ass was flawless and a hint of her groomed pubic hair strained against the front of her panties. I was electric with this. My wife was clueless about her reveal.

Next she turned toward the crack in the curtain, never looking out, and bent at the waist to pick something up off the floor, her tiny boobs hanging before the three of us, then she turned and unhurriedly dressed in her street clothes.

When she was covered, I looked at the guys. My old rival mouthed, the words, "nice tits". He always was a charmer.

My wife erupted from the room to pay for her purchases, Steve in a daze right next to her. We went to lunch after, spent the day with Steve remembering my modest wife's body and my wife clueless about the show.

I loved it. Good boy, that son of mine.