**Exhibiting Wendy**

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I have been trying to get my wife, Wendy, to be more of an exhibitionist. She is a gorgeous curvy women 5'4" 125#, beautiful auburn hair, fair skin, who always turns heads. We are both mountain bikers, so her legs and ass are lean and tight. Her 36D breasts have small light brown areolas and very large nipples. She always wears low cut tops and dresses with no bra that show off her breast. When she wears a dress, which is most of the time, she rarely wears any panties. Sometimes people have caught glimpse of her changing while in a changing room shopping or changing clothes outside while camping, but these have always been accidental exposures. I wanted her to purposely exhibit herself to someone.   
  
This past weekend my wife and I were staying in Hyatt hotel a couple of hours south of where we live. We had made an agreement that she would do anything I wanted her to. So when we packed I brought one of her shortest skirts and this little sweater she wears as a cover up over top of some of her summer dresses to keep her shoulders warm when it was cool. It is rather small, so if she ever buttoned it up it would be pulled tight across her breast.   
  
As we sat by the pool drinking some rum that afternoon I told her my plan and we rehearsed what we were going to do. She was surprisingly receptive to my idea. I thought she would be more apprehensive than she was. That night after dinner we left the hotel and I drove around for a while looking for a convenience store with a young man working the counter. When I found a store that suited my needs I pulled into a restaurant parking lot just down the street and parked.  
  
I took the sweater out of the back seat and I started cutting off all the buttons. I forgot to bring a scissors, so I had to cut them off with fingernail clippers. It took me a while to get the four buttons cut off. While I was cutting off the buttons Wendy took off her dress, which left her sitting naked in the passengers seat. There were a few people walking in the parking lot, but I don't think any one noticed. When I finished Wendy put on her skirt and the sweater. The sweater was a joke; she had to hold the sides tightly in front of her to keep her breast from breaking free.   
  
We both got out of the car, so she could drive and I could walk over to the store. As she got out she lost her grip and her sweater pulled open, both of her breasts swung free under the parking lot lights. She climbed into the car, while I started walking there. She gave me just enough time to walk in to the store before she pulled up out front. I went over to get a bottle of water, while she got out of the car and entered the store clutching her sweater. I grabbed my water and made my way to the register.   
  
I made it to the register just as Wendy walks up and tells the man a the register "Do you a sewing kit? I caught my sweater on the car door and all the buttons popped off. I'm from out of town, I don't have anything to change into and don't know what I'm going to do." She then held her sweater out just an inch or so showing the man that indeed the buttons were gone.  
  
The man replied he "No... I... we... don't have anything... like... that" The whole time he couldn't keep her eyes off her hands clutching her sweater.   
  
She then asked him "Well do you have a safety pin or something." As she started to open her purse she lost one side of the sweater. The sweater pulled to the side completely exposing her right breast. Her nipple was hard and stood out prominently, while she tried to pull her sweater back closed.   
  
The man just stood there staring trying to say something. Finally he decided he needed to get rid of me, which was not part of our plan. So he tells my wife "Just one minute" Then he turned and to me and quickly said "That's $1.59."   
  
I was mesmerized by wife's exposed breast. I mean I've seen her daily for twenty years, but I've never seen them totally exposed in the middle of a store while other man and myself try not to let our eyes fall out of their sockets. I just stood there staring at her trying to close her sweater, while I try to hand the man the water bottle in my hand.  
  
The man shakes his head at me, "No, the water is $1.59."   
  
Finally it dawns on me what I'm doing, I pull back the water bottle and start acting like I'm fumbling around for change hoping Wendy will hurry up and so I won't have to pay. I didn't want to leave. The man opened a drawer and was looking through some junk. I think he was going to offer her a paper clip. His eyes were darting back and forth between the drawer and Wendy's breast, which where now partially covered. He keeps staring intently at her breast waiting for them to break free again as his hands move hap hazardously through the drawer.   
  
Then he looked at me and told me rather annoyed, "The water is $1.59."   
  
As I handed him two dollars, Wendy finally spoke again, "Can I get some change to make a phone call, maybe I can get my friend who lives in Ventura (30 minutes away) to bring me something."  
  
She then started hunting through her purse for a dollar like she was looking for a dollar. As her hands let go of her sweater to look in her purse both sides of the sweater pulled away and both of her tits popped free. Her sweater is completely pulled to either side of her big tits. She was totally exposed, nipples hard, breast jiggling as she searched through her purse. I had told her to move all her cash to the side pocket and to take at least two minutes to find a dollar bill. The man's jaw dropped open and his eyes were bugging out.  
  
As Wendy continued to look for a dollar bill, the man threw my change at me his eyes never leaving her tits.  
  
I stand there watching as her breasts jiggle and bounce as her arms bump them as she digs through her purse. After a couple of minutes I speak to her. "Excuse me, I'm staying in a motel a few blocks from here, I think there is a sewing kit in my room. Would you like to come over and sew your buttons back on?   
  
She turns to look at me for the first time. She smiles and says, "That would be very nice. Where are you staying?   
  
"At the Hyatt just a couple of blocks away, can you give me a ride?" I replied.  
  
"Sure, come on my car is right outside."  
  
The man still must be telling all his friends about the women you lost all her buttons.