**Exposing My Wife**

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**Exposing My Wife Pt. 01**

It began one October evening around 7:00 P.M.

I held my beautiful 26 year old wife as I placed an order at a local pizzeria. I work out with weights three times a week in my bedroom and I usually order food before I start, because I like to have a good hearty meal when I'm done. My wife usually gets the door and makes sure the table is set and the meal is ready. This time, she decided to take a quick shower as I started my workout, because the person I spoke to on the phone said the delivery would take about an hour. I watched her let down her shoulder length blond hair, and slip her clothes off before she closed the bathroom door.

She is gorgeous. She has perfect little B cups with soft little pink nipples on her white creamy skin. She is only about 5' 6'' and 110 lbs, but most of that weight seems to be concentrated in her hot tight ass, which gets attention everywhere she goes, even if she dresses conservatively! She works out too, and has the feint hint of defined abs, but still is soft enough to be feminine. I watched her with a smile on my face as she closed the door and turned the shower on.

30 minutes later, she was still showering and I was doing my last heavy set of squats as the doorbell rang. Knowing how I don't like to stop a workout, I heard my wife shut off the water in the bathroom and rush to get dressed. She came into the room as I was doing a set, threw on some black sweatpants, and a random white t-shirt that was lying on the floor, and ran to get the door.

I finished up my last set, cleaned up the room and walked into the dining room. As I did, I heard a warm rich male voice at the door, the delivery boy, desperately trying to engage my wife in small talk. I could tell by her intonation that she was trying to end the conversation, but wasn't getting anywhere. She is very quiet and reserved, and she has trouble getting out of situations she doesn't want to be in: she thinks it's rude to end a conversation before the other person is ready to.

A couple of minutes later, she came in with the food, and I knew right away why the delivery boy didn't want to let her go. Her skin must have been wet from the shower when she threw on the white t-shirt, and with the cold October breeze, her pink perky nipples were very visible under the damp, semi-transparent material of the shirt. As I looked at her, realizing what the delivery boy had seen, I had to sit at the table to hide my arousal.

I had mixed emotions. I have never liked the idea of my wife wearing revealing clothes outside, but for some reason, in this safe situation, the thought of another man seeing her hidden flesh turned me on more than I could have imagined!

As we sat down to eat, she made a joke about what had happened, but all I could think about was how turned on it made me to know someone else had seen so much of my beautiful wife exposed! In my mind, I was already making plans to get this to happen again. When we finished dinner, I rushed her into the bedroom.

When I got her to the bed, I began by gently nibbling her little exposed nipples through her t-shirt. Then I started testing the waters, so to speak.

"It's sort of fun knowing that he saw how hot you are baby," I said in a cross between a whisper and a growl, "maybe I like showing you off..."

"Ha," she both laughed and moaned as took her other hard nipple gently between my teeth, "the delivery boy certainly had fun!"

I lifted her shirt to her neck and went to work on her bare chest with my lips. "And what if he saw this," I indicated her completely naked breasts, "without that layer of fabric between?"

She began to buck her hips against me with all the stimulation I was giving her. "Then," she moaned, "I guess we wouldn't have to give him a tip, huh?" She smiled wickedly, but I didn't know if it was something she really was considering or if she thought it was all a joke.

I tore of her sweat pants to find her wet, and I started fantasizing. I started asking myself how I would feel if a stranger could see what I was seeing right now: her fresh slit, the drop of moisture glistening down her thigh, her exposed ass... how would I feel if some stranger tasted her?

As I thought this, I ran my finger against her slit and touched it to my tongue as her moan rang out against the walls of the room. Then with all of this in my mind, I took her hard, thinking constantly that someone was watching her every move, hearing her every moan, feeling her every curve.

I had never come so hard in my life.

**Exposing My Wife Pt. 02**

Since the first encounter was an accident, and since I didn't know exactly how my wife felt about it, I started off small. Several times over the course of a few months I would get her aroused while we waited for a pizza delivery, making sure her bra was off and her nipples were hard, and then I would make her get the door when the bell rang. It wasn't quite as satisfying as when she answered the door in a wet white t-shirt, but I was still aroused by it, and it was a start. I think she started getting the idea, because she got in the habit of teasing me when she came back in.

"Look how much of me is showing through this shirt," she would say to me in a playful and shy manner, "my nipples are so hard, the guy couldn't take his eyes off my chest." She would hold her chest in front of my eyes so I would be able to see how tight her nipples pressed against the thin fabric. She would slide her hand up my thigh and feel how hard my sex was, and I think she knew why.

After doing this a few times, and having great sex afterward, I tried to egg her on to show more.

"I have an idea baby," I said as she kissed my neck, "why don't you wear that loose top you have next time, and lean over to show him everything."

She paused. You see, the top in question looks respectable at first, and is made of a fairly heavy fabric, but the neckline has loose folds of material that, when she leans over, just fall away and leave her exposed. I first noticed it when we played pool together. When she bent over to take a shot I would be able to see right down her shirt to her bra covered b-cups.

It took a little bit of convincing, and me promising not to beat the guy up, to get her into the idea of exposing her bare breasts to a stranger at our front door. But she agreed!

So, the next time we ordered food, I laid out that shirt for her to wear. She gave me a bit of a nervous look, pulled on the shirt, and bent over in front of the mirror to reveal every curve of her perky breasts hanging easily in view. "You look so hot baby," I said encouragingly, "you're going to make his day!" She smiled nervously as I told her what I wanted her to do:

She was to open the door as usual, take the food and place it on a side table. Then she was to grab her purse, which was positioned right next to the door, and kneel on the floor directly in front of the delivery boy in order to find the money to pay him. As she looked for the money in the purse, she was to lean over at a 45 degree angle, which was enough to expose her fully. If she could, I even told her to act frustrated, as if she couldn't find the money, in order to let her breasts sway with her movements. What she didn't know, is that I actually hid the money in a compartment she doesn't use often to ensure that it would take her awhile to find it!

I didn't want to miss the show, so I found a place to sit out on the front porch where I wouldn't be seen. From my vantage point, however, I would be able to see everything he was seeing.

So now all we had to do was wait. I went out on the porch with a glass of wine, and sipped slowly as I looked up at the night sky, breathing in the crisp cool air of the mountains. Then I heard a car door close. I was instantly drawn from the world of the spirit to that of the flesh. I held my breath and waited. I saw a man in his mid 20's walk up to my door and ring the bell. My love answered. She was a beauty, even fully clothed. Her knee length black skirt, blond shoulder length hair tied back, and her modest flesh about to be exposed to hungry eyes. Everything went according to plan, and with a backdrop of small talk, I saw my wife kneel down to rummage through her purse. She leaned over and her milky white chest came into view. The delivery boy took a step back, and made a move to look away, but he couldn't. As he stared down at her chest, I saw him adjust his pants, and realized I had to do the same. She looked gorgeous.

After about a minute, I remembered that the frustration causing her breasts to bounce and sway was not an act, she really couldn't find the money that I hid.

"I can't believe it isn't here," she sighed, and her breasts moved with her sigh, "I don't know where it could be."

"It's always the last place you look," he said, trying to act casual by making small talk, "but please, take your time... I, I mean, I'm not in a rush." He stammered politely.

It took what seemed like forever, as his eyes memorized every shade of her areola, every curve of her chest, and the tight points of her nipples, but she finally found the money. She gave it to him quickly, catching his eye only for a second, and then closed the door. I watched him shaking his head in disbelief as he got into his car and drove away, and then I went into the house.

She was there, sitting on the staircase as I walked in the door. "Do you think I'm a slut?" She asked seriously.

"Not at all my love," I said as I kissed her cheek, "you are exciting and beautiful, and I can't wait to have you!"

She gave me a wicked smile, reached under her skirt, and slid her index finger across her slit. She held her soaking wet finger to my lips as I hungrily devoured her nectar. I couldn't wait; I turned her around right there on the stairs, lifted her skirt, and took her harder than I had ever taken her before. After we had both come hard on the stairs, I stepped back and saw the view of her sweet little sex appearing from underneath her tight little skirt, and I had a great idea for her next exposure!

**Exposing My Wife Pt. 03**

Over the course of about a year, I had discovered my desire to expose my wife, how much it turned me on, and how wild our sex became after an exposure. So far, delivery boys had seen my wife's hard nipples thrusting bra-less through her shirts, her bare breasts through her wet, white t-shirt, and her perky little b-cups clearly and unobstructed down her blouse. After the last adventure, as I pulled her skirt up from behind to take her on the stairs, I got an idea.

You see, our staircase is very close to the front door, and clearly visible from it. If she were to leave her purse on the stairs and bend over to get the delivery boy's money, then she might be able to expose her most private, hidden flesh as a stranger watched!

So, one day when we were taking a shower together, I decided to bring it up to her.

"So darling," I said as I lathered up her back, massaging her stress away as the hot water ran through her blond hair and down her shoulders, "what do you say we have a little fun tonight?"

"A little fun?" She questioned, suspiciously, "sometimes your idea of fun can leave me a little vulnerable."

"Oh you know you liked it last time," I said as I ran my fingers down to her lower back, and across her tight ass, "you were so wet knowing that another pair of eyes had been devouring the sight of your bare chest!"

I let my thumbs slip down the middle of her butt crack and slowly massage the outside of her tight little hole. She moaned, and I knew she was getting wet again, from the mental and physical stimulation. She bent over slightly to let me in deeper.

As I massaged her in this way, I said "what if next time we let him see more of you?" She bent over even more as I let my finger slip closer, pressing right against her little hole. "I want him to see you bent over baby," I continued, "I want him to see up your skirt to your bare ass, and sweet little sex." As I said the word "ass" I let my thumb slip inside her ass, and when I said the word "sex" I let my hard cock enter her as well.

She reached out for the wall in front over her to steady herself as I penetrated both of her holes: One with my thumb, the other with my sex. "Yes, fill me, ohhh, I feel so filled up!" she cried. As she said this, I wondered what it would be like to see her mouth being stuffed with someone else's cock as well. I closed my eyes and told her to moan with her mouth closed. As she did, I imagined her moaning against an invading cock. The more she moaned, the harder I thrusted into her. I imagined his hands gripping her hair as he thrust his cock harder and harder through her tight lips. I imagined his cum dripping from her mouth. We both came harder than either one of us remembers.

I started making plans to show her of that night.

I picked out a perfect skirt, low enough to seem casual, but high enough to expose her if she bent over. Then we called and ordered from a local delivery place, and went to the stairs to practice before they came. She started by putting her purse on the third stair, then standing on the first stair, and bending over. I saw her skirt begin to pull up in the back, and the bottom of her butt cheeks came into view, but it wasn't good enough. I told her to put one foot on the ground, and her other foot on the second stair. As she did this and bent over, I saw her little g-string stretching across her anus and the feint outline of her slit through the thin material. Perfect! Now to convince her to take off the g-string!

"I can't!" She shouted, and smacked me playfully on the chest. "He would see everything! I would be shaking like a leaf! I couldn't even make it through our last adventure without shaking..."

"Ahhh," I replied, "but you couldn't make it through our last adventure without getting soaking wet either!"

"Let's just try it like this at first, there's always next time." She said as she winked at me.

"Yeah yeah," I said, sounding a little disappointing, but not wanting her to chicken out altogether.

So, I went outside on the porch to the same hiding spot I used last time. Secluded and dark enough to not be seen, but at a perfect angle to witness everything in the house when the door was open.

I sat and thought about what was about to happen. I wondered how healthy and normal it was to want my wife to be exposed so completely. I wondered if it would hurt our relationship in some way. But as I wondered, I got harder and harder in anticipation. I reasoned that, at this point, it was all very innocent, no one had touched her, she was perfectly safe, and I had not really shared her with anyone else in a physical way... but how far would I let this go? I had been fantasizing about more than just flashing, but... my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a car door.

My pulse quickened, and I felt more turned on and alive than I thought I would. I saw the young, virile man, in his late teens or early twenties, approaching the door. He rang the doorbell, and I wondered what I would feel if he took my wife on the stairs as I sat here and watched. How would I feel if I saw his cock slide into her and heard her moan in pleasure? How would I feel if I saw her shake with orgasm, collapse on the stairs, and be left there shaking with the juices seeping from her used body?

She came to the door. After a bit of small talk, she took the food, placed it on a table, and headed to the stairs. Just as rehearsed she left one foot on the ground, put the other on the second stair, and reached for the purse on the third. The stranger's eyes widened as the skirt pulled up to reveal the top of her thighs, the curves of her ass, and finally her naked sex! She had slipped of the g-string before opening the door and was now showing the most intimate parts of her body to a total stranger! I saw her trembling a bit, but I don't think it was in fear or anxiety, it was in arousal. As I sat hidden, I watched with the stranger her sweet hairless lips begin to part under her skirt, and a droplet of moisture began to run down her thigh. She must have been so turned on in anticipation of her exposure that she was literally dripping wet! The droplet of her juices slid down to about mid-thigh, leaving a moist trail behind it. I felt the desire to take it in my mouth, and I saw by the way the stranger licked his lips that he did as well.

She spent about thirty long seconds bent over like this, her naked sex clearly lit by the bright hall and porch lights, the tight pink hole of her ass just slightly open as well, before she slowly rose up, turned around, and handed the stranger his money. His mouth was open, he could hardly speak, he just stammered a quick thank you and walked away.

As soon as he was gone, I rushed in the house, carried my wife to the nearest couch, licked the juices off her thigh before burying my face in her soaking wet sex. She orgasmed in about a minute. Then, I pulled up a video of a three-way on the internet. One hot young housewife being taken by two men, filled up from both ends, with cum dripping from her mouth and sex by the end. I bent my wife over the couch and took her hard as we both watched the wanton action on the screen. I wonder if she knew that I was trying to tell her something.

**Exposing My Wife Pt. 04**

After our last adventure, I started fantasizing and even having dreams related to the idea of exposing my wife for a prolonged period of time in a more public setting. Before I describe the actual adventures that our desires led us to, allow me to first describe one dream I had, and one fantasy, which I whispered into her ear many a night in the throws of passion which set the stage emotionally for the fun to come!

One dream I kept having took place in a doctors office. We were there for her physical. The handsome young doctor came in and non-nonchalantly ordered my wife to undress completely. She did so with both of us watching on. She took each piece of clothing off one at a time in the slow, shy way that drives me wild. Once she was completely nude with her perfect little B cups and soft little pink nipples on her white creamy skin being devoured by our eyes, the doctor began the physical. The doctor examined her 5' 6'' 110 lb frame carefully, pushing the blond hair away from her breasts so he could get an unobstructed view. He traced the feint hint of her abs with his finger tips. Eventually he began to ask her to do various exercises and flexibility tests. The hottest of which, and the one I remember most vividly from the dream had her turned facing away from us as she was told to touch her toes. The doctor then asked her to begin sliding her legs apart to see how far she could spread her legs while still touching her toes. Her whole sex, including her tight little ass-hole were on display for us as she held this immodest position. As she held it, the doctor began snapping a few photos, as evidence of her health and flexibility, I'm sure!

This dream said a lot about my current mental state, I remember when I first started dating my wife, I accompanied her to a physical and became jealous when the doctor had to touch a stethoscope to her chest! How things have changed! I wondered how I would feel if this dream had been real.

One fantasy that kept running through my head in the months prior to our recent adventure went something like this:

I would take her to a forest to do some nude photography. I would then bind her hands and tie her so that she was bent over a low hanging branch unable to move. Sometimes when I told her this story, she was completely nude. Other times she had on a light flimsy skirt. In all scenarios, a group of hikers would come by and would begin to touch her as I took pictures of their molestation. As she would inevitably get wet and begin to moan, they would take her, one after another, as I recorded every moment.

After months of such fantasies, we resolved to at least make something happen. She agreed to expose herself in public if I did yoga with her at the same time. I agreed! After some planning, we went to the park. She had on a little white tank top and a pair of yoga tights which became see through in almost any yoga pose. Underneath, at least for now, she had on a tiny white g-string and a white bra. When we got to the park, we saw the usually assortment of park goers: hikers, picnickers, cyclists. On one side of a large field there was a small soccer game going on. Then we saw our spot! There was a group of mostly young men barbequing not far from the soccer game. We went about fifteen yards from them at the corner of the field, then turned away from them and began.

I don't know much about yoga, so she would demonstrate the position before I joined in. This had the added benefit of letting me stand back and enjoy the show she was putting on. As she bent over to do the first pose, I was reminded of my doctor's office dream, because as the material stretched and the sun shone down her pants turned completely transparent! She might as well have been standing there, bent over, in nothing but a tiny g-string! This definitely attracted attention while still allowing her to feel safe, and fairly comfortable, because she could tell herself that she was still fully clothed. After a good half-hour workout we went home and stayed in bed for the rest of the day!

The following weekend I started hinting that I would like to repeat our previous adventure.

"How about some yoga?" I teased. "And this time maybe you should lose that g-string, you know, to make yourself more comfortable." I smiled.

"I don't know about losing the g-string!" She said modestly.

I tried to counter before she could think about it, "Listen love, you'll still be fully clothed, with full length pants on, besides, how much can they see, the pants aren't THAT sheer." I lied.

To be honest, it wasn't that difficult to convince her. We were out and in a similar situation to last time within the hour. This time, she had a bikini top, and no g-string. We also brought along some sunscreen, a short skirt for her (I had plans) and a picnic. We found another group of barbequers, and pulled the same routine. As she began to show me the first pose, I was reminded of my previous statement: "how much can they see?" They saw everything. When my wife got down on all fours, arched her back hard and looked up at the sky, she might as well have been naked from the waist down. She, of course, held the pose for what seemed like an eternity. After about 10 minutes of this, the attention she was getting was becoming a bit more obvious, and she started feeling uncomfortable so we went to the other side of the park to set up our picnic.

On the way, she found a secluded spot to change into her skirt. I know she was wet because when she came out of the woods, she dipped a finger between her legs and let me taste her sweet sex as she traced my lips with her wet index finger. When we set up the picnic (mostly wine and cheese) she began experimenting with different positions to flash men that were passing by. Her sweet freshly shaved sex was on display in many angles to many men over the course of about an hour. Some looked and kept on walking, some looked intentionally away, a few paused and tried to hang around for a bit, before they left. After a few glasses of wine, I saw my wife texting, and then I heard my phone vibrate. I looked over at her. She had a naughty smile that she could not wipe off her face. I grabbed my phone and read her text:

"Should we take this to the next level?"

I decided to play along. I texted back: "How do we do that?"

She was typing fast, then she hesitated for a minute, hesitant to send me the message. After a word of five of encouragement, she pressed send.

"Well, you keep scaring away all the guys, how about you move over there so I can get someone to rub this lotion on me."

I looked over. Even with all the wine, she hid her face in embarrassment. I looked at her and asked her if she was sure. She nodded and smiled. I then told her to lie on her stomach. I hiked the skirt up a bit for her and untied her top to let it drop to the ground, still cushioning her breasts on the floor, but leaving the side of each visible. Then I found a good spot, pretended to read a book, and watched. From where I was, I saw that she wasn't really flashing anything at the moment, although her skirt was dangerously high. A few men craned their neck as they walked by but none stopped. After about 20 minutes, I saw a man walk by and pause, his shadow was being cast over her. She looked up and started talking in a low voice, I wasn't sure what she said, but he slowly knelt beside her and began rubbing the lotion on her back. After a few minutes of applying the lotion the the center of her back, his hands got more adventurous. He began widening his circles, then he began several long strokes from her shoulders, across her armpits, and along the sides of her breasts. I noticed a few times he stopped there to give a few extra strokes. He seemed to be working in and under... could he reach her nipples?

I suddenly was pulled from my reverie when my phone vibrated. It just said: "Should I let him go further."

I felt my heart racing and my cock throbbing, and without thinking I simply typed: "yes."

She must have asked him to do her legs, because he began putting lotion on the backs of her legs. He briefly covered her calves before turning to her thighs which began to part. I saw her shaved sex peeking out from between her legs, and so did he. He rubbed her thighs in long slow strokes, each one getting closer and closer to her soaking wet sex. I thought I saw her hips begin to buck and I'm certain I heard her moan. I saw her texting and couldn't wait to get the message so I could know what was going on inside her head.

The phone vibrated, I picked it up: "I'm not sure if I'm ready to do this now, but should I get his number so we could play with him some other time... maybe after some more wine!"

I quickly typed "yes" only to see her close her legs, turn over, and ask him a question. I saw her type his number into her phone and send him on his way. He hesitated, rubbing his cock through his pants, and looked back several times as he went.

I couldn't take it anymore. I took her into the woods, lifted her skirt, and took her soaking wet sex harder than I ever had before.

**Exposing My Wife Pt. 05**

After our last adventure, I felt aroused almost constantly. The slightest passing memory of what happened would make me instantly as hard as a rock, and the memories kept finding their way into my mind. Whenever my wife and I made love, I would picture everything that happened at the end of our last adventure, and everything I wanted to happen in the future. But did I really want this? Exposing my wife in this way did turn me on more than I had ever been turned on before, but it also made my hair stand on end, my stomach fill with butterflies, and my blood boil a little with jealousy. I couldn't stop asking myself if my thoughts and feelings were healthy expressions of sexuality, or leading to trouble. These doubts did not come from any type of religious guilt or anything like that, but just a nagging feeling. In the midst of this complex state of mind, an opportunity arose that I could not pass up, which would allow me to show off my wife to more people than I thought possible.

To recap a bit, my wife is gorgeous. She has perfect little B cups with soft little pink nipples on her white creamy skin. She is only about 5' 6'' and 110 lbs, but most of that weight seems to be concentrated in her hot tight ass, which gets attention everywhere she goes, even if she dresses conservatively! She works out, and has the feint hint of defined abs, but still is soft enough to be feminine.

The story I am about to tell comes with our plans to go to a Renaissance Fair. She needed something to wear, and so she picked out a perfect skirt from a nearby store. It was a slightly ruffly, long black skirt, which would go perfectly with her red and black corset. The only problem was that the zipper, which went from her waist to a few inches under her ass, was completely broken and wide open except for where it was stuck at the very top. The skirt was also a few sizes too big for her. She really thought it was the perfect skirt otherwise. When she asked the saleswoman if she had anything in her size that wasn't broken, the saleswoman convinced her that she could fold the skirt over in the back, and use bobby pins to keep it in place. If you folded enough of the material over the zipper, both problems would be solved: the skirt would fit, and the open zipper, which otherwise would expose almost her entire ass, would be covered.

As we went on line with the skirt, she seemed to be second guessing her ability to clip it into place. I assured her that I would be able to take care of it, and that nobody would know the difference. She was reassured.

The next morning we got ready to go. She looked beautiful! Her golden hair flowing down upon her bare shoulders, her red and black corset highlighting and augmenting her perfect figure and b-cup breasts, her tiny black t-string leaving little to the imagination, and then she asked for my help with the skirt. I pulled the material and pinned it into place with two bobby pins. I didn't want to start too extreme, especially considering that she would probably check it in the mirror while we were at home, so I pulled it closed so that only from the right angle and with the skirt moving in the right direction, could you even see a glimpse of her right ass cheek peeking out between the folds of the material and the broken zipper. I figured I could always readjust it later to make it expose her more, but I didn't want to ruin my chances completely before we left the house.

The whole car ride there I could think of nothing but this plan of mine. I was so hard for the entire car ride, but I also felt a bit guilty. I had an uneasiness, especially because she didn't really know what I was up to. It was innocent enough, and safe in such a crowded fair, but still... Should I feel this way? Should I get so rock hard at the thought of exposing my wife? Should I conquer my baser perverted desires and instead keep my beautiful wife's body to myself, to be seen only by me?

We arrived, and as we got out of the car, I noticed that all the sitting had loosened her skirt completely! Her entire g-string was exposed along with at least an inch of ass-cheek on either side, all the way down to the tops of her thighs! There was a young man directing the parking whose jaw dropped when he saw it. He couldn't stop staring. She came over to me and told me her skirt felt "a little loose', and "can you see anything?"

"No you can't see anything darling, but if it feels loose I can tighten it for you." I wanted her to feel as if her skirt could feel this loose without exposing her, to put her at ease, but I also didn't want the skirt to be so wide open at all times. Someone might come up and tell her about her wardrobe malfunction, and then the fun would be over. So I tightened it, knowing that whenever we sat down to eat or watch a show at the fair, that the skirt would get looser and looser, and gape open more and more.

It seems that I did too good of a job tightening her skirt. She was completely covered from every angle through the first two hours of our day. Even sitting and watching a few shows didn't do the trick. She also kept asking me if her skirt was open, so I was hesitant to adjust it looser. Then I offered her a beer. As we drank, she became more relaxed. We even attended a beer tasting event! After relaxing like this for some time, we went to the bathroom. When she came out, she asked me to adjust her skirt, which "came a bit loose." This was my chance! I adjusted it so that a long sliver of her right ass cheek was visible as she walked, from her waist down to her thigh. In some positions it was covered, but as she walked, the folds of the skirt would part and expose her. Many times, as we visited all of the little shops, I pushed her through the crowd ahead of me so I could admire the small bit of her ass peeking out of her skirt. She asked me a few times if she was showing anything, or if I could "see her butt," but I assured her she was fine.

As the day wore on, and we drank a bit more (we didn't come even close to getting drunk, just tipsy) she stopped asking if her skirt was O.K. This was the most exciting part of the adventure, because over the course of the next few hours, the skirt ever so slowly opened more and more. Throughout this time I noticed that she began to get some attention. Once, a few guys pointed towards her as she got up during a show to get us more beer. I also noticed a few times that a small group of guys would follow behind us with big smiles on their faces. Whenever I noticed these reactions, I made sure I let her go ahead of me in the crowd so I could see what they were seeing. It started with just that small sliver of her ass being visible on the right side. Then, as time went on, the fold opened up more towards the top center, until the top of her t-string and the top of her crack came into view. Eventually when she walked, or stood at the right angle, most of her ass would be on display.

We had a great time at the fair, and I had a little extra entertainment, but then it was time to go. As we were walking out, I had an idea. We were walking by the pillory, which many people refer to as "stocks." There is a wooden plank with holes for your head and hands to be trapped. You have to bend at the waist in order to put your head and hands into these holes and then the top is clasped down to hold you. The pillory was in the middle of a large square and was a popular spot to take pictures. So I told her to get in so I could take a few photos of her head sticking through. She got behind the pillory to do this and put her head and hands through. I saw a few guys behind her on the lawn who looked as if they were very happy, so I made sure to take my time. I even convinced a passerby to take a picture of both of us side by side, as there were two of these contraptions next to each other. As I walked around the devices, I saw what the guys were going crazy for, as she bent over to get into position for the photos, the skirt completely fell away from her ass. I walked right behind her to get into position myself, and saw the tiny t-string pressing up against her only half hidden asshole, and her sex clearly spilling out of each side of her skimpy underwear.

As I began to put my head in the pillory so the stranger in front could take our picture, I saw a few strangers behind taking pictures of my wife's lewd position, some with their phones, one with a high powered camera. It turned me on beyond belief to think that this image would be captured, and I even played with the idea of asking them for copies, but instead we just walked back to the car, went home, and had the best sex of our lives. Only I knew the real reason why my sexual energy was so high that night, but if she wondered about it, she didn't ask.

**Exposing My Wife Pt. 06**

Lying under the covers in bed one night, trying to tease my, my wife starts shyly whispering in my ear. "I know you want to show me off again, you pervert!" She laughed while slowly taking off her clothes under the covers. "What is going on in that mind of yours?" I know she loves exposing herself as much as I love her being exposed, her flowing juices are evidence enough for that, but she likes "blaming" me for it. I think it makes her feel better, like less of a slut, and it is also fun for her to feel as if she is being controlled. She got out from under the covers and crawled on her hands and knees, nice and slow, to the other end of the bed, her sweet tight sex and pink little asshole squirming around and driving me wild! Then she turned to me, and parted her legs slowly.

"Do you really want someone to see all this?" She asked in her innocent voice, implying by her tone that I couldn't possibly want such a thing. "What if I did this?" She asked as she ran her fingers across her outer lips, gently parting and opening herself. She began masturbating herself for me asking "do you really want some stranger to see me open myself up? Do you want them to see me make myself cum? So you want them to see me shake, dripping wet, moaning like this?" She moaned. She continued to moan and masturbate for several minutes until she climaxed in front of me. At that point I couldn't help myself. I took her hard, and had a powerful orgasm, with the fantasy she just narrated playing in my mind. Now I knew just what our next adventure would be!

If you read part 4 of this series, you know that my wife, with my permission, asked for the phone number of someone she had been teasing in the park. He was an average attractive guy, with a similar muscular build to my own, and an obvious attraction to what my wife had shown him that day. I took the opportunity to find his number in my wife's phone and text him using my phone. I didn't want to call and scare him off with a man's voice, and I knew she would be too shy to call, so I decided to surprise her by arranging something with him through text. I explained that showing off turns my wife on, and that I allowed her to give him the show in the park. I also told him that she was craving more attention. He seemed receptive to this idea so I set down some ground rules and told him the scenario. She was to be blindfolded and sitting in our bed masturbating while we watched her make herself cum. He could touch himself if he wanted to, but he couldn't touch her, at least not this time. I also didn't want her to know he was there, or at least not be sure if he was there, so I told him he couldn't make any sounds. If he decided to masturbate, she would just assume any sounds his hand made were coming from me.

He agreed to all of this, an then it fell on me to set it up with my wife. "You know what I really want baby?" I whispered into her ear while we were lying in bed one night. "I loved it when you made yourself cum the other night, and I want you to do it again, only this time I want to blindfold you so you can fantasize about someone else watching you." I paused. She looked down, and then looked up at me with that wry little smile that she gets when she knows her sweet dripping sex will get the better of her shy exterior.

"How will that be fun for you?" She asked. "You won't have a blindfold on..." She trailed off.

"Ahh darling, I'll be watching and taking pictures, imagining that someone else would be seeing the same thing I was. Somehow seeing you in a photograph is like seeing you through someone else's eyes."

She smiled and blushed and said "Now?" looking down again.

"No love, I'll let you know when."

So it was set! I made a day and time and waited.

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The anticipation up to the night in question was great. Although I have to admit to feeling a bit guilty as well. Similar to our adventure at the Renaissance Fair, she didn't really know what I was up to, but I told myself that I was fulfilling her deepest desires, and that she really did want to expose herself.

On the night itself, I left the side door open and gave our visitor instructions to wait until I came into the kitchen to get some water at 8:00. At that point she would already be blindfolded and waiting for us. We would go up together, and she would not know we had a visitor. She would be fantasizing about it, and talking about it, but to her, it would be pure fantasy. For me it would be reality.

At around 7:55 I stripped her and blindfolded her and told her to wait in bed with her legs spread wide while I went down to get a glass of water. I told her to enjoy the anticipation and not to start without me. As I got to our bedroom door I looked back at her. Her lovely blond hair fell on her firm little b-cup breasts, not hiding them as much as highlighting how exposed she really was. The hint of abs defining her midsection traced a line down to her completely shaven sex. Her legs were spread as wide as comfort would allow, and her sweet sex was pulled open slightly with the position she was in. I felt a large pang of guilt, and a little bit of jealousy I think, but it was difficult to really tell one from the other. I had gone this far, and there was no turning back now, so I put it out of my mind and went into the kitchen.

I saw his silhouette as I entered kitchen. I put my finger over my mouth as a sign to be silent, grabbed a glass of water with my hands shaking slightly, and motioned for him to follow me to the room. I grew hard with anticipation.

As we entered the room, a wide smile crossed his face and I became harder than I thought possible. My cock throbbed with the eroticism of the scene. You can start darling.

"I hope no one can see me." She said, getting into the fantasy we discussed as she pulled on her nipples. "I wouldn't want to put on a lewd display for just anyone."

"Oh that's not true." I teased. "Remember that poor man in the park, you let him see you and never even let him give himself an orgasm." As I spoke I took my first picture of her.

She heard the sound of the picture being taken and playfully objected, "oh now I don't know who will see me!"

She kept one hand kneading her nipples and dropped the other to her spread sex, slowly tracing it's soft curves.

I glanced over and saw our guest rubbing his hard cock through his pants.

"I think you should masturbate for that guy in the park and let him cum while looking at you, it's not nice to tease men." She crossed her legs up in the air, pressing her sweet outer lips together and I took another picture. "Do you want that?" I asked. "Do you think that would be fair?"

"Yes." She moaned as she spread her legs again and teased her now swollen clit. "I want him to see me."

"See you what?" I pressed.

"See me cum." She slid her finger up and down her slit and I took another picture.

Our guest couldn't help himself, he had his cock out, through the fly of his pants, and was stroking himself to the lewd display my wife was making.

"Pretend he was here, love. Tell him your glad he can see you."

"I'm glad he can see me. I want him to see me opened up like this." She spread herself with her fingers."

"What else would you show him?" I asked.

She reached for her vibrator, "I want to show him what I would look like filled up." She slid the vibrator inside and set its thrusting and vibrating to a slow, sensuous rhythm. She moaned. It was her first real moan of the night. I saw how wet she was getting and how she was dripping all over the vibrator and the bed. I took a few photos and let everyone enjoy the moment, and then said "keep the blindfold on and get on your knees for me." She took the vibrator out and got on her knees. I took the opportunity to take another picture of her open and clearly wet sex.

She put the vibrator back in, arched her back and moaned "uhh, I want him to see me bent over and all filled up. I want him to cum on my ass like this. Oh please cum on my ass!" I don't know what got into her, she usually was not this vulgar with her dirty talk. It usually took some convincing just to get her to talk dirty. I also don't know what got into me. Hearing her say that made me hard as a rock. I gave a sideways glance at our guest, and I could see he was looking to me for what he should do. I motioned for him to step forward to the edge of the bed.

"He's going to cum on your ass baby," I told her. "Give him something to look at." She swayed her ass back and forth enticingly.

Turning the vibrator up she began to moan even louder. "Cum on me!" She pleaded. I could see they were both getting close. As soon as her orgasm started I saw the first stream of cum spurt lewdly onto the left side of my wife's tight ass. She growled in ecstasy. The second stream of cum landed on the crease of her thigh as she began to shake. A third small stream of another man's cum dripped down onto her calf as she collapsed into the bed, letting the vibrator slip from her body. I stood in shock.

Not wanting her to take the blindfold off and be surprised by the reality of the situation, I motioned for our guest to leave quietly. He did.

As I stood looking at the evidence of my wife's complete exhibition, I let all thoughts of doubt leave my mind, I had to. I grabbed my throbbing cock, came up behind her, and started fucking her from behind.

"You're ready again?" She asked. It had only been moments since she had felt the cum streak across her backside.

"You are turning me on so bad today baby." I said truthfully. She slipped off the blindfold. "Now how would you feel if he saw this..." I took her hard and came more powerfully than I could remember.