**I Finally Got to Expose Her Pussy**

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I do love to expose my wife, part of it is that I'm so proud of her, but it is fueled, I think by her great embarrassment and overdeveloped sense of modesty that she has always had. She looks great, all my friends would trade wives with me in a second if that was my goal. I do have some success, supplying her with gape necked shirts, white bikinis, inviting people over without her knowledge when I know she will be in her PJs. Often I get to flash a downblouse of her, a few of my relatives and friends have had views of her little boobs, usually when she bends over, clueless.  
  
The holy grail for me has always been to show her pussy off. It just seemed so impossible, a challenge.  
  
Well last year, she went into an overnight hospital stay for a minor procedure. I thought that this had potential to be fun, because I used to work in medical sales and know a lot of the people who work there. I was hoping that somebody that I/we know would get a show. Well, maybe they did, during the procedure, but I would never know, having to wait in her hospital room. When they did wheel her bed in, the transporter was a big guy, the nurse was a woman. My wife, Jessica, was pretty much still out cold from the sedation. They marched in, pushed her mobile bed next to her hospital bed and got ready to move her over. The nurse whipped off her thin sheet and I was immediately confronted with my wife, totally nude!   
  
Apparently post operative gowns get put on in the room, after. For a shocked moment, I took in the fact that the hospital door was wide open, my wife was exposed to any passerby that happened to look. I also noticed that the big transport guy, no doubt not a real medical professional, but instead a low earning bed pusher was getting the full view. I loved it, but she wasn't awake enough to know that she was exposed and I didn't know the big African American guy or, as far as I knew, any people who happened to walk by. The big guy did make sure to round the bed getting a view from head to toe and he moved to the head to reach under her shoulders to lift her body to the bed. The nurse grabbed her feet. They moved her in a quick motion, her little boobs giggling under the watchful eye of the guy who had just lifted her, and from my view from the foot of the bed, I saw her legs spread and saw, a catheter! Apparently standard during surgery. This was only a big deal because of what was to come.  
  
The nurse dismissed the big guy who nodded to me on his way out, finally closing the door, smiling a bit, no doubt feeling one up on me for seeing my lady like this. The nurse quickly got her in a gown, a short one and covered her up. She told me that the shift was to change and that she would be back in the morning. She said that "if she wants to sleep, we can leave the catheter in until I get back, if not, it can come out tonight." Jessica was still too drugged to know any of this.  
  
At shift change, the nurse who walked in was a guy my age, in fact an acquaintance from church. I did know that he was a nurse, and we had done some church events together. I never thought of him being Jessica's nurse, and I knew he had admired her, I had seen him glance her way more than once.  
  
He came in and chatted a bit and Jessica was waking up. He came right out that he had requested her room to "make sure that she was taken care of" and weirdly, Jessica seemed grateful. She was happy to see a familiar face and was snug in her sheets for the night, her little a cups covered not only by a thin gown, but by a blanket.  
  
About 8pm though, Jessica was fully awake, and her nurse, Jack, came in with a little cart. "I need to hook you up to the heart monitor!" and without ceremony he pulled down her sheets. Immediately the tiny nature of her little boobs and nips pushing against the thin gown was seen by both of us. She is pretty compliant with doctors and said nothing as he expertly unbuttoned her gown and the top and lowered it to her waist, exposing her flat A cups to the air, her little quarter sized aureola exposed to this guy from church! She was mortified, I could tell, but said nothing. For his part, he was flushed, but kept his professional demeanor, but I saw his eyes raking her nipples, memorizing them, I think. I watched this, mesmerized, I loved it! He attached a few electrodes and her heart rate appeared on the monitor near the bed. He slowly lifted the gown back up over her shoulders, but didn't button it. He smiled, made some chit chat and walked out. Jessica was speechless. I, of course, wanted more.  
  
I told her that I was going out for a coke for just a minute, but I went and found Jack. I had known the guy for years, and the idea that we chatted about our wives on the golf course for years only for him to see her topless made me super hot. I had an idea.  
  
"Jack", I said in my concerned husband voice. " That urinary catheter is really bothering her. The last nurse told us that she could have it out tonight." Jack looked at me, clearly surprised, that flush coming back into his cheeks. I may have over played my hand next when I said, "She is embarrassed to ask you to do it, so maybe you should just tell her that it is Doctor's orders." I think that right then, he knew that I was enjoying showing her. He certainly wanted to see! He told me that he needed some supplies and that he would be right there.  
  
I went back in the room where my wife was still mortified over her boob exposure. She had no idea about the big transporter and God knows who in the O.R. I told her not to be worried about it, that Jack was "a professional".  
  
Quickly, he walked in with a little tray. "It looks like the Doctor left orders to get your urinary catheter out this evening." You could see the color drain from Jessica's face as she understood how this was to be done. Jack in his credit, kept up his official voice, telling her that she just needed to lift her knees and place her feet flat on the mattress. She was slow to comply, so he lifted each knee himself after totally removing her covering sheet. When her knees were up, from the foot of the bed, I could seen her ass cheeks already, and before she said a word, Jack flipped the thin gown over her knees, letting it fall at her waist, this time from the hem up. her pussy, shaved as it was was before the two of us. For the first time ever, I had managed to show her little crinkled pussy to somebody I knew. Jack looked down at her exposed lips for a moment and then, with a gloved hand, spread it open. I was blown away! He started swabbing the catheter area with some kind of cleaner, her clit exposed, her lips parting for him. When he pushed the knees apart to work, I saw a glimpse of her anus as well, I sure he did as well.  
  
After over a minute of concentrated work on her pussy, my wife to mortified to speak, he pulled the catheter out. Well, this must not have felt great, because my little wife sat up, her unbuttoned gown, dropping off her shoulders as well, bunching at her waist. Just for a moment, her tiny white breasts, her pussy were all exposed under the bright room lights.  
  
We still see Jack every Sunday, and I make a point to play golf with him. I wish I could have the guy over for dinner, but Jessica is still too embarrassed about her exposure. He definitely made sure that she was taken care of that day.