**My Wife Jackie: In The Garage**

by[Naked1](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1447981&page=submissions)©

As a tinkerer by nature, I spend a lot of my spare time puttering in the garage. On a particular late-spring afternoon, I was putting together and old bicycle that I'd salvaged from scrap. The days were getting warmer as the weather headed towards summer, so I had the garage door open to enjoy the occasional breeze that still drifted through.  
  
I was preoccupied with my work when the door leading to the kitchen opened, and my wife Jackie stepped out. Fresh from a shower, she was dripping wet...her long, jet black hair clung to her in strings.  
  
She was also completely naked.  
  
"Oh crap," she said, "I came out here to the get something to wear...I didn't know you had the garage door open."  
  
Now, I might have been a gentleman about it by closing the garage door, or offering to retrieve her clothes from the dryer.  
  
But, noticing the way her pink aureole swelled slightly as she stood there totally nude, I chose not to.  
  
Glancing behind me, I saw that the street and sidewalk in front of the house was empty. The neighbor's car across from us sat in the driveway, indicating that they were home, but there were no signs of life.  
  
"There's no one around hun," I smiled, expecting her to turn around and go back in the house.  
  
What happened next took me completely off guard.  
  
Without a moment's hesitation, my bare wife padded across the garage, crossing in front of the open door, completely nude, exposing herself to the entire neighborhood. Her heavy, naked tits swayed slightly as she walked, and her delicious ass cheeks jiggled teasingly.  
  
My jaw fell to my chest, and my cock rose to my belly inside of my sweat pants.  
  
The washer and dryer sit in the corner just inside of the garage door. Standing in front of them meant that anyone on the sidewalk or street who might happen by would get an eyeful of my completely naked wife.  
  
Bending over, she opened the dryer, showing her naked ass to the open garage door. Her huge, bared breasts hung in front of her.  
  
"Oh man," she said, sounding disappointed, "they're not dry yet."  
  
She closed the dryer and stood up to restart it.  
  
"Oh wait," she said matter-of-factly, "I need another dryer sheet."  
  
Smiling, she turned to face me a moment, showing her naked backside to the street. I could see that her naked pussy lips were swollen, protruding slightly from under her shaved mound. Her nipples were hard, pointed nubs.  
  
Crossing back in front of the open door again, she pulled a box of dryer sheets from the cabinet on the opposite wall and returned to the dryer. She popped the dryer sheet in and restarted it.  
  
My cock throbbed, watching my wife expose her naked body to the neighborhood.  
  
When she was done, she walked over and stood next me in front of the garage door. Smiling, she pecked me on the cheek and asked what I was doing.  
  
Her nipples were hard as pebbles, and her upper body was slightly flushed. I could smell her excitement.  
  
Before I could answer, I heard the sound of an approaching car on the street.  
  
Jackie held her ground, staring directly into my eyes. From where I sat, I watched as the car passed.  
  
Jackie just smiled...but her big naked tits heaved slightly as the pace of her breathing increased...her aureole were swollen red.  
  
The car slowed a bit in front of the garage door...but then drove off.  
  
My gorgeous wife had just been seen, standing totally naked in the garage.  
  
My cock swelled hard, pulsating and pounding...aching for relief.  
  
Jackie's inner thighs were soaked.  
  
Leaning in, she kissed me on the cheek again.  
  
"I guess I better go start dinner," she said, smiling.  
  
Turning to face the neighborhood once more, she walked to the end of the garage and stood a moment, naked in the doorway, facing the neighbors across the street.  
  
"Did they get a new car?" she asked off-handedly, as if her entire nude body wasn't on display for anyone to see.  
  
I sat dumbly.  
  
"Hmm...oh well," she said, turning to face me again, her left hand playing lightly at her inner thigh. Her nipples were harder than I'd ever seen them.  
  
"Dinner will be ready soon," she smiled, jiggling her naked way back across the garage floor. Reaching the door, she opened it and let herself into the kitchen without another word and closed it behind her.  
  
I sat in silent shock, with my throbbing hard-on straining against my sweat pants, wondering if I had just witnessed what I thought I had...and wondering if there might be more where that came from.