**My Brother Sees Her Tiny Boobs**

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I met my wife, Jessica, when we were in high school. She was, and is, young, petite and beautiful. She remains into sports and now, even at 32 retains her smooth athletes body. Despite what I consider to be a flawless body, she is painfully shy, dressing conservatively, even at the beach. Now don't get me wrong, she will go out in a swimsuit, but she always conceals her little A cups with padded tops, her flawless ass with a little "swim skirt." Only when she trains in her dance studio will she wear anything that reveals any of her form.

I guess it is her very shyness that let me to get a thrill on those rare occasions when she was exposed to someone else, even relatively mild exposures. There have been only a few such instances, but I replay them in my mind. Years ago, when our first child was young, we were traveling and Jess was wearing a little travel dress. As she struggled to hook the child seat into the taxi, the extra material of her dress fell away as she bent working on the buckles, her little padded bra did the same and our taxi driver, who was helping was treated to a minute or two of her small white breasts exposed and dangling while she worked, oblivious to the exposure. Standing behind him, I saw each of her little pick nipples, each a bit larger in diameter than a quarter pointing down her tiny white breasts jiggling just a bit as she tightened the straps, and as he looked on. She was completely clueless about her exposure, and during the long ride to our resort, he made small talk with her, asking where we are from, her name, what kind of work she does. She gave out all of these details to him, no doubt as he thought of her exposed little boobs. By the time we got to the resort, she had told this friendly guy a lot about herself, she would have been mortified to have been seen naked, even more so for it to not be anonymous. I guess after all these years of her being so shy, this really turned me on, and , a couple nights later, I told her what he had seen, hoping that she might be turned on as well. She was overwhelmingly embarrassed, but certainly didn't start dressing anymore freely. Since then, I've been on the prowl for an opportunity to repeat the experience (in some equally harmless way).

A couple of years went by without any such opportunity for her to bee seen in a harmless setting, and as much as I enjoyed it, I decided that it probably just wasn't going to happen again. Then, I got a call from my brother. He is several years older than I am, but we were close growing up. We don't live in the same city anymore, but we see each other at holidays, getting together with our wives. His wife is older than Jess and hasn't kept in shape, and he has always been complimentary of Jessica, in a brotherly way. He has known her since he was in college and we her high schoolers and, I think, has appreciated her a bit from afar. Well, he called saying that he was being sent to our city for 2 weeks of job training and he wanted to know if he could stay with us, pocketing the money his company gives him for the hotel. He promised to buy the groceries while here, and It seemed like a good chance to spend some time with him, so I readily agreed.

It wasn't until his first breakfast with him that I thought of the possibilities. Jessica has known him forever, and much to my shock, she came to breakfast in her usual outfit of a t-shirt and sweats. What is remarkable about this is that she was bra less. Don't get me wrong, nothing could be seen, but the form of her tiny tits could be seen beneath the shirt, and there was even a little evidence of her little nipples pushing against the cloth as she handed us our plates. I could see Jeff (my brother) noticing this, and I was blown away by her carelessness. I loved it. She would never normally be free of her shyness like this, but I guess she was more comfortable with family, and, after all, this was her usual morning wear when it was just me and the kids.

At this point, the possibilities of the next two weeks occurred to me. No sooner did I consider that he was being treated to evidence of her tiny titties pressing against one of my gym t shirts, and a plate hit the floor. She had just dropped her plate of pancakes and syrup into a shattered, sticky mess onto the floor. No big shock there, she is a bit clumsy some times, but when I rose to help her, she motioned me down to my breakfast and went to get cleaning supplies. Jeff and I were sitting with our backs to the wall, looking at the mess across from the table, and rather than just watch her clean, I planned to jump up and help when she started. She arrived with towels a spray bottle and some wash cloths and quickly dropped to her hands and knees to pick up pieces of plate and pancake and toss them into the little trash bin that she had brought with her. Seconds after she dropped to her knees and began work, I was transfixed by the view. The big neck of my gym t-shirt fell away and before us dangled her tiny white boobs, fully and completely viewable by Jeff and myself as she worked. To make it all the more revealing as she scrubbed and worked, her tiny little boobies bounced and jiggled before our unbelieving eyes.

After a few seconds, I snuck a look at my brother who, I'm sure, has spent more than a decade wondering what my wife was so carefully hiding beneath her shirt. He didn't seem to notice me looking at him and he watched her spray and scrub the floor, her little pink nipples bouncing back and forth as she scrubbed. It occurred to me to say something, to stop her humiliating exposure, but I didn't know how I could do that without everything being incredibly awkward, especially after I had already let a few minutes go by. After 2 minutes of uninterrupted exposure of her little tits, she was done cleaning, and stood, unaware of what she had just accidentally shown her brother in law. She then got a new plate of pancakes, and sat across from us as if nothing had happened. As far as she was aware, nothing had.

Breakfast was over quickly after that, Jessica was just carrying on small talk with Jeff, while he made only short responses, seemingly a bit shocked, no doubt with vivid memories of her bare breasts in his head while she asked him about work etc. I, once again, was weirdly turned on by my wife's unexpected exposure. In this case though, I wasn't sure that I could tell her about it. After all, she would spend most holidays with my brother, see him several times a year. I wasn't sure how such a shy woman would handle that. The idea of her harmless exposure made me hot though, and I knew I wanted more. When we got up from the table, my eyes met my brother's. We didn't speak of it, but he knew that I was aware of what he had seen.

The next week was unusual. My brother seemed a little quiet around my beautiful wife, and Jessica was her usual, outgoing self, clueless that he was running the image of her bouncing boobies through his head every time he saw her. I wanted him to see more, but for the life of me, I couldn't think of an acceptable, discrete way for that to happen. Well, maybe something will come to me..