**She Lets Me Expose Her**

by[fatfree](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1007598&page=submissions)©

My wife of several years, Jessica, and I began dating in high school. She was only my third conquest, I her first. For years I prided myself at having been the only man to have seen her tiny, firm little A cups, her flawless round ass, her pussy. Over about 10 years though, there have been rare accidental exposures, some of which I've written about before. The first was a simple gaping shirt, with my old college buddy getting a 10 second, unobstructed look down her blouse, passed her padded bra that had fallen away a bit, to her tiny, white tits with her pink little nipples. I saw the whole thing happen, and said and did nothing, she was clueless about her exposure. This was the first time I learned that exposing my overly modest wife turned me on.  
  
She is very fit, long brown hair, in my opinion, very very hot, but, I guess her inexperience with men has left her insecure. She even uses female doctors.  
  
Over the years, I've become more and more interested in exposing her to people we know, a very difficult prospect. Rarely, I get a bit lucky, but it is accidental, or out of her control. What I would really like is for her to show her stuff and know it. I actually think her associated embarrassment would be even more of a turn on. Don't get me wrong, I don't share. I don't want her to fuck or even be touched by other men.  
  
On occasion, after she was exposed a bit (as in the gaping shirt episode) I would tell her about it during foreplay, embarrassing the hell out of her, making me hot, and exposing my unspoken fantasy about showing her off. She knows that I would love to do it, she just won't play along.  
  
Now, in a relationship, everybody has desires that are unfulfilled. I for one, have not only been dreaming of exposing my wife to some of our friends, but I've been unsuccessfully saving up for a sail boat for years. Never seem to make any headway. My wife's greatest, irrational, desires are to see Paris and get a horse. She has wanted both for her entire life, always out of reach financially.  
  
Then, there was my inheritance. I had a great uncle, over a hundred, with no children of his own, who died, and for whatever reason, left me a bit over one hundred thousand dollars. I was shocked that he had ever had so much and began looking at boats immediately. I needed a boat slip as well. I was making plans.  
  
Then, Jessica came to me to literally beg for the money. She wanted the money for us to go to Paris, and for a horse and its upkeep. Now, I was never going to get another inheritance, she sure as hell wasn't, and my job combined with hers as a dance instructor was never going to get me my boat. No freakin' way I was giving her the money.  
  
Then, in a small voice, she said, "I'll do anything you want, anything." That stopped me in my tracks. Technically, as my wife, she could probably lay claim to half of the windfall. I would never tell her that, but it was probably true. I've always wanted that boat, but there was something I wanted more.  
  
"You know, there is one thing", I said. She looked like she might vomit, she knew me better than I thought.  
  
"Ok", she said without me even describing what I wanted. "You can take three or four pictures, and show them to one person, but he can't have a copy, and I never want to know who saw them."  
  
Now, yesterday, this would have been the best news ever, but I had sneaked enough shower pics of her that I wasn't desperate for the photos. I wanted to see her face when I showed her off. The pinnacle of my fantasy for years, her knowingly showing her body to my friends, maybe even hearing their opinions about her. I would allow nobody to touch though. She is mine.  
  
"No," I said, "I will give you the horse and the trip, but I get to show you in person, to the people I choose. For maximum impact, I wanted the participants to be three of my buddies that we have both known since high school. They have dreamed of her body since before she was of age. "It will be Ed, Jason and Mark, and not just flashing only, they will get to have a real look."  
  
I could see her waver. Her life dream was in her grasp, but she couldn't even imagine what I was proposing.  
  
"Fifteen minutes baby, you will have Paris and the horse forever". That sealed it. I could see that she was going my way. Funny how a trip and an animal can be worth so much to a woman. I guess she had built it up over time. I know a thing or two about that.  
  
For a while, she didn't speak of the deal, then, as Mark's wife was her best friend, she asked if the men could keep what they saw to themselves. I could tell she was resigned to it. I agreed and set up the show that very evening. I told Jessica to be ready, we would show her, then the five of us would have dinner. I was hoping she would remain the topic of discussion for the night. No wives allowed. (Except mine of course)  
  
I called the guys, explaining the deal to them. They were hopeful, but to a man, didn't believe that were actually going to see Jessica naked. After all these years of her prudish behaviour, they couldn't imagine it. Mark and I are just buddies from high school, still hang out to this day. Our wives are best friends. Ed and Jason went to high school and college with us both Jason works at my company, Ed is a local teacher here in town.  
  
When the evening came, Jessica dressed in a tank top and bra, tight jeans and flip flops. She had on my favorite pair of thong panties under it all. I had set the cloths out for her. She had brushed her long hair and had a hint of make up. All they guys were in the living room when she came down stairs. I had already warned them not to try to touch her. She wouldn't tolerate that, I wouldn't either and I'm a pretty big and moody son of a bitch. I wasn't worried that they would try to touch her.  
  
Before they came, Jessica had asked for a blindfold for the evening, but I had refused. I wanted her to see their enthusiasm and delight at the sight of her body. She had agreed not to argue or whine. She knew that she wouldn't be touched. She had also made me agree not to try to have sex or finger her. No problem, that was never my plan. (At least not until the guys left).  
  
My buddies, and her long term male friends were lined up where I had left them on the couch, Jessica looked nervously at them. (part of my original deal was that she look into their eyes when she can).  
  
I had fifteen minutes, I know she would be watching the clock. I knelt before her and slipped the flip flops off her feet. I wanted to build a bit of anticipation, but I was shaking with excitement as I pulled the shoes over her toes, red toenail polish and all. While I was kneeling, a bit to the side so my friends could see, I slowly, slowly pulled at her jeans. These jeans, size 2, fit her like a glove and looked great on her. She was beginning her hyperventilate, so I turned her around for the moment, still slooowly pulling them down. Now her white thong was in view and my guys' eyes were locked on the top of her but crack as the jeans came lower. Jessica's breathing slowed as she couldn't see the guys. Soon, the top of the jeans were at the top of her thighs, the back of her white thong swallowed by her flawless, round ass. My friends were two feet away, eyes locked on the prize. My cock jumped a bit when I saw and errant hair peaking out from between the crack of her ass. At this point, her jeans were bunched around her ankles. "Please bend down and finish taking these off" I asked. When she bent over, her ass cheeks spread and the thin thong was exposed between her ass cheeks. There was a second where the light pigment of the skin around her anus was visible on each side of the contrasting white cloth. Then, she stood again.  
  
I turned her around to face the guys. So far they had said nothing, and Jessica was holding up to her end of the bargain. Of course, she knew her dancer's ass was perfect. It is her tiny boobs that make her self conscious. Speaking of those, I was dying to show them to our friends. I reached up and, with more haste that I planned on, pulled her tank top up and off. Her flat abs were exposed, having been seen on swim trips by the guys before. What was different here is that the bra that I chose for her was completely unpadded. She never left the house without some padded bra in place to make it look like she had B cups. In her simple, tight white bra, the real size of her little, little A cups were already obvious for the first time to our friends. In all the years of trips to the beach, BBQ's etc, they had never known her secret.  
  
Her face was red, but she looked right at them. Her mind on the end goal, I guess. There she stood, in just a white thong and bra, and I could barely move without my hard on bursting out of my pants. I took a second to get control of myself and stood behind her. I was going to undo her bra from back there and watch the reaction of our buddies, but I wanted to see her face as well. I stood to the side and reached for the clasp. She kept her hands at her side, looking into my eyes rather than theirs. She help my gaze as I undid the bra and let it fall away from her tiny breasts. That's when I heard Mark, her best friend's husband, groan. Ed, the school teacher, no doubt drinking in her upright, white, flawless little breasts and quarter sized areola, said, "I think her tits probably haven't changed since I started fantasizing about them when I was fifteen!" Jessica, for the first time, was seen, exposed, and she knew it. She pulled her eyes from me and looked at our leering friends. She was shaking just a bit, producing a slight bounce to her little boobs. I looked at the clock. Eleven minutes left - that was the deal. Without touching her panties, I turned her to the side letting Mark, Ed and Jason see the shape from the side. At this point, her nerve broke, and she looked away from them, staring straight ahead. After a minute, I turned her to face them and hooked my fingers in the top of her thong. She said my name, a type of plead, but said nothing else. Jessica had trimmed up just a day before we made this deal. I'm sure she was hidden behind a think, natural bush, but as I pulled the panties down, the top of her vagina came into view, nothing but her tiny landing strip of brown, trimmed pubic hair above it. I paused then for effect, all eyes glued to the hint of her lips. Then, I pulled slowly.  
  
When the panties were around her feet I asked her to bend over and remove them. As she did so, her tiny titties pointed down. Not so much hanging as pointing straight out from her chest.  
  
When she stood again, looking at her admirers, they were hypnotized by her exposed pussy. Her inner lips peaked out, pointing straight down. Our friends could see everything. I still had 6 minutes and dinner afterward. I planned on reliving this day over and over. It was more than I imagined. My friends were entranced, Jessica, mortified, but not broken. I decided to give them the full show. Jessica had agree to show everything, and I planned on holding her to it.  
  
"Jessica, lie down please. Feet to our friends".  
  
"No." She whispered it, but we all heard it. I don't know why, but her reluctance made me so hot. I decided to let it go, after all, as they say, no means no. As I was about to settle for the awesome day so far, she sat and then lay down, face up. I guess she was afraid I would renege on the deal. I certainly would not have. Not to throw away my good luck, I moved to the couch to drink in the sight of the soles of her feat, the barely visible inner lips of her pussy, while lying flat her flat, flat, but erotic chest. She had closed her eyes, obviously counting down the five minutes and resolved to let me finish my show.  
  
I asked my friends loudly if they would like a better view of Jessica's pussy, maybe her tight little anus? Her eyes shot open at that, then closed tight. Her feet fell outward though, she was relaxed and this movement pulled her pussy open a bit for our intimate review. The light was good in the room, but we could see everything. Jason huskily said, "I want to see her clit." Jessica's breathing was faster, but she spread her legs even further, her tiny clit, a bit engorged I think, came into view. All the guys were off of the couch, leaning in to look, not touching. Another minute went by. I was running out of time. It was time to show them the rest. I sat beside my wife, grasped her knees and pulled them to her chest. Her eyes opened and found mine. I had expected mortification, embarrassment, humiliation. What I saw almost made me cum in my pants. As her tiny, hair ringed little butt hole was exposed to our friends, as her little shaved, 29 year old pussy was lewdly spread to the men who we had spent weekends BBQing with and hanging out with, I saw lust in her eyes.  
  
The shaking that I had interpreted as fear, embarrassment, I now saw was simple excitement. The moans of my friends were driving her wild. When the fifteen minutes were over, she jumped up and ran, naked up the stairs. Her perfect ass jiggling in full view as she went. Our friends were murmuring admiration and I practically threw them out. Screw dinner.  
  
As I came into the bedroom, Jessica, still naked, practically bowled me over as I came in. When I reached down, she was sopping wet. She pulled me down into the bed, frantic, horny. This beats the hell out of sailing.