**Shy Wife on the Beach**

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

My wife has been looking forward to this vacation for months. For our 10th wedding anniversary, we are dropping the kids off with the grandparents and spending a week on the beach, just the two of us.

We had done a lot of research and had settled on a secluded resort in Bermuda. This one promised individual cottages and a perfect, private beach.

Jessica was giddy thinking about the vacation, and allowed me to have a bit of input in her wardrobe. I bought her things for months leading up to the vacation with the hope that she would be a bit less modest when it was just the two of us. At home, she is vigilant about wearing gel inserts in her bra as she is embarrassed about her barely there breasts. She has nothing to worry about, her body is tight, she looks awesome at 5'2 103 pounds.

I bought her tight bikinis, form hugging linen dresses and short shorts. I think my wife is hot, and I wanted to see as much as often as I could on our vacation. We would know nobody there after all.

The last step, after she packed, was sure to get me in trouble. I slipped her gel inserts and even her bras out of her luggage before I loaded the luggage into the car. She was gonna be mad, but I couldn't help it.

When we got there, she cut me some slack about the bras. The place was incredible, our cabin was big and hardly anybody was on the beach. The place doesn't allow kids and seemed to have a population of honeymooners and older folks. All seemed to keep to themselves.

Jessica, who would normally be mortified for people to see her in a tight shirt without her inserts, did loosen up as it was clear that we knew nobody here. She wore her linen dresses to dinner each day, most of them white, and I could eat, looking at the shape of her nipples pushing against the fabric as we ate out in the breeze.

The swimming was similar the suit she favored was a bikini with a tube top like top. Tight and, when she got wet her nipples and areola would be outlined against the cloth.

We spent days just keeping to ourselves, eating, drinking, swimming and having sex. Awesome vacation. On day four of our trip, we were getting ready to walk out to the beach, just outside of our cabin, when I brought up the idea of going topless. Lots of the British girls at the resort were going about this way, and we'd had a few drinks already. I was shocked when she went along with it.

In fact, she put on her bikini bottoms, left the top in the cabin and marched out to our waiting beach chairs. Her tiny A cups were shockingly white against her tan skin, so I grabbed the sunscreen and followed her out. Very few people were on the beach, and none paid us much attention, most of them being european.

She sat on our beach lounger, facing the water and the other resort goers while I rubbed sun screen first over her back. She then settled onto her back, her little boobs all but disappearing while I rubbed the sunscreen onto her tiny white tits.

I was so intent on rubbing the lotion in and watching the movement of her little quarter sized nipples, that I had failed to notice the approach of the man who spoke up from the foot of my wife's lounger.

"I was wondering if we would run into you two here!" He bellowed, obviously excited. I had been rubbing lotion onto my wife's tits for about 2 minutes, no telling how long this guy had been taking in the show. I looked up at was shocked. Not as shocked as my wife though.

My modest little topless wife looked over her bared, tiny white tits into the face of "Mr. Malone" the principle at the school where she taught, her boss. The two did not get along very well, having butted heads at work many times. He know stood over us, drinking in the sight of my topless wife in only tiny bikini bottoms. From his position below her bare feet, I knew that he couldn't help but notice her camel toe as well.

She sat bolt upright, reaching to cover her tiny boobs, up until now her secret inadequacy. She stammered a question about what he was doing here. He answered, his eyes at her chest that she had talked the place up so much at work that he and his wife decided to try it. Seems he just happened to come at the same time we did. At this point, his wife arrived at the foot of the lounge and, incredibly, offered her hand to my wife as she said hi. Jessica took and shook the hand, her uncovered little boob shaking as she did so.

They showed no sign of leaving, just talking about their vacation, and we had not brought a towel from the cabin. My wife tried to keep her composure as she cupped her little boobs and answered in short sentences. "Mr Malone" had more lounges brought and actually sat facing us. At this point, Jessica knew she had to go. She stood, excused her self and walked to the cabin with her boss watching her ass sway in the tiny bikini bottoms as she walked away.

I stayed for awhile as I was a little worried about how freaked out she would be. Soon, the principal's wife went for drinks leaving just us men. He leaned over conspiratorially and said, "I'd always wanted to see a little more of your wife (He'd clearly been drinking), watching you rub those little boob was the best part of this vacation. The guys back at work will be so envious!" I then remembered that there were several male teachers in my wife's school. "Mostly pigs" she had said. Mr. Malone said, they will be shocked to here about this, and those tiny tits. She always looks like she is so much more stacked!" I was unsure what to say at this point.

I was weirdly turned on by somebody we know seeing her like this, but I had to defend my wife. Just then she called from the cabin, and I got up and left.

Jessica was still just wearing the bikini bottom when I got tot the cabin, but her nipples stood at attention. She pulled me to the bed. I reached down, she was soaked. Apparently, she was not as embarrassed or pissed off as I thought...

**Shy Wife on the Beach Ch. 02**

After Jessica's unexpected exposure of her tiny boobs to her boss, Mr. Malone, the previous day, she was having a bit of trouble looking forward to the remaining three days of our vacation. Mr. Malone seeing her tiny exposed boobs had been bad enough, but his comment about describing the sight to her coworkers was making her nervous and upset. As far as the vacation went, I convinced her that Mr. Malone had already seen his fill of her tiny white tits, and that wearing her little gauzy dresses and her tight bikinis couldn't do any harm now. Besides, we might not even run into him and his wife.

We went to lunch: no Malones. We headed to the beach: still no Malones. Jessica was feeling a bit better. She kept her top securely on though, to my disappointment.

After we had been laying out for about 30 minutes, I noticed my wife watching somebody come up the beach in our direction. It was Mrs. Malone, alone. She was actually a pretty attractive woman, older than us, I guessed around 40. She was in a bikini as well and clearly had plenty up top.

Mrs. Malone asked, "Is it okay if I join you?"

Jessica hesitated for a moment.

"Sure. Okay."

Mrs. Malone dropped into a beach lounge next to Jessica.

"I want to apologize for my husband's behavior yesterday. He can really be obnoxious sometimes."

Jessica sat in stunned silence as Mrs. Malone spoke.

"I am very sorry if he made you feel uncomfortable."

I angrily replied, "Your husband did make Jessica feel very uncomfortable. He kept staring at her chest. She was very embarrassed! This was her first time sunbathing in public topless. Now she absolutely refuses to take her top off again."

"Yes, my husband can be an insensitive clod sometimes. But, you know, Jessica, you really do have a lovely body and your tits are beautiful. You really shouldn't blame my husband or any other man for wanting to look at them!"

For the first time, Jessica smiled.

Mrs. Malone continued, "Robert just couldn't stop talking about your tits back in our room. In fact, I think you got him really teased."

Jessica replied, "What about those remarks he made about telling the guys at work that he saw me topless? I work with those guys. I don't want them to know about my tiny tits!"

"Yes, He is dying to tell the story to the boys back at the teacher's lounge, but don't you worry, he won't say a thing."

"What do you mean?"

The older lady calmly slipped her bikini top off as she talked with Jessica. I was shocked at the sudden appearance of her C cups, her thick nipples and her 3 inch wide, dark aureoles. Since Jessica taught under Mr. Malone, her principal, I had seen the principal's wife many times at school functions. I never expected to see so much of her. Soon, I began to listen to what she was saying.

"Robert is very poorly endowed, small if you get what I'm saying. If he speaks a word of seeing your boobs here, I'll make sure his friends know about his little problem."

My wife's mouth was agape at this revelation.

Mrs. Malone continued, "You can relax here, nobody will hear about anything."

Mrs. Malone then laid back, her boobs flattening, and closed her eyes to the sun. I looked at Jessica and she looked at me with a little smile at her new secret knowledge about her big boss. He was nowhere in sight, and with her new knowledge that her fellow teachers would not hear of her exposure, she relaxed and slipped off her top and lay down. Her tiny boobs looked like the A cups they are next to her boss's wife. Eventually, we drifted off to sleep on the beach.

Suddenly, I awoke to quiet clicks. I looked up to see Mr. Malone snapping digital pics of my topless, sleeping wife. Before I could think, I shouted "Hey" and grabbed for the camera.

The girls each sat bolt upright as my grab missed at Mr. Malone as he jumped back. My fist closed on his swim trunks instead, and he stumbled back, falling flat on his back. I held my grip, and in a flash, his trunks were at his ankles. He lay there stunned as we looked down at him, his little penis standing straight up.

Much to my wife's amazement, this large guy, her boss, was shaved clean, and was sporting a 4 inch erection. (Standing at attention I guess because of his recent photography). Mrs. Malone quickly picked up his camera, shot a few pics of him on his back, exposed and underdeveloped. She expertly popped the flash disk out and handed it to my wife.

Mrs. Malone said, "This should keep him quiet for you!"

Jessica added, "I don't like it when you take my picture without asking. And you had better not tell anyone about this at work or else I'll show them the pictures of your puny little penis!"

Mr. Malone, humiliated and embarrassed, soon came to his senses and scrambled up, pulling his swim suit over his tiny penis.

I was speechless, but Mr. Malone found his voice.

"Okay. You win. Just don't show those pictures to the guys at work. I won't say anything when we get back."

Jessica was sitting on the lounge, her hands over her perfect little breasts. She looked him in the eye, and slowly lowered both hands, giving him his first good look at her breasts.

Jessica agreed, "Okay."

Poor Mr. Malone, flustered by what had just happened, said, "I like your tits."

Jessica just smiled.

**Shy Wife's Camping Exposure**

A couple of years ago, my very shy wife, Jessica, had some unintentional exposure (see prior stories) but we have since moved for my work, and she has put it behind her. She still exercises a lot, dances the nut cracker each Christmas at the local theater and, in my opinion, has a tight hot body. She, on the other hand, is very shy of her body. Her tiny A cups are her biggest secret. She wears gel cup bras 100% of the time. Even her swim suits have inserts. We are each just under thirty, and our new home town gives us a lot of opportunity for hiking and camping that we had not had before. We have even learned to kayak. Good times.

We got in good with a club of like minded outdoor types and would go out on a canoe trip, camping trip or something similar about once a month. Each individual trip was usually a small affair, with 10 or less people on each trip, so we got to know everyone really well. Jessica is one of the few wives or even women to go on these trips, so she is well appreciated by the (usually younger) guys.

Several months and several trips later, we were comfortable and ready to go on our hiking/camping trip last weekend. We were to canoe in for a day and camp for two.

During the canoe trip in, we had our firs problem. Jessica was wearing a bikini, getting some sun and we had packed our clothes in a water proof barrel. We lost control about halfway to our campsite, and the canoe went over. We weren't hurt, but our extra clothes floated away while I was recovering my wife and righting the canoe.

We made our way to the camp site in one piece, but Jessica had nothing to wear but a bikini. We helped set up camp for a few hours with Jessica's tight bod drawing plenty of attention from the guys. She was getting a little nervous about being so underdressed and was getting a bit cold in her wet bikini. We finally got my coworker and friend, Mark to lend us a shirt for her to cover up with. Mark is a pretty good sized guy, so the shirt was big enough for her to wear as a sleep shirt while her bikini was drying.

She hustled away to peel off her wet swim suit and slip of the big, button up shirt. The campers and I set up the fire and began cooking dinner. When Jessica returned, she looked like a little girl in her daddy's shirt. she hung her bikini up near the fire, and all eyes were on my diminutive near naked wife.

For the first time, she was without her gel top and her flat chest was obvious to us. I'm sure she thought the shirt was baggie enough to conceal this from the crowd.

She sat cross-legged at the fire, making sure that her crotch was covered while we cooked and ate. The guys were paying her tons of attention, and I was clueless why until I sat down beside her. In the firelight, I saw that the shirt gaped between buttons, and the guys could see well lit nipple on the left. Her little white tit was visible to all the guys to the right of her. Of course, I couldn't tell her because she would be mortified. Most of our guy friends found some reason to sit on the right of her for a least part of the night. At least she was good at keeping the shirt over her unshaven crotch.

Finally, we went to sleep, leaving the bikini up to dry. I zipped the tent up and we had an uneventful night. Luckily, she was clueless about the show she put on.

About 6:30 in the morning, I left the tent to take a piss. I left the flap open without looking back. When I came back, our friends Mark and Tim were openly staring into my tent. When they saw me, they rushed off. I came to the tent to find Jessica in her favorite sleeping position. She was on her side, in the fetal position, with her knees drawn to her chest. Of course, the shirt was riding high at her waist. Her perfect white rear end, her pussy, her anus were visible in the sunlight. My breath was taken away by the extent of her unknown exposure. My eyes started as her ass crack, travelled past the few dark, sparse hairs above her anus. I looked at her lightly pigmented little butt hole then the inner lips of her vagina.

She must never know. I went in, closed the tent and pretended to sleep.

A day went by, and she didn't seem to notice they guys acting any differently toward her. I assumed the worst was over and started to relax. My wife is such a modest one that knowing what she had shown would undo her.

On the last morning, she gave mark back the shirt, thanked him and was running about in her gel top bikini. I took Mark and Tim with me into the woods to discuss the need for them to keep what they saw to themselves. On the way back, we happened upon the most shocking thing of this ill fated trip. We quietly come upon a clearing and mark came up short. Standing, clueless to our presence just five feet ahead of us was Jessica. She quickly dropped her bikini bottom and dropped to a squat.

This was a problem for many reasons. I had just explained to the guys that we must never let on that she had been exposed, and worse, Tim is one on my wife's coworkers.

We just froze and stared. I assumed a quick piss, she would move on and it would be over. No such luck. My pretty little ballerina wife let out a little grunt and leaned a bit forward, away from us. In her squat position, her anus was splayed open and worse yet, she was obviously taking a dump. I saw the log start to peek out on its way to its new home on the forest floor and I couldn't just let these guys watch. I tried to pull them away, of course, making noise. She swung her head around to see us right behind her. Damn. It was a long long trip home.

**Shy Wife's Revenge**

I've written before about my beautiful wife's embarrassment over her tiny breasts. She is a tight beautiful woman and my desire to show her off recently went a bit far. (See shy wife exposed to our friends) At the time, I untied my wife's bikini top while she was sleeping and she accidentally exposed her greatest embarrassment, her tiny tits to 8 of our closest friends. At the time, nobody told her how she lost her top, and over time, I believed that she thought it a simple accident. She never confronted me, so I believed that I had gotten away with it. She remains a bit mortified and I do feel a bit guilty about it.

The above event is well behind us, and we have been going about our lives as usual. That is, until my accident. I've always been athletic, I'm average hight, but I'm muscled and well built. I played a few sports in college, but wasn't on scholarship. My buds concede that I'm a man's man. I do have one little inadequacy of my own though. Down below, I'm a bit of a grower. That is, when erect, my dick is just a shade less than 6 inches, not that bad, but flaccid, I'm tiny. If I get nervous, work out or get cold, I drop below two inches. Looks ridiculous on a muscled guy such as myself. Jessica, my wife, has had no other men, but she is not clueless. She knows that I'm embarrassed about it, but rarely brings it up. I pray she doesn't discuss it with her friends.

Anyway, I was out rock climbing with the guys and slipped, The fall wasn't so far, but I landed flat on my back, bounced and rolled, receiving a compression fracture in my lower back and lots of bruises. I had some gravel rash on my thighs as well, but would live. The trip to the ER was embarrassing, of course. I was stripped and examined under lots of lights, with the little guy a shriveled as possible, but I didn't know any of the ER staff and Jessica hadn't gotten to the er as of yet during the really embarrassing bit. Eventually, I got to a room in the hospital with a few pain relievers. The doctor filled my wife in on my condition and told her I'd be in the hospital for a few days. She stayed with me every minute, always the good wife.

I was basically bedridden for several days. That first night, I was dirty and busted up and an older nurse came in to sponge me off in the presence of Jessica. I always tried to let her see me only near sex, when my penis was near to normal size, but I was hurt and scared and I was sporting about an inch and a half when the nurse stripped me for the bath. She was noticeably surprised at my lack of size, but said nothing. Jessica sat at my bedside having a good look at my embarrassment. She said all the right things though and I was glad to have her with me.

The next morning our mothers carpooled up for a visit. Jessica's mom is slim and relatively young in her late 40's. Mine in her fifties. I was awkward lying there wearing nothing but a short hospital gown, but I was getting a lot of sympathy from the women, so I was doing ok. That is until Jessica abruptly said, "You won't believe this road rash on his thighs!" and flipped the hem of my short gown up to my mid belly. All eyes shot to my unexpectedly tiny dick. I sputtered some resistance, but I'd had some morphine, and Jessica had her hand on my belly, pinning the gown. She just discussed the wounds while all three women took in the unimpressive view. I knew that my wife's mother would never look at me the same way. Worse, she is a big talker. News of my tiny penis would make a good story for her entire side of the family.

Mercifully, Jessica let go and I replaced my gown. The women visited for another 20 minutes or so, while I pretended to be cool with what they had seen. I hadn't felt a knot in my stomach like that since high school.

Day two in the hospital, several of our friends were planning to visit. Jessica suggested that I take a shower to be presentable. There was basically no way I could stand on my own, but a nurse and my wife helped me up and stripped off my gown. The nurse said she would have somebody strip my bed, change sheets and get me a new gown while I was in the shower that attached to my room. Walking hurt like a bitch. I barely made it to the shower. Jessica started the water and got me under the shower head. She set the water a bit cold for my taste, and as usual, the dick did its surprising disappearing act. I normally would never let Jessica see me this way, but pain helped me put it out of my mind. The shower went on for about ten minutes, then Jessica stepped out of the bathroom for a minute, leaving me leaning on the shower wall. She came back without the expected towels, but said, "Lets head out to your room to grab your towels and new gown." I was in no position to argue. My back pain was impressive and I kept my hands on my lower back as she threw open the bathroom door and led my into my hospital room.

I was immediately shocked. Sitting in my room were my three closest buds and their wives, the same guys that had got such a good look at my wife's little boobs on the lake just last year. They and their wives had been friends of ours since college. I'd been flirting with the girls for years, harmlessly, and they went along with the sexy muscled ex jock. Now they all stared in shock at my shriveled little penis. I looked around for cover. My bed had been stripped of sheets, no gown was in sight, but a towel sat my the sink. On the other side of the room. My tiny wife pushed from behind, and I, in my current state could not resist. The back would not let me. I walked, wet, naked, ashamed on my tiny dick, across the room. There were giggles, and one of my buds said simply "Man!". Eventually, I shuffled all the way to the towel and wrapped it around my waist.

I looked back at Jessica to see triumph on her face. She had been humiliated when this same bunch had seen her tiny tits, and one of her friends must have told her what I had done. She had her revenge. I would never again be known as the good looking muscled jock. I would be the guy with a tiny dick. It was only a matter of time until they guys at work and the rest of our friends heard this story. I could hardly argue well that it "gets much bigger when in action." Though it did. Wouldn't convince many and I would require admitting that I looked like I was hung like a kid.

Our friends rushed out of the room while I got dressed in my gown, and I didn't say anything to Jessica. We both knew the score.

The 45 minutes that our friends visited with us after they came back in was the longest of my life. None of them mentioned my exposure, but their minds were clearly on it.

I might have to move. Some secrets are better kept under wraps. I have to admit, I didn't think Jessica had this kind of retribution in her. Guess I was wrong.

**Sleeping Shy Wife**

A little history about my wife and myself: we started dating in high school and have been together ever since. We are now in our late 20's and are financially secure. My wife doesn't work, she is a "charity wife". She is on a lot of charity boards, and is always dragging me to some Junior Auxiliary event or some other event. She is always dressed to the 9's and is smokin' hot. She works out a lot and is small and firm, absolutely beautiful. Her secret is that she has tiny breasts, an A cup if that. She never leaves the house without a gel insert in her bra. Even her swimsuits are padded. She is mortified about this inadequacy, and I'm sure that with her careful dressing, her "little" secret is one of the best kept in town.

I've long had a fantasy of getting her comfortable with herself. My plan was to get her to expose her breasts, perhaps on the beach during vacation, and she would see that plenty of guys love the firm, tight body that she has. Needless to say, this has been a nonstarter. She would never even let me finish the suggestion.

Then came our yearly vacation. We always go on a trip with our best friends, 3 couples we have known since high school. The guys have lusted over my wife for years, but she treats them to nothing more that modest swimsuits (gel inserts firmly in place).

My friends, Steve, Jack, and David had no more success with their wives. No topless hot tub romps for us. We spent the days at the beach or playing golf. The girls did a lot of shopping. At night though, we would eat a big meal and drink a lot. Good times. On our third night, my wife, Jessica, drank way to much Saki at asian restaurant we all went to that night. Usually, we guys would hang out after dinner around the pool and have drinks, as we all had rooms that opened up on to the Caribbean air and the resort pool. Tonight though, the wife was drunk and horny and I excused myself from the guys for rare, uninhibited sex with my toasted wife.

In her drunken state, she let me strip her nude for our lovemaking, a rare thing as she likes to keep a shirt on to cover her embarrassment and her tiny boobs. Needless to say, I had a great 30 minutes, and headed to the bathroom to clean up. When I came back, Jessica had passed out with the sheet only up to her waist. Her tiny boobs looked almost boyish while she lay flat on her back. her little quarter sized areola were on full display in our well lit room. I wanted to take some pics to show the guys, but the camera was my wife's and I would certainly get busted when she downloaded the pictures. I watched her breath for a while, and it occurred to me that the guys were drinking right outside at the pool. Needless to say, I was drunk and foolish, but I decided to invite them in for a look at my wife's most guarded secret.

Of course, when I described the scene to the guys who have lusted for my beautiful wife since high school, all three agreed to sneak into my room for a look. I slid open the door leading directly from the pool to our room and there she lay. Her tiny, stark white titties exposed to three of our closest, long time friends. They seemed to be is shock, but David whispered to me "Her boobs are tiny, I always thought she had so much more!" At the sound of his voice, she made a small noise and rolled partially over carrying the covering sheet off her lower body with her knee. She drew one knee to her chest as well.

As I mentioned, Jessica has almost no fat on her trim little body. Her new position spread her newly exposed ass cheeks enough that the hair that ringed her little anus could be seen protruding from her shockingly exposed ass crack.

Now this was way more than I bargained for. I wanted to show off the boobs, but now she was mostly on her belly with one side boob and nipple exposed, but her position exposed her vagina with the inner lips just visible in the shadow cast by her thigh, and her anus could be seen by all my best friends.

They had been scared silent by her movement, but they moved to the foot of the bed for the full on view of my wife's pussy and ass hole. She just lay there peacefully while her modesty was violated in ways she could never conceive of. She had shaved for the vacation, making her exposure all the more complete. I tried to usher them out, but it took a few minutes, and my the time I got the guys out, there was no detail of my spread wife that our friends had not memorized.

When I got them out by the pool, I swore the guys to silence, an easy task as their wives would kill them if they knew.

We had four more days of vacation and my wife continued to wear her one piece swimsuits with gel inserts in the top, fooling no one. My friends gazes kept moving to her ass and tits, but I don't think she has noticed. I keep feeling unexpected pangs of jealousy that I didn't expect. I guess she had been mine alone for so long. We spend at least one day a week with our buds so I guess I'll have to get used to the feeling.

Have to admit though, I still think about her being unknowingly open and exposed to our friends. Nothing makes me hotter.

**Took it a Bit Far**

So in the summers we enjoy going to the occasional pool party at a friends house. The innovative thing is that these are open bar, no kid allowed parties. My wife and I and usually 3 or 4 other couples swim, hit the hot tub and drink beer and margaritas. We have all known each other since college and there is no funny business at these parties. We are all professionals, lawyers etc, so nobody is wild enough for any nudity or anything of the sort at these little parties. Or so I though.

Last Saturday afternoon, about 2 pm, we had been drinking and partying for a couple of hours. My wife, Jessica, had apparently had one too many. I had just come out of the cool pool and was standing in front of the outdoor chairs and table, where everybody had gathered for burgers that were coming off the grill. I was talking to a cute red head, Amy, who had married friend of mine and had been one of Jessica's good college friends. I had hit on her once when we were young, so Jessica preferred that I leave Amy alone.

Anyway, I was talking and enjoying the look of Amy's B cups in her one piece top when Jessica suddenly and drunkenly pantsed me! I'm not sure if she was just drunk or if she thought I would have boxers or something, but all eyes, including Amy's fixed on my dick, my swim suit at my knees. Having just come out of the water, I was not making a good impression on our long term friends. and I reached down to pull up my swim suit as fast as possible, while I heard a giggle about my water logged, shrinkage. Usually, I'm a pretty normal guy, but out of the water, I'm 2 inches at best. The drawstring had been tied, and it took me seconds to get my dignity back. Well, that might be too far. Lets just say I got my swim suit back up.

I turned to see my wife, Jessica, laughing drunkenly at my embarrassment, and I just lost it a bit. I shot forward and grabbed Jessica, spinning her to face the abruptly quiet crowd of 4 couples. Jessica is very fit and lean, but she weighs a bit under 100 pounds. I am a lot bigger. I pinned her wrists behind her with one hand and pawed at her bikini bottoms with the other hand. At this point, she was still laughing a bit and kicking back at me playfully. I don't think she thought that I, a pretty jealous husband, would embarrass her at all in front of our friends. What she didn't know is that having all our friends think I was sporting a 2 incher was humiliating and for the time being, was clouding my thinking.

I got hold of one side of her bikini and pulled down a bit. When the top of her landing strip came into view, she stopped laughing. Our friends stared at the exposed little tuft of brown pubic hair like they were hypnotized. We are a pretty straight laced bunch. Exposed pubic hair just didn't happen, I know my buddies were all eyes. Jessica still hadn't gotten her mind around my strange behaviour when I grabbed the other side and found the string that held the bottoms on. With a pull, the bikini bottoms came away and fell to the ground. She stood is shocked silence for a beat, her brown curls up top and tight, small vagina exposed in the harsh sunlight to the eyes of our friends. Jessica began to apologize to me and ask me to let her go, and I was just about to do it when she got a hand free and spun around, slapping at me. Now, of course, our friends were watching her bare ass as she struggled with her newly pissed off and humiliated husband. I wrapped one arm around her torso pinning her arms and with the other arm scooped her into the air.

My arm rested at the bend of her knees pulling her knees to her chest and the view for our friends was exponentially more lewd. With her knees at her chest, her pigmented anus and her inner pussy lips were exposed and I held her for a moment while the giggles from our friends returned. Jessica had only her bikini top for modesty, and I didn't have a free hand to remove that or at the time, I would have.

In about 45 seconds, I came to my senses, but not before my wife's exposure had been more humiliating and complete than mine. I gently sat her down and she quietly picked up her bikini bottoms and slipped them on under the watchful and leering gazes of our friends. Needless to say, we went home. We had dinner without mentioning anything about the day. After dinner, she was on me kissing and reaching for my now, rigid dick.

Apparently, a little overexposure pushes a few buttons on that little wife of mine. Might have to find a way to do it again...

**Shy Wife Exposed to Our Friends**

My wife Jessica and I began dating when she was 14. Now, many years later we are married, but she is inexperienced and overly modest. She is petite and beautiful, but her small A cups are a source of embarrassment for her. She never leaves home without some kind of padded bra. Even her swim suit has a "gel" padded top. She is so mortified about the idea of men seeing her secret embarrassment that even her doctor is a female. If you read any of my previous stories, you know that she has had a slip up before where one of my friends got a look, but she was unaware of her exposure. I found out, unexpectedly, that I was turned on by the exposure and I've been looking for a repeat performance. She has been careful though.

Last summer though, we hit the lake with group of our friends from college, four other couples that we have known for over ten years. The guys are some of my oldest friends, we all get together a few times a year with the wives. Many of them have lusted after Jessica for years. My wife is a dancer, and her awesome ass and tight body have made me the envy of the guys for years. Of course, they think the wife has at least B cups.

The lake trip started off great. We loaded onto a pontoon boat and started drinking and soaking up the sun. Jessica was wearing a Victoria Secret bikini with the gel top. She was looking, tan, tight and hot as hell. A few hours into the drinking, Jessica decided to lie down for a tan. She moved to the front of the boat and lay down face down, falling quickly to sleep. I'd been drinking all day as well and listening to complements from the guys about my smokin' wife. Not thinking to clearly, and remembering how hot her accidental down blouse peek had been with my other buddy the previous year (see prior story), I walked over and untied her bikini top "So she wouldn't get tan lines". She was on her belly sleeping and the bikini top was under her. Nothing could be seen, but all eyes were on her after my rash move.

The waves were rocking the boat, and the least bit of side boob was visible, but tantalizing as it was, nothing much could be seen. Then, without warning, she rolled over in her sleep. It was so quick that I couldn't react or move. She rolled right on her back, pinning her bikini top behind her back. Her tiny boobs, having never had sun exposure were shocking white and on her back, she looked like she had almost no tits at all. Her little areola are about 3/4 of an inch in diameter, but the nipples are pretty long. All eyes were on the shocking exposure, made all the more surprising by the fact that she had always appeared to have so much more up top.

I was frozen in place, but her old room mate, the wife of one of my buddies, rushed forward yelling at her to cover up. She sat bolt upright, confused, topless and facing our closest 8 friends. Her tits assumed their normal shape, beautiful and perky. Her nipples pointed straight ahead, her boobs small enough though that it was obvious that she had less than a handful each. They guys stared in shocked silence at the boobs they had all imagined and hoped to see for years. It took several seconds before my wife realized that she was unexpectedly topless. She had no idea where her top was (behind her) and jumped to her feet. For some reason she started to run around the boat, her tiny boobs bouncing in full view. Her old room mate retrieved her top and handed it to her. She quickly turned away, and replaced her gel bikini top. When she turned to face us again, She looked to have B cups again. Now this was an obvious fake. Her most guarded secret had been exposed to many of our best friends. She was red and almost speechless. Thank god she didn't know I was responsible. She seemed to think that the top had accidentally "fallen off". Nobody told her otherwise.

She clearly wanted to run away, but we were in the middle of the lake. The guys tried to make her feel better by complimented her little boobs, but each time they brought up her exposure, the more embarrassed she became. I was turned on but felt guilty about it. We finally made it to shore and my newly outed tiny breasted wife made her escape.

All my buds could not believe their luck. I saved the emails they sent me with compliments about her tight body and little breasts. I've always loved her firm little breasts and I hope she gives up the charade and embraces it. Thanks to me, her secret is out and that genie can't be put back. My friends will always remember my wife's exposed little boobs. It is only a matter of time until her friends explain to her how it happened. Don't know how I'll make it up to her. She'll get me back somehow. Kinda makes me nervous, but it was worth it.

**My Shy Wife Makes My Buddies Day**

My wife Jessica and I began dating in high school. She is beautiful, but despite me telling her time and time again, she isn't sure of that. She dresses great, weighs about 105 pounds and is five feet four inches tall. Small a cups that she wishes were bigger and a nice, round butt. She is thin and athletic and all my friends have always at least thought of her in impure ways. :)

She and I never broke up, and she has no experience with other guys. My friends never even got the satisfaction of a description of her bedroom habits, much less a peek at her sans clothes.

In college, I had a lot of guy friends and lived in a house with 5 other guys. Our girlfriends slept over all the time, but we had our own rooms and it was pretty private. One of my room mates, Eric, was particularly taken with Jessica (my now wife), but she never so much as accidentally showed any flesh to the guy. She did walk from the bathroom to our room in a towel now and then, which made the other guys wild. I was the same way with some of their girlfriends. These chicks were young and looked good. Jessica in particular though is tight, prim and hot as hell.

A couple of years after college, Jessica and I got married, you know, the usual. A few years after that, she was pregnant. She stayed thin, but now she had the look of having swallowed a basketball. Her A cups grew to B's and her nipples darkened a bit. Still looked damn good. Shaving down below fell to the way side and she got hairier down below than I thought she could. Kind of a turn on strangely enough.

Over this time, I had lost contact with Eric, hadn't seen him in a few years.

Eventually, the day came. Of course her contractions came in off hours, and her regular gynecologist (a woman) wasn't on call. Well, beggars can't be choosers and an older guy took her gynecologist's place. No big thing, we were busy with the spinal anesthesia and getting ready to get that baby out.

It was quite the scene. She had been given a gown, open to the front, and was it the splay legged position with bare feet in stirrups. She had monitors on her belly and the gown had basically fallen off. She was with me and a room full of strangers (only one other man) She was only a bit embarrassed, but I think the event kept her mind off the show she was putting on. Then, in walked my old friend Eric. He was smiling ear to ear, wearing the short white coat of a medical student, and his eyes were fixed on the open hairy pussy of my wife as he walked to take his place next to the Gyn doc. He had clearly looked at the chart, knew we were in this room, and decided he wanted to volunteer to "help". He waved at me and I just stared. The Gynecologist just started to talk him through the delivery. My wife had a obstructed view and, for the moment, had no idea that Eric was looking at her in a whole new way. I walked over to the business end and looked at her. Her pussy was wet, swollen and slightly open. Her anus had darkened a bit with pregnancy and was on full display in her position. My buddy was about a foot and a half away from that hairy little ring and he was having a good look. Her tits, bigger than usual, were firm and pointing up in full view as well.

About now, the gynecologist called Eric by name and my wife saw him. He had been in for about 3 or 4 minutes before she yelled for him to leave the room. They older doc seemed surprised, but sent him out and the rest went smoothly. The next day, Eric came in to apologize, claiming that he didn't realize that she was in the room when he went in. Definite B.S. Worse yet, he brought his wife, who as it turned out, belonged to Junior Auxiliary with my wife. Looked like we would be seeing them at events here and there.

Of course, all my friends got the down and dirty description that Eric could provide. My friends got their long hoped for description of the tits they had wanted to see, and of course, everything else from clit size to how much hair she has on her anus. They guys still email me goading me about this, since I had held out so long on any details. Jessica remains mortified and wanted me to tell her how much he saw. I thought about lying, but I didn't think that would work. I told her that he had seen everything while she was sweating, hairy and naked. Luckily she hadn't been able to feel anything below her waist during delivery due to the spinal, so I didn't tell her that he had checked her cervix once before he had been sent out.

The guy is supposed to be at her Junior Auxiliary ball next week.

**Hospital Exposure**

My wife Jessica and I have been married for 12 years. She is a beautiful girl, an athlete, about 5'3" and 105 pounds with long brown hair, blue eyes and a tight, tight body. Despite my description, she is super shy. She thinks her breasts are way too small (A cups) and her "booty" is too large. I disagree, but she is a one piece swimsuit kind of girl and she never goes out without her wonder bra. She works hard a the illusion of a B cup.

One night we were sitting around after dinner, having a bit of wine when she started to feel ill. First, she had pain in her abdomen, then nausea, vomiting. I bundled her up to go to the ER. When we got there, she was told to change into a short (open to the back) hospital gown. The nurse told her to "take everything off".

Jessica and I were left in ward with 8 beds with a privacy curtain between us and the world. The room had young, old, men and women in it. I pulled the curtain as best I could, but there was an inevitable opening. She was too sick to care, stripping nude quickly and struggling with her gown as the inhabitants of the two beds across from us got the whole show. I looked over at them, actually recognizing one. The first was a flushed faced boy of about 19. The second was my wife's boss. I knew the man well, a youngish boss of around 50. They worked at a small company and there were several yearly parties where we would chat with him and his wife. I looked from him to my wife as he stared at her and saw that Jessica was having trouble. She was facing the gap in the curtain with the gown lowered as she tried to get her arms through. Her tiny boobs were standing on display with her small pink nipples pointing directly at her audience.

I hoped that she just wouldn't notice and he would never mention it. She would be forever mortified. She got the gown on and dropped to the bed without noticing the show she had put on. Soon, people came in for blood and then she had to shuffle bare assed to the bathroom to provide a urine sample. Here, she did notice the boss. He seemed to be getting a chest xray at the time, and she shuffled past quickly trying to hold her gown closed.

Then, in came the doctor. A man of about 40. He talked for a while about the possible diagnoses and proceeded with a quick "pelvic". He asked me to step out, which I did. At this point, her brother, who I had called when we went to the hospital, and my parents (who are like parents to her as well, all arrived) They moved to stand next to me where I was making small talk with my wife's boss. I noticed the man looking over my shoulder, actually I'd noticed Jessica's brother doing the same and looked over as well. There she was with her knees up fully on display between the gap in the curtain. The gown tented at her knees so she could not see us, but the doctor had directed a large floor lamp to illuminate her crotch and at this moment, he had moved aside with some slide for his microscope. Before my astounded eyes, lay my wife's brightly lit, spread pussy. We were no more than 8 feet away, and she had shaved for me just a few days before. Her inner lips were just slightly parted, her outer lips just a bit puffy. The light even exposed her tiny anus, just a little bit pigmented with a light ring of hair. I stopped speaking when I saw this and the group of us just fell silent. After about 30 seconds, the doctor moved back into view, and I thought to step between the gap in the curtain and the gawking boss and family.

Soon we were allowed back in to visit and we managed to do so without letting on to her that she had been so completely exposed.

The Doctor came back with the diagnosis of appendicitis and she was wheeled to surgery. We were directed to her new room to wait for her. I said my goodbye to her boss, hoping that he would not let on to her what he had seen. I don't think her modesty would let her stay in the job if she had that much exposure to a man she worked with every day.

We waited in her room for hours before she was brought back. She was tightly wrapped in warm blankets and seemed to still be sedated. The doctor was standing by the gurney and told us that he had gotten to her in time and that she should do well. With that, he stepped out and the the nurses came in to transfer her to her hospital bed. The older of the two closed the door and asked, "are we all family here?" I no sooner said yes, when she started pulling off the OR blankets while the other nurse readied the new bed. In no time it was apparent that her gown was removed for the surgery. In about 10 seconds the blankets were gone and my young, painfully modest wife, lay naked before us on the gurney. Her head has rolled toward us, eyes closed peacefully. Her tiny tits were flat as she lay on her back, making her look to have even more minute breasts than usual. Her little nipples were hard in the cold. Her feet were slightly spread, and her pussy, with only a two day growth of very light stubble, was fully exposed. The nurses grabbed her shoulders while asking us to lift her feet for the transfer to the bed. Her brother and my father each grabbed a foot and they moved her on the count of three. When she moved, her legs gaped and her little clit was exposed in the temporarily gaping vagina. Her little breasts jiggled for just a second. My father, being a bit older, was a little slow on the transfer and Jessica rolled when he didn't move his leg as fast as Jessica's older brother, Eric. Jessica flopped onto her belly, her beautiful rounded ass pointing skyward. At this point, she awoke.

She started to ask questions, "where am I? Eric, what are you doing here?" She then noticed her nudity, but in her post op pain, could not move. The nurses just methodically rolled her onto her back, slowly got her gown ready, sat her up and helped her into a new gown. My wife, shocked at her exposure, said nothing. For a girl of her modesty, this was not good. What they had seen could not be unseen. She would know that our family could call up her every detail to memory at any time.

Not good. Eventually, she was tucked in bed, and I convinced the family to go for the night.

A week later, she went back to work, and I held my breath hoping that the boss would say nothing. A couple of weeks went by without incident, until we were at the office Christmas party. He approached us and started talking about how he apologized for "invading her privacy" at the hospital. It seems he thought she knew that he had ogled her gaping vagina. Of course she had not, until he described the view in his apology. We quickly left the party.

I've been trying to convince her that the world did not end when some people had a look at her little tits, ass and pussy. She did agree to stay on the job, as her boss was a "gentleman" about it. That very night, we had awesome sex. She was impressively wet. I'm beginning to think my wife might not be a shy as she used to be. I'm gonna talk her into a bikini this year and see where that leads us.

**Accidental Show**

So my wife and I are like many of you. We met in high school, I a senior and she a freshman. She was inexperienced and young and we dated for years and eventually married. She was 14 when she started dating me and still has experience with only myself. She is small, about 100 pounds and very fit. She has a tight body and small, perky A cup breasts. She is unusually modest though and my efforts to convince her that she is hot have basically failed. Though I love them, her small breasts are a source of embarrassment to her. She just thinks she should have a bit more size, so she routinely wears water filled bra cups, gel inserts etc. My friends and hers think she is a B cup, I'm sure. Even her modest swim suits have inserts in the top.

We have been married for years and, as far as we know, I'm the only guy to view these awesome tiny breasts. She even has a female gynecologist.

Anyway, I'm as proud as the next guy of my beautiful wife, but I'm possessive too. That makes what happened next all the more strange.

A college buddy of mine, his wife and my wife and myself took a trip recently, requiring a two leg flight. When we checked in curb side, one bag was overloaded and Jessica, my wife, opened it up to move stuff to a lighter bag. I was shocked to see her dress top and bra gape open when she bent over. Whit her small boobs, just a small gape revealed all. I could see both breasts and nipples clearly. Nobody else was near though and I said nothing. I'm amazed that she didn't have on one of her padded bras.

We checked in and went to the gate with the other couple. Our daughter was with us and everytime Jessica bent over to help her with her shoes, bag etc, her biggest (or in this case, smallest) secret was revealed. Usually, I would have said something to keep her modesty, but I was unusually turned on by this forbidden show. For the first leg of the flight, I didn't think my buddy had noticed, but then it happened. While we were waiting for the tram, she bent over to reach in her carry on, and he was treated to her start white little breasts with her perfect little nipples pointing straight down. I watched his face and said nothing. His gaze was fixed on Jessica's chest for 10 or 20 seconds before he had to look away before the wives noticed. I felt excited rather than the jealousy that I expected. Of course, now what has been done can't be undone. My buddy, who we hang out with all the time, will have a perfect memory of a long, good look at my wife's tits. Oddly enough, I loved it.

As we left the airport, the cab driver "helped" her install the child seat for about 7 minutes as I stood by. She never noticed the air on her hanging boobs, and didn't seem to notice that he spent more time looking at her chest than the seat.

Later that night, we were working on the presex foreplay, and I got suspicious of all this flesh that she had been flashing. I held her wrists, lay on her naked body and looked her in the eyes while I described my buddy and the taxi driver ogling her tiny white boobs. She acted shocked, but she was wet and ready. I think my shy little wife may have a little bit of an exhibitionist streak after all. I'll hope for a repeat performance some time..