**Shy Wife Exposed**

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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.

Another week went by before I saw my opportunity to more completely expose my beautiful wife to my brother.

Just two days before Jeff was to head home, Jessica had scheduled a special "farewell" dinner for him at home. The kids were going to doing an overnight at a friends house, and she intended a pretty good send off dinner with home made tapas sangria and the works. She got a bit of a late start a cooking as she had a dental appointment late that afternoon (to rework a repair of an old tooth injury dating back to her high school cheerleading days).

I picked her up from the dentist, per her request and she worked for a few hours in the kitchen while Jeff and I drank beers and hung out in the den. Finally, dinner was ready and it was excellent. We talked late into the night, reminiscing about old times, having a blast. Jessica was really packing the sangria down, but we were home and I thought nothing of it. She didn't mention to me that the dentist had told her not to mix alcohol with the pain meds he had given her earlier in the day. Toward the end of dinner, she started the slur her words, and as Jeff and I were clearing the table, she actually fell asleep in her chair. It was about here that I realized that the drugs were increasing the potency of the alcohol, and that she was "out" for the night. Of course, another thought occurred to me.

At this point, I asked my brother to help me carry my wife to bed. Of course, he agreed. I quickly grabbed her feet, leaving him to grab her under her arms, near her tiny breasts. It was amazing how solidly out she was. Breathing normally, looking like she had just drifted off, but OUT. I guess this is why they warn you not to mix those pain meds with liquor. Anyway, before I left myself time to think about it, I settled her on our bed and began to remove her clothes. Jeff, ever the gentleman, started to turn to leave, but I kept him in the room by asking him to help. I gave him a job that he couldn't think was invasive or weird. Her shoes.

While he worked on her laces though, I was unbuttoning her blouse. Just as he was pulling off her little athletic socks, exposing her perfect little bare feet, I revealed her little bra when I tossed her blouse to the ground by our bed. Gentleman that he was, this gave him pause. I carried on as if it was an everyday occurrence to have people help me undress my painfully shy little wife. He seemed frozen in place as I pulled her pants down and off, leaving her "boy short" panties and bra as the only savior to her modesty.

She, of course, was sleeping like a baby. At this point, even I paused. Of course, he had seen her tiny dangling boobs recently, but we had not talked about it, he certainly hadn't acknowledged that he liked it. I looked at him, he looked at me, and I reached for the (front) snap of her bra. In no time, I pulled the cups apart, exposing her flat, white, bare a cups under the bright light of the bedroom lamps. He, and I were riveted by her little pick nipples, rising and falling with her even breathing. Then, my eyes fell to her panties.

Her little feet had fallen a bit to each side as she lay on her back, the white, thin cloth of her panties betraying a bit of a "camel toe" between her dancer's thighs. Surreally, I hear myself say, "she sleeps nude," and I reached for the "boy shorts".

I heard his breath catch in his throat as I, very slowly, began to lower the waistband. Jessica shaves often, and had only a day or two of growth that night. She was oblivious as the swell of her pussy came into our view. I slowed as the cloth drew below her clit and as the tiny, secret nub came into the view of my brother. I wanted to keep it slow, but excitement got the better of me, and I pulled them the rest of the way off, tossing them to the floor.

Jessica lay nude before us in the bright light of my bedroom, utterly exposed to my brother and myself. Or I thought she was utterly exposed. To my shock, Jeff gripped Jessica's heels and lifted, spreading at the same time. Her little vagina spread open before us, lewdly and her small pigmented anus came into his view. He looked at it like it might be the holy grail for about 30 seconds, whispered "thank you," and walked out of the room.

I thought I might regret going through with this fantasy of mine, but to be honest, it still excites me to think of that night. My brother and I never speak of it at all, and Jessica is just as painfully shy as always. She chats happily with Jeff and his wife at every family holiday, not knowing of her complete exposure to his eyes. What she doesn't know can't hurt her. I would never want to hurt her, so It'll be my little secret..

**Shy Wife Exposed To An Admirer**

Those of you that know my wife know that she is an interesting combination of beautiful and painfully shy. She is petite with a tight body, about 5'4" 110lbs. My wife is well known around town, active in local theater and our church. This fall, her volunteering and church led her to one of her most humiliating exposures.

Jessica often volunteers to help with the children's ministry in our church, and recently, she was overseeing the church hay ride with a few other parents when she had a fall. She become overbalanced when trying to help a child on the ride, falling off and breaking her arm. Her injury was really something, a "compound" fracture - bone could be seen jutting out of the arm. I wasn't there, but she was whisked by ambulance to the local hospital and I rushed there.

She had been through the trauma department and was admitted by the time that I arrived. She was in a hospital bed, waiting on surgery. I was relieved to see that the Doctors didn't think that she had anything life threatening. The plan was to go to surgery for the arm. Seemed like a good plan. Jessica was comfortable enough, she had good meds and she knows several of the doctors and nurses from church, theater stuff and around town. Everybody was pretty familiar to her, and her curent nurse, Lori, was all business getting her ready for surgery.

I met the surgeon, a guy who's daughter goes to school with our son, and he explained that the surgery would take a while and that he would have to use screws to hold the bone together. He seemed confident and headed out to get ready.

Jessica smiled bravely as Lori wheeled her off to surgery, and I (and Jessica's parents by now) went to the waiting room near the OR to wait a few hours. After the (long) wait was over the surgeon came out to tell us of the success of her surgery. Apparently she was going to have a full recovery.

Right after his talk, I saw her going by on her gurney, on the way to her room so I followed behind her. She still seemed quite out from the anesthesia, but looked fine. Her arm was wrapped in a huge dressing, she seemed wrapped in a pile of warm blankets.

As I got to her room, I was in for quite a shock. Her new nurse (shift had changed during surgery) was her frequent co volunteer from church and (I suspected a bit of an admirer ofhers) Roger. I had no idea the guy was a nurse, but we saw him all the time at church. He always seemed to volunteer for anything that would give him time to work with Jessica. A bit of an older guy from our stand point, 50's. I knew he was single but had a girlfriend.

He greeted me right away as the OR team brought her into the room. "Don't worry, I felt so bad about her fall that I wanted to make sure that she is well taken care of. Just give me some time to get her tucked in and I'll come get you when I'm done."

Well, I didn't see that I had much choice. I looked at my mostly sleeping wife - one eye just a slit open- and leaned in to give her a kiss before I went to the waiting room. It was as I did this, that I noticed that she was nude beneath the blankets. Really no shock there, but Roger was about to "tuck in" my little shy wife. She would be mortified. So, what did I do? I walked to the waiting room to wait. The whole OR team was behind me, leaving Roger to "tuck her in".

It was a long 20 minutes before a flushed Roger returned to let me back in the room. Of course, the blankets were all gone, she was waking up now, and as her arm was in an enormous cast, her hospital gown was just draped over her small body like a sheet. Safe to say that she had no more secrets from Roger. Soon it was evident that she didn't remember coming into the room (guess the anesthesia wasn't totally worn off) so I decided to keep her exposure to myself to spare her the embarrassment. My wife looks great, but she goes to great length to hide the fact that she has such tiny breasts, small A cups, always wearing padded bras etc. She wouldn't be able to look Roger in the face again if she knew.

Of course, that hope of keeping her in the dark about her exposure died quickly. The form of her little body was very evident under the gown, but with just family in the room, she was ok. 30 minutes later though, in came Roger. They spoke for a bit about the accident and she soon realized how exposed she must look, reaching for her sheets with her good arm. When she did, the gown pulled down just a few inches, nothing really exposed except for a red splotch on her upper chest, lower neck.

Well, apparently that was a very bad thing. She had been given IV antibiotics during surgery, and it seemed that he was instructed to be on guard for any rash, or so he said. He started talking about the danger or a rash and reached up grabbing the neckline of her gown. Now it was just lying on her like a sheet, so he lifted it looking down her torso like a peeper. She seemed to surprised to say anything at all. He saw more rash, and without any ado, pulled the gown to mid belly. At this point, not only was her church friend staring at her tiny tits and her upturned little nipples) her step father was getting his first every review of them as well. She squeaked at him to turn around - which he did, no doubt having seen plenty.

Now, I admit, there was a rash blooming and my shy shy wife just closed her eyes as Roger pulled the gown completely off. Quite the sight. Her little shaved vagina was right there, a catheter jutting rudely from just above it, her lips being reviewed probably for the second time that night by the admiring Roger. My wife, mortified, said nothing. Just when I thought it was over, he told her to roll over so he could see her "backside". She made no argument, rolling away from her hurt arm, her tiny boobs changing shape just a bit with the turn. Her "backside" was now to me and Roger was giving it a good look. The coop de gras came when he looked at the mild rash on her buttocks. He reached out, grabbed on cheek and pulled them apart looking into the mildly hairy ass crack of my little wife. Of course, I and her mother were watching, and I noticed her stepdads face in the mirror and realized that he had this view as well.

After a bit, Roger was satisfied and let her roll back to her back. She made no move as he draped her gown back over her, and stood for a while talking about the rash. Finally he said, "I'll have to call the doctor". and left the room

Jessica's eyes met mine and I have never seen her so embarrassed. Of course, things were just getting started. More to come...