**Shy Wife on the Beach**

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**Shy Wife on the Beach Ch. 01**

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 I 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.