**Took it a Bit Far**

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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...