**The Outfit Selection**

by Kurt Refusal

**The Outfit Selection - pt 1**

It had been a month since the “dinner party incident” and Natalie was running out of ways to avoid the question of the photo shoot. At first it had been easy. After the dinner party Adam had acted with a kind of dazed obedience; being polite - even kind - and pretty much going with the flow in every situation. Socially, emotionally and, well, very much physically. In fact for almost ten days Natalie and Adam had spent most nights and some mornings in bed, together, showing their appreciation for one another in an intimate fashion.

F\*\*\*ing, in other words.

It had been rather lovely but it could never last. Natalie got busy at work, Adam got busy doing whatever the hell it is he did all day and his thoughts had clearly returned to what was owed.
And so it was, on a warm Sunday morning, over breakfast, Adam finally put his foot down.

“So this photo shoot…” He began, after sipping deeply from his coffee.

‘I knew we should have had sex this morning, it keeps him under control’, Natalie thought to herself.

“This again?” She said out loud, arching an eyebrow in a disparaging fashion she hoped would end the discussion. It would have worked a couple of weeks previously. It did not work that day.

“Just calling in what’s owed, Nat. So when are you free? We’re going to need a whole day, to allow for travel time.”

‘Travel time?!’ Natalie’s mind screamed, ‘where is he going to take me?’

“To be honest,” Natalie said out loud in a calm, reasonable tone, “I don’t think I’m quite ready yet.”

“Hmmm.” Adam hmmmed.

“It’s just… photos last forever, and I… I don’t know, it’s not that I don’t trust you it’s... I’m just not there. Not yet. Can we postpone?”

“Huh.”

“Is that okay?” Could it really be this easy?

“It’s fine… but there will have to be… consequences. A forfeit of some kind.” Adam intoned.

Natalie was expecting this. He loved his little games, so she’d probably have to indulge him in some light weirdness that, if she was being entirely honest, she might very well enjoy a bit herself.

The thought of the dinner party still had her tingling between the legs, despite the attendant feelings of dismay and disbelief at her own behaviour. It was a complicated brew of emotions.

“What kind of consequences?” Natalie hated the shaky sound of her voice. Was that nervousness she could hear, or excitement? Both?

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Adam frowned, “I’ll have to think.”

‘A thinking Adam is a bad Adam’, Natalie’s internal panicked voice exclaimed, ‘distract him!’
Natalie stood up suddenly.

“What about,” she began, “if I spent the whole rest of the day topless?”

Adam sat up, immediately more interested.
“Topless, you say?”

“Yes,” Natalie said eagerly, and with one swift motion pulled her tight T-shirt over her head and threw it over the couch. Her firm D-cup breasts moved slightly with the motion of her throw. “See, I’ll be like this allll day. No matter what. How embarrassing!”

Natalie bounced up and down on the spot, breasts jiggling, desperately trying to capture his full attention. Adam’s face turned from eagerness to cynicism in less than a second. She’d tried too hard, been too keen and overplayed her hand. After all, it’s not much of a punishment if you suggest it.

“Thank you, but no,” he said sourly, “if you wish to spend the day topless, go right ahead, but that’s not the forfeit. And frankly, it does nothing for me.”

With that Adam stood up, expression imperious and distant. The erection tenting the front of his boxer shorts rather spoiled the illusion however, and he play acted like he wasn’t aware of it, knocking over his empty coffee mug with his dick.

“Oh dear, what’s happening?” He said in a plummy British accent, “Cursed mug, stay still, damn you!”

“I thought you hated slapstick.”

“This is slapsdick.”

Natalie groaned laughed at his idiocy and Adam smiled and wandered over to the sink to wash his mug. Still topless she walked up behind him and started stroking his arms.

“You sure this doesn’t do anything for you?”

He turned, smiling. “Of course it does. You’re insanely ...ing gorgeous. I’ll never know why you deign to f\*\*k this aging monkey man.”

Adam ran a gentle hand up her chest, between her boobs, along her neck and rested it behind her head. He leaned in close and kissed her on the lips, gently, barely touching. Then he moved his lips down and kissed each nipple, once, twice, a light flick of the tongue. Natalie’s nipples hardened and she moaned softly but then he was gone, and moving away from her.
“But it still doesn’t count as the forfeit.” He called, leaving the room and heading upstairs.

“Hey. Hey! Get back here!”

But he was gone, leaving Natalie flustered and alone.

“Well shit.”

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That night as Natalie lay in bed reading she heard a knock at the door.

“Hello?” She sat up in bed.

“It’s me.” Adam called.

“Come in.”

Oh God, what’s he cooked up? She wondered. But beneath the nervousness there was at least a little bit of excitement, wasn’t there? Perhaps even a medium-sized bit.

Adam entered and sat, oddly chastely, at the end of the bed.

“So, I have a modest proposal for you.” He said, smiling oddly.

Natalie sighed and put down her book. Here we bloody go.

“At first I thought, let’s extend your topless policy for a week, but take your pants as well. Keep you naked while indoors for seven days.”

Natalie’s face made a grimace of displeasure but between her legs she felt a throb of excitement. A whole week without a single thing to wear? It had possibilities…

“But then I figured, you might actually enjoy that,” Adam smirked.
(Dammit!)
“So I went somewhere a little different. My proposal is: for a week, seven days, I get to choose what you wear. I have total control over everything you put on from Monday - tomorrow - to the following Sunday.”

“Adam, if I do that you’ll just sent me to the shops topless, or naked to work and I’ll get arrested or fired.” Natalie sighed.

“No, the deal will be: I can’t put you in anything that will get you arrested or lose your employment. I have to choose actual clothes that you own.” Adam held his hands up, palms open, like the most reasonable pervert around.

“How much time will that buy me?” Natalie wanted to know.

“I’ll shut up about the photo shoot for a month and not one day more.”
A whole month? Seemed like a good deal. Too good, frankly. Natalie narrowed her eyes.

“What about underwear?” She asked, suspicious.

“What about it?”

“Will you have control of that?”

“I will indeed.”

“Meaning you could not let me wear it?”

Adam grinned, face reddening.
“Real talk, Nat: you’re not going to be wearing a bra or undies for seven days.”

Above the sheets Natalie’s face was grim, yet the strange tingle she felt at those words was… really nice, to be honest.

“You are such a gross perv,” Natalie purred, unable to sound as grumpy as she hoped she looked.

“Do we have an agreement?”
Seven days with Adam in charge of outfits. With no underwear at all. It was bad… but could have been a lot worse.
“Fine,” Natalie murmured.

“Excellent,” Adam stood, “I will see you in the morning before work to choose your outfit.”

“That’s 7am, you’ll never get up that early!” She retorted.

“We’ll see.”

Adam left the room and Natalie’s eyes felt heavy. She put her book aside and turned off the light. She was asleep within minutes.

That night Natalie dreamt she went to work. A boring premise for a dream by all accounts, except everyone was staring at her. Some in disbelief, some were laughing and pointing, others were taking pictures with their phones. At first Natalie dismissed their attention as some kind of prank, but then she caught a glimpse of herself in an office window.

She was completely naked, save for a pair of fancy thigh-high boots. Natalie screamed and looked down at her nude body, as the office workers crowded in, leering and pointing. She covered herself with her hands, obscuring the view of her breasts and pussy, feeling the intense warmth between her legs.

Before she knew what she was doing she started touching herself down there, enjoying the tightness, the heat, masturbating in front of everyone. She fell to her knees gasping, in total dismay at what she was doing, how had this happened, what was going on?!
… and woke up touching herself.

Natalie was stunningly wet and brought herself to a knee-trembling climax in record time, riding an orgasmic wave from sleep to wakefulness. She lay there in the dark, staring at the vague outline of the ceiling, thinking.

Wondering, what the hell is wrong with me?

Wondering what the next day had in store.