Sophie’s Outfit

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Sophie was sat on the sofa casually thumbing through a magazine. She was wearing a bathrobe with a towel wrapped around the top of her head, having just got out of the shower. Roger, her husband, entered the room fastening the last button of his shirt. “Isn’t it about time you got ready?” he said, “The taxi is due in forty minutes.”  
“I told you before; I’ve got nothing to wear!” Sophie exclaimed.  
“Don’t be silly. You’ve got a whole wardrobe of clothes upstairs.”  
“There’s nothing in there I tell you!”  
“Well if there’s nothing in there then you’d be walking around naked wouldn’t you? Now please go and get ready.”  
“Fine!” Sophie said slamming the magazine down onto the sofa. She then stomped up the stairs to her bedroom and slammed the door closed. Inside Sophie ripped the towel from her head and threw it onto the bed. The bathrobe soon joined the towel as it was removed from her body with equal vigour. Sophie, now totally naked, moved over to her dressing table and sat upon the stool in front of it.  
“Full wardrobe eh? Forty minutes eh? I’ll show him!” Sophie muttered to herself.  
Sophie sat at her table and proceeded to make herself up for the evening. She brushed her long, auburn hair. Make-up was applied to her face, eyes and lips. A light spray of perfume was applied to her skin. A pair of sparkling earrings were added to her ears, along with a matching necklace around her neck. Sophie was now fully prepared for the evening; all she had to do was choose an outfit.  
“Darling! Twenty minutes!” Roger shouted up the stairs.  
Sophie stood up and walked over to her wardrobe. She caught sight of her naked body in the door mirror as she opened the wardrobe and glanced inside. “Mmm. Now what would go best with this jewellery?” she thought to herself. Sophie stood with a hand on each open door as she pondered what to wear. After a few minutes thought she spotted the ideal accompaniment. With one hand, Sophie reached inside and picked up a pair of high-heeled silver sandals.  
Sophie thought she could hear Roger on the stairs as she strolled over to her bed and sat down to put her shoes on. As the first shoe went on, Sophie heard the bathroom door close. The door banged again as Sophie started to put the second shoe on. As she fastened the buckle the bedroom door opened and Roger peered in. He glanced at the open wardrobe and then at Sophie sat on the bed. “For God’s sake we’ve barely got ten minutes before the taxi‘s here. You’re not even dressed yet!” Roger yelled.  
“Don’t worry. I’ll be ready in time.” Sophie said with a smile.  
“You’d better be. Now hurry up. I’ll see you downstairs, I need a drink before we go.” Roger said as he turned and went down the stairs.  
With the shoes firmly fastened onto her feet, Sophie stood up and returned to the wardrobe. She glanced inside as she placed a hand on each door as she had done before. Sophie stood like this for a moment in deep thought. Then, with a smile broadening on her face she slowly and deliberately closed the doors shut.   
As the doors closed the mirror slowly revealed Sophie’s outfit. She stood for a moment to admire herself. Starting at the top she teased her hair and checked her make-up. She smiled at the effort she had made earlier was worthwhile. Her gaze moved casually down until could see her feet. Sophie stood twisting each foot as she admired her shoes. Sophie had small delicate feet that she liked to display as often as possible, often choosing to wear open-toed sandals. Her toenails were always meticulous painted, as were the nails on her hands. She smiled at her choice of footwear.   
Sophie’s gaze then moved up her slender legs. Her skin was smooth and toned. She looked on as her legs continued up and up until, with almost a little surprise, the first part of her outfit came into view. Sophie stared at the exposed area between her legs and smiled. She could make out the indent of her smoothly shaven lips. Above this sat a wisp of neatly trimmed pubic hair.   
Sophie’s gaze continued up to her toned flat stomach, enhanced by a jewel dangling from her belly button. As she looked on, the second part of her outfit came into view. Sophie had firm, round breasts that needed no additional support. Indeed Sophie rarely ever wore a bra. It was something she was particularly proud of being able to do. Not only was it more comfortable it meant she never had any unsightly strap marks on her skin. This was also true of her beachwear, which meant she also had no white tan marks. Sophie’s bikini only ever consisted of the bottom half.  
Sophie stood back and admired her whole body again. Her workouts at the gym and beauty salon had paid off. Her whole body was trim, toned and tanned. Sophie twisted her body and viewed her outfit for the evening. She looked at her jewellery sparkle in the light and down at her silver shoes with a little jewel on the fastening. Her eyes had almost glazed over to the rest of her body. It was almost as though her naked skin was actually an outfit she was wearing instead of her own body. She wondered whether she could actually go through with this punishment for Roger’s selfishness. It was then she heard him shout up the stairs, “ SOPHIE! Sophie are you ready?”  
Sophie looked at herself again. Her nipples were now rock hard with anticipation. She was certain now. “Yes I’m ready!” she cried.  
Sophie took a deep breath and walked slowly and purposefully to the bedroom door. Another deep breath and she stepped outside onto the landing. Sophie could feel her heart pounding away. Her nipples were hard and she had an unexpected ache between her legs. Her body was being torn in two directions; she was anxious about Roger’s reaction and what would happen if she really went through with her plan, she was also extremely excited by it all and really wanted to run back to her bed and give herself a good seeing to.  
Sophie gripped the banister and eased her way down the stairs. She was about halfway down when Roger came storming out of the lounge to see where she was. “Sophie are you read… SOPHIE! What the hell do you think you’re playing at?” Roger screamed.  
“What do you mean?” Sophie said innocently, squatting on a step.  
“Why aren’t you ready? The taxi will be here in less than five minutes!”  
“What do you mean? I am ready!”  
“You are ready? You mean that’s your outfit!”  
“Yeah. Well I told you I had nothing to wear. So I put on what I could.” Sophie felt that ache between her legs again.  
“For crying out loud. You can’t go out like that!”  
“Why not? Don’t you like my outfit?”  
“Yes it’s lovely, but you can’t possibly go out like it. You’re not even wearing any knickers!”  
“Now that would just be silly. Who goes out in just their undies?”  
“Silly? Silly? What’s silly is someone going out dressed in just a pair of shoes! Ok I get the joke. But, if you don’t get upstairs and put something on quickly you might HAVE to go like that! And I don‘t think you really want to do that do you?”  
“Of course I do! I spent a lot of time getting this outfit right. I can’t wait to show it off!” Sophie said with a forced smile. She wasn’t sure whom she was trying to convince more, herself or Roger.  
“Ok, game over. I don’t really believe you but if you’ll please put something on I promise I’ll buy you a new outfit tomorrow. Ok?”  
Sophie paused a moment to consider her options; should she believe Roger and take up his offer, or humiliate him and stay as she was? Did she even really want to? The ache between Sophie’s legs and her hard nipples told her that she did! Would she even be able to go out like this? Deep in thought, Sophie eased herself up and stood trying to decide in which direction to go on the stairs. Just then there was a “toot-toot” of a horn outside. The taxi! Sophie looked at Roger with a little shock and disbelief. Roger, with a smirk on his face, looked back at Sophie and said, “Shall I get your coat?”