**Getting Ready For A Night Out…**

by LynneLayne

*An exhibitionist wife gets ready for a night out, for JW.*

It was a slow day at work, and she was able to get quite a bit accomplished. Always trying to keep her mind focused on the work in front of her so that her mind would not stray to other thoughts.

However, as she left work and walked the short trip to the train, her mind did begin to wander. She was uncomfortable in her seat on the train, constantly shifting her legs rubbing her thighs together. It was an ache in her nipples, causing a strong desire to reach up, and just squeeze them through the conservative blouse she was wearing.

As she stepped off the train, a breeze blew under her skirt, reminding her what she had not been allowed to wear this morning.

Stepping down the street to her apartment building, she was very aware of her skirt blowing up has she took the large steps of the flight of stairs. Walking down to the end apartment, it's door just around the corner from the walkway.

Hanging her purse on the door knob, she turned around to face away from the door. Slipping off of her shoes, placing them carefully at the entrance. Her heart began to race as it did every day, she feared/hoped that she would never get used to this. She placed her thumbs in the waistband of her skirt, and slowly moved it down over her hips. This was to never be done in haste, no matter what. Stepping out of her skirt, she carefully folded it and laid it over the railing. Next for the buttons on her blouse. Seven on this blouse, she thought to her self, as she slowly undid the top button. Her fingers poised, counting to 10 before she allowed herself to move down to the next button, another count of 10 and another button.

The soft breeze is caressing the inner areas of her thighs, she could feel the dampness growing in the neatly trimmed hair between them. Her blouse now hanging open, she had two buttons on each sleeve left. The movement causing her blouse to open more, the breezes now caressing her nipples. Slipping the blouse off of her shoulders, she folded it and laid it on top of the skirt. Her bra, a thin lacy quarter cup, that stopped just below her nipples, was the last garment to take off. Her panties were still in the drawer where she had left them this morning. The stockings and garter belt she was allowed/required to keep on. Laying her clothing over her arm, and retrieving her purse, she unlocked the door, smiling at the doorbell camera as she stepped inside.

Walking around the apartment, wearing just the stockings and garter belt, that she had gotten used to. Her afternoon schedule becoming habit as she ate a light snack, exercised, and then masturbated in front of the surveillance camera. She had a small orgasm, enough to calm her without sating her desire.

Washing and grooming, she finally entered the bedroom, to find tonight's outfit lying in the bed. A cupless harness. Her standard nipple clamps with the bells. Two vibrators, one for her pussy/clit, and one for her ass, both remote controlled, but not by her. A clear panty harness to hold the vibrators in place. And a collar, tonight it said "FUCK SLUT."

Dressing slowly, nothing is ever to be rushed, she work the vibrator deep into her pussy, making sure it nestled perfectly against her clit. The anal vibe is a bit more of a challenge, but she finally felt the thickest part slide past her inner ring, and it slid into place.

Almost immediately it comes to life and she feels the intensity wash over her. Straightening she grabs her phone and answers the video call from him. "You are not dressed yet", not a question, just a statement, "Continue."

The vibrators duel within her body as she continues getting strapped in. The only victim of their fight is her, as her excitement grows.

Once fully attired, he tells her the rest of her outfit is outside. Walking quickly, she approached the front door, opening she stepped out into her entryway. "stop and turn around" She turned to face the doorbell camera. The vibrators no longer dueling, but working in unison to bring her to orgasm. She hears footsteps, coming down the walkway, it pushes her over the edge as she hears them get closer and closer, groaning as her orgasms peaks.

"Now put these on" she hears from behind her as he hands her a pair of loose exercise pants and a zip up hoodie. Luckily the pants are black, unlikely to show the dampness spreading from her pussy. Zipping her hoodie up until he tells her to stop, high enough to hide everything, low enough to allow the bells to jingle.

She slips in her bare feet into her sandals and places her hand in his. And so her night begins…