

Married to the Idea – Part 4

By **TheSpiralledEye**

By the time they'd pulled up at the shopping centre the next morning, David was regretting his suggestion. Whitney seemed to have taken it with a little too much enthusiasm.

"I meant maybe we could go out to coffee or something." David sighed, sinking back into his seat. "Isn't this whole plan a bit much?"

"We're basically new people now." Whitney explained for the third time, "You wanted us to get to know each other again, what better way than to go the whole nine yards?"

"But I hate clothes shopping!" He whinged.

It was Whitney's idea and once she'd voiced it, there was no going back. They were both to go and buy a brand new outfit, something befitting their old favourite French restaurant, then meet there at 6 o'clock sharp for dinner. Whitney insisted it was a way for them to think about each other in a new way and that he, under no circumstances, was to show up in the first pair of sweatpants he saw. He wanted to give some clever retort but if were honest, that had been his plan.

"Right, we have two hours, that should be enough." She mused, checking her reflection in the car mirror for a moment out of habit before realising she wasn't wearing any make up. David couldn't hold back a snort.

Two hours? To pick one outfit? He could pick ten outfits in that time, probably more. Already he was planning his trip to the electronics store, his computer could use a new fan. At least some good would come out of this trip. Whitney gave him a little wave; she was practically vibrating with energy as they walked from the parking tower into the mall proper.

"Well, I will see you at our reservation!" She waved, walking off toward the close by menswear store.

"Whit-Uh David!" He called, blushing slightly, "Maybe don't swing your hips quite so much when you walk?"

Watching his old body walk as if it were a model on a runway was a whole other level of second hand embarrassing. Whitney shot him an apologetic look that told him it was a genuine accident and headed back toward her shop; leaving David in a sea of stores feeling very much adrift. He had so many choices, where was he supposed to start? With a shrug he headed to the closest boutique that wasn't a specialty store, if he could bat out a whole outfit in one place that would save him some pain walking in these heels.

Inside was a forest of clothes, racks and mannequins ranging from bikinis to eveningwear. Looking at the selection David realised he had no idea what he was looking for; if he showed up over or under dressed Whitney would spend the night bitching about it, it was part of why he just let her pick his clothes. It was easier than dealing with the fallout of picking the wrong tie or something.

"Can I help you miss?" An older woman with her hair in a tight topknot greeted him, David was immediately put off by her too wide smile but he wasn't about to turn down assistance.

"I have a date tonight, at Moreau's." He said, "I need something...for that."

He really was rusty at this. Luckily the woman nodded sagely and directed him to an area that seemed to consist entirely of satin and other flowy fabric.

"Nothing too long." She mused, "Something sexy, but not too revealing."

She passed him a short evening gown, pale pink and shimmery, David balked. Whitney never wore pink; she said it made her skin to pale and looked too 'girly' with her blonde hair. Seeing his reflection with the pink number held up against it in the mirror, he had to agree. His trust in this woman quickly diminished further when he saw the price tag; this lady just wanted him to buy the most expensive thing in the damn store!

"No thanks." She smiled tightly, "I might just have a look on my own."

The woman shrugged, clearly hoping he was some rich bitch who thought with her wallet not her brain. Whitney did spend far too much on clothing, but even she wouldn't buy something awful just because it was the fanciest item in the store.

He returned the dress and began to looking at other options, for the first time really taking in the subtle differences in each one. Two dresses that looked identical to him at first suddenly had their differences highlighted, a ribbon belt verses a leather one, cuffed shoulders instead of capped sleeves; all those little touches really did make a difference to how the clothing sat on him, some highlighted this body's features while others detracted from them. Suddenly, two hours didn't seem like very long at all. How was he supposed to choose?

Taking a deep breath, he tried to imagine Whitney's wardrobe, what outfits he thought looked best on her. If he was honest with himself, it had been a long time since he took note of what his wife was wearing, other than to deride how expensive some of it looked. He settled on blue, blue made Whitney's eyes sparkle and her hair looked nice with it. That was a start.

Blue, it turns out, is still a rather large qualifier, this shop alone had several styles of dresses in multiple shades. This was getting him nowhere fast; looking could only do so much. He grabbed a handful of outfits and draped them over his arm, carrying them into the change room at the back of the shop. At least one of these had to be right, he'd just pick the least awful one and get out of here so he'd never have to think about fabric patterns again.

The first was pale and flowy, made from some super light material that almost seemed to float. David turned to admire it from all sides, the skirt was too...poofy, it made him look like a little girl playing princess, not a sophisticated socialite out for dinner. The second was royal blue, with silver lace around the edges and a long slinky skirt. David placed his hands on his hips, swaying them from side to side with a soft smile, it wasn't bad, just not right. Soon he'd tried them all and found none of them sufficient, even a few days ago, were he here with Whitney in this place he'd have told her to just pick the best one and get going but now that was no longer an option. For the first time, David began to realise how fun this could be, seeing his body in different lights, trying on all those styles. Even just limiting himself to blue he had a wide selection to choose from. Knowing that somewhere, the perfect outfit was waiting was tantalising.

Just when he was about to give up, he found it. Dark blue and form fitting, with a golden collar and belt made from some soft metallic material. It was sexy, but not showy; his curves were on full display without being obscene and for the first time David felt...beautiful. This body, Whitney's body, was incredible; he felt like now he was truly appreciating it for the first time. A wide smile stretched across his face; he couldn't wait to see Whitney's face when he walked in.

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It wasn't like David to be late. Whitney checked her watch for the fourth time, their reservation was for fifteen minutes ago and she was starting to feel awkward picking at the tiny breadsticks in the middle of their table. Shopping had gone smoothly enough, though she was sad to see that men didn't have nearly the variety she was used to, especially in semi formal clothing. It seemed like everything was monochrome, tan or brown, with the occasional dark colour thrown in for highlights. In the end she'd selected a pair of dark brown slacks, a wine red button up and black shoes. She looked quite dashing if she did say so herself, judging from the appreciative glances her waitress was giving, she wasn't the only one either.

"Sorry I'm la-woah!"

Whitney glanced up and felt her jaw drop slightly. David looked incredible; she'd half expected him to show up in an ill-fitting gown and tacky earrings but it seemed she'd underestimated his ability. The dress was gorgeous and showed off her old body fabulously. She swallowed, trying to ignore the

blood rushing southwards at the sight, getting turned on by your old body was weird, she had to stop it.

“You look great.” David smiled, finger winding nervously around a stray strand of blonde hair.

“Thanks, you too.” Whitney whispered, standing to pull out the chair for her date.

David seemed flattered by the action, I suppose it must have felt odd, being on the other side of the gesture. Awkwardness descended upon their table, broken only by the now disappointed looking waitress taking their drinks order. Perhaps this had been a bad idea after all, Whitney couldn't think of anything to say.

“Shopping as a woman is a lot more fun.”

She blinked in surprise as David shifted in his seat.

“More options.” He elaborated and Whitney chuckled.

“I know, I buy you clothes all the time but I never really appreciated the limitations in men's clothing!” She laughed, “At least I can wear both trousers and skirts if I want to.”

“And there are more details!” David became animated, “In that boutique this afternoon there were flowers, checks, geometric designs, all sorts of stuff. Normally all my shirts are just a single plain colour. Two if you want to get really fancy.”

Their discussion continued and Whitney felt her nerves begin to melt away, never in her life did she think she could talk about clothing with her husband this way. David leaned forwards on the table, unknowingly showing off the cleavage he now possessed and all of a sudden, it was very hard for Whitney to maintain eye contact; her eyes kept slipping down to that pale clavicle and the curve of her breasts.

“Are you checking me out?”

Whitney felt herself redden.

“A little.” She admitted, “I know that’s weird since, well you’re me but-“

“I’ve been doing the same thing.”

“Really?”

It was David’s turn to blush, glancing out the window before mumbled.

“I’ve been trying not to stare at your arms.”

Whitney looked down, she’d pushed up the sleeves of her dress shirt, exposing her muscled forearms. The dusting of dark hair and strong muscle was something she’d always liked about David’s body, apparently now the feeling was mutual. If David had been checking out his old body the same way she had hers, now was probably the best possible time to bring it up.

“About the sex the other night.” She started, “Was that...okay?”

“It was really good.” David admitted much to her relief, “I just felt a bit, out of control, I guess. It was sort of scary but it made everything better. I dunno, I’m not good at explaining this sort of stuff.”

“It was the opposite for me. I loved feeling so powerful and in control. I haven’t felt that way in a long time and it sort of went to my head.”

They sat in silence for a little bit more before David spoke again.

“I never realised you were lonely.” He whispered, “I...I’m sorry Whitney. Whenever anything went wrong, I felt like it was your fault; you were only focused on stupid things that didn’t matter but the truth is I never took the time to appreciate what was important to you and why.”

Whitney’s heart clenched in her chest. She’d waited so long for David to admit he was wrong; how many times had she imagined such things in her head, how righteous it would feel, how she’d finally get to tell him off properly and have him actually listen. She felt compelled to do none of that now.

“I’m sorry too.”

He looked to her intensely.

“I felt like a failure, so whenever you failed to live up to those expectations as well it was just salt in the wounds.” Tears began to burn behind her eyes, “I was so desperate for things to be perfect because then everything I’d done would be worth it. You were working so hard and all I did was tear you down for it.”

David reached across the table and Whitney gripped his hand in hers tightly. Somehow, the touch felt more intimate and romantic than any grand gesture ever could.

“I meant what I said, back in that office a few days ago.” David said in a quiet voice, “I want us both to be happy. I thought separating would do that.”

“And now?”

“I don’t know.”

“Me either.”

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The rest of their dinner was quiet; the air felt heavy from the serious conversation and David could feel the tension in the air. Unlike their usual tension though, he didn’t feel like one of them would erupt into anger at any moment. This was a different kind of tension, like the start of a horror film where everything is fine and sit there waiting for it to all come crumbling down. When they arrived home he wanted to kick himself; the date hadn’t made anything better it had just made them a different kind of worse. At least he got a nice dress out of it though.

He slipped the soft fabric off and looked around for a spare hanger, something so lovely shouldn’t be thrown on the floor or into the wash basket like his usual fair. He turned to ask Whitney where she kept her spares but was met with a serious look that stopped him in his tracks. Whitney’s eyes were smouldering, not with anger but with lust; her gaze fixed on his half naked form clad in nothing but heels and underwear.

“Sorry.” She croaked, looking somewhat embarrassed. “I may have to go take a cold shower before bed.”

David felt desire stir in his gut and he swallowed nervously.

“Or we could just...go to bed now. Together.” His voice came out huskier than he intended, tip of his tongue tracing across his lips.

“I’d like that.”

David couldn’t describe the feeling that went through him as Whitney approached, that strong body striding across the floor toward him made his whole form quiver in anticipation. The need to submit was strong and he felt dampness forming between his legs. He closed his eyes, savouring the gentle touch of Whitney’s rough palms cupping his face before pulling him in. The kiss was firm enough to make him instantly melt against her but not domineering. Their tongues danced and David held tight to those strong arms he’d been fantasising about all evening. There was something different about this kiss compared to all the others they had shared over the past few months. David heard himself whimper as the realisation hit; love. This was more than just pent up sexual frustration like before, there was genuine affection in Whitney’s touch, his as well. That subtle dampness turned to full on wetness as he gave in to it.

Whitney’s hand wrapped around him, stroking up and down his spine before coming to rest just above the curve of his ass. He couldn’t help but moan as she squeezed it, pulling him close enough that he could feel the bulge in her pants. Unable to wait he finally let go of her arms, deftly unbuttoning the dress shirt and running his fingers along the smooth, strong planes of her chest. It was solid, grounding almost and her skin was so warm against his as she shrugged the article off.

One good thing about this body swap, Whitney had no trouble at all unhooking his bra. Soon his bare breasts were pressing against that strong chest and he sighed as his hard nipples were crushed between them. Abruptly, David found himself in the air, hoisted up by Whitney’s hands cupping his ass. They both laughed breathlessly between kisses, God it had been so long since sex had been *fun*. She pressed him into the wall at first, his long legs curling around her waist, pushing that bulge against his panties with a groan before she finally deposited him on the bed. David stretched out, posing amongst the soft sheets as Whitney stood over him.

“Fuck, you look hot.” That deep baritone sent another shiver up David’s spine.

With a wicked grin he stuck a thumb into the waistline of his panties, pulling them down slightly and delighting in the sight of Whitney fumbling to get her belt buckle undone. Her eyes never left him and the desire he saw swirling there made that ache deep inside him grow. He could already feel a cool patch on those panties forming as his juices began to soak into them. To his surprise, Whitney didn’t join him on the bed, not properly. Instead, she tugged him toward the edge before taking that

waistband between her teeth and pulling the panties down and off his legs. David felt his mouth go dry; it was the single sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

For a moment she knelt at the bedside, stained panties hanging between her teeth before she dropped them, sliding her arms up the bed to rest on his aching breasts while her mouth moved southwards. He barely had time to suck in a breath before all air was forcibly expelled from his lungs once more. His eyes rolled back and he moaned as a warm tongue parted his folds. The pleasure was exquisite; pure bliss rolled over him in waves as the tongue slowly stroked along his pussy, eventually pressing down on his clit and eliciting a cry. David gripped the sheets, legs shaking where they rested across Whitney's broad shoulders. Her tongue pushed against his hole and David swore under his breath as it pushed inside, teasing his inner walls in a way that made him see stars. He was babbling, though he could hear the words coming out of his mouth he couldn't make sense of them. Everything in his world had narrowed to that wonderful bliss between his legs. Just as he started to crest she pulled back and David whined, blushing deeply at his own desperation.

The whine was silenced by Whitney's lips on his own as she finally crawled up to join him, hands pinning his own into the mattress. He could feel her weight pressing into him and he revelled in it, drinking in her moans just as much as she was his. She pulled back, eyes locking with his own as her cock came to rest against his waiting hole. In that moment he felt as if she were staring into his very soul, after all this time he felt understood. He couldn't stop his eyes rolling back as she pushed in, hips rising to meet her until they were flush together. Through some unspoken bond they moved together, each thrust felt as though it were going deeper and deeper into him. David knew he wasn't going to last long, Whitney curled her arms under him, pulling them close together as their hips rolled. Each time her cock brushed against his G-spot he felt himself get closer, his deep moans turning to high pitched gasps.

"Don't hold back." She whispered.

He didn't. His whole body shuddered, muscles tightening as he came and David cried out her name. She was merciless, continued to thrust hard and fast, keeping the orgasm going so long it was almost painful until finally with a deep groan she shuddered and stilled. David nuzzled into her neck, hugging her close and enjoying those few seconds before she was forced to pull out and away. Residual pleasure still soaking through his body he smiled, slipping under the sheets and holding out an arm to his wife when she returned to clean them both up. Both exhausted, Whitney curled herself around him with a contented sigh. It was a familiar, warm gesture he had done for her often years ago, before all of this.

"Hey Whitney?"

"Yeah?"

"I know this is probably a bad thing to say after the first date...but I think I'm falling in love with you."

“...That’s okay, I think I feel the same way.”

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Whitney woke slowly, humming with contentment as she slowly became aware of her surroundings. A strong arm was wrapped around her waist and she could feel stubble tickling her neck. She stretched, pushing further into the strong chest pressing against her back and-

Wait, stubble?

Whitney sat up suddenly making David yelp as he was woken. She looked at her hands and down at her body...it was *hers*. Curvaceous, small, and undeniably female, she was back in her own body. Her jaw dropped as she looked down at where David was lying, his eyes were wide as they stared up at her.

“You’re you.” He whispered.

“And you’re you.” She replied dumbly.

Then a bubble of laughter formed in her throat and she was giggling uncontrollably. It spread to David and they found themselves laughing as nervous energy dispersed around them. Whitney wiped tears of laughter from her eyes, noting her ring no longer seemed to vibrate against her skin, but it did contain new etchings. When they got married, she had insisted on solid gold bands, they were classic. Now her ring contained a tiny engraving, a cursive ‘W’ and upon inspection, the other side contained a ‘D’.

“Do you think...?” David asked, showing her his matching ring before gripping it with his other thumb and forefingers. Whitney nodded and did the same.

Together they twisted the bands and for a moment she felt lightheaded. Her vision blurred and when it cleared, she was a few inches to the left, sitting next to herself.

“We can go back and forth.” She said in wonder.

“That’s...certainly going to make things interesting.”

They twisted the rings and found themselves back in their original bodies once more.

“I think we should call Lucile.” David said finally, “I think I’m ready to listen now. Properly this time.”

Whitney placed her hand over his.

“Me too.”

Things weren’t fixed yet, she knew that but for the first time Whitney felt like maybe one day, they could be.