

Married to the Idea – Chapter 2

The drive home was tense, David could feel the fury in the air between them, crackling like static electricity. The car was practically a powder keg. He knew all it would take was one wrong word, one wrong look and they would both explode. His frustration was not helped at all by the growing discomfort these damn clothes were causing him. He felt as though ants were crawling across his skin. He'd heard of women suffering for 'fashion' but this was ridiculous.

"Would you stop shifting?" Whitney hissed, pulling into the driveway, "You look like a flustered schoolgirl."

Whitney's words were the spark. The powder keg exploded.

"Are you fucking serious right now?!"

Whitney had the audacity to look shocked at his response. The gormless look she put on his face only fuelled the fire.

"I look like a damn school girl because of you, Whitney!" He yelled, "It was your idea to go see that shrink so I guess that shouldn't surprise me given you took her side. I seriously thought we were a united front for once but I guess I'm the idiot."

"I didn't take her side." She snapped back, "I just know when to pick my battles."

"Oh, that's rich."

In a huff they both exited the car, slamming the doors and storming inside. David made straight for the bedroom, eager to remove these damn clothes and finally have some peace but Whitney wasn't having it. Once again he cursed his new form, his long legs made it easy for her to keep pace with him up the stairs.

"Let's just try it her way?" She tried, "Throwing a tantrum like a child is going to get us nowhere. You're being silly."

“Stop acting so above it all. You’re just as pissed off as me but you care too much what that bitch, what everybody in the whole world, thinks of us! You’re so preoccupied with how you look you can’t even wear comfortable clothes!”

He struggled out of the blouse, chucking the damn thing on the floor roughly in frustration. Of course, his skin still itched like mad though, apparently, he couldn’t garner a single shred of luck today. He glared up at Whitney, who had gone strangely silent and noticed an odd look in her eye. Following her gaze, he looked down at himself and noticed lines of pale pink bumps across his skin, no doubt the cause of the itching. Whitney let out a great sigh.

“You didn’t use my soap this morning, did you?”

There was no malice in her voice, only defeat and...was that sympathy?

“No, why would I?”

“David...” She sighed again, “I have sensitive skin remember? I get reactions to a lot of the chemicals in things like soap. Why do you think I am so picky about getting products that are hypoallergenic?”

David’s mouth opened then closed again. He could feel something, a memory, tickling at the back of his mind. Months ago, they’d taken a trip to the beach, hoping a change of scenery would help them to argue less. Whitney had ruined the entire day when she started complaining about the sunblock he’d bought; she was so irritated she’d refused to use it and sat under the umbrella all day sulking.

“So that day at the beach?” He asked after a moment. Whitney gave him a funny look before it clicked.

“The sunscreen? Yes, you bought the regular kind. I would have broken out in hives.”

He’d thought she just wanted the fancy, more expensive one.

That day had solidified itself in his mind as proof of Whitney’s shallow snobbery, what kind of women spent the whole day sulking under an umbrella just because her husband didn’t buy the right brand of sunscreen? But now to his great embarrassment he realised, it was him who had stopped her from enjoying the day.

“Why didn’t you just say so?”

“I did.” Whitney rolled her eyes, walking past him to the bathroom.

Did she? To his shame he realised he couldn’t remember. He just remembered his own anger. Left alone for a few moments he found himself awkward, unable to decide what to do with these new guilty feelings swirling in his gut. He did know Whitney had sensitive skin, she’d told him years ago and somehow, through the passage of time it had slipped his mind. What other tiny but important facts about his wife had he forgotten? Surely, she must have done the same about him.

Whitney rummaged around in the ensuite for a few minutes before reappearing holding a small white bottle. David found the question bursting from his lips unbidden:

“What’s my favourite film?”

“What?”

“Just, humour me.” He urged, “What’s my favourite film?”

David loved classic 80s cinema. Always had. Ever since he was young and saw Alien it had been his favourite film. He loved everything from the atmosphere, the writing, the acting, it was perfect. He even had a poster signed from Sigourney Weaver in his office. The question should have been a breeze.

“I don’t know ummm, Die Hard?”

His first instinct was to groan in annoyance but he fought it back. Deep down, he was almost happy she got the answer wrong; at least he wasn’t the only one who didn’t pay attention.

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Never mind.” He sighed, absentmindedly scratching as the red bumps on his wrist, “What’s that?”

He pointed to the bottle Whitney was carrying, it looked comically small in his former large hands.

“Soothing moisturiser.” She responded, “Sit down on the bed and remove the bra, I’ll help you apply it. Use too much and you’ll end up feeling gross and greasy.”

Still somewhat lost in his own thoughts he sat down on the bed, resisting the urge to scratch. Whitney explained the correct amount to apply, squeezing the silky liquid onto her hands before shuffling behind him and sliding her palm along the plane of his back. David couldn’t help but groan in satisfaction, everywhere she touched soothed the itching. The irritating burn turning pleasantly cool. Not only that but Whitney’s strong fingers gently massaged the muscles of his back, undoing the knots of stress that had formed. He never knew his own hands were capable of creating such sensations. Whitney was silent behind him until it was time to turn over. When he did, he was met with a face of stone, emotionless in its expression yet the eyes, his old eyes, were full of fire.

“Lay down,” Her voice seemed somewhat strained, “It’ll be easier for me to help.”

He did so, sighing in contentment as his now soothed back made contact with their sheets. How had he never noticed how luxurious they were before now?

Whitney’s strong hands slowly smoothed over the planes of his stomach, soothing the red bumps instantly and forming butterflies in his stomach. He was suddenly aware of the tenderness in her actions, the inherent kindness in this gesture to help him with his silly mistake. The touch was simple, yet somehow intimate. It had been a long time since they had laid a hand on one another in any capacity with the exception of a few angry, drunken bouts of sex. This light, easy touch made David almost feel like a flustered teenager again.

Her fingers moved upwards, slipping up his chest between the rise of his breasts and David felt his breath hitch. Shivers shot up his spine and those butterflies in his stomach seemed to double in number. He felt his nipples harden slightly despite the warm air.

“Don’t worry, that’s just a normal reaction.”

Whitney’s voice held no judgment for once, though David couldn’t help but notice it was an octave lower than his usual register. Her hands rubbed circles on his clavicle and shoulders, occasionally digging in at the joints to massage out another knot of muscle. A small, satisfied moan escaped his mouth unbidden and he closed his eyes, cheeks flushing with embarrassment but Whitney said nothing. He could feel the rough finger tips brushing his throat for a moment before they moved to his arms, almost too quickly.

Whitney continued her ministrations down his limbs, even taking the time to rub the soothing cream into the webs between his fingers. David had never known massaging those tiny pieces of skin could be so relaxing.

“Can I.” Whitney cleared her throat, “your legs, I can see marks there too. Can I take off the stockings?”

He nodded almost sleepily; he couldn't remember the last time he felt this pampered. So relaxed and yet so focused on his own body and the feelings that were being elicited from the touch of another. Obediently he raised his hips, allowing Whitney to slip her fingers under the skirt and waistband of the stockings before gently pulling them down. He could feel her rough skin against his own and David found himself biting his lip and he lowered his hips back down onto the satin sheets. Whitney removed the stockings slowly, probably so she didn't further irritate the skin, then continued. She took his now dainty feet in her hands and pressed the pads of her fingers into the sole, pleasurable relaxation cascaded out from the touch sending a pleasant tingling sensation up his legs, settling between them. He tried not to focus on it, though it became harder as Whitney continued and near impossible by the time she reached his thighs.

“That's enough.” He announced, voice coming out breathy and higher pitch than he wanted, “I feel much better now...thank you.”

“You're welcome.” Whitney swallowed, “I know how awful it feels and applying the cream is a lot easier with somebody's help.”

The last words had a sharpness to them, an accusation. Normally he'd have jumped on it but not after that. His relaxation was tainted somewhat by guilt, he'd never thought to offer her something like this. He found himself wondering just how often Whitney did this for herself, did she have frequent flare ups? He had no idea. He should apologize but his pride had already been hurt enough to day as it was.

Whitney shoved the moisturiser into his hands before turning to leave. Her face was serious and stressed, she almost slammed the door closed as she went and David felt that all too familiar irritation creeping back into his mind. One misunderstanding and nice gesture didn't change things at all. With a sharp sigh he picked up the bra and blouse, chucking the former straight in the washing basket. He wasn't going to bother trying to get the damn thing on himself. He went to return the moisturizer to the bathroom only to realise he had no idea where it belonged. Lacking any better ideas, he opened up the various drawers where Whitney kept her many toiletries.

For the first time in a long while he spared Whitney's make up a second glance. He took the time to pick up the various tubes and powders, taking note of the little starbursts and symbols with words like 'hypoallergenic' or 'for sensitive skin' they all seemed to have. Again, he remembered the various shopping trips where Whitney had dragged him from store to store because she needed a specific brand of lipstick or a certain foundation. He'd always assumed they were in 'in' thing, that she spent all that extra money for clout and to brag at the club. Slowly he was beginning to realise that maybe...just maybe there was more to it than that.

He took in Whitney's reflection in the mirror and held up a tube of lipstick. It was a dark, wine red. He remembered the shade; it was the one she had been wearing the night they met back in college. It was her favourite. A soft smile found its way onto his face as he remembered how

beautiful she had looked; he hadn't thought about that night for a long time. Temptation crept into his mind and he glanced between the mirror and the closed door. Removing the lid he looked at the stick, he'd watched Whitney do this thousands of times, how hard could it be?

He pressed the tube to his skin and began to carefully trace the shape of his full lips and quickly realised he'd applied too much pressure. The thick substance coated his top lip and the skin above it entirely. He tried to smooth it out with his finger but only ended up smudging it further. His cheeks burned with embarrassment, what the hell was he even doing? He'd never felt the urge to try make up before now, in fact, he loathed how much time Whitney spent applying the damn stuff and yet here he was doing the same thing. He snapped the cap back into place and grabbed a face washer to scrub the substance off. It took longer than anticipated, and even then, his top lip was still clearly a darker shade of pink than his natural skin but at least it wasn't too noticeable.

Feeling foolish and embarrassed he threw the blouse back on and went to go and find his wife.

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Whitney exited the room with haste and made her way to the downstairs bathroom, swiftly locking the door behind her. Her heart, David's heart really, was beating like a drum. What on Earth was wrong with her? Getting turned on like that, it wasn't as if her own body was new to her. She'd seen every inch of it but somehow, observing it from the outside had stirred something inside her. When she'd watched David's nipple poke through the material of her bra, she'd felt her breath hitch. Wanting nothing more in that moment than to slip her slicked fingers inside the bra and tease that nipple further or better yet take one of those tiny nubs in her mouth and suck; just to see what sounds David would make in response.

It had to be David's hormones or something, some residual part of him still in this body she was stuck with. She took a calming breath. Yes, that had to be it. This wasn't her fault at all it was *his*.

That didn't change the fact that she could still feel herself getting hard, starting to strain against her underwear. She bit her lip. Pushing down on that smooth female skin had made her guts twist with desire; even now she could remember how David had sighed and moaned under her touch with that distinctly feminine lilt. It had made her feel in control, powerful in a way she had never felt. As she'd run her hands up his smooth thigh, she couldn't help but wonder what noises she could have pulled from him had she let her fingers go just that little bit higher. She knew that body intimately, she was aware of every sensitive spot. What would it be like to touch them as an outsider?

Her hard on was growing and she bit down on her fist in an effort to stop her imagining going further. The temptation was there; to just take care of the issue here and now. She was already in the bathroom; David wouldn't question the sound of a toilet flushing in a minute or two.

No, she wouldn't lower herself to that. She refused. Maybe David was a slave to his baser instincts but she was not. She cleared her throat and splashed cold water on her face, staunchly refusing to give her member any attention. Thankfully, it seemed to work, though she could do

nothing about the residual arousal coiling in her stomach. It would go away, she assured herself, she just had to keep ignoring it.

Taking care of business with as few extra looks as possible she finally left the bathroom, diligently ignoring how it had felt to hold that length in her hands. She was doing such a good job of not thinking about it she managed to walk straight into the display table in the hall, sending her vase and a number of other decorative items spilling over the floor. Cursing she quickly scrambled to put them all back, happy to note she hadn't broken anything at least. Her fingers closed on a silver photo frame with a line of dust across the glass; it was a shot of her and David on their second date. It had been sitting behind the vase, hidden from sight, no doubt by one of them after some fight or another. David was holding her up, the picture having been taken by a friend while they were mid spin; young Whitney clinging to him and smiling at the camera. They looked fully of love and hope for the future, so sure even in those early days that they'd be together forever.

She looked at the photo with sadness. David's arms looked so strong and sure holding her up that way. Part of why she'd fallen in love with David was his support. All her life she'd been raised to be a wife; debutant balls, dance classes, finishing lessons, etcetera. All so she could land a rich husband and spend her days managing the club and household. But when she'd first met David, he seemed to understand that she was more than that, she was smart. But then after they got married, he started to become just like all the other men in her life, telling her to stay home while he did the breadwinning. At first, she hadn't minded, after all she was a good at it but slowly, she'd gone from managing their finances to being in charge of new drapes. Over the years David had slowly insisted he take over the 'important' jobs one by one. Now the biggest decision she got to make about their lives now was what to cook for dinner.

She'd fallen into the trap she'd worked so hard as a young woman to avoid. At that was all David's fault. Then he had the gall to accuse her of being shallow, of only caring about aesthetics when in reality she had to care about those things because well, what else did she have? With a small amount of frustration, she slammed the photo back on the table just as David rounded the corner. Even after the favour she had done for him he looked annoyed. For a few moments they just looked at one another, silence stretching between them until David finally spoke.

"Look, I'm going to email work and get Monday off, you try to figure this out."

"Why do I have to figure it out?" Whitney responded angrily.

"Because I can't do everything!" David threw up his hands in frustration before pointing a finger straight at her. "This whole situation is your fault, Whitney, if you'd just signed the divorce papers--"

"How was I supposed to know this would happen? You act like you're such a hard worker when all you do sit in an office all day and night, just so you can ignore me! I work hard too you know!"

“How is sitting around a house all day and spending all the money I earn on stupid make up ‘working hard’?”

“You have no idea how much work goes into maintaining this house because you never help with it!” She yelled, “And make up is important to me, it’s a necessity!”

“It’s a waste of money, you look fine without it!” He argued.

“I don’t want to look fine!” She cried, eyes burning, “I want to look beautiful! You’ve made it clear that’s the only thing you even like about me anymore!”

Her voice echoed off the corridor walls as the silence returned.

“All my life,” She whispered, “I was always told it was silly to care about my appearance but what else do I have? I studied so hard in school but nobody ever cared about that. All they ever wanted me to be was a pretty face. Even you.”

“That’s not true.”

“Yes, it is!” She felt her sadness turn to anger, “Admit it, all you ever wanted me to be was your pretty housewife, that’s why you told me to stay home instead of working.”

“You’re the one who dragged me into this high-class bloody society. You think I want to be the only man at your damn social club whose wife has to work because he can’t provide for her?”

Whitney blinked and took a step back in shock.

“You grew up accustomed to a certain lifestyle,” he admitted sheepishly, “I just...I just wanted to give that to you. All the other men were bragging about how their wives would never need to work or worry about money thanks to them.”

He looked at her with an expression she couldn’t read.

“I thought I was giving you the life you wanted.”

“All those extra shifts,” She whispered, “Those long nights. You weren’t...avoiding me?”

She managed to hold back the word ‘cheating’ as she had so often assumed.

“I thought if I took the initiative, they might take note when it came to promotions.” He responded, “If I was going to be the sort of man who fit in with your circle I needed to rise through the ranks. Plus, the extra money was nice.”

Whitney thought back to all those late nights when David had come home to her cold shoulder and curt words. For the first time she saw things from his perspective; working hard all day only to come home to a cold dinner and a wife who didn’t seem to care or appreciate everything he’d done for her sake. Guilt swirled in her stomach as she remembered every petty act she’d done in ‘retribution’ for his perceived neglect.

For a long while they simply looked at one another, really looked for the first time in what felt like years. Whitney stared into her own face, took in all the emotions swirling there; regret, guilt, anger, hurt. She was sure her own matched.

“How did this happen to us?” She whispered finally, eyes dropping to the floor.

“I don’t know.”

Whitney remembered Lucile’s words, about how they kept talking past each other without really listening. In the last few hours, they had already discovered so many tiny cracks and warning signs they had missed which had lead them to this point. How many more were going to reveal themselves in the coming days? And once they did, how would they even begin to fix them? She had no idea. The foot of space between them may as well have been a mile.

She looked back up to David, trying to find the right words to say when all of a sudden, she noticed a red smudge across his lip.

“Did you try on my lipstick?”

David looked like a deer caught in the headlights, she’d taken him off guard.

“Well, a little b-but it wasn’t because I was interested or anything!” His cheeks began to turn red, “I was just, well I was um...”

Whitney giggled, the tension in the room having broken. She couldn't help but notice how cute her old body looked with cheeks dusted pink with embarrassment. An idea came.

"Do you want me to teach you?"

David just blinked at her, the blush on his cheeks deepening to a dark crimson. Chuckling to herself Whitney grabbed his hand and dragged him back to the bedroom, picking up the tube of lipstick sitting on the bench before returning to David's side.

"Here."

She took David's chin in her hand, raising it to meet her gaze and was immediately disarmed by those blue eyes. She had seen them in the mirror every day of her life but she'd never truly appreciated just how beautiful they were; especially now staring up at her with that mixture of shock and...was that desire?

"Pout." She whispered, loving how authoritative the word sounded in David's deep baritone.

David did so and gently she ran the lipstick over his lips, carefully tracing over the smooth skin till it was done. The deep red brought out the colour in his eyes and cheeks and Whitney found herself swallowing down the lust that was creeping back into her system. She could see his nipples hardening under the blouse he'd hastily thrown on; it appears she wasn't the only one who found this strange situation arousing.

The realisation that he was enjoying this too made an idea form. It had been such a long time since they'd had any good sex, she was sure David had forgotten how to properly treat her body. But she hadn't. She knew exactly what to do to make David see stars, to make him cum so hard he'd never forget it. Tightening her grip on David's chin she slowly pulled them closer, he hesitated but didn't move away, wide eyes locked with hers. Pulling them closer Whitney brushed her lips against his, she felt David shiver to the touch and she smiled. David had always been a dominant man; it was something she'd enjoyed in the past but now she was the one in control. The power was intoxicating.

Gently, she pulled their lips together, wrapping her free arms around David's thin waist and pulling him flush against her. The kiss was messy, each of them unused to their new lips but Whitney took the lead. She nibbled on David's lower lip, eliciting a gasp. She took the opportunity to slip her tongue inside against his own as he tipped his head back further allowing better access. Their tongues danced and Whitney felt her hold tighten around her husband turned wife. David's muscles had always been a turn on for her but now that she was wielding their strength herself, they were even more so.

“What are you doing?” David asked, finally breaking their kiss.

“I couldn’t help myself.” Whitney said, “You just looked so cute.”

David swallowed, his lips were swollen and the lipstick now smudged slightly. Paired with those wide, blue eyes it made him look even more attractive. Absentmindedly Whitney ran her fingertip up and down the length of his spine.

“I can stop if you want.”

David looked hesitant, but she could see the temptation in his eyes. Whitney’s chest rumbled with a satisfied growl as David wrapped his hands around her and continued their kiss, opening his mouth wide and letting her take control. She slipped her hand under the blouse, feeling the smooth planes of her former back and pressing them even closer together. She could feel David’s new breasts pressing against her chest, the nipples hard as diamonds.

She had done that, made his body respond that way. With a look and a few simple touches, she’d enthralled her husband to her in a way she’d never been able to in her old body. She could feel herself getting hard again at the realisation. David’s petite hands unbuttoned her shirt before smoothing across the flat plane of her chest. While nowhere near as sensitive as she was used to the touch still sent trails of heat across her skin. They continued to kiss slowly as they undressed one another; taking the time to properly feel and taste their old bodies. What started as slow, gentle touches soon became hard and fast. Whitney was pushing the blouse off David’s shoulders and shoving down the skirt while he did the same to her pants.

At some point they must have moved because all of a sudden Whitney realised, she had pressed them into the walls of the bedroom. David was trapped between it and her and as they broke apart slightly, she could see the uncertainty in his eyes. There was also desire swirling there mixed with the hesitation. She lowered her lips to the curve of David’s neck, running her tongue along the slope and drinking in the moan that escaped his lips. She knew from personal experience just how sensitive this area was; David’s finger nails dug into her arms as he pulled her closer, his hesitation melting away under her touch.

She took both David’s breasts in her hands, enjoying their weight against her calloused fingers. She brushed over the hard nipples with her thumbs and David’s moans turned deeper. She could feel him becoming more pliable under her, overwhelmed by the sensations. With a wicked grin she took the nipples between her fingers and rolled them, biting down on that sensitive spot again. David writhed, breath coming in short gasps.

“Normally you’re a big talker when we do this.” She taunted, squeezing each nipple in turn, “Where are all your words now?”

“I...I uh...that feels s-so-“

She cut him off, pressing down on the nipples at the same time and turning the words to a high-pitched whine. She had him.

She pushed them flush together, her hardness pressing against the mound of wet hair between David’s legs. Resting her forehead against the wall she turned her gaze down to watch with fascination as the tip of her new manhood pressed against David’s clit. They both shuddered as they made contact. The tip was so sensitive, she couldn’t resist sliding it between David’s wet folds. The warm heat sent pleasure coursing down her entire shaft and she felt her hips stutter. Slowly she rocked against him, feeling her cock parting the folds over and over again as David started to buck against her desperately.

“Tell me you want me.” She growled, nibbling at the shell of his ear.

“I...I want you.” His voice was breathy, desperate. So unlike the David she knew and that turned her on all the more.

Driven by a new, primal instinct she grabbed David’s round ass in her hands and lifted him against the wall. His long legs wrapped around her waist, pulling her to him. For a moment she held back, resting the tip of her cock against his entrance, taking a second to marvel at this new position before locking eyes and slowly pushing in. David’s wet pussy parted easily, fully engulfing her in tight wet heat that made her groan with pleasure. Unable to hold back and longer she began to thrust, hard and fast. David was helpless against her; all he could do was hold to her strong form and take what she was giving him. The dominance fed into her pleasure as she continued to pound into him. She could feel him tightening around her, squeezing her cock hard with his inner walls. She knew the signs; she could tell orgasm was building in both of them. David’s moans had turned to short sharp gasps getting higher in pitch with each intake. He was clinging to her tight and rocking his hips desperately. Whitney focused her thrusts where she knew that wonderful bundle of nerves existed deep inside her and David cried out in pure pleasure as he came; she could feel him squeezing her hard enough it almost hurt as she continued to fuck him through the orgasm.

She could feel her balls tightening as they slapped against that wet entrance, her groans turned animalistic as she pumped in and out. Needing more of that wet heat around her. It came on suddenly, without the same build she was used to; one moment her balls were tensing the next her entire body was in pure ecstasy as she felt her cock pumping seed deep into David’s pussy. She shuddered, gently lowering him down as his form trembled with pleasure. She waited, simply enjoying the intimacy of the moment before gently pulling out. They both just stood, leaning against one another trying to catch their breaths.

“That was...” David swallowed, a flustered look on his face.

“Different.” Whitney finished, finally coming down from the high.

David slipped out from between her and the wall somewhat awkwardly. She could tell from the look on his face that he was conflicted. Her newfound confidence slowly diminishing to its usual level, Whitney found herself without anything to say, an uncomfortable silence stretched between them.

“I think I’ll go take a shower.” David mumbled, “But...thank you.”

He moved quickly toward their ensuite before she had a chance to formulate a response. The door slammed closed a few moments later and Whitney was left alone with nothing but her thoughts.