

The Clothes Make The Woman

Chapter Three

Lauren eyed the closed drawer in her nightstand as if it held a ticking time bomb, just waiting to explode. It was ridiculous, of course, and she could privately admit that it had even been a bit reactionary, but sealing away the clothes that served best to transform her had been an essential. She accepted, now, that her attempt to dabble in magical forces had gone awry; her husband had shown her firsthand evidence to prove it to her.

A shudder ran through her as she remembered insisting that David was faking it somehow, photoshopping girls who bore a resemblance to her just to mess with her. Then he'd asked for the chance to prove it.

They'd shopped for a new outfit together, her own idea as something she'd never ever voluntarily wear, then gone to that sex shop out by the overpass to purchase it. Lauren had blushed just to set foot in there, much less to walk out with the bag containing her new duds in hand. At his insistence, he'd made sure she was ultra-careful not to touch anything else in the store, and she'd humored his paranoia.

Back home, he finally let her feel it. Booby tassles and a g-string. The attire of a stripper.

The morning after, he showed her the recording. The two of them sitting side by side on the sofa. David was clothed; she was naked. Then Lauren took the costume out of the bag and touched it for a few scant seconds, then tossed it away. Over the next twenty minutes, she watched as she physically and psychologically transformed.

Her hair became longer, more voluminous; a trashy tattoo featuring a tribute to her deceased grandfather appeared on her inner thigh; her waist pinched subtly inward, her butt and legs outward as she developed dancer's muscles; capping it off were a pair of huge, obviously fake boobs. All the while, her demeanor shifted from nervous housewife to an eager stripper looking for a big score and a good time from her favorite patron.

David had told her previous personalities had come with their own nicknames, derivations of her own. The stripper, however, simply called herself Jasmine, cooing at David when he called her Lauren that he was the only man she let know her real name. Then she got down and sucked his dick, telling him not to bother reaching for his wallet – this one was on the house.

After that, she accepted that she'd really managed to do something to herself with that stupid spell from the internet.

It wasn't so awful, she supposed. David reassured her that he loved her, and that her having gone to such lengths to please him was as flattering as it was unnecessary. Still, he didn't try to deny that he'd enjoyed being with those other versions of her. Even if it had all been her underneath, she couldn't help but feel like it was all a bit off. Her husband wasn't cheating on her, technically, but what would happen if he started to like one of those other Lauren's better? She didn't even remember those times during her transformations; if David started changing her any time they were to become intimate, would she live the rest of her life not able to remember sleeping with her husband?

It was a lot to take in. It wasn't all bad, to be fair; there was a certain allure in being able to turn into her husband's fantasy on command. Still, she had to figure some things out first. David, acting in sympathy, helped her gather up all the outfits that had so far transformed her

and put them in the nightstand drawer. He'd even offered to padlock it and give her the key, but she promised she wasn't afraid he'd use them on her without permission.

(Besides, not like he couldn't easily transform her with other clothing he picked up; no sense pretending a padlock rendered the opportunity moot.)

So there in the drawer was the nerd-girl shirt that would turn her into Ren, the shy but horny handjob queen. Beside it were the boots and corset of Mayhem, the grateful hoodlum; the sexy secretary attire; the Jersey shore gym shorts; the bachelor party thong. She didn't remember any of them, but she'd had David describe each at length. Even just to hear of it, she felt some distant connection to each girl, as if they were what she'd have become had life dealt her a different hand.

The rest of her wardrobe, thankfully, didn't seem to invoke any significant changes. Whether because her own clothes had no effect, or because she already was the woman who those clothes personified, she didn't know. The rest of the time, she just had to be careful. She could still shop for clothes, but she had to be careful not to brush against the racks carelessly. She hoped there wasn't a shopaholic (or worse, a hooker) waiting to be unleashed by the right outfit, but she doubted it.

For now, she just wanted to take things easy, get back to just being herself for a while. It was a little hard for her to empathize with David, who'd had sex with what amounted to half a dozen or so distinct women in the past couple weeks, yet Lauren still grudgingly conceded that these changes might be stressful for him, too. What the two of them needed was a nice, normal, changeless week of David and plain old Lauren.

Just to be sure he didn't get any funny ideas, she told him so.

"That sounds lovely, dear," he said, and kissed her cheek.

"What's that tone?" she asked, eyes narrowing.

He just smiled at her. "Don't get paranoid on me, honey. I love you just the way you are. This new stuff is just... another side of you. And I'll love that too, because it's you."

"You're trying to placate me."

David pulled her into his arms, leaning down to rest his forehead against hers. God, but she loved him. "You can do something, something that a lot of men might find exciting. But here's how I think of it. If you were a masseuse, I wouldn't be constantly pressuring you to give me massages. If you were a gymnast, I wouldn't be expecting you to do... whatever it is guys think gymnasts do in bed. But if you want to use your skills for me, voluntarily, then great."

"So you're saying I'm a fetish now."

"To some guys, you would be." David tilted her drooping chin back up, pointing her eyes back up at his. "Hey now, I'm not the one who made you like this. All I'm trying to say is whether you ever change like that or not again, I'll love you. You do you, honey. That's all."

She was reminded once more of why she'd done that stupid spell in the first place, that feeling that she couldn't ever be a good enough wife to deserve such a wonderful husband. Right then, she'd have become anything he wanted.

The moment passed, however, as moments do, and soon she remembered herself, and renewed her commitment to normalizing their marriage.

All that week, she was an icon of vigilance. Lauren soon found it was remarkable how often she had to keep her guard up, watching not to touch the wrong clothes. Picking out her clothes in the morning; her pajamas at night; doing laundry; shopping for groceries; the train ride to and from work; and of course, work itself. It was a busy environment, and she could only be

glad they had a strict dress code that made sure that even when someone brushed past her, the difference between their attire and her own wasn't sufficient to trigger anything.

She tried to imagine what would happen if she accidentally touched someone's gym bag – would she spend the rest of the day as a hard-bodied energetic aerobics instructor? Her colleagues would think she'd gone insane. The very idea was plenty to keep her guard up.

It was exhausting, but she'd made it almost an entire week without a single change. She'd been tempted to surprise David one night, but then, she wanted to be sure she could still seduce him on her own. She had them set aside Friday night for together time, planning out what she hoped would be a fun and uncomplicated date.

In her free time, she increasingly found herself daydreaming about the lives of other women. When a co-worker's secretary wore a daringly low-cut top, she imagined herself as VP David's eye candy assistant. A group of attractive teenage girls passed her in the grocery store and she imagined herself as the care-free sex-positive girl with a tongue piercing. She saw someone get pulled over by a police officer and imagined David coming home to find her a brawny, no-nonsense ball-buster who needed cock – *now*.

Yet it wasn't any of these things that wound up being her first slip-up since realizing her plight. In fact, on her Friday afternoon train ride home from work, she'd gotten so lost in a day-dream about an Indian woman wearing a sari and what implications it might have, that she very nearly missed her stop. In a rush to dash off, she almost had to shove someone aside, a middle-aged woman with broad shoulders, encumbered by several overflowing shopping bags from the mall.

She didn't even notice that the feeling against her fingers wasn't the fabric of the woman's sensible wool coat (Lauren had one just like it; nothing threatening there). Instead, it was the leopard-print stretch pants hanging out of one of her bags.

Lauren made the rest of her trip without much trouble, only a little annoyed that she'd somehow forgotten to wear her heels that day. She liked the way it made her body move. Any more, she could use the help.

Back home, she changed out of her drab work clothes and into something more fitting for an evening around the house. Most of these clothes she'd probably had since her mid-20's, it seemed like. Far too tight, by and large, and irksomely anachronistic to her present aesthetic. It wasn't that she'd let herself go, by any means; time had simply worked its magic. The relatively slender waist that had seem so important to work for in her youth was gone, and in its place were a healthy set of very womanly curves.

She smiled as she heard David coming in. She'd changed into fresh underwear, some practical beige satin panties and, just for fun, a blue bra that still managed to mostly contain the breasts that had never shrunk back down after her first was born. She'd thought to surprise David with it later that night, but it also served well for a welcome home present.

"Hey, honey," he said as he entered the bedroom loosening his tie and giving her a once over.

"Well hello there, you handsome devil." She noticed how he was staring, and grinned back at him. "See something you like?"

"Oh, just... Hmm. Is there something different about you?"

"What, you expected to come home to Kathleen Turner?" She laughed as she pulled on her stretchy black pants. "And you didn't think I could make it all week. Ye of little faith."

"Uh, right. Silly me."

She finished adjusting her top, clinging to her like a second skin. She liked how the deep neckline drew attention away from her tummy and back to her breasts. As she caught him giving a hard look at them, she turned her back to him before he could see her pleased smile. Leave him wanting more, and don't let him know how much she enjoyed his approval. A young hunk like David didn't just fall into her lap – oh no, she'd had to earn him, and she didn't let up now that he was hers.

She felt his eyes on her as she slipped on the platform high heels she'd been thinking of when she walked in the door, forcing her into tiny little steps that made her flesh jiggle in all the best ways. How sad it must be for all those women trapped in skinny little bodies, unable to enjoy the fruits of true womanhood.

As she slipped into the kitchen, she thought of the pictures David had showed her of that one girl she'd turned into. Mayhem, she'd called herself. Poor skinny thing had had to buy her boobs from a doctor. She hefted hers appreciatively. Hard-earned, and well worth it.

“Hey, I thought we were going out tonight, Lauren,” David said as he joined her in the kitchen once he finished getting dressed.

She fixed him with a hard look. “Lauren? Which one of my little split personalities is that? Some young tart, no doubt. Well sorry, darling, you're going to have to put up with plain old Lorena tonight.”

David stopped in his tracks, looking her over from head to toe. She allowed it; may as well let the dear boy make sure she hadn't transformed. “Aw, I guess I'll have to get some QT with her some other time,” he said with a little grin. “But I say again, I thought we were having date night.”

“Well, much as I like to take my young trophy buck out on the town and show him off, I thought maybe tonight I'd give you a little treat. Cook you your favorite meal, and then maybe go to Blockbuster and rent a tape.”

At that, David flat-out laughed. “Yeah, maybe. Tell you what, I'll make the salad, and you—”

“Salad nothing. You get out of my kitchen, buster. You know boys don't belong in here.”

“I... right. I'll just sit back and read the paper, um, Lorena.”

As David tried to make sense of all this, his wife got to work cooking up a storm. Lauren had always been a capable cook – better than him, if not amazing – but Lorena knew her way around the kitchen. She was still changing as he watched; hips filling out, bust expanding outward and a bit downward despite her bra's best efforts; laugh lines developing on her face; a few new moles here and there on what he could see of her skin.

She was pure MILF, right down to the way she complained about the deplorable music of kids these days as she shut off her usual radio station mid-cook. “No offense to present company,” she said with a little wink.

Lorena reminded him of no one so much as the wife from *Married With Children*, whatever the actress's name was. She seemed to be stuck in that time period too, though he couldn't quite figure out why. Was it because that was roughly the age he'd hit puberty and the magic was assigning her the age of his friend Roger's attractive mother? Was it mimicking time period as much as gimmick? Or was there even any sense to be made from it?

Regardless, as Lorena bent over in front of him to fill his plate with a thick slice of meatloaf, David could care less. He just wanted dinner to be over with.

Lorena was elated to watch David's enjoyment as he ate his meal. She loved cooking for him, keeping his house, taking care of him. It was a little old-fashioned, sure, but she liked having someone to take care of. Of course, with their age discrepancy, there was some part of her that could never quite get past his being almost young enough to be her son. Should it weird her out? Maybe, but mostly it just made her horny to think about having this young hunk of meat here to sink her teeth into.

After dinner, he adorably tried insisting on doing the dishes, but she just told him to wait for her in the living room, giving him a kiss that she hoped would leave him nearly as eager as her for that reunion.

When she nestled down on her side of the couch, he'd apparently already gone ahead and rented a tape, somehow or other. "I don't know about Blockbuster, but I managed to scare up a good, uh, tape."

She smiled at that. David was so much more up-to-date on these kinds of new-fangled gadgetries. He'd picked a drama with a nice little romance woven in. Lorena enjoyed it, but what she enjoyed more was her trophy husband's efforts to conceal his wayward gaze whenever he thought she was distracted. He thought he was being subtle, but time and again she caught him glancing over, drinking in the sight of her. It was one of the things she loved about their relationship, how he was in so many ways a wide-eyed innocent boy who just needed to be instructed on how to treat a woman.

So when the movie was over and David began to make banal observations about it, Lorena simply stood up and walked away.

"... although the cinematography was excellent, it felt like... honey?"

"I think I'm ready for bed," she said over her shoulder.

"Oh." He was obviously disappointed. Apparently all those trysts with strange versions of his wife had gotten his expectations up.

She shut the door behind her, listened as she changed into one of her nighties, straining to contain her womanly physique. The saxophone music of some late-night talk show crept in under the door as David pouted alone in the living room. She let him stew for a moment, then re-opened the door.

"You coming?" she said softly, beckoning him with a finger.

David was on his feet in an instant, the television off. "Yes ma'am." From the speed at which he charged down the hallway, she could tell he was going to tackle her to the bed. In response she held out her hand, index finger pointing at the ceiling in cautionary fashion.

"What's the rush, my young stud?" she asked, grinning on one side of her mouth.

"It's just you... you're... you're so... just, ya know..."

She laughed. "You have quite a way with words, kiddo."

"Sorry. You're just really sexy tonight."

Lorena put her hands on her broad hips. "Unlike other nights?"

"No! I... I'm sorry. Can we just...?" He looked to the bed.

"Well, well, well, look at you, being all presumptuous. Who says I'm even in the mood?"

David pulled her into his arms, though she remained disaffected. "Oh god, you *have* to be in the mood."

Lorena tilted her head to one side, permitting him to kiss along her neck. "... I could be persuaded."

“Then why don’t you lay back and let me make my case,” her husband said, easing her down to the bed. Lorena adopted a sitting position, smirking up at him. He knelt then at her feet and one by one slid down the stockings she’d only just donned. His first effort was aggressive, hasty; his wife smacked sternly at his hand.

“You’re undressing a woman, not unwrapping a birthday present,” she reprimanded him with a little smile. He nodded earnestly, then making a gentler attempt, slowly sliding the slick fabric down his wife’s slightly thickened thighs. Oh, if she truly went on to age like this, he’d count himself a lucky man.

“Your turn,” she said the moment he finished, seeing he fully intended to immediately go for her panties. Instead he followed her direction as she rubbed her bare thighs together, delighting that he was taking the time to build up her heat before igniting her.

Only when he was fully naked did she touch him, pulling him slowly but firmly with a handful of his chest hair until he was laying atop her on the bed. He was already conditioned to following Lorena’s lead, but once she signaled receptiveness to his lips, he was kissing her like he was a horny teenager. She even permitted it as his hands strayed down her arms, to her hips, and then lifting her negligee to bare her hips.

Then Lorena’s hand was on his, guiding it back up to her breast. David was perfectly happy to make the trade, clutching at his wife’s expanded boobs and easing them out into the open. Still, even as he lowered his mouth to her nipple – noting the subtle shift, as these were bumpy and baby-chewed, but no less sexy for it – he was impatient to get to the main course.

So was she, of course, though she was taking pains to conceal this from him. She moaned and writhed at his touch, one hand settled over his to keep them groping at her breast, the other engaged in a little fondling at her boy-toy’s tight, muscular buttocks. His erection throbbed against her thigh, silently demanding entrance.

“Take off my panties,” she whispered, giving his earlobe a little suck as she did. She could see that it was with strained patience that he applied a delicate touch; no doubt he’d tear them off if he thought he could get away with it. There it was, her pussy on display for him. He stared, marveling at the distinction between barely legal Mayhem and her shaved, tight cunt and Lorena’s wild and unshaven one, with more mileage but promising more experience as well.

“I’ve been waiting for this since the moment I walked in the door,” he said, repositioning himself to be ready to dive in.

“Aw, what a sweetheart you are,” she said, taking his hand and guiding it between her legs. From the smirk on her face, it was clear she knew this wasn’t what he had meant, but then his fingers sunk into the warm wetness of her pussy and he forgave her immediately.

It was funny; fingering Lauren to get her primed for sex had been a fairly common activity not long ago. It was enjoyable for them both, sure, but suddenly with this change in physique, it was arousing for him in a way it hadn’t been since they were just dating. Rather than the routine technique he usually employed, he was suddenly motivated to plumb her depths part in exploration, part with careful attention to heightening her pleasure.

Lorena was good at wet for him already; this was nothing more than play for play’s sake. Little by little, her smirk became a lazy smile became a blissed out stare became a vacant, slack-jawed moan that never quite ended as he pumped in and out.

Still, David knew his Lauren, and he knew when she was about to climax. He watched for the sign of it on her face, the twitching in the walls of her cunt, and when he felt it, he finally

knew he had her. She was no longer fully in control; she had relinquished command of her pleasure to him, and it was now his to decide how to dole it out.

With his lips pressed to hers, he slid inside her and drank her howl of ecstasy right down his own throat. Even then, as Lorena's first orgasm of the evening rocked her full body head to toe, she wasn't some virginal girl to lose herself completely, surrendering all agency to her man. Lauren had always been a rather accommodating lover, allowing him to rut as he saw fit; Lorena, however, had a list of demands.

She told him how to use his hips to probe her everywhere in rapid succession.

She put one of his hands in her hair; when he gripped too tight, she corrected that as well.

She took care to stop him from ripping her negligee as he played with her boobs while he rode her.

She smacked his ass to spur him on harder when he split his attention too much between fucking, fondling, and licking.

She told him what a good boy he was when he fucked her into her next orgasm.

David collapsed exhausted half an hour in, but she wasn't done. Not by a long shot. She rolled him onto his back and worked him back to full erection with her mouth and slobber-wetted tits, then climbed aboard and rode him like a stallion – one she meant to break in. Then he was given a short break to merely kiss and cuddle her before she leapt on board her young stud and rode him once more.

"You're... that was..." he sputtered between gasps. He hadn't had so many orgasms in one night since he was in high school.

"Use your words, dear," she said, her breathing fast reaching an easy level. She looked like the cat who ate the canary, arms folded behind her wild mane of hair spread out on her pillow.

"I can't wait until we get older," he said after a moment.

She swatted his stomach softly. "Speak for yourself. I'm already plenty old as it is, and I like you just the way you are, my little boy toy."

He laughed. "Maybe you'll feel differently at some point."

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, like if you change me back to a girl in her twenties."

He smiled at her a long moment, then kissed her cheek and turned off the nightlight.

"You know I'd never change you against your will."

She turned and kissed him back. "I know. I have to say, I was a little nervous earlier that you'd get addicted to having me reinvent myself for you."

David rolled over and draped an arm over his wife, spooning her against him. "I'll say this again in the morning, but... believe me when I say I love you just the way you are."

