

Married to the Idea – Part 3

David sat curled around himself in the shower, letting the hot water pour over his skin. It burned ever so slightly as the heat seeped into the red bumps that were yet to fade and he let the pain centre and distract him. His insides ached, not with pain but with gratification. A pleasant burn similar to that of a stiff muscle finally stretched out. He had always prided himself on being a man who was in control; of his life, his thoughts and certainly his own body. Yet Whitney had reduced him to a mewling mess with only a few touches.

He shivered, remembering how it had felt to see those eyes boring into him as he writhed. He'd never felt so helpless, so submissive...so turned on. Being held up against the wall at Whitney's mercy with his body teased to the absolute limit had been indescribable. He'd never realised just how pleasurable it could be to let somebody else take control. When she'd lowered her lips to his neck and started to suck, he'd almost come right there. The neck wasn't usually a place he'd considered sensitive but *oh*, the sensations that had cascaded through him as she ran her tongue along that curve. He'd never experienced anything like it before.

Not to mention when she'd actually entered him. David quickly covered his mouth with a hand to stop a sound escaping as he recalled it. There was nothing he could equate to it, the feeling of being stretched like that. Feeling that hard cock slide up inside him till he could think of nothing else. It seemed to fill not only his body but his mind as well, all other thoughts wiped away in an instant and replaced with a primal need for *more*.

He wanted it again. There was no denying it. As conflicted and embarrassed as he was due to his lack of self-control, he wanted it again. He wanted Whitney to come in here right now and shove him up against the shower glass and fuck him as the water turned cold. He could see it in his mind's eye, their bodies fully naked, pressed against one another through the steam. A finger slowly slipped between his folds as he did so. He pushed it up inside his hole, still wet and slightly sore from its work out only a few minutes earlier. One finger was nothing compared to a cock but still he was forced to bite down on his free fingers to stop any sounds escaping.

Gently, he rocked his hips back and forth, letting the finger slide in and out as he imagined his former body in its place. What would his thick, male fingers, rough with callouses feel like inside his walls compared to these delicate soft ones? A small orgasm shivered through him at the thought and he withdrew. Washing his hands and body thoroughly with the scented soap Whitney normally used.

He had no idea how to reconcile these feelings; in many ways they felt anathema to who he was a person, as a *man*. But that didn't change the fact that he liked them. He even liked this body, just a little. He wondered if Whitney was feeling the same but didn't dare ask. It was a conversation he didn't know how to begin.

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The rest of the weekend passed slowly. They seemed to have entered some sort of unspoken agreement to pretend the sex had never happened. They no longer argued but only because they

barely spoke at all. It was as though they were walking on eggshells and David lived in fear of what would happen when one finally broke; would they talk? Argue? Fuck? Any combination of the three seemed equally possible at this point.

He spent so much time in this nervous state it was only when the alarm blared, waking him on Monday morning that he realised he never emailed the office.

“Shit!”

The office had a strict rule about sick days, calling in the morning of was allowed technically but heavily frowned upon. It was certainly the sort of thing that got brought at promotion time. He looked down at his new body in defeat, there was no way he could go to work like this; even if they let it slide today what about tomorrow? The day after that? He placed his head in his hands, all that hard work was slipping away like sand between his fingers.

“There’s only one thing we can do.” Whitney took a deep breath, “I will go to work and you will go to the board meeting.”

He turned to face her with an incredulous look.

“You cannot be serious.”

“What choice do we have, David?” She sighed, “If you miss work, that’ll reflect badly on you and I know...I know now how important that promotion potential is for you. Plus, if I don’t go to the board meeting that damned Taylor will convince the others the club needs another pool or something ridiculous instead of increasing the staff wages.”

“I thought Taylor was your best friend.” He blinked.

“She is but I dislike her immensely.” Whitney said with a deadpan look. David honestly couldn’t tell if she was joking.

David wanted to argue that this was a completely idiotic idea that would likely result in him getting fired and Whitney being kicked off the board but he didn’t. The idea of letting that counsellor win, letting her ruin their lives with this stupid swap, lit a fire under him. He’d show her. How hard could a board meeting be anyway?

“Okay. Let’s do it.” He nodded, “you get our clothes ready and I’ll start talking you through the routine. Then we’ll grab some breakfast bagels on the drive into the city and you can tell me what I need to know for the meeting.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

Like a well-oiled machine the two of them got to work. Both filled with determination to finally get something right they fell into lock step with one another. David explaining computer systems while Whitney helped do up his bra; Whitney catching him up on the latest news and club funds as he helped her shave. Were the situation not so dire he’d have marvelled at their teamwork, it was something he’d long forgotten they were capable of.

“Now when you get to the financial forms, message me.” He told her, mouthful of bagel as they drove, “I can walk you through it, if you stretch out the morning reports a bit, I should be done with the board meeting by the time you need to get them finished.”

Whitney opened her mouth to say something but paused before closing it and nodding. They pulled up to his firm and David’s stomach churned. Logan’s Legal was one of the biggest firms in the city, they had everything from hot shot lawyers to paper pushers. Currently he was somewhere in between, mostly handling petty cash court cases. He just hoped Whitney could handle it. He glanced over to her, reclining against the window as he parked. She had dressed herself in a white button up with a dark suit jacket and pants. It was slightly less formal than he would normally have dressed, missing the tie and cuff links he always thought completed his professional look.

Glancing up through the windscreen he watched as his various co-workers entered the building and for the first time realised how stiff some of them looked. Their ties and fancy rings didn’t make them look like hot-shot lawyers from the upper floors, it made them look like kissass wannabes. He turned his gaze back to Whitney as she opened the door, shooting him a quick wave and a nervous smile before joining the throng. Despite what he initially thought, the outfit she had picked seemed to radiate professionalism; there was a quiet confidence there as if to say ‘I know what I am doing, I don’t need any flashy extras.’. Moreover, it was sexy as hell.

He felt his cheeks blush pink as he watched her go, shamelessly eyeing off her tight ass as it walked away from him. He swallowed down the feelings and grit his teeth, putting the car into reversed and hastily exiting the parking lot.

“Get a hold of yourself David.” He hissed, “That’s you!”

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A familiar combination of nerves and dread filled his stomach as he drove up the winding drive to the Cloverhill Country Club. When Whitney had first bought him here after their engagement he had

chaffed at the opulence on display. The men and their talk of yachting on the weekends and high-end stock trading. The women comparing purses that cost more than his own parents made in a month, it had all disgusted him. But he'd loved Whitney, at the time anyway, and if this was the life she lived, he was willing to work to ensure she continued to do so. When others had made snide comments about her 'marrying down' she'd come to his defence only to have the men sneer at his lack of backbone. He remembered the moment vividly, the moment he'd decided he would work three times harder than any of them, if that's what it took to be accepted here. For her sake. How had she not seen that? It was so obvious.

Trying his best to put it out of his mind he pulled up to the valet, thanking him before taking a deep breath and strolling inside. Whitney's family had been members here for generations, she practically owned the place, he had to do his best to sell that swagger. He had to admit, the pink and black dress Whitney had picked out helped. It was tight, but not showy, short, but professional; it was easy to feel confident when he knew he looked so beautiful. The heels on the other hand, may have been a mistake. How did she walk in these infernal things? A few steps and his ankles were already complaining about the steep angle. He glanced around nervously as he wobbled a bit, hopefully nobody of consequence would see him so unsteady.

"Had a glass of champagne with breakfast, Whitney?"

Damn.

He looked up to see Taylor Denello, Whitney's friend and fellow board member. The polar opposite to Whitney with her olive skin and dark hair, people often called them chalk and cheese. Whitney had explained this morning that she and Taylor had been arguing over the club budget for months now and that he was to not give her an inch of slack.

"If you give her an inch, she'll take a mile." Whitney had warned, "Play hard ball with her."

David steeled himself. He'd watched plenty of chick flicks at Whitney's insistence, he could do this. Putting on his best, most confident smile he straightened.

"Oh no, it's just these damned shoes." He giggled, "I have so many now that by the time I rotate through them all I have to break them in all over again."

He watched with a small amount of satisfaction as Taylor's eye twitched slightly in irritation before smoothing back into a warm smile.

“Oh, I know how that is!” She laughed, looping her arm through his own. “Glad you’re here, I was just heading to the board room. I’ve got the waiters brining us tea.”

“Wonderful.”

David gave her arm a friendly squeeze and she smiled at him. The glittering white teeth reminded him of a predator and he couldn’t help but feel he was about to descend into the lion’s den.

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As a lawyer, even a junior one, David was adept at handling tricky situations. Using his cunning and clever words to navigate difficult situations was his bread and butter.

Or so he thought.

Forget the lion analogy, these women were vipers. Each filled to the brim with venom and poised to strike at any second. He watched with growing trepidation as each of the board members arrived, the conversation becoming thick with thinly veiled barbs. All it took was one slight miscalculation to send somebody toppling to the bottom of the pecking order. A slightly raised eyebrow and a comment on how Georgia’s shoes were ‘such a lovely addition to last year’s collection’ had caused the woman to clam up entirely in humiliation. Was this what Whitney was like when he wasn’t around? Even through all his frustration he didn’t believe his wife could be so...cold.

When they finally sat down and started discussing the club’s day to day activities, he found keeping them on track was a lot more difficult than he’d anticipated. David felt his brain melting as the women continued to chatter about innocuous things, complaining about problems that wouldn’t even exist for most people. Like finding a maid who knew how to properly clean skirting boards.

“I’m just saying it’s so obvious.” Claire sighed, “What would people think if they come into my house and see all that grime sitting so close to the floor? It’s ghastly.”

“Speaking of ghastly.” David spoke up with the tight smile, “Perhaps we should get down to brass tax? The budget isn’t going to balance itself.”

“Whitney’s right.” Taylor nodded, “besides, it’s not fair to have a conversation one person can’t join. You don’t even have a maid, do you Whitney?”

David sipped at his tea, indulging in a short fantasy where he threw it in Taylor's smug face. He finally understood why Whitney always insisted on a glass of wine and bath after these gatherings. Did Whitney want a maid? He knew she'd grown up with one but the subject had never been broached; did she expect him to just organise it? He stuffed the intrusive thoughts and self doubt to the back of his mind.

"That is not relevant." He replied curtly, "The issue on the table is the extra funding so graciously provided by Mr. Bishop and what to do with it."

According to the minutes he'd looked over with Whitney this morning, the extra funds had been a contention point for weeks now. Taylor had been petitioning to have it used to 'refurbish' one of the gazebos while Whitney had been wanting to up the staff salaries.

"Once we spread it out how much difference would it make?" Taylor argued, "One or two extra dollars an hour won't change anybody's lives. The gazebo on the other hand is used for all kinds of events. If we update it, I am sure every member will be wanting their summer parties held there."

"It could make all the difference--"

"Look, honey." Taylor interrupted, "I know you married down and that now you have this need to be all social justice-y but we need to think about what's best for the club here."

David fumed. The other women nodding along like the good little sheep they were only added fuel to the fire burning inside him. Fuck this place. Fuck these women! He wanted to stand up and shout to the heavens what he actually thought of them but he managed to hold back. Biting down on his tongue for Whitney's sake. This was important to her and if he'd learned anything over the weekend, it was that he owed her at least one favour. If that meant getting down on the same level as these bitches...so be it.

"Actually, I think giving the staff a pay rise is what's best for the club." He smiled calmly, "The staff will appreciate the gesture of goodwill and work harder in the future to obtain further pay rises. They say you can't buy loyalty but really, we all know you can. Think of the long-term applications."

Taylor's face twitched in irritation the same way it had when they'd first met up and David knew he was going to win. As he went on to explain to the other woman the benefits of his idea. Feeding their egos, making them feel good about it until all the ladies were nodding along saying things like "of course we have to look after those less fortunate" and other similar vapid lines he didn't believe

for a second. A feeling of satisfaction filled him as they adjured, he shot Taylor a smug smile as he left. It wasn't until he reached the car that he realised that he hadn't wobbled once. Walking in heels wasn't actually that hard. It just took confidence.

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It felt alien to her, sitting in an office like this. Whenever they showed rooms like this in films, ones filled with little office cubicles, they always looked so drab and draining yet she felt exhilarated. Firing up the computer and opening David's emails and reports felt...empowering. It had been so long since her mind had been challenged this way and rather than feel daunted, she was excited.

Moreover, it was good to have the distraction. All weekend her mind had kept slipping back to memories of pinning David to that wall. She had seen the way he'd been looking at her, she knew he wanted it again and that idea alone was enough to make her insides coil with desire.

Shaking the thoughts off she focused on the task at hand and let herself fall into a rhythm. Checking the emails, filing the paperwork, reading through David's case notes. Her mind felt alive, truly alive for the first time in what seemed like forever. Some of the more complicated language delayed her for a time but with a combination of David's own notes and a few internet searches she was pleased to see she was making good progress not only with his regular paperwork but the financials as well. She was so laser focused on her task she didn't even realise her phone was buzzing until David had tried to call a third time.

"I was beginning to worry you'd gotten pulled into the boss' office already!"

"Sorry, I was just focusing." Whitney rolled her eyes at his lack of faith. "How did the meeting go?"

"The staff are getting their raise." Whitney felt her eyebrow raise in shock as he continued, "Honestly though Whitney, you call those women your friends? I knew they were a bunch of shallow cows but I had no idea how utterly detached from reality they were!"

"Yes well, where am I going to meet anyone else?" Whitney sighed, still silently impressed David was able to handle Taylor, "Besides, it's something to do that has at least a little meaning."

David was quiet on the other end of the line for a moment before awkwardly clearing his throat.

"Anyway, I'm all done now so I'll talk you through the financials--"

“You mean the financial documents for the three active petty cash claims?” Whitney smiled, “I already finished those, well, almost I have half of one to go, the Chase Lyndon one.”

“Y-you finished them?” he said incredulously, “Hang on, email them to yourself and I’ll open up the files on my phone.”

Whitney held back the retort and did as he asked, feeling her smug satisfaction grow as he silently read over them. No doubt realising she’d done them all perfectly.

“How did you do this so fast?” he asked eventually.

“I’ve always had a head for numbers, something I tried to remind you when you decided to take over our finances.”

She was met with the quiet buzz of the phone line. That last barb had come off a little harsher than intended but it was true; she wasn’t going to apologise.

“Well...see you tonight.” He said unceremoniously before hanging up, Whitney just sighed.

David’s pride would be the death of him one day she swore. She put him and their situation out of mind, refocusing her efforts on work. As confident as she had sounded on the phone she didn’t want to get cocky, this was their livelihood after all. She couldn’t risk some misunderstanding ruining somebody’s case and David’s work record. When lunch rolled around she ate in the cafeteria; she had been prepared with all manner of excuses to eat alone and then rush back to her desk but to her surprise none of David’s friends approached. She racked her brain, trying to think of any anecdote or work stories he had shared over the past few months. Surely David had work friends, or at the very least colleagues he got along with. She had been preparing to defend herself, to put on a great act but it seemed it wasn’t necessary.

Apparently, David eating alone was the norm.

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Dear lord, he was bored. The board meeting may have been about as fun as screwing nails into his skull but at least his mind had been active. After arriving home he’d set about cleaning; contrary to what Whitney thought, he did know how to use the vacuum cleaner and mop, he was going to show her house work wasn’t anything to complain about. But after an hour of dusting, washing up and

laundry he was ready to hand himself in as a fraud, sure the work wasn't physically or mentally demanding but it was mind numbingly boring. When it came time to put the vacuum cleaner away he wanted to throw the damn thing into the hall cupboard and never look at it again.

He glanced around the house. Chores were done, his meeting was done, what now? Lacking any better ideas, he flicked on the tv, ready to enjoy a nice lazy day only to realise day time tv was atrocious. What did people do before streaming services honestly? He switched to Netflix and settled in, letting his brain turn off even further. He didn't realise how long he'd been watching until he heard the front door, Whitney walked in looking haggard but fulfilled. The realisation that he'd just spent half a day in front of the television made his cheeks burn red. He waited for the barb but it never came.

"What are you watching?"

"...Friends." He replied, "I haven't been watching long-"

"It's fine. I could use some comfort tv after all that maths today." She flopped down on the couch next to him, "So you got the staff their raise? That's impressive. I have been trying to get a majority vote for weeks!"

"Bit of lawyer smooth talking." He preened, "That's all. And uh, well done. You know, doing my paperwork."

Whitney shrugged and he fidgeted awkwardly as quiet descended over them with only the canned laughter of the show to break up the silence.

"So..." David chewed on his lip, "What do you normally do all day?"

Whitney shot him a withering look and he held up his hands in defence.

"No! I mean it genuinely! I did the meeting and the cleaning and then...well I watched Friends..."

She sighed.

"Shop, hang out at the club...watch Friends."

They both chuckled a little, the tension melting away.

“I didn’t realise your life was so...”

“Boring?” She finished with a wily smile that turned to a sigh, “Yeah...Hey, David who are your work friends?”

The question caught him off guard.

“Oh well, I tend to keep to myself. Always hustling for that extra pay, you know?” He shrugged, “Most of the others, they don’t really like it. I think it comes off as ass kissing.”

“You never told me you don’t have any friends either.”

“Either?”

“Well, there’s the ladies at the club but you saw first hand what hanging out with them is like. It’s more work than fun.”

“I guess all we really have is each other.” He mumbled, was that part of why Whitney was so adamant on saving their marriage? He was alright on his own honestly, but now that he took the time to think about it, what would it be like to be totally without company? Without any friends or even a wife he disliked to keep him company. For the first time, it seemed like a sad life.

“Whitney.”

“Yeah?”

“Will you go on a date with me?”

