

In Her Shoes

For Unsurpassed Travesty

By TheSpiralledEye

Payton and Mitchell have a traditional marriage right up until the day they wake up to find that Mitchell's work uniform now fits his wife and her dresses fit him. Not only that but everybody seems to think Mitch is the wife and Payton is the husband...

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Payton sighed looking down at the half eaten dinner before her. Mitchell had barely touched his dinner before announcing that he 'just wasn't in the mood for whatever the hell this is'. She'd been excited to try out a new, more exotic recipe but as always all her husband wanted was plain old meat and three veg, seven nights a week, twelve months a year. She loved Mitch, she did, but he was a blue collar man through and through; that meant working long hours as a plumber, then coming home to sit in front of the tv with a beer expecting his dinner cooked and his clothes cleaned.

Unlike a lot of women, Payton actually didn't mind being a housewife all that much. She enjoyed cooking and cleaning and Mitch did work hard to make sure she always had enough money to buy herself a new dress or a treat once in a while. He took great pride in being a provider and 'good husband' unfortunately, in his mind being a good husband did not involve much more than ensuring her physical needs were met and giving her the occasional kiss on the cheek.

Well, not quite all her physical needs. She was still a little sore from their last round of love making a few nights ago. Not that Mitch was intentionally rough, he'd never dream of hurting her on purpose, she knew that. He was just...a man. Sex was about his needs, he never really went in for much foreplay and just wanted her on her back as soon as possible. It was...fine.

If there was a word to describe her life it would be that. Fine. Nothing exciting, nothing terrible, just a normal, working class life with a husband who was more interested in watching football than sitting down to talk about his wife's day. Payton couldn't even blame him, how could she make laundry and tea with the other ladies in the street sound interesting when it was the same every day?

He was already storing in his reclining chair as she placed down the plate in the sink after scraping off the last of the pasta. The housework was done and she didn't feel like waking him after such a long day but she also didn't want to be alone and mope. So instead she did as usual and dialled Stacey's number to vent.

"It was seafood pasta. If Mitchell thinks that's exotic he's even more uncultured than I thought." Stacey snorted after Payton finished explaining what had happened.

"He's not uncultured, he's just simple." She defended.

"Come off it, he's awful, Payton. Why do you stay with him? I still don't even understand why you married him in the first place."

"I love him." Payton replied, though even she wasn't sure how much that response was habit. "He's just a stubborn, simple man that's all. He's wonderful really, sometimes I just wish he'd be a little more...open minded."

"Is the sex still as boring as ever?"

"No." Payton lied, and Stacey laughed.

"That's a yes." She sighed. "Payton you need to tell him what you like or you'll never enjoy getting laid."

"I can't tell him what to do in the bedroom." Payton blushed, "That's...it's not my place."

"Oh my God, Payton. You realise it hasn't been the 1950's for over half a century right? You can tell your husband how to fuck you."

"Stacey!"

"You can!"

"...I don't even know what I like. Maybe I just don't like sex. Mitch is the only man I've ever slept with."

“I told you to experiment more in college.”

“Sometimes I wonder why I even call you to talk about this.” Payton sighed.

“Because deep down you know I’m right and want to hear it.”

Payton bit her lip; maybe she was right but she didn't want to admit it.

“I just wish he could understand what it’s like in my shoes.” Payton said finally, “I tried telling him ages back but I gave up. It’s not that he doesn't want to try, he just...doesn't understand. No matter how I explain it. In his mind he’s providing me a good life, I have friends and money and a husband who would never stray. What more could I want?”

“Have I ever told you your husband’s a sexist pig.”

“He’s not a pig.”

“So you admit he’s sexist?”

“No! I just...ugh, this is getting nowhere. I ‘m going to bed.”

Payton hung up and on the other end of the line Stacey sighed. Payton was a nice woman, she just had no spine. In her own home Stacey leaned back in her chair and spied the old spellbook, a gift from her grandmother and an item she had been very reluctant to use. Magic was a fickle thing, she’d learned the hard way in highschool how badly messing with the natural order could be.

Payton’s words echoed in her skull though, about wanting Mitch to walk in her shoes and she couldn’t get the idea out of her head. After a few minutes of deliberation, she reached for the book.

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Mitch groaned as his alarm buzzed; it felt like he’d only just hit the pillow. He reached out to silence it only to hit...more blanket. And a lump. Groggily he opened his eyes and found that despite the fact he was laying on his side, his bedside table was nowhere to be seen. Instead he was facing inwards toward the bed and the other shape in it that must have been Payton.

Had they somehow gone to sleep on the wrong side of the bed last night? They must have. Strange though, normally Payton woke before him to make breakfast and he felt a stab of irritation; now he'd have to have cereal or risk being late. He hated not having a hot breakfast before a work day, it meant he was always starving by the time lunch rolled around.

The irritation faded though when he heard the sound of Payton's soft snores from beneath the blanket; Payton never snored, that was his habit. She must have a blocked nose or something and slept through her much quieter alarm. Mitch reached out to gently wake her.

"Payton, hon, you okay?"

"Mmmmm?" She rolled over to face him, icy blonde hair tousled from sleep. "Oh! Sorry, honey, I must have overslept!"

"It's okay." He sighed, "Could you throw an extra sandwich in my lunchbox? I can eat on the job."

"Of course,!"

Mitch swung his legs over the bed and reached for his dressing gown, throwing it over his shoulders only to feel the stitching sink into his skin as he tried to tie it. Confused, he looked down to see the clothing was far too tight, not to mention several inches too short. Once again his irritation spiked.

"Payton, you shrunk my robe in the wash!" He rumbled, this day was not starting off well.

"I...don't think that's what happened." Payton replied and he turned to see her swamped in her own robe that now reached the floor. "Shrinking is one thing, but getting bigger? I didn't even wash these yesterday."

Mitch scrunched up his nose in confusion and flung open the wardrobe, only to find the rest of his clothes were in a similar state. Nothing looked like it was his size at all. All his flannels were buttoned on the wrong side as well! And his work overalls had a totally different fit, almost as if they were meant for a woman.

“What the hell?”

Mitch reached for each outfit, holding them against his body in confusion. What was even stranger was that when he turned to the opposite side of the closet everything; from Payton’s sun dresses to her underwear, seemed to be a perfect fit. He didn't need to hold them up to know they would fit him perfectly. What’s stranger; he felt an odd sense of connection to the pieces, like they were his. There was no great longing to put them on or anything they just...felt like they belonged to him.

Payton seemed to be feeling the same way about his clothes because despite her usual distaste for all things flannel and denim she picked out a pair and shrugged.

“We may as well,” She said, “I don’t want to spend all day in my pyjamas or in clothes they are hanging off me.”

“I...suppose.” Mitch replied, still a little flabbergasted.

None of this made any sense, and yet, as he slipped into the panties and bra, he didn't feel awkward. He even managed to hook up the bra at the back without any issues; it was only as he reached for some over clothes that he realised he shouldn't have even bothered at all. He had no breasts, why had he felt compelled to put on a bra? It had felt like a habit; despite the fact wearing one had never been part of his routine for obvious reasons.

Mitch quickly shook the bra off, shoving it back in the drawer feeling self conscious and hoping Payton hadn't seen. How embarrassing would that have been for her? To see her husband in a bra like some sort of...sissy or something. No, even if he had to wear his wife’s clothes for a hot minute he wasn't going to lose his pride.

Of course that was going to be difficult when his wife didn't own a single pair of pants. Payton was a very feminine woman; she loved all things pink and floral; her entire wardrobe was skirts and dresses. Not even a pair of shorts.

“Don't worry about it, honey.” Payton said over his shoulder. “Why don't you try the blue one with the white flowers, I think it would suit you.”

She said it so casually; as if instructing your husband on what dress to wear was the most normal thing in the world. She'd already put on his work clothes and looked surprisingly comfortable, not only that but...they seemed to suit her. She looked ready to get down and start fixing pipes.

He wasn't about to be outdone so Mitch did as she asked. Slipping the blue fit and flare dress over his head and finding it surprisingly comfortable. Well, comfortable with one exception; his chest felt itchy. The fabric of the dress didn't feel right there, it felt like something was...missing. He did his best to ignore it as they made their way to the kitchen.

"We'll think clearer on a full stomach." he announced, "We'll eat then figure out the clothing situation. There must be an obvious explanation for all this."

Though even as he said it Mitch had his doubts. He was a swarthy guy, with a thick build that stood a full foot taller than Payton. How on earth could her dress fit him so perfectly? His mind raced, trying in vain to think of some way to explain all of this; he was so caught up in his thoughts he hadn't even realised she was standing in front of the stove until the smell of bacon frying coiled in his nose.

He blinked; it was almost like waking from a trance. He'd just started cooking without thinking about it. He glanced around and saw Payton in a similar state of surprise, looking down at the newspaper sports section. They looked at one another in shock; it was like they'd traded places without even thinking about it.

"Sorry." Payton blushed, hurried getting to her feet and nudging him away from the pan to take over. "I don't know what came over me."

"Me either." Mitch blinked again, he felt oddly adrift, his hand twitching, wanting nothing more than to take hold of the spatula and continue cooking.

He swallowed, actually considering asking if he could take over again when suddenly the front door burst open. Brad, his neighbour and a fellow plumber from the same union walked in with an apologetic look on his face.

"Sorry!" He called, "But I am in a serious bind, the truck won't start, think you could come look at it, bud?"

Mitch felt his face turn beet red; it wasn't unusual for Brad not to knock, it was a habit Payton has often found irritating but now it was his turn to be annoyed. He waited for Brad's face to change, for him to look Mitch up and down and start laughing, but he didn't. In fact, he wasn't looking at Mitch at all. He was looking at *Payton*.

"M-me?" She stammered.

“Well yeah, I know pipes are your main squeeze but I’ve seen you under that truck of yours plenty of times.” Brad chuckled.

Mitch felt as if the whole world had gone mad; Payton had barely even set foot near his truck, let alone under it. She didn't know a spanner from a screwdriver.

“Aren’t you going to say something about this?” Mitch spluttered after a moment, waving a hand over his dress and Brad pulled a face.

“Uh sure, it’s a lovely dress.” He nodded, “But I really need to get my car going. Payton, please?”

“Um, okay?” She replied sounded unsure.

She looked to Mitch with an expression that seemed just as confused as she followed Brad outside. Mitch travelled over to the frying pan without thinking and moved it off the heat. Whatever was happening, it wasn't just them.

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Payton felt her palms sweating as she and Brad made their way across the street to his house, tools in hand. She was operating on a sort of auto pilot, letting her body guide her while her mind frantically tried to figure out what to do.

“Your wife’s getting a little...arrogant.” Brad said awkwardly, “You know Mitch and I never got on, but seriously? Does she always demand compliments like that?”

“Mitch...my wife?”

“Yes.” Brad said slowly, “You okay, man You’re acting a little weird.”

“No, I’m fine. I just...woke up on the wrong side of the bed.” Payton replied, it wasn't a lie after all.

Something told her explaining everything would probably just cause more questions she didn't have the answers to; then a trip to the psych ward. They reached Brad's car and he

popped the engine open. Payton had never even looked at a car engine before now, and yet...she seemed to understand it. Her hands moved with purpose and connected the loose battery wire, and with a twist of the keys the car rumbled to life.

“Yes! Thanks man!”

“You’re welcome.” She replied feeling slightly dazed.

“I’d stay and chat but I am super late! You have a late job this morning or something?”

Oh shit; was she supposed to be working right now? With all the confusion getting dressed she’d not even checked the time. If Brad thought she was Mitch in all but name, did that mean that somewhere somebody was tapping their foot, checking their watch and waiting for her to show up and fix their sink?

She hurriedly returned to find breakfast plated and Mitch standing by awkwardly, fiddling with the neckline of his dress. It was strange; he somehow managed to look so damn good in that dress, despite his thick arms and manly build. It was one of her favourites actually; yet she didn’t feel jealous that Mitch got to wear it, not when he wore it so well.

“So...Brad seems to think you’re my wife.” Payton explained slowly, going over the conversation she’d had and how she’d fixed the car. All while shovelling the breakfast Mitch had made into her mouth.

“It’s like the whole worlds gone topsy turvy.” Mitch shook his head. “You’re right though, if Mitch thinks you’re me, for lack of a better term, then the Johnson’s over on Maple street are probably waiting for you to come fix their hot water.”

“B-but I don’t know how to do that!”

“Maybe you do, you fixed Brad’s car after all.” Mitch shrugged, not seeming at all bothered that his trade, hell, his entire life, seemed to have just been snatched from him. “I’ll treat it like a little holiday. You go see if that mysterious knowledge kicks in and I’ll...do whatever it is you were supposed to do today.”

Payton bit her lip; it was worth a shot and she had to admit, even if it was just to herself, that it might be nice to get a feel for what her husband did all day and vice versa.

“Alright.” She nodded, picking up his tools and car keys, “My to-do list is on the fridge. I’d better get going, I am late.”

“Hon, don't forget your lunch!” Mitch called after her, stuffing the brown paper bag into her hand. “Trust me, it’s hungry work.”

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Mitch watched nervously as Payton drove down the street; his work truck was much larger and bulkier than her little town car. He hoped she could handle it; and the work. He’d been working six days a week for the past few years, he couldn’t remember his last day off. So even though the situation was less than ideal he wasn’t too bothered. Sure he had a little list of things to get done but the house was already pretty tidy so it couldn’t take too long. Then he could sit back and watch some tv for most of the day and relax while they waited for whatever this was to wear off.

He rubbed at his chest, wincing a little at the fabric scrapping across his chest. That feeling that something was missing was still there and he thought back to when he was first getting dressed. A bra would help with the strange feeling, he was sure, and well, it wasn't like Payton or anybody else would know if he was wearing one or not.

With a skip in his step he made his way back to the bedroom and quickly redressed. Sighing in relief as the dress rested against the bra he’d selected. That was so much better.

He clasped his hands together, right, time to get to work. The list looked simple enough; vacuuming, washing, laundry, preparing dinner. Shouldn’t take long. He started on the housework finding it both harder than he expected and surprisingly time consuming. And yet, each time he looked at the clock and saw how much time had passed he also felt an odd sense of satisfaction. The floor did look so much better after he’d cleaned it; and there was something soothing about carefully folding each piece of clean clothing while the scent of pine soap filled the air.

When it came to making dinner he found that, like all her other clothes, the frilly apron behind the pantry door fit him perfectly. He couldn’t help stopping to admire it in the mirror now and again; he didn't even care if it was emasculating; the pink brought out the colour in his eyes and for the first time in an age Mitch felt good about his appearance. Normally it was a side of him he disregarded entirely.

As he was putting the folded laundry away he could help but notice something sitting on Payton’s makeup table. A single tube of lipstick had fallen from the tray where she kept them meticulously organised. He picked it up, fully intending to put it back where it belonged

but his body had other ideas as before he could think he was sitting on the little stool before the mirror.

“The dress suits me...” he muttered, “Maybe this will as well?”

He shook his head and slammed the tube awkwardly back into place. Whatever these weird habits, urges, whatever he wanted to call them were. He needed to fight it. He was a man goddamn it. Maybe he was in a floral dress but that didn't mean anything. He put away the clothes and went to make dinner, trying very hard not to dwell on just how tempting that make up was.

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Payton felt nervous as Mrs Johnson led her down to where the hot water boiler was in the basement; like at any moment she would turn around and demand to know where Mitch was. She didn't though, she just left her alone in a room with tools and a hot water heater that wasn't working. Payton stared at it for a few minutes, hoping for some spark of inspiration to appear like with the car but...nothing.

Well, the first thing to do would be to open it she supposed, nothing could go wrong just opening the thing and having a look. Maybe she'd be lucky and see a loose wire and that would be that. Did hot water heaters have wires? Now that she thought about it that would be a pretty stupid design. She swung open the machine and began tinkering with the innards.

She was so busy worrying about accidentally breaking something she didn't realise she'd fixed it until she was closing the heater again and flicking on the water. She blinked; she'd done it! A wide smile spread across her face; that had been easy! Mrs Johnson thanked her profusely and passed her a cheque which Payton took graciously before returning to the truck in a state of shock. A thank you, and payment! She wasn't used to her hard efforts being acknowledged at all, let alone being rewarded for them so handsomely! It felt...good.

Filled with a new sense of confidence she sped off to the next job in Mitch's journal, experiencing the same thing again. Once or twice his work phone rang and she did her jobs, one was even a friend of Mrs Johnson who'd recommended her as soon as she'd left!

The work was hard, quite dirty as well and yet as her manicure chipped away and dirt gathered beneath her nails and on her clothes she didn't mind. Normally she abhorred getting dusty but the work was just too fulfilling for her to care. Even as her bones ached with

tiredness pulling up at home she was filled with a sense of accomplishment she hadn't felt since leaving school over a decade ago.

Walking in to see a roast chicken on the table and Mitch in his frilly apron was the cherry on top of a perfect day. She kissed him on the cheek and immediately launched into talking about her day while he listened with rapt attention. It felt so good to have somebody to come home too, not to mention a wonderfully clean house. Even if Mitch did pout when she first walked in.

“You're tracking dirt on the carpet.” He sighed.

“It's not too bad.” Payton waved him off, “Just vacuum it up tomorrow.”

“But it took me an hour to get the floor this pristine!”

“That's just because you're not used to it, you'll get faster with practice. Now, let me tell you about this S bend that was giving me trouble today.”

When the day was over they went to bed, instinctually heading to the opposite sides to what they were used to. Payton stretched, feeling her sore back crack as she hopped into bed with a happy sigh. Sleeping in just a pair of boxers was so comfortable! And Mitch looked lovely in her nightie, which of course she made sure to tell him. The little pleased blush on his cheek made her smile and a strange feeling stir in her stomach which she quickly dismissed. She was far too tired to even think about sex; well, at least not too much.

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When they woke the next morning to find nothing had changed Mitch expected to feel disappointed but to his surprise, he didn't. Yesterday had been hard work, and a little lonely, but today was the day Payton had the neighbourhood women round for tea and gossip so at least he wouldn't be alone.

He fell into the new routine easily, laying on a nice sundress and even giving his lips a coating of that peachy coloured gloss he liked Payton in so much. And to his delight, hosting tea was wonderfully fun. He had no idea so many salacious things were happening in their very neighbourhood!

He'd never cared for Payton's friends before but now that he was getting to know them he discovered just how witty Betty was, and how clever Susan and Grace could be. Not to mention Stacey, who seemed to have such a keen interest in his life. Always asking

about his day and how he was feeling. It was lovely; guys never talked like this. It was all football and tv shows, never more than surface level discussions.

Each day they rose to find themselves in this new life for another sunrise and eventually Mitch stopped fighting it entirely. It was nice, being the one looked after for once. It was fun getting up in the morning and having choices when it came to wardrobe. No more samey flannel shirts and overall, now he could spend time putting together matching skirts and blouses, then skipping over to the make up table to match jewellery and lipstick.

Payton seemed to really be enjoying herself as well for the exact opposite reason. She came home each day filthy and smiling like the cat that got the cream.

“It’s such a relief!” She sighed, flopping down into bed in just her boxers for another night, “to not have to spend time thinking about what I wear in the morning.”

“I rather like it.”

“Well it shows.” Payton smiled, “You look fabulous, hon.”

Mitch giggled, blushing a little as he slipped into his silk nightie. He’d not worn this one yet; it was a lot shorter than the others and the fabric shimmered all over save for the lace frills. It was pale pink and flowy, yet the plunging neckline added a touch of womanly sophistication. Mitch watched as Linda leaned back on her elbows, her chest bare and her eyes hungry.

“That’s the nightgown I got for our weekend away last year.” She said dreamily, “I made sure to get one with loose straps so you could just push it off my shoulders and let it flutter to the ground.”

Mitch remembered the trip, but he felt a twist of guilt remembering how he’d simply pulled the dress off over her head without a second thought.

“I never did that.”

“No. You didn’t.” Payton scowled, getting to her feet. “But it’s a very romantic gesture, it really gets women going that sort of stuff you know. You could have stood to try it more rather than being so...rushed and forward.”

She was standing right in front of his now, stance wide and authoritative. A second later her hands were at his shoulders, resting on the straps as she slowly pushed them aside; her

eyes locked on his. Mitch felt held in place by the power of her gaze but couldn't help but shiver as he felt the silky fabric flutter to the ground and pool around his ankles. He was naked, save for his panties; and they were suddenly a lot tighter.

"See how effective a gentle touch can be?" Payton whispered, Mitch could only nod, his voice seemed to have disappeared entirely.

"This time being the man in our relationship has given me a bit more confidence," She continued, "I think it's time I showed you how to really treat a woman in bed...would you like that."

His mouth opened and closed; his cock was straining in the tight panties that were never built to contain a hard on. He could only nod again and Payton smiled. There was a sharp glint in her eyes that sent another shiver down his spine.

Payton's hands moved down his shoulders to grip his arms, steering him towards the bed and laying him down on it, lovingly, yet firm. His heart began to race, he'd never had a woman take charge in the bedroom before, then again, was she even a woman right now? He was the one who was acting the part of the blushing bride.

Payton let go of his arms and stood, bringing her fingers to the boxers and slowly lowering them; again, never breaking eye contact and speaking in a low, authoritative voice.

"What you need to do is go slow, let things build." She whispered, stepping out of the boxers and reaching for his panties. "Let the anticipation become *painful*."

She stroked her fingers along his inner thighs, then along his legs before slowly running them over the bulge in his panties. A pleased gasp escaped his lips as his cock twitched in response, but her touch was so light it could only tease, never satisfy.

After a long minute, she finally took the hem and he obediently raised his hips so she could pull the panties off and down his legs before climbing atop him, pinning him in place.

"Then, when they can't stand it anymore, you enter them." She whispered, slowly sinking down so that her hole was pressing against his head. "But don't thrust in all at once."

Mitch whimpered, feeling desperate to be inside her but Payton hushed him, sinking down inch by inch at a leisurely pace until finally she was fully seated against him.

“See now, you’re ready to cum already, but I won’t let you.” She grinned, “I’ll take things nice and slow, till I’m on the edge as well.”

She began to rise and fall and Mitch’s voice returned to him, he moaned and swore as bliss filled his every being as Payton bounced on his cock. Minutes went by and he was getting more and more desperate.

“Such foul words.” Payton cooed, “I thought you were a good girl.”

“I...oh fuck it’s so good.”

“You want me to fuck you harder, sweet thing?” Payton teased.

“Yes!”

“Well, since you asked so nicely, just keep that tongue in check. I want you to be a good girl for me, alright.”

“Yes! Oh fu-ahhhh yes! I will just don’t stop.”

Mitch felt her squeeze him tight and he saw stars as she began to rise and fall faster. His balls tightened and he watched as Payton’s eyes rolled back in her head as she came, he’d never seen such a look of bliss on her face before. It sent him tumbling over the edge with her and the two of them collapsed back into the bed, a sweaty, gratified mess.

Mitch really did feel like a bushing bride that had experienced sex for the first time. His whole body hummed with pleasure and he silently begged whatever being had done this to them to never reverse it. He wanted to be the woman in their relationship forever.