

Mini-Story: Second Try at a First Date (Couple Gender Swap)

By FoxFaceStories

Mandy and Rick are getting ready to go out for dinner. The only problem is that they have been magically genderswapped and are trying to deal with this while keeping the romance alive. Mandy hated being a man, but Rick . . . perhaps being the girlfriend in the relationship won't be so bad?

Second Try at a First Date

Things were a little awkward as Mandy and Rick took their seats. It was the *Chateau* restaurant, their favourite and the site of their very first date two years ago. Now, however, silence reigned as they looked over the menus and tried to think of what to say.

"This is still too weird," Mandy said in her brassy voice. "I'm used to the waiter pulling out the seat for me. Now people are giving me funny looks because I forgot to pull yours out."

"It's okay," Rick replied, his voice a lovely soprano. "I didn't even think of it. I just grabbed that seat and wrenched it out before he could even get to it."

More silence reigned. Rick shuffled a little in her seat. She had to remind herself to cross her legs or at least keep them together. She was a manspreader by nature, but doing so while wearing a rather stylish pink dress was *not* really the thing to do. Instead, she tried to calm her nervousness by patting her hair and making sure her tight black curls were in place. She'd spent far, far too much time on her hair, and it made her understand why women take so long getting ready for dates. In fact, just picking out the right dress to compliment her lovely ebony skin had taken her nearly half an hour.

"Stop touching your hair," Mandy said as he looked over the menu. "You look incredible."

Rick perked up. "I do?"

Mandy gazed at her, then gave a grim smile. "Of course you do, babe. You look even better than I ever did as a woman."

"You're just saying that."

"No, I mean it. It's embarrassing to admit, but I'm actually jealous. You've even got bigger boobs than me."

Rick's cheeks grew warm. She didn't want to admit it, but having a D-cup rack was actually kind of awesome. It had been humiliating at first, of course, when she'd been changed from a man to a woman a whole two months ago. But now . . . they really did look

good. And she knew that Mandy was looking at them more lately, and perhaps with some interest?

“That’s not something I can control,” she told her girlfriend-turned-boyfriend. “I mean, you cleaned up very nicely! You look - you look handsome! There, I said it. You look really handsome.”

It was true, Mandy did look handsome. Technically, his name was *Matthew* now, just like Rick’s name was *Rianna*. They still thought of themselves by their old names for now, though. While there was still hope of changing back. But one wouldn’t think Mandy had ever been a woman to look at him: he had broad shoulders and a handsome goatee that he was compelled to not shave off. He was wearing a white dress shirt and smart casual jeans, but apart from that he’d not done much with his hair, not that he needed to as a man. Still, he pouted a little.

“It’s just . . . I struggled to pull off the date look when I was . . . when I was the woman in the relationship. Before that strange purple lightning storm hit us and rewrote reality.”

They had to pause their conversation while the waiter asked if they were ready to order. Rick had to remind herself that she would not be able to stomach a whole seafood platter now. Her stomach was much smaller, and she increasingly wanted to avoid ruining her figure if she truly was stuck like this. She had a *damn good* one, after all. Though, on the other hand, she didn’t exactly want to slim down her fantastic ass, either. It had that black lady bounce to it. It was the one physical downside to dating a white girl, she’d thought back when she was male and Mandy was female. Now, for such superficial thoughts, she’d been blessed with a comfy, rounded rear. And she had started to *love* it. It certainly got her attention when she went out for a walk. And Mandy liked to look . . . if only she would *feel*.

“Babe? You ready to order?”

Rick had to snap her thoughts back to reality. “Oh, sorry! I’ll have, um, the scallops and pasta, thank you very much. Just an extra salad side with that.”

The waiter thanked them and left. Mandy had ordered them some wine, which he said was ‘much-needed.’ Mandy was drinking hers alarmingly fast.

“So, what did you order?” Rick asked, fidgeting with her jewellery.

“Just a small salad dish.”

“I keep telling you,” Rick said. “You need to eat more. You’ve got a man’s body, and you need more carbs, babe.”

“Ugh, I know. But habits die hard. God, I don’t know how you did this, Rick. I’m so lost being a man. I keep crossing my legs like a lady, or walking into the ladies bathroom, or acting funny around other men. I look like some big alpha male type, but I’m still a girl inside. I’m getting it all wrong. I can’t adapt like you do.”

Rick bit her lip. She leaned forward, and couldn't help but notice that Mandy's eye caught upon her cleavage. It was a nice feeling, to be noticed that way, so she took Mandy's hand.

"You're doing so well, babe. You're so strong. And you look strong. It's sexy."

"You don't mean that."

"I do! You know the purple lightning we were driving through changed our reality as well as our natures, right? I mean, I'll just come out and say what we've been dancing around the whole time, and I'll pretend it's the wine talking. I find you . . . attractive. I don't think that's a surprise to you, babe. This whole reality change gender change thing has got me finding men hot, and you're my boyfriend now, and I find you *hot*. That's why I've been pushing for us to go on a first date together."

"It's not a first date."

"Yes, it is," she said, squeezing his hand lovingly. "We're not used to our new selves. I'm Rianna, and you're Matthew. We're still getting used to that. And we need to have a second try at a first date so we can see if we're still compatible. You still want to be with me, right?"

"Of course," Mandy answered easily, sitting a bit taller. "Don't ever doubt that."

"And you're attracted to me, right? As a man to a woman?"

Mandy swallowed, struggling to admit the truth. Finally, he looked down. "Of course I am. I was never into women. Purely a straight girl. But now . . . God, Rick, it's so hard not to look at you all the time. You're so pretty, and if we're being honest and pretending we've drunk more wine than we have . . . you're *hot*. I can't stop looking at your curves. I want to hold you all the time."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because - because I don't want to be a man! Because it's so weird to me. I hate being so tall, and being so hairy, and having to be in charge, and having a dick. It's just - it's not me!"

They had to quieten again. The food was arriving. It gave them time to eat in silence and think it over. Rick found herself checking over her dress occasionally. She gave some extra food to Mandy, who grunted appreciatively; he really didn't have enough to eat. Rick then ordered another glass of wine. She needed it, and Mandy followed suit.

When they were finished, there was no holding off conversation anymore. Rick waited, and finally Mandy spoke.

"Don't you miss it? Being a man?"

Rick sighed, her deep breath reminding her of how womanly she was, because her breasts rose and fell dramatically with the motion. "Of course I do. I miss being strong,

opening up the pickle jars and not feeling weak and all that. I miss being tall, so I can reach the upper cupboards.”

Mandy actually chuckled at that.

“And I miss not worrying about my appearance, or my safety, or the damn periods.”

“Ugh, I don’t miss those. At least you don’t have a heavy flow like I did.”

“Well, I’ve only had two of them. They suck like hell, though. As do catcalls. And I don’t feel like I want to stay out in town at night anymore. For my safety. I’m not exactly imposing anymore. So there’s downsides.”

“But?”

Rick felt flushed, and far too warm. She smiled sheepishly. “But . . . it’s not so bad. I mean, I like the way people compliment me. I like how people don’t see me as a threat. I like . . . I like wearing this dress, and as you said, I’ve got nice boobs, and my ass is amazing-”

“Very amazing. I won’t lie. Again, I’m jealous.”

“-and I really like being more in touch with my emotions, and not being afraid to cry or be silly and emotional.”

At this, Mandy actually chuckled. “You really are in touch with your emotions lately, aren’t you? Even now, knowing we needed to have another first date as our new selves. That’s something the old me would have thought of, but now I’ve got all this grumpy testosterone.”

“Hey, don’t knock testosterone. It’ll make you feel like the king of the world at times.”

Mandy smirked, just a little. “It’s true, when I do something physical now, it’s kind of . . . exciting. But that doesn’t mean I want to be a man, Rick! I mean, look at us. We’re not in the right roles. But you . . . you’re adapting so well. You actually *prefer* being a woman.”

But Rick shook her head. “I don’t prefer it. I mean, maybe I will one day, if we can’t find a way back, which is probably the case. But I don’t *mind* it, babe. I like it *as much* as being a guy, I think. I just want you to feel the same way, too.”

She squeezed her former girlfriend’s hand again.

“You know I love you,” she said, staring longingly into his eyes.

“I know. I love you too,” he replied. “And now that we’re having this date, I know nothing will change that. I just . . . I just wish there was something that could make me appreciate being a man again. And being able to pee standing up just ain’t cutting it.”

Perhaps it was the wine, or the fact that they were dressed up, or that their first date had ended *very* passionately the first time around, but Rick suddenly had an idea. She adjusted her breasts in her dress, subtly enough to not be scandalous, but obviously enough to catch her partner’s clear attention. She smiled, and then leaned forward, displaying her cleavage and running her hands up his very attractive forearms.

“You know,” she purred. “Since we both love one another still, and want to stay together, there’s one thing I can definitely do for you to make you appreciate being a man.”

Mandy almost didn’t hear her; the sexual sight before the new man was enough to distract him.

“What - what’s that?” he said, still looking at her chest and beautiful face.

Rick giggled in her lovely new feminine way. “Men are a lot more . . . needy than women, in one particular way. They get frustrated and down without one thing. And maybe that’s what you need.”

“A massage?”

“No, silly! Remember our first date? Well, this is our second try at it. I say we end it in a similar way. I say we . . .”

She whispered in his ear, using her deeply sultry voice to really tease him. It must have worked, because Mandy suddenly stiffened at the table, his eyes going wide.

“Would you like that, if it’s not too weird to try?” Rick asked. She placed one hand on her hip, cocking it to one side like Mandy used to do, just to emphasise her figure.

A smile slowly crept across the transformed man’s face, and finally Rick saw her boyfriend’s eyes light up with eagerness and more than a little lust.

“Would you like that?” she repeated, grinning mischievously.

Mandy’s answer couldn’t have been more perfect. He held up his hand and searched desperately across the restaurant.

“Hey! Waiter!” he called. “Can we get the check! The sooner the better!”

“Awww,” Rick said. “That was what I said on our first date!”

The End