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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 03:09:02 GMT

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Saturday, January 12, 7:15 p.m., Tracy Island

"Argh!"

"What's the problem, love?" Jeff asked from the master bath, where he was knotting his tie. When Dianne didn't answer right away, he glanced out the door. The number of dresses draped across the bed had grown exponentially since he'd walked into the bathroom, and as he watched, another was tossed on top of the pile. He shook his head slightly, ran a comb through his already sleek hair, and headed into the bedroom to see if he could help.

"I have nothing to wear!" Dianne said, her voice muffled by the clothes in her closet.

Jeff eyed the pile on the bed and his eyebrow rose. "You'd look great in any of these, Dianne."

His wife sighed, an exasperated tone, and came out of the closet, dresses in each hand. She held one up critically, then shook her head and threw it across the bed with the others. Before she could do the same with the second dress, Jeff closed in and took hold of her wrist.

"What's wrong with this one?" he asked. "Doesn't it fit anymore?"

Dianne fixed a baleful eye on her husband. "It's not a matter of fit," she snapped. "It's a matter of style, and of season." She swept her hand out, indicating all the rejected dresses. "None of these dresses are in the current style, and half of them aren't appropriate for the summer."

Jeff glanced over at the pile again. "Okay. I get not wanting to wear a winter dress in the summer, love. I really do. But since when did style become important to you? You've always worn just what you liked, without caring who created it or when it was... the latest..." He couldn't find the the word he wanted, and settled for, "... when it was trendy."

"I know, I know." His wife's frustration was evident. "It's just... this is Penny's party, and though she's too much of a lady to say anything about what I wear, she might have opinions nonetheless. Also, she's mentioned that Izarra is very up on the latest fashions. I want to make a good impression!"

"Ah, okay. I see now." He let go of her wrist. "Put that one away, and I'll help you pick out something."

"But Jeff..."

He leaned forward to kiss her on the forehead. "If I pick out the dress, and anyone says anything, you can tell them that it's one of my favorites. That way, I'll be the bad guy."

Dianne chuckled, and leaned in to put her head on Jeff's shoulder. "I love you, you know."

"I know."

They kissed, a lingering caress, then Dianne went to the closet to hang up the dress she still held. Jeff began sorting through the pile, handing her the ones that were obviously not for the season, and running a critical eye over the others.

"This one." He had chosen a one shoulder dress in a pale lavender. It had a full, knee-length skirt with a handkerchief hemline and a fitted bodice. "This should swirl nicely on the dance floor," he remarked.

Dianne smiled and took it from his hand. "I approve," she murmured. A wide, slow smile crossed her face, and she moved closer to him, speaking quietly into his ear. "Now that you've picked out the dress, you can help me with something else."

"Oh?" Jeff's eyebrow rose. "And what's that?"

Her smile turned to a cat-like expression. "You can help me pick out my shoes."