

# *Your* ESSENCE

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## **YourEssence (Chapters 1 through 18)**

### **Chapter 1 - In a world...**

UniGlobal unveiled YourEssence in 2065 to rave reviews. The harmful effects of aging would be a thing of the past—no more sagging, wrinkles, soreness, or age-related diseases. The product was fast, simple, and could be made widely available. The only downside was that once you started to use it, you had to continue to use it to maintain the effects. Wall Street loved this aspect of the product, and UniGlobal shot straight to the top of the biotech industry, becoming one of the largest market-cap companies. The belief was that every human would be taking YourEssence supplements for the rest of their lives, and UniGlobal now had exclusive distribution of such a groundbreaking product.

Of course, a product like this one's existence comes with creating a seedier side. A black market for acquiring YourEssence was soon established. At first, this was to make a quick buck, but soon, a disturbing trend emerged.

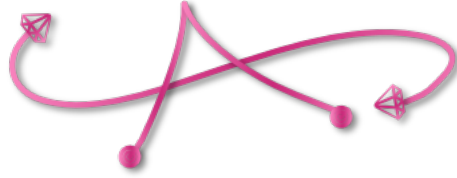
YourEssence isn't a standard pharmaceutical because you must process it at home. You effectively mix your first batch of YourEssence by providing a small DNA sample. You keep the original dose perpetually because subsequent doses are just copies of the first. This is how the product rejuvenates the body. It's effectively a time capsule of your genetic structure. Eventually, someone "accidentally" took another person's dose. Or at least there is no proof it wasn't an accident. This is where things get interesting.

Within a single day, that person transformed into an identical clone of the other person. This started the black market for trading Essences. Within months, there were rumors that it didn't matter how similar you were to the stolen Essence; you would end up a copy of that person. Height, weight, skin color, even sex. All of these were changed by administering another person's dose of YourEssence. The only drawback is that you would revert to your former self once the amount

had worn off. Rumors swirled that the government would use this technology to create the ultimate spies. Celebrities would go on “hiatus,” but their careers would continue with someone acting in their place. If you could imagine it, someone else had already done it.

The race was on to find some way to detect these artificial clones, but to date, no method had emerged other than confining someone and not allowing them access to their next dose of YourEssence. As a result, taking any amount of another person’s YourEssence became a crime, but this didn’t stop the black market. Nor would it prevent more casual misuse at home.

YourEssence journey starts now....



## Chapter 2 - Quarreling Lovers

Mary Simms sat at her desk, completing the last of several pages of documents. With a weary sigh, she closed the folder from her most recent pair of patients. When Mary chose to utilize her degree in Psychology to forge a career as a marriage counselor, she had looked forward to helping people navigate life as a couple. She truly believed she was good in her role. Mary just wished there was less paperwork involved with the job. Obtaining pre-authorizations (PA) to begin therapy, filing out progress notes, and the endless billing. A quarter of her work responsibilities involved working with health insurance providers.

She opened the file for the next appointment—another young couple having issues. Mary immediately checked to see if the PA was approved. After all, it was only fair that she be appropriately reimbursed for her time. She noted that not only had it been approved, but the provider was one she didn't mind dealing with. Her eyes scanned the forms the couple had filled out. The insurance was under the husband, David Martin. Her guess that his employer must provide better benefits was confirmed when she checked that the wife, Diana Martin, was a college professor having recently completed her doctorate.

Mary shook her head sadly. Diana fulfilled such a vital role in society and was treated a little better than someone cooking French fries at a fast food restaurant. She got up from her desk and went to welcome the Martins. Mary was confident she could get to the root of their problems and tally another successful save of a marriage.

She asked the couple to join her in the office. Not surprisingly, they sat on the leather couch as far from one another as possible. Mary's experienced eye saw the classic body language from David. He was reluctant to be here. She grabbed a small notebook and sat opposite them. Mary looked at Diana and bade her to describe a little about herself. As usual, the young woman was more open and willing to elaborate on their issues. As Diana talked, Mary scribbled down some brief notes.

Diana:  
24 years old.

College Professor, young for such a prestigious position.  
Three siblings. All younger. Parents / married. Live an hour away.  
Long, straight black hair.  
Some Latino heritage?  
More outgoing personality.  
She appears physically fit but claims she doesn't like to work out.  
Places importance on appearance. Organized.  
Many issues. Loss of passion in love life. Lack of respect and understanding of her.

Mary found the comment about the lack of understanding interesting. David looked to be a typical Caucasian male. The surname suggested English ancestry. Mary would have thought he would be interested in learning more about his wife owing to their different cultural backgrounds.

Getting David to open up was more difficult. She had to ask more direct questions.

David:  
24 years old.  
Engineer.  
1 Sibling / younger. Parents / divorced. Live in the city.  
Short brown hair.  
Well groomed. Is it necessary for his job as a manager at a manufacturing facility?  
Reserved personality. Unrelated to the counseling session.  
Physically fit. He claims he works out every day.  
He doesn't understand why Diana is mad at him. He hates being here.

Every couple Mary had ever worked with was unique, but David and Diana shared many similarities. She looked at David.

"So you contend you're happy with your love life?" she asked pointedly.

He squirmed with the directness of the question.

"Well, yeah. We make love a couple of times a week," he said sheepishly.

On the other end of the couch, Diana glared at him with both arms folded across her chest. Mary didn't need a college degree to tell Diana was of a different mind on this subject.

“You may call it love, but I feel like I’m a piece of meat,” she spat out venomously.

Mary furiously scribbled notes as the two started bickering. At least they were talking now.

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After the session, David and Diana returned to the one-bedroom apartment they rented. The atmosphere in their car could be aptly described as chilly, and the air conditioning wasn’t even on. He gripped the steering while wondering why he had even agreed to see a counselor as Diana wanted—the last hour only seemed to open old wounds instead of helping their marriage.

As soon as they arrived home, Diana headed to the bedroom and slammed the door shut. David rubbed his back in anticipation of another uncomfortable night asleep on the couch. He dearly loved Diana but felt completely lost for what to do. His engineering background gave him the skills to fix many things but no insight into how to repair his marriage.

He turned the TV on but barely watched whatever was on the sports channel. His stomach’s loud growling finally alerted him that he hadn’t eaten in hours.

*‘A bowl of cereal it is. Good old bachelor chow,’* he thought sadly.

He didn’t even bother to sit down while eating. He stared mindlessly at the kitchen cabinets, munching on the wheat flakes, when Diana appeared in the entry to the kitchen. Her demeanor had softened since they arrived home.

“Dinner of Champions, I see,” she joked.

David felt his spirits lift. At least she wasn’t mad at him at for the moment. He recalled her complaint at the counseling session regarding his lack of help at home.

“Can I interest you in tonight’s special?”

A trace of a smile creased her lips, “And what would that be?”

“Wheat flakes au lait,” he deadpanned.

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Diana stifled a laugh. She didn't want him to think he could joke his way out of their problems. Still, there was an impish quality in him that she loved. Diana wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged him.

"You don't have to sleep on the couch. But I'm exhausted," she alerted him. "The kids at school were an extra handful today."

He nodded solemnly. There would be no post-argument sex tonight.

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As Diana prepared for bed, David went to brush his teeth. People always said she was such a good influence on him. Personal hygiene was undoubtedly one of those aspects. Once they got decent jobs after college, Diana insisted they obtain prescriptions for the new YourEssence pills. He had been skeptical about the need and the co-pay costs. Both were still working off college debt and saving to buy a home. He also wondered why 20-something adults had any need for these pills.

However, their doctor pointed out that the human body generates 100 million new cells daily by cell division. Even if the process was 99.999% accurate, that still left the possibility that 10,000 cells might develop the first genetic steps toward becoming cancerous. The company that marketed YourEssence heavily promoted its pill's ability to correct any errors that might develop over time.

With his focus divided between his teeth and his marriage, he absentmindedly reached into the cabinet to grab his pill bottle. He barely glanced at it to confirm who its contents were intended for. Seeing "Martin, D.." was enough information, so he popped the cap off and swallowed one pill. He thrust the bottle back on the shelf in what he thought was the proper place.

He made two mistakes. The first was the bottle he opened for "Martin, Diana." The second was when he went to place it on the right side of the cabinet, and he inadvertently moved his prescription to the left.

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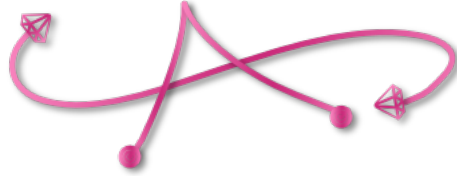
Their apartment bathroom was only large enough for one person at a time. After David returned to the bedroom, Diana took her turn. Today's events had left her both physically and mentally exhausted, so she might be forgiven for not

scrutinizing the label of her YourEssence bottle closely. Diana had kept the bathroom tidy, and her bottle was in the spot it had always been in. Thus, she dutifully swallowed a pill and brushed her teeth.

The two quickly fell asleep with Diana nestled in David's arms.

As the hours crept by, their bodies began to change.

*Note: The original chapter description and characters of Chapter 2 are provided by Kirafair and are used here with permission. Revisions to this chapter and all continuing chapters by JennyAmara*



## Chapter 3 - A Startling Start

“Holy shit!” An extremely shocked feminine voice rang out in the Martin family’s bedroom.

“What’s going on?” An equally confused masculine voice said softly. The lights in the room were out, but there was no mistaking that these voices originated from the wrong places.

“I’ve got boobs! Why do I have boobs! And why do I sound like this? Wake up, Diana! Something’s very wrong.”

Diana sat up and realized immediately what had happened, but she was determined to let calmer heads prevail. “Just hang on, David. You’re having a panic attack.”

“You’re damn right. I’m panicking,” David said in a voice that perfectly reproduces his wife’s. The dots were not connecting as fast for David. “It must have been aliens. They transplanted my brain into a woman’s body.”

“Which woman’s body?” Diana said calmly and in a deep baritone voice that should have been enough to snap David out of his fantastical thinking.

“How should I know? I can’t see anything.”

“But you can hear my voice, right?” Diana asked with a whimsical lilt as he ended her question. This seemed to stop David right in his tracks. “You sound kind of like me... why? But... oh no!” David’s mind finally connected the dots and was not happy with the situation he found himself in.

“We mixed up our doses. Didn’t we?” David asked.

“I’m going with most definitely,” Diana responded.

“This is not good.”



“That’s the understatement of the century. Did you think I was hoping to wake up a dude?”

“No, not that... I mean, yeah, that’s a problem, but it’s more than that.”

“What is it?” Diana asked as she scooted closer to David, who was now sitting on the edge of the side of their bed.

“Today is my client presentation prep meeting. If I don’t go, we won’t be ready for our meeting on Friday.”

“So? Have someone on your team handle it. I think we’re both staying home today.”

“That’s just it; I was told under no uncertain terms that I was responsible for the preparation. I could get fired over this.”

“Shit”

“Yeah, shit. You’re going to have to go in and pretend to be me until this shit wears off,” David said, having stood up and turned around to face Diana. Seeing Diana in his body caused a stir of emotion, and he started to cry from the shock and frustration.

“There there,” Diana said, trying to calm David. She stood up and went over to hug David. “We will figure it out. We still have plenty of time this morning to figure things out.” As Diana leaned in to give a hug, she neglected to notice her morning erection was tenting her pants. Unfamiliar with the need to angle her body, she ran her member directly into the stomach of her now much shorter husband. The shock sent both parties flying back.

“What’s the deal?” David yelled out.

“Sorry, sorry. I didn’t realize that was there. I’m not the one who usually wakes up with a hard-on, you know,” Diana said as she turned to reposition herself back on the side of the bed.

David’s tears resumed. Not having his body was disruptive, and hearing his wife complain about it was further ammunition for his emotions to latch on to. The tears and frustration only seemed to build as he stood there, so he decided to excuse himself to their en-suite bathroom.

Diana, on the other hand, was experiencing the impact of high testosterone flowing through her. She could feel the hard-on in her pants more acutely now that she was made aware of it, and just as the experience of his new body overtook David, so too was Diana. Only in Diana's case, it was an insatiable urge to do something about her erection. A light touch surprised Diana at the overall sensitivity of her husband's penis. That touch took little time in sending the follow-up signals to Diana's brain that once was not enough. Sticking her hand down her pajama bottoms, Diana grasped the girth of her husband's dick and was off to the races. Her hand stroked up and down feverishly to rid her of this feeling of sexual tension. Her brain and body were in sync to reaffirm Diana's choice to masturbate.

It didn't take long, a few moments of swift stroking, and Diana was on the verge of her first orgasm as a male. Just as she felt that lunge, a momentary contraction before the release, David returned to the bedroom. "What are you doing?" He asked in sheer disbelief. "That's my body! You shouldn't be doing that."

It was too late, in any case. Diana's cum shot out and startled David, who decided to leave the room on the spot.

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David sat at the kitchen table with his head in his hands. It had been twenty minutes or more since he had caught his wife stroking his meat. "Didn't she say she felt like I was using her like a piece of meat? Well, now she's used me! I can't believe this," David thought to himself as he continued to pout in the kitchen.

"How do I look?"

David looked up and saw that Diana had showered and dressed for a day at the office.

"You look like I should."

"Well, besides that. Do I look the part well enough to fool your coworkers?"

David stopped pouting long enough to offer an earnest answer. "Yeah, you look the part. Are you going to be able to handle the meeting, though?"

“Well, it’s not like we have many choices here. I heard what you said about it, and look, I know I messed up back in the room. I want to make it up to you so that I can handle this. I called the school and told them you won’t be in today. So you should take the day off and relax. I know that a woman’s emotions can be a lot to handle. I’ve had a whole lifetime to get used to it, so you should try and keep things steady, and then maybe if you’re up for it, we can go out to dinner together tonight?”

“Go out like this? Are you serious?”

“Yeah, I know it’s a lot, but it’s also a unique perspective for each other to gain. I can hear Dr. Simms’ voice now, ‘What better way to walk a mile in each other’s shoes?’”

“You think this will help with our relationship?”

“Well, I can assure you that my little debacle this morning gave me a better understanding of you.”

“That’s great. So I’m just a meathead who needs to get his jollies?”

“No, but I understand the male sexual urges a little better as a result of what I experienced. That’s not nothing.”

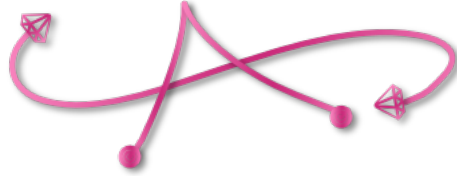
“So you want me to do the same?” David said back with a bite to his words.

“Nothing of the sort; I just think it’s good to try to appreciate each other’s perspectives better, which presents a unique opportunity. Plus, the pills should only last through the night so that we will be back to normal by morning. So what harm is there in trying something new?”

“I guess... I’m still pretty repulsed by this whole experience.”

“Try it for me. We can learn so much in the next 16 hours. Trust me”

“All right. I’ll trust you.”



## Chapter 4 - Diana Saves the Day

Diana stepped into David's office building and immediately felt the pressure to perform weigh on her shoulders. This would be a make-or-break situation for David's career, and Diana must be masterful in her impression of David. She looked the part just fine. Now, all she had to do was give the acting performance of her life. "David! Good, you're here. I was getting worried that you might be late. We've got to get these slides under control. The whole presentation is a mess, and Tom is unhappy. He told me that we either fix it or we don't come back tomorrow," a worried man said as he grabbed Diana's wrist and pulled him into a meeting room.

Diana stared intently at the man's face. So hard she could barely think of anything else. The faintest glimmer of thought manifested, and Diana said, "OK, calm down, Brian. We're going to handle it." Brian looked back at Diana, and his whole demeanor changed. "Oh shit, I got his name wrong," Diana worried momentarily. "Thank goodness you're here today. I couldn't do this without you, man. You're my savior," Brian said as he released the tension from his body. "Thank goodness, I almost blew it right away," Diana thought, grateful that she remembered David's coworker's name. She tried to remember when she had met Brian to be able to recall his name, but the memory of their meeting eluded her. "Huh, must have been a long time ago, I guess," her thoughts lingered momentarily before diving into the challenge.

The pair worked straight through lunch, ordering and then reordering slides. They took notes about who would present what parts and what they would say. Diana brought her unique and fresh perspective to the presentation and ended up changing significant portions of the slides to have them make more sense to a broader audience. Brian was in awe. Each suggestion led to more easily digestible content. Brian kept bringing in more colleagues to test the slides, and everyone was impressed with how the slides easily conveyed complex topics. One man said they had also never truly understood a product until they saw Diana's slide.

Diana was on cloud nine. People were respecting her opinion immediately. The things she said were accepted as though she was the authority on the subject.

Her experience at the school she worked at was the polar opposite. Her gruff, stuffy old department head routinely dismissed her suggestions for improving results at the university. Now, she was genuinely feeling empowered for the first time. Not just empowered. She felt powerful. The combination of her male body, the testosterone, the adrenaline, and the experiences she had encountered preparing this presentation were all combined to make her feel the best she had ever felt in her entire life.

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Back at the house, David was tenuously going through the day. He had dressed in some of Diana's clothes but nothing too feminine. He couldn't stand the idea of wearing something frilly or with lace. So he put on the pair of pants he found in the closet and a shirt that Diana had bought on a vacation. It was just a cotton shirt, nothing special about it, but David couldn't help but be annoyed that it clung to his body so much. He had closed his eyes, putting panties on. He completely ignored the fact that he should wear a bra.

David found a spot on the couch and decided to watch daytime television to pass the hours until this misery could end. David had never been a fan of soap operas; there was too much drama, or maybe it was melodrama. He could never get those straight. The episode for the day was about a long-lost lover being reunited with his partner. David laughed at first at the absurdity of someone being gone for a year without any trace. David felt his feelings soften as the man recounted what had happened to him. The poor man had been kidnapped by a rival for the woman's affection. The rival knew he had lost but was so desperate that he sent the man away to a remote island. The man had to scavenge, forage, and fight to survive. He told her the thought of returning to her was the only thing keeping him alive. David felt a tear form as the man recounted this point.

David found that he was getting engrossed in the story now. So much so that he hadn't realized that he was now sitting on the couch with his legs curled up next to him. He had seen Diana do the same when she watched something she was enjoying. On realizing he was unconsciously acting like Diana, he promptly stretched his legs back out in front of him so he was sitting on the couch regularly. "How did I end up like that?" He wondered to himself.

Around lunchtime, David set to the task of making something to eat. Looking through the fridge, he started reaching for some leftovers from a meal earlier in the week. "Too heavy; I don't want to feel all bloated later," a stray thought sparked in his mind. "Huh? Why would I worry about that?" David was confused

by the seemingly errant thought. As he tried to pull the leftovers out of the fridge, again, he felt another compulsion just to put the food back and have a salad instead. “It will be easier, and you’ll feel better later,” another thought appeared seemingly out of nowhere.

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Diana returned home at the end of the day feeling triumphant. “I’m home! Also, you’re the hero of the office. The presentation was amazing, and everyone was fully on board!”

David walked out of the bedroom to greet his wife. “That’s great, Diana. I’m so glad things worked out. Hopefully, Brian took the lead enough so you weren’t overburdened.”

“Brian helped, but it was mostly me, to be honest. I just found a groove and got the job done! I was on fire!”

“Oh... well, that’s good then. I’m glad you had a good day,” David said, but his posture betrayed his feelings. He demurred as he seemed even more uncomfortable by the role reversal that had inadvertently occurred.

“Don’t be sour, David. This is something to celebrate! I bet you’ll get a promotion if this presentation goes as well as people said. We should celebrate! Come on, go throw a dress on, and we’ll dance and drink and have a great time until this whole situation ends.”

“A dress? Really? I don’t want to be seen out wearing a dress. I’m a guy.”

“Not today, you aren’t. Everyone will see you as a 100% girl. Come on, trust me. You’ll find it liberating. I promise.”

“I don’t know.”

“Please... for me?” Diana drew out her words to emphasize how much it meant to her.

“All right, but nothing too short. I don’t want a bunch of guys staring at me all night.”

Diana helped David get into a dress that required a strapless bra to help compliment his dress. David was just glad it wasn't digging into his shoulders. Looking at himself in the mirror, he couldn't believe how nice he looked and felt. Though, he did rationalize these points by thinking it was "how nice his wife looked." His memories of his wife wearing this same dress were helping to ground him in the role play.

"Let me put a little mascara on here for you," Diana said, moving the pen straight into David's face.

"Hey, what's the deal?"

"We've got to complete the look. Don't be a baby. You'll look great."

"Ugh, fine. Just be quick about it."

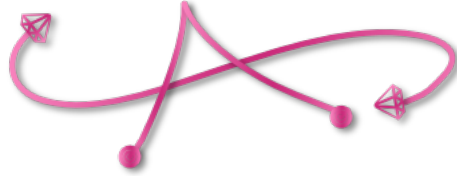
Diana applied the mascara, dusted David's cheeks with blush, and then helped him apply lipstick to finish the look.

"There, you look perfect. If you play your cards right, maybe you'll get lucky tonight," Diana said, teasing David.

"I cannot express to you how impossible that is. I'm a guy, Diana. I'm not going to get 'lucky' as a girl. It's never going to happen. Period."

"All right, all right. I was teasing. You've been a good sport. We're good to get dinner now. I'll tell you all about my day, and if we feel up for it, we can dance a bit and then come home. By the time we're in bed, the changes will start to reverse, and we can put this day all behind us."

"Thank you, that sounds good."



## Chapter 5 - Dinner, Dancing, Dare They?

Sitting at the restaurant, David could feel every eye in the building. Or at least he thought that he could. His nerves were tingling, and his anxiety was through the roof. Diana sat in the booth beside David and placed her hand on his thigh. “It’s all right; take a deep breath,” Diana said in that tone David would use to convey confidence. “Thanks, that’s reassuring. It’s like everyone’s staring... Hey! Wait just a minute. No fair using that tone with me like this!”

“What do you mean? This tone...,” Diana said, adopting a velvety smooth and gentle tone to her voice.

“Yes, that one,” David replied as he felt the words travel through his body. “That works too well.”

“Now you get to see how I feel when you do that to me. Turn around’s fair play, you know,” Diana said with a grin. David’s frustration was amplified by the fact that the face he was looking at was supposed to be his. As the couple continued their conversation, the waiter approached the table, offering a complimentary glass of wine.

“Sure! We’ll each have one. Thank you!” Diana was quick to respond to David. As the waiter poured the glasses of wine, David stared right at Diana, indicating he was not looking to drink tonight. The waiter excused himself, and David jumped right into his complaint.

“I don’t want to drink tonight. I have had a rough enough day as it’s been. I don’t need a hangover to top it all off. You know wine gives me a headache.”

“It doesn’t give me one, though, and you are in my body now, so why not take the edge off a bit? You said it yourself; the day was tough enough as it was. Have a couple of glasses of wine. Eat some great food, and just let go! Besides, we should be celebrating. ‘You’ had an amazing day at the office today!”

David relented and took a sip of the wine. To his shock, he did enjoy the taste. Usually, the flavor of any wine just reminded him of how likely he was to have a



headache later. The couple sipped their glasses of wine while they looked over the menus. David was hoping to get something hearty and filling. He had gone with the simple salad for lunch, and now his hunger was peaking. Diana seemed to have the same idea as she pointed at the menu's most expensive steak option. "I think I'll have this one tonight," she said with gusto. "That's what I was thinking, too," David replied.

"Don't forget, my body can't quite take that much food. You need to think a bit smaller, maybe a filet instead?"

David relented. He saw he had to agree with his wife's judgment. After settling their meal choices, the waiter took the couple's order. "Do they have to keep calling me ma'am? It's making me cringe," David whispered to Diana.

"What do you expect him to call you? You're playing the part of me tonight. I would be aghast if they called me anything else."

"Yeah... I guess it's not the role I expected to play."

The couple continued recounting their respective day with each other. The details of David's updated presentation were of particular interest, given the dramatic changes that Diana had made with Brian. David listened intently as Diana recounted the events of the day and the decisions she had made. He knew he needed to get as much of the information from Diana as possible so he could pick up his work in the morning. The content was flowing smoothly, and so was the wine. David and Diana finished their first glasses of wine while chatting and waiting for their meals to arrive. Diana was glad that David had finally stopped scanning the room every thirty seconds, looking for some threat that was never coming.

The couple's meals arrived, and Diana ordered another glass of wine for each. As they ate their meals, David was glad that Diana had suggested the more meager cut of steak. He could only make his way through about half of the steak before he felt his hunger diminished. So, feeling content with his meal and with the information dump from Diana, David let himself relax for the first time in the evening. Looking at Diana sitting in his body, David felt a stirring deep inside that he was unfamiliar with. He tried to shake himself off this sensation, but then Diana looked up and smiled at him. The wonder David felt only amplified at this sight.

Additionally, his mind was making connections that he was not expecting. David felt that being closer to this person would feel good. He again questioned these thoughts but found his mind clouded by the effects of the wine he had consumed. As these thoughts continued to linger, David felt it increasingly necessary to act on them. So, as casually as he could manage, he moved closer and closer to Diana in the booth.

Diana noticed that David was moving closer to her and that David seemed to be roaming his eyes over her body. Diana was glad to see David was finally giving in to the moment. So, with David sitting beside her, she placed a hand down on David's upper thigh. Diana gave a gentle but firm squeeze with her hand, which sent a shock through David's body. He was startled momentarily but collected himself and then leaned against Diana. Diana moved her hand to be wrapped around David's back instead, holding him close to her body. David responded by burying her face against Diana's shoulder.

David was awash with a flood of new sensations. The thigh squeeze had surprised him but also felt good. Surprisingly so. Being held close to Diana's, formerly his, body made David feel safe and secure in a way he had never felt before. His current body's smaller size is highlighted by how well he fits into this position next to Diana. His feelings were jumbled up, a mixture of concern and also contentment. David's confusion didn't stop him from getting up with Diana when she suggested they dance.

David felt the effects of the alcohol acutely when he stood up. His body was slightly stumbling as David felt his balance fluctuate unexpectedly. Diana caught David helping him to stand up. Once settled, they went to the dance floor, and Diana took the lead. The songs were slow, so David could mostly lean against Diana's larger body. David felt like a fish out of water being held so femininely. Diana's hand was placed behind his back, just above his ass. It made David aware of the curves his body possessed in a much more immediate manner. The foreign feeling only lasted a few moments, though, as David found the swaying motion of the dancing to be calming. He soon had placed his face against Diana's chest, and the two were dancing like any other lovers would.

Diana felt cheeky by the third song and moved her hand lower on David's back. It was now resting on the upper curve of his backside rather than the square of his lower back. David had noticed, his mind lighting up again as new sensations flowed through him. "Is she trying to feel me up? Why does it feel so good? What should I do about it?" David's thoughts raced. As he was about to reach back and move Diana's hand, the song concluded, and Diana held David firmly

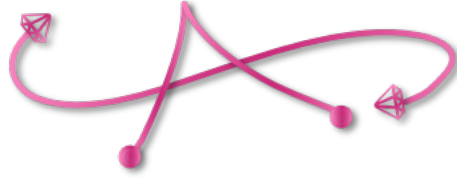
as she dipped him down. The rush of being dipped down redirected all of David's attention. Being stood back up, Diana leaned in and placed a kiss squarely on David's lips. David was being pushed further and further outside his comfort zone. He wanted to pull away and end the kiss, but he also felt something new. A pleasure that was building inside. It felt like a fluttering sensation deep down in his body. Like he was light as a feather and found himself adrift on a breeze on a sunny day. As Diana broke the kiss, David opened his eyes. "Did I just close my eyes when Diana kissed me?" His thoughts bounced around as he processed all the stimuli of the night.

David was led off the dance floor and into a cab. The effects of the alcohol had thoroughly dulled his senses. He felt glad that Diana was seemingly all right. He felt safe with his wife. He was delighted he was with a 'man' to protect him. He felt particularly vulnerable at the moment. Sitting down in the back of the cab, Diana scooted beside him. "That was fun; I'm glad we went," David said, touching Diana's thigh. "I'm glad you had a good time. You deserved to be taken out and to have some fun after the day you had," Diana said back. "You're so right! Today was too weird," David's mind was overwhelmed by competing thoughts. Thoughts about his current body, how it felt, and how it responded to being near his former body. All these thoughts conflicted with his feelings of discomfort at being in a woman's body. "I'm a man, damn it, but this all feels so nice right now."

David's hand moved up and down along Diana's leg. With each pass, David's hand edged ever closer to Diana's crotch. "Diana... we don't have to," Diana said to David. "Shhh," David responded with a finger to his mouth as he continued moving his hand until finally he came into contact with Diana's erection. David leaned in and planted a kiss on Diana's lips as his hand continued to grip her erection. Diana wrapped her arms around David, embracing him fully. Diana's hands, no longer restricted by the public's eye, wandered all over David's backside. David felt and enjoyed the gropes of his ass as the two lovers kissed passionately.

"You can let us out here, thanks," Diana broke the kiss and directed her command to the driver. Being let out of the cab, Diana further surprised David by lifting him off his feet. Now being carried in Diana's arms, David wrapped his arms around Diana's neck and pulled himself in to kiss Diana as she brought him to their front door. "You going to carry me over the threshold?" David asked jokingly, his mind still awash with alcohol. The thought of being the 'bride' is humorous to him now.

“You know it, babe,” Diana replied as she did just that. Carrying David in, Diana placed David down gently on their couch. Leaning in, Diana...



## Chapter 6 - David Does What?

Diana's lips pressed lightly, at first, against David's. Seeing that David didn't immediately recoil, Diana asserted herself more and kissed David more deeply. The two stayed together, kissing while David moved his hands across Diana's back. David noted the muscles and the tone of Diana's back. However, he had to acknowledge that it was his own back that he was appreciating. Running his hands further down Diana's backside, he felt the energy and passion of their make-out session building inside. If he was going to go through with this, his alcohol-impacted mind figured he might as well get the whole picture. Adding to this, his current female body was doing its part, sending all sorts of confusing but pleasurable sensations to David's brain. David acknowledged that Diana's body was attracted to David's body. There was no denying that fact. David was feeling way too much sexual passion to think otherwise.

David had to decide if he was going to listen to that passion or instead listen to the part of his mind that was still very much male and very much a heterosexual male. While David was thinking of this, Diana lifted David from the couch. Now, back in his wife's arms, he could see that Diana wanted to move things to the bedroom. However, Diana's pausing made it clear that she was waiting for confirmation that David wanted to continue. This was it, the moment of truth for David. Looking his wife in the eyes, he leaned in and resumed kissing her, signaling his consent.

Once again placed on his bed, David worked quickly to disrobe. Diana did the same. David struggled more than Diana in this task, and she assisted David as she finished much more quickly. "It's easier for guys," David said as he struggled to get out of his bra. "Here, let me give you a hand," Diana positioned herself over David's body and reached around his back to help with the bra clasp. In an instant, the bra loosened, and David removed the clothing from his arms and chest. Without missing a beat, Diana resumed kissing David, first on the lips but then migrating to his neck, then shoulders, and then further down. David tried to prepare himself for what was coming. Diana was working her way ever closer to his breasts. David had not explored his wife's body during the day. The thought of doing so felt like a violation. Whatever was coming was

going to be a surprise. He had heard women complain that their nipples were sensitive, but he had no frame of reference.

A couple of kisses placed delicately at the crest of David's breast sent tingles of excitement. His breasts were so foreign and previously forbidden. If anyone would be allowed to touch them, Diana was the person who would be. David relaxed at this thought, but the reprieve was short-lived. Diana's tongue flicked against David's erect nipple. The sudden jolt sent a massive explosion of sensations to David's brain, and he felt it reverberating through his body. "What the?" His words came out, but Diana stopped him. "Let me show you how to get this body going," Diana said as she sent a hand down to David's sex.

Diana traced around David's nipples with her fingers or tongue interchangeably as she whispered gentle affirmations to David. David was soon moaning in ecstasy as he felt a combination of nipple stimulation, tweaking, and teasing, all combined with what Diana had initiated down below. Diana started similarly slow, working her fingers along David's vulva. Tracing around the perimeter, she could feel how David's sex was swollen with blood from his obvious pleasure. Working to build David up, Diana mixed pressure and light touch to increase the enjoyment of his temporary sex. Diana took note when she eventually felt David become wet from stimulation.

"Should we move things forward?" Diana asked David. It was clear what Diana meant. This was the last chance to avoid the outcome that David was on track for. David was either going to agree to let a penis enter his body, or he would need to stop it now. Diana had been too good, however. If just touch, kisses, and the occasional breath running over this body felt like this, then David could only imagine how good being fucked would feel. Or at least that's what his male mind wanted to believe.

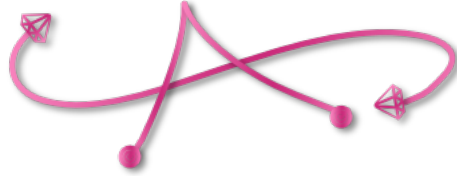
"Yeah... Yeah, go ahead."

With that, Diana pressed the tip of her penis against David's outer lips. She didn't enter him right away, first taking a moment to tease his entrance with the end of her penis. "Do it! Put it in!" David practically howled. His sexual energy had built to a crescendo. Diana did as directed. She felt her own body quiver a bit as the tip went in, and she felt how tightly David was squeezing her dick. "Oh, it's so sensitive," Diana remarked. "Uh huh," David was not listening or in a mood to discuss the differences in sensations between the sexes. Diana did her best to establish a pace that she could tolerate, which would be enjoyable for David. She thought about how few men understood the importance of pacing.

She finally understood why so many men just wanted to pound their partner's sex, however. It felt good to thrust her hips and to have the head of her penis smash up against the insides of a vagina.

Diana decided to lean into the more male instincts she was feeling as she got a rhythm going. She reached about and aggressively squeezed David's breasts. A more primal roughness now replaces the former gentleness. David didn't seem to mind, in any case. When Diana took her hands off his breasts and grabbed his hips, David took his own hands and resumed squeezing his breasts. He started tugging on his nipples, too, before he dialed that back, obviously realizing that he was being too rough with himself.

Diana, now holding David's lower body up off the bed, was thrusting deeply into David and using her leverage from the added use of her hands on David's hips to plunge herself into David as deeply and powerfully as possible. "I'm cumming! Oh God, I feel it everywhere!" David yelled at the top of his lungs. Diana could feel David's muscles contracting on her dick. The added pressure was too much, and Diana thrust one last time into David before her orgasm erupted. The concentration of the pleasure sitting entirely in her groin. It felt like a massive firework, the likes of which she had never felt. Diana practically collapsed from the shock of it. She was lying now on top of David. The couple embraced as they drifted off to sleep.



## Chapter 7 - David Struggles

When waking up in the morning, David was beyond excited to return to his original body. The curves of his wife had been excellent for an evening of lovemaking, but that was the last time he wanted to have them himself. Diana didn't leap out of bed in excitement like David had. That said, she was content to be back to her usual self. The married couple resumed their standard routines, preparing for their jobs like nothing had happened. Diana tried to probe a few times with David if he had enjoyed himself last night, but he just gave a quick response that he had but that he was glad to be back in his body. From Diana's perspective, she was feeling a tremendous increase in her connection with David. She understood his feelings and his behavior from the last few months so much more deeply. Being a man had been eye-opening.

Diana kept looking to see if she could detect any signs of change in her husband. Did he understand her better now? Would he be more thoughtful as a partner and as a lover? Would he value things differently now? It was a rushed morning, so there weren't many opportunities to pry and go deep like she wanted to, but she wanted to give David the benefit of the doubt. Being a man had been intoxicating, the power, the strength, the dominance. So Diana could understand that David might be experiencing a bit of a high being back in his male body. She was willing to wait until the evening to dig in further and see if their accident had created a similar empathy in her husband as it had in her.

With barely a peck on the cheek, David rushed out the door to the office. Diana took her time finishing getting ready to return to her classroom. Being a professor had always been a rewarding experience for her, so she could at least look forward to that. However, she had to admit she was jealous of David getting to return to the high-energy, high-risk office environment. It had been a rush dealing with problems and coordinating across a large group. She had felt so mature, so confident, so in control. Teaching at university offered many valuable feelings, but it fostered none of those feelings she had experienced as David.

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David returned late from the office. Diana had already been home for over an hour. The two were usually home around the same time.

“Late day at the office. Everything ok? Brad didn’t give you a hard time about the collaboration tax slide, did he? I told him it was handled, and he needed to let it go...”

“No...” David came in, and his voice sounded dejected, and his posture looked like he felt defeated.

“Oh sweetie, come sit down,” Diana escorted David to the dining table and removed his coat. “Tell me, what’s up? Did something happen?”

“Yes, something happened. You did.”

“Huh? What do you mean? I didn’t do anything. I was at the university all day.”

“No, yesterday, you changed the presentation so much I could barely keep up today. Everyone thought I was coming down with something since I was different today. You changed the presentation and excited everyone; I can’t keep up with it now. What does ‘ingenuity planning and execution’ even mean?”

Diana tried to answer David’s questions, but as they continued to work through the presentation, it became more apparent that David was out of his depth.

“You were just too good at this. I don’t think I can keep it up. I’m going to crash and burn. I’ll probably be out of a job by the end of the week.”

“No, I’m sure you can get it. We need to keep practicing, and I’ll answer your questions.”

“No! I am not going to get it. We’ve been at this for hours. I’m no better off than I was when we started. I might be worse. I’m more confused than I was before!”

“Well, what should we do then? You’re just going to give up?”

“Yes... I mean, no...,” David said as his head hung low. He was deep in thought, but Diana assumed he was thinking of how he would lose his job. Instead, David was trying to come to terms with something extreme. Something that Diana would never have guessed. Building up the conviction to say it, he raised his head and looked his wife in the eyes. “It’s a lot to ask, but... you do it. You give the presentation.”

“I don’t think they’d listen to a professor, David. I don’t have any credibility in your sector.”

“Give the presentation as me,” David said again, hanging his head. His ego was deflated as he had to ask for this huge favor. “I’ll lose my job if it doesn’t go perfectly. The client is too valuable to the company, and I blew it today. You can save it, however. You have a PhD in cognitive psychology. You can give the presentation, and I will jump back in on the next client.”

“How long would that be for?”

“Shouldn’t be any more than three weeks. The presentation is in two weeks, and the final phase is closing the deal. During the last week, the account lead must clarify the proposal and contract with clients.”

“And you’re sure you want me to do this? You want me to ‘be’ you for that long?”

“It will be weird having two of me walking around, but I’ll just hide out here until this all ends.”

“Two of you?”

“Yeah, there’s no need for me to change. I need you to look like me so you can close this deal.”

“I can’t be off from my job for three weeks! You will have to cover my job, but don’t worry; I have a clear syllabus and schedule already planned.”

“You want me to do your job?”

“Well, yeah. Is it that big a stretch to ask you to do the same for me as you are asking?”

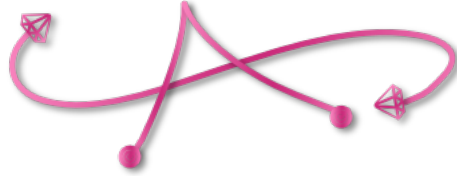
David hung his head. He knew the correct answer to the question. He didn’t like it at all. He wanted to yell and get mad but knew that wouldn’t improve things. “No... of course not,” David responded through his gritted teeth.

“Thank you. I’m glad you agree. We should probably switch gears, then. I need to teach you a few things about my coworkers. Also, I need to get you up to speed about being a woman in a professional setting.”

“Ok...,” David was contrite in his response. He knew he was in for a rude awakening. He had it easy with the prior accident, getting the day off. Now, he was about to be thrust into the spotlight with a group of college-aged kids, a dozen other professors, and, heaven forbid, the student’s parents.

Diana returned to the room with two pills. One in each hand. She deliberately held her left hand at an entire arm’s length. She resolutely said, handing David the pill with her left hand, “Down the hatch!”

David swallowed his pride and swallowed the pill. “All right... where do we begin?”



## Chapter 8 - The Struggle Continues

David sat there patiently as he felt his body shifting. Occasionally, he would readjust his seated position as his hips continued their expansion, and his legs became uncomfortable trying to remain in their prior positions. For David, the height loss really troubled him, however. Diana was six inches shorter than he was. He tried to continue listening as his eyeline up to Diana changed. Now, hearing his wife detail her work environment in 'his' voice instead of hers, he tried to summarize what he had been told.

“Janet is sensitive to changes, so don't surprise her with anything new. I have to ensure I gradually introduce new ideas to her and give her lots of time to come to terms with them. *(I will not make any significant changes during my time as Diana.)*”

“Frank is a chauvinist but takes good care of his students. So I can leave him be, but watch out for any male ego displays as they can be a mess to fall into.”

“Carie is your closest work friend. She is also a huge gossip. So if I need to know something going on, I should ask her 'what's up with...' and she will give me the latest.”

“You gave me your student rosters for your classes, and I'll spend some time familiarizing myself with the names so I'm not surprised by meeting everyone. I'll watch out for Reagan and Toby, the resident 'It' couple who like to use class time to show off. Stephen is your teacher's assistant (TA) and can be counted on for any tasks I need help with.”

Anything I miss?”

“I think that pretty much sums it up,” Diana said to David before quickly jumping back in. “Oh, don't forget about Robert. He's the department head. He makes random stops by to observe lectures, so make sure you stick to my schedule and planner. He's a stickler for keeping the students on track, and you don't want to get pulled into his office at the end of the day. He tends to be very

condescending in his feedback. He's a sweetheart if you stay on schedule, though."

"All right, watch out for Robert and ensure I stay on schedule. You have it so meticulously planned that I think I should be in good shape."

The couple wrapped up their work preparation conversation and headed to their bedroom. As David started to get into bed, Diana scolded him. "Nope, back up to the bathroom, mister, well misses. It would be best if you kept up with my evening rituals so you look good in the morning. So, get back in there. You need to apply my face cream and get changed into a nightie. I don't want to sleep next to your scratchy clothes."

"Do I have to? The YourEssence keeps you looking like this, doesn't it?"

"Sure, but I don't want to wake up with bags under my eyes. It's just different for women. You must take better proactive care of yourself, even with YourEssence in our lives."

"Ugh, fine. I'll put the lotion on, but can I please wear something else to bed? Your nighties are so... 'revealing.'"

"Yes, you have to wear my nightie. You'll like it; they are comfortable, and it's not like you haven't seen the full package anyway. You've seen it from yours and my perspective."

"There's no winning with you, is there? Fine, I'll do everything you asked."

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David was the first to return home from work the next day. He hung his head low as he entered the apartment. He was glad when he saw that he was the first one home. He wasn't ready to deal with how Diana would take the news that he had done such a poor job with her students. As she had warned, Robert stopped by David's morning lecture, and unfortunately, he struggled to keep on track. They were halfway through the lecture's content by that point, and David was working hard to follow Diana's notes and distill them into a coherent message to deliver to the students. Robert's presence exacerbated this problem as David started to split his attention between Diana's notes and Robert's expressions of disapproval. As expected, David was called to Robert's office in the department building at the end of the day. Robert delivered the full dressing down that Diana

had warned him of. David was glad that he had been warned about this. His emotions had been a mess these few days living as Diana, and the shock of being disciplined by another adult so forcefully would have sent David over the edge.

Diana walked into the apartment a half hour after David had returned home. Diana was jubilant upon her return. "Brian owes you big time, David. I saved his bacon today. Twice! You should have seen the VPs; they were eating up everything I said, and when Brian almost blew it, I swooped in with the data to back us up. I was on fire!"

"That's great, Diana. I'm glad at least one of our days went well," David said, hanging his head.

"Oh no! Babe, what happened?" Diana asked. David noticed that she had used 'his' pet name for Diana in the question. *Probably just a slip of the tongue*, he assumed before responding to Diana.

"Well, you warned me about staying on schedule..."

"Oh gosh, Robert got to you? On your first day? I'm so sorry, David. I can't believe our dumb luck."

"Yeah, he was so mean about it too!" David burst out in response as tears started to flow. He was overwhelmed by the whole experience, and his unfamiliar hormones were amplifying the way he was experiencing this grief. *Dammit, this is what I was trying not to do*. David chided himself in his thoughts.

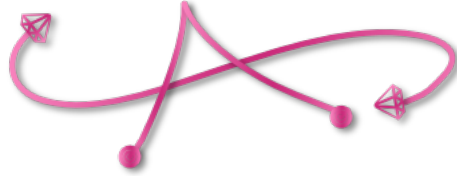
"There, there, David. It's all going to be all right. It's happened to me before, and I'm sure it will happen again. Robert is a pig; don't lend his words any credence," Diana moved over to console and comfort David. She took him into her arms in a full-on hug from behind. David stopped what he was doing to let himself be held. It felt fitting to be wrapped in Diana's arms, especially with how he felt after the day's events.

"Babe, why don't you stop prepping dinner? We will get takeout from downstairs instead. It was a big day for us both, and we shouldn't throw extra responsibility on top of the already busy day."

*There, she repeated that pet name. Why is she calling me 'babe' when she refers to me?*

“Now that I’ve thought about it, I’ve decided. I’ll run down and get our usuals. You can go throw on a pair of sweats and relax. Take your bra off; it will feel much better not to wear one anymore.”

David agreed to take Diana’s advice. He worried that she would insist if he disagreed with any of it. Diana released David from her embrace, turned him around, and quickly planted a quick kiss on his lips. It would have been cute, but David was the one who usually would take the initiative on little displays of affection like that. It was weird for David to be on the receiving end of it. Compounding the weirdness was that David appreciated the gesture and had gotten a little spark of joy from it.



## Chapter 9 - Food Time for Lovers

“All right! I’m back. One order of Moo Shu Pork and one Mapo Eggplant for me. Come and get it, David.”

The couple served themselves the usual servings of their respective favorites. As David took his first bite, he noticed something off instantly. He usually loved that first bite of savory goodness mixed with a touch of sweetness, but this tasted cloyingly sweet today. He almost spit the food out on the spot, but he choked the bite of food down, swallowing and hating it the whole time.

“Does your food taste off? I think they dropped a full bag of sugar in my sauce,” David asked with a grimace.

“Oh? That’s not like them to make a mistake. Let me try mine...,” Diana said as she took her first bite. David could see on her face that it wasn’t her liking, but she dutifully swallowed her bite. “See? The food doesn’t taste the same. Did they get a new chef?” David jumped straight to some justification to explain the poor quality of food.

“Wait, before we decide that they messed up the food, let me try yours,” Diana said. She seemed to have some intuition about the food that David didn’t.

“Here, but don’t blame me when you see how bad it is,” David said confidently. He was so sure his food had been prepared poorly. His memory felt infallible, so Diana’s willingness to take a bite of his meal seemed ludicrous.

“I don’t think you’ll like what I say...”

“What?” David was incredulous. He commented on Diana’s appearance, “You don’t look miserable... Why don’t you look miserable?”

“That’s just it. It tastes fine to me. It tastes delicious. I know you’re not going like this, but you should try mine.”



“Why? Your eggplant always tasted so bland to me. You didn’t even like it today, proving I was right about it.”

“Just try it for me. Just a little, ok?”

David reluctantly agreed, but Diana could tell he wasn’t looking forward to it. David’s face shifted from discomfort to pleasant surprise as the small forkful of food was chewed.

“Get it now?” Diana asked David.

“Yeah, they must have a new chef. He messed up my order but finally made this eggplant have some flavor. I could eat a whole plate of this,” David said while Diana shook her head.

“No, that’s not it... I like the pork. You like the eggplant. Our tastes are inverted. So are our bodies. We inherited each other’s tastes.”

“Dammit, so now I have to eat what you like? It’s bad enough having to be you at work. I don’t even act like myself at home and eat what I like,” David said as he hung his head.

“Don’t be so sour, David. It’s not so bad to like different foods. You said it yourself: you could eat a whole plate of the eggplant. Try to relax and enjoy the meal. Now we know you will want to order what I like when we eat out. There are plenty of things we both like.”

David shook his head in dismay but was scooping more eggplant onto his plate, having resigned himself to eat the meal. “I’m sorry, babe, it will be all right. It’s just a short time that we have to do this.” The couple ate their meal together and covered the areas that David could work on to improve his impersonation of Diana to deal with her students more effectively the next day.

As the couple lay in bed, Diana reminded David they had their second couples therapy meeting tomorrow afternoon. “Oh God, you’re going to make us go to that as we are? In each other’s bodies? Aren’t you?” David asked, but he already knew the answer. Diana would think it’s good to get the couple to explore their relationship from this perspective.

“Yes, and no alluding to who you are. I was hoping you could try and answer questions like how I would answer them. It will show if we are understanding each other better.”

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Dr. Simms sat opposite the couch as the couple came in. Mary looked at their body language as they walked in and sat on the sofa. Similarly to last time, they both sat on opposite sides of the couch, but there was a marked change in the demeanor of each of them. Whereas Diana had been open and anxious last time, sitting with her body angled towards Mary and David, this time, Diana was turned away, arms crossed and looking like she was on the verge of tears. Today, David looked more open and willing to engage, but he was sympathetic to Diana’s feelings. Mary noted that this reversal in disposition was quite unusual for such a short time frame.

“Diana, I can’t help but notice you seem upset. I don’t want to make you uncomfortable, but would you like to share what’s happening? This is a safe space to share, and I’m sure David would like to help if he can. As will I.”

David lowered his head. He wanted to unload. Unburden himself with someone, anyone, but he was nervous to do so in public. He might slip up and get him and Diana in trouble. Doctors don’t treat YourEssence abusers kindly. Even psychiatrists are required to disclose misuse to authorities. The dangers of the abuse of drugs were that extreme. So many billions of dollars had been stolen from unscrupulous people pretending to be others that the world uniformly acted quickly to enact laws punishing people who abused YourEssence. So, David took a deep breath and unleashed his best impression of what he thought Diana would say, given the public experiences he had been through over the last few days.

“I have had the worst week at work, Mary. It’s hard to talk about because it’s not anyone’s fault but my own. I should be able to handle this better and... well, I might lose my job if I don’t get it under control.”

“Diana, I’m happy to help you talk through this, but do you think you’d like to try letting David help you? He seems ready to help, and you’ll have me here to mediate.”

David knew that Diana would have agreed. He was nervous about doing so in front of Mary, however. David had failed to implement Diana’s advice on

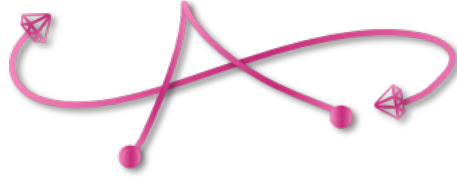
handling his troublemaking students and got dragged back into Robert's office for the second day. David felt like Robert was targeting him for some reason, and David was paranoid that Robert could tell he wasn't the original Diana. He'd have to leave that last part out, in any case.

"Sure, Mary. 'David,' I'd like your help on this..." David recounted his experience from the day to Diana. Diana looked on, nodding and listening. At this point, David had gone on for almost ten minutes without interruption. Diana just kept letting David unload his problems and feelings. When David finished his story, Diana opened her arms to hug David. David was shocked. The simple gesture felt so affirming. So welcome. So necessary. He scooted over on the couch and let Diana embrace him. The warmth of the gesture and the feeling of the embrace sent David over the edge. His tears started flowing, and he pressed his face into Diana's shoulder. Diana kept holding David and eventually added gentle pats and back rubs. A few minutes later, David pulled himself back from Diana's shoulder and wiped some tears from his face.

"Thank you, 'David.' I... I needed that. I didn't realize how much it was bothering me."

"That's ok, 'Diana.' I want to help, and I want you to know that I'm here for you. I'll always be here for you," Diana said as David observed Mary furiously scribbling on her notepad.

A lull in the conversation opened the window for Mary to offer her insights. "David, I can tell you listened to the Diana last time. You did so much better in not dismissing her concerns. Diana, I know you had many concerns about intimacy last time. How have things been on that side?"



## Chapter 10 - David Confronts His Feelings

“Yeah... um,” David was flummoxed by the question. He knew it was coming, but his feelings remained unsettled. “I thought you might ask me about that.”

David looked at Diana, who had a bit of a pleading look on her face as if to say don't mess this up. David knew what was at stake, however. He had to be convincing but couldn't convey a sense of finality. He had to say there had been progress on this front, but he hoped to see continued improvements with time. He was prepared to do all of these things, but then he started to remember his night of drunken sex with Diana. The way he had felt in Diana's arms had felt so right at the moment, but it was a confusing experience for David. Guys aren't supposed to feel like that. He was supposed to be the man. He was supposed to take charge and be assertive. Why had he enjoyed being so submissive? Was that how Diana felt when they had sex?

Further, was David actually in the wrong here? Diana had made him feel so special in those moments as they made passionate love. Had he been overly dismissive of Diana's needs, and was he indeed at fault for the tension in his marriage with Diana? Reconciling these feelings on the spot would be difficult, but David thought it best to stay to the planned response.

“So, I'm not sure where to start. We have made some progress since last time. Well, we...,” David paused as soon as he started. He felt guilt from trying to carry through with his planned response. On top of his confused feelings about his time with Diana, he also had to consider that he had recently been failing at his job. If that wasn't enough, he also failed at Diana's job. He didn't want to be so bad at teaching, but Diana had such specialized knowledge that she used in her lessons. He had tried to emulate Diana these last few days, resulting in more conflict, failure, and emotional outbursts. David could be truthful about all that or toe the line. He knew he had to show some vulnerability, but if he unloaded his true feelings, then they might never leave the counseling session—at least not as free individuals.

“Go ahead, Diana, we're all adults here, and this is a zero-judgment space. Everything you say here is confidential between us,” Dr. Simms reassured the

nervous ‘woman’ sitting on her couch. David took this opportunity to come to a fast realization about his night of lovemaking with Diana. Something he thought might work.

“Well, Dr. Simms, we found a way to be intimate again. It was fairly special, too. It was almost like we were seeing each other for the first time, feeling each other for the first time, and loving each other for the first time. It felt special in a way our lovemaking hasn’t felt in a long time. I’m hopeful that this trend will continue, and we will see more improvements in the future, too,” David said confidently, saying that he had hit the critical notes. He hoped Diana would hear his sincerity in sharing his true feelings on the subject.

“That sounds wonderful, Diana; why were you so hesitant to share that?”

Diana looked at David with a more serious look of concern, but David just conveyed a sense of calm back as he replied, “Well, I think **\*I\*** came to a realization when we were having sex. I knew I wanted more intimacy in my life, but I guess I didn’t realize another important fact. Something that changed how I was feeling. It opened my eyes to David in a whole new light, and I gained a whole new appreciation,” David said, alluding to the peculiar circumstances that had led to their night of sex, hoping it would be enough to appease Dr. Simms.

“Diana, you’re avoiding the central question. Why were you so hesitant?”

David’s gambit had failed. Dr. Simms would not accept a roundabout explanation with no apparent meaning behind it. Diana’s face looked redder by the minute as she could barely contain the nervousness caused by David going off script. “Ok. You’re right. I’m avoiding saying what I’m feeling because it makes me feel frustrated with **\*myself\***. I realized that ‘David’ wasn’t entirely to blame for my frustrations,” at this point, David looked deeply into Diana’s eyes, and the two connected in a way that only married couples can. From this, Diana understood that David was now speaking **\*his\*** truth and not playing at being Diana.

“That’s good, Diana, go on,” Dr. Simms cajoled David.

“My **\*husband\*** was dismissive of my feelings in saying we were fine because we made love a couple of times a week, which made me mad. I should have considered things from **\*his\*** perspective like I hoped he would consider things from **\*my\*** perspective. I could have seen this coming; we were falling into a dull and repetitive routine. I could have stepped back from my work and offered

more support. I could have been more present when we did spend time together, like how 'David' was with me when we made love the other night. I've never felt as vulnerable but also as safe and protected as I did in his arms that night," David said, now holding Diana's hands as they continued to look each other in the eyes. Diana wiped a tear from her face as David concluded his explanation. Dr. Simms sat there taking notes, and the couple noticed how much she was writing.

David didn't want to raise suspicions, so he had one last thing he needed to say, "So, I'm willing to admit that I was a bit harsh when I said 'David' treated me like a piece of meat, but if he keeps up his recent behavior and treats me like he did this last week consistently, then I think we're on the right track."

"Fascinating, Diana. You are using some role reversal here to see things from David's perspective. That can be healthy if we're not using it to dismiss our feelings in favor of an easy peace. David, what do you have to say about your intimacy since our last visit."

"Well, I agree with 'Diana.' I was dismissive of her feelings, and I'm sorry for not being a better listener. 'Diana' is right, though; when we made love, it was like experiencing it for the first time again because I could see her as a **\*new woman\***. My eyes were opened to the pain I had caused 'Diana,' and that helped me be a better and more attentive lover. I'm sorry. I am such a lug head that it took me so long to realize my mistakes."

David recoiled a bit at the cheap shot Diana had taken at the end there. He had taken some liberties, too, so he would let them slide.

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"You said some pretty surprising things in there," Diana said to David as they got into their car. Diana had taken the driver's seat as had become a habit in their new bodies.

"Yeah, a whole flood of emotions and feelings welled up in me right as I was about to say what we had practiced. I realized that even though I'm a guy, and I'm not supposed to have enjoyed being the submissive one, I did enjoy it, and that was because of how you treated me. That opened my eyes to the fact that you were right and I was wrong. I should have treated you with the same love and attention you showed me that night. All that said, I was pretty drunk though,

so no getting any ideas about what I like and want in the future when it comes to sex.”

“Right... of course, we were both pretty drunk that night. No worries from my side,” Diana said, but her thoughts were not as happy to acquiesce to this point. Sex with David had been a pinnacle for her. Yes, she had taken the time to demonstrate her expectations for how David should treat her, but she never expected to have found so much pleasure from being the one to take the lead. She loved the power, the control, the dominance. She secretly yearned to do it again and wanted to feel that way many more times.

“Thanks for understanding, Diana. You think Dr. Simms bought it, though?” David asked, oblivious to Diana’s inner thoughts.

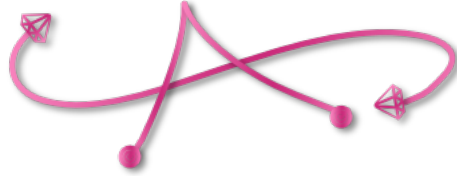
“Yeah, I think so. She saw we were both giving some ground. You almost gave too much but saved it at the end.”

David wiped his brow to indicate relief, “That’s why I said that. I wanted you to know how I was feeling, in any case. I understand your perspective a lot better after the week I’ve had. I don’t think anything has gone as expected, and it’s revealed how hard life can be as a woman.”

“Thank you, David. I can see that you understand my perspective better. It’s a relief to me. I hope the lessons stick. We will be switching back soon, and I don’t want us to lose the progress we’re making.”

“Yeah, I wish I could progress better with your students. I’m so nervous I’m going to get you fired!”

“Don’t be silly, Robert can’t fire you. He would never be able to hire a replacement, and the other faculty aren’t saints. You’ll pick it up. Just give it a few more days.”



## Chapter 11 - Surprise! You Weren't Expecting Me...

"It finally worked, Diana! I used that technique you taught me about scanning only one line ahead. It worked! I kept to today's schedule! Robert even dropped by and saw how good things were going. Best day ever for sure. Well, best day as you, at your job, ever," David said to Diana, ending with a little chuckle. He had been trying hard to keep things on track for Diana, and it looked like his hard work was finally paying off.

"I even got home and made arepas. I know how much you like them! Well, how much *\*I\** like them, but you know, you have a body that likes them. That's what I'm trying to say. Anyways, come get some while they are still hot and fresh!"

Diana jumped at the opportunity, though she knew she needed to use a little restraint. David could quickly eat a half dozen of her arepas. Her mother had taught her the recipe and told her it was the secret to a man's heart. Diana didn't believe that, but she did know that too many arepas would lead to a bit of belly if she didn't exercise restraint.

"This is so nice of you. I'm surprised you had the time to make these! My mother's recipe isn't the easiest to follow," Diana said, alluding to the poorly written recipe her mother had given her. "I really should write it out more clearly sometime soon."

"Oh, I didn't even think about checking the recipe. I was able to get right to it."

Diana was now worried. Had David just handed her a plateful of substandard arepas? What was in store for her tastebuds and stomach? Diana knew she shouldn't insult David after he had gone through so much effort and additionally done so after riding the high of a successful day at school. Diana took her first bite, and relief washed over her. The arepas tasted as she remembered them, which meant David followed her mother's recipe and technique. "You didn't need to follow Mama's recipe for these? They taste just like her's."



“No, it just came to me when I was thinking about something to celebrate the day with my **husband**.”

“Babe, that’s amazing, but maybe a little worrisome too?”

“Oh, how so?” David asked quizzically. He didn’t seem to be following Diana’s thoughts.

“Well, first, you called me your husband when it’s just us. I think that’s the first time you’ve ever done that. Second, how would you know my mother’s recipe? I don’t remember ever teaching it to you.”

“Well... You’ve been calling me ‘babe’ for the last two weeks. That’s always been my pet name for you, and you just adopted it like it was no big deal. I figured it was because of YourEssence. Is that not supposed to happen?”

“No, it’s not... Well, I guess I don’t know. There’s not much information on taking someone else’s doses for obvious reasons. I didn’t even realize I had started calling you ‘babe.’ Now that you said something, I realize you’re right. Do you think the pills could be affecting our minds?”

“I’d say the evidence is pointing towards yes. You’re also right that you’ve never shown me how to make arepas, but I was here rolling, patting, and frying them up like I’d done it a hundred times. I went through all the prep and cooking without thinking twice about it. I was just **\*doing\*** it. I’m starting to worry. Our minds seem impacted, and that’s more problematic than anything else we’ve experienced.”

“Yeah, I agree. We need to do something soon. We’re close to closing this deal at your work. I probably only need another day or two, and we can switch back afterward. The YourEssence will wear off overnight, and we will go back to our normal routines. Does that sound like a good plan to you?”

“About as good as any. You are great at this whole manufacturing management gig.”

“Yeah, I don’t know why, but it just clicks for me.”

“And thankfully, I’m finally getting the hang of things at your work, too. Knowing I’ll only be leading your lectures for a few more days makes me sad. I guess I’ve come to like it.”

“Not enough to deal with permanent brain damage, though.”

“No, of course not. Not worth the risk one bit.”

“We may miss our newfound careers, but we’re doing the right thing here. We’ll be back to our old selves by Wednesday.”

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“Diana, you need to come home as soon as possible. We’ve got a problem,” David said with a noticeable concern.

“‘Diana,’ what’s wrong? I’m just about to close on this deal. I wouldn’t have answered if you hadn’t double-dialed me,” Diana responded, including her actual name, indicating she was in mixed company.

“Ugh! I’m so sorry. Close the deal but call me back as soon as possible. It’s your mom. She’s, well, she’s here.”

“Shit... all right. I’ll call you right back.”

David was doing his best to deal with Olivia, his mother-in-law, but currently, his body’s mother. She had arrived unexpectedly at their door with two large overnight bags. So far, David had only gotten the justification that “I just wanted to see my baby girl for a while. Is that such a crime?” Which was right on brand for Olivia. She liked to make herself out to be a martyr. She had always been a doting wife and mother, but she was restless since her children had all left for school or marriage. David drew on some instinct and some observed recollection to do his best to handle his mother-in-law. While he doubted that Olivia would turn the couple in for committing fraud with YourEssence, he wasn’t about to cross that line alone. So David had to pretend to be Diana to a level that had not been necessary so far. He had to fool the woman who would know Diana the best. He had to ‘be’ Diana.

So, David focused all his attention and thoughts and pondered the right thing to do. It came quickly and sharply. David had a new and foreign idea appear in his mind. His ‘mother’ liked a cup of herbal tea in the afternoons. She took it straight without any additions. David would get some tea for her and sit her down to better understand what was happening.

“Here you go, Mama, a cup of tea just like you like it.”

“Oh, chiquita, you are so sweet. Come sit with me.”

“I’m happy to see you, Mama, but why are you here? It’s kind of out of the blue...”

“Chiquita, can’t we just sit and talk and not worry so much? I just wanted to see you; you have been so quiet these last few weeks that I haven’t heard a peep from you. What’s going on with you? Has David finally come around?”

David was surprised that Diana had spoken to her mother about their relationship troubles. *Of course, she had; Mama is my closest confidant.* This confusing but clarifying addendum popped into David’s mind to conclude that thought.

“Oh, Mama, yes. David has been so much better these last few weeks. He’s like another person. Our therapy sessions have helped.”

“Therapy, hmph. You know I don’t like therapists. You should just talk like two regular people. That’s how tu padre and I handled things,” Olivia said as David ruffled some unknown concerns of Olivia’s.

“Sorry, Mama, but the therapist has been beneficial. I know you and Papa always work things out. That’s why you are my married-couple role models,” David said confidently. Previously, he didn’t know that Diana felt that way, but now, he could feel it was true.

“Well, we have been married for a long time, and we raised you and all your siblings too. Each of my children was an honor-roll student, and then you all went off to college, one by one. So, I think we have done all right.”

“Yes, mama, you’ve done very well.”

“Speaking of niños, will we get any news about this from you and David anytime soon? I don’t want to be abuela geriátrica.”

“Mama!”

“What? I think it’s a reasonable question. You do want kids, don’t you?”

The question triggered David's mind to work in overdrive. He tried to bring focus and narrow in on a response that his mother-in-law would believe. His response needed to align with what Diana had said in the past to this line of questioning.

David resigned himself to the response as it came to him. He was not thrilled with how it characterized him, "You know I do, Mama, but David needs more time to grow up before we have any children. That's part of why we're going to therapy. I need to know that David's ready to be responsible enough to be a dad."

"Yes, yes, you've said this before. Still, your father and I didn't make such arrangements. We just knew we loved each other, and we ended up pregnant. The way God intended."

"Well, that's not how I'm going to go about it," David responded, feeling how Diana felt about her mother's choices. Just as David was recovering from this shock, his phone rang.

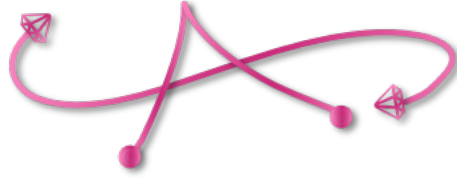
"'Diana,' is everything okay? You said your mother was here? She's not hurt or anything, right? No one else is hurt?"

"No, everyone is fine, 'David.' She says she just wanted to see me, but she has two overnight bags with her. She keeps avoiding answering me when I ask why she is here."

"That's just like Olivia. She doesn't like telling people what's happening in her life."

"Well, what are we going to do about it? It's clear she intends to stay with us, and we don't exactly have room for 'privacy' given our upcoming plans."

"Shit, you're right. I guess we will have to..."



## Chapter 12 - Persevere. Right?

“Shit, you’re right. I guess we will have to keep going as each other until Olivia leaves,” Diana said remorsefully. Her face looked like someone had died, and she was grieving the loss. David looked the same, which relieved Diana because she was not being truthful with her expression. She wanted to stay in David’s body for as long as possible, and this was as good an excuse to continue doing so as any. The risk of more mental changes was worth it to her. Diana had experienced the thrill of being a respected businessman and was finally getting the recognition she so clearly deserved. She had the most unique and impactful insights into the problems David’s work presented. Her natural leadership abilities helped her make quick work of all the obstacles that David’s work could throw at her.

David’s bosses had taken note, too. Pavan, David’s boss’s skip-level boss, had come down personally to thank Diana for her work on this project and commended her for her inventive solutions and creative communication approach. Pavan was a man’s man and an old-school businessman by reputation. So, for him to compliment Diana was a tremendous achievement. David’s boss had been personally selected by Pavan when he got his promotion, and Diana thought this was the first sign that she might be in store for the same treatment. So, when David had filled her in on the situation with Olivia, she knew she needed to tread carefully so she didn’t show her true feelings.

“Damn, I think you’re right ‘David.’ Hopefully, it’s just a few more days, and we can change back. I felt more ‘discrepancies’ with my memories today,” David said before continuing at a whisper’s volume, “I’m starting to remember growing up as you. Out of nowhere, I suddenly knew that you consider your parents the ideal example of a married couple. It’s not a huge revelation, but I already feel other things. It’s like... I feel the ‘edge’ of a memory or feeling. All it will take is some stimulation, and then it won’t be abstract anymore; it will be a real memory, and I’m having trouble distinguishing my memories from yours,” David said with a deeper look of concern than Diana had ever seen. It worried Diana, too. She hadn’t noticed symptoms similar to David’s in her days, but she

wondered if she had just blown past those feelings because she was experiencing so much euphoria living as David.

Diana and David spent the rest of the evening socializing with Olivia except for a brief window where Olivia prepared dinner at her insistence. Diana was thrilled to get a home-cooked meal from her mother, but David was the one who would enjoy it the most. These new feelings he was manifesting seemed particularly strong around things Diana felt nostalgic for. So, having Olivia prepare a mole was a guaranteed path to David adopting more of Diana's memories. Just as Diana had expected, David raved about the food and had the most prominent look of contentment and joy as he eagerly ate the meal. Diana knew that feeling and was envious of how deeply David enjoyed it.

Olivia insisted again that she sleep on the couple's couch. She said she wasn't there to disrupt their routines, and after several rounds of back and forth between David and Olivia, they finally mutually agreed to Olivia's terms. After getting Olivia settled on the couch for the night, David and Diana found themselves standing in their en-suite together to finish prepping for bed. David was wearing a blue silk nightie and holding 'his' bottle of YourEssence. Diana looked at him with apprehension; why was he holding 'David's' pills?

"Everything all right, babe?"

"Even that now... I don't even cringe when I hear you say that."

"David, are you ok? You're scaring me..."

"No, 'David's' not all right. I don't even know how *\*I\** am feeling. It's getting harder to think of myself as 'David.' Dinner did a fucking number on me."

"All right, why don't you tell me about it? We can get through this. I know we can!"

"God, I hope you're right..." David held his hand to his face and placed his palm on his cheek. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and seemed deeply in a trance. Diana just stood there staring and waiting for David to respond. An uncomfortable moment of silence passed, and Diana could feel the dread that David was experiencing. Just before Diana was going to try to comfort David, he started in. "Dinner made me remember the first time your mother made you a mole. She called you her big little chiquita and laughed. You both laughed. She had always called you chiquita, but you ate the mole with the adults, and she

was so proud of what a big girl you were becoming. Hell, **\*you\*** were proud, but now all I can think is how proud **\*I\*** was. That memory feels like it's mine. It feels like me, but it's not, and that is seriously messing with me."

"Yeah, I remember that day too. You got it all right. She said all those things, and I was very proud. Clearly, YourEssence has some abilities that aren't advertised. God, David, I'm so sorry. It shouldn't be too many more days until we can change back. Just keep your mind on that. I'm sure we will get through this," Diana's reply was genuine. Despite her secret joy in extending their time in each other's bodies, she knew she had to help get her mother back home as soon as possible. The only question was how to do that without making David out to be the worst son-in-law ever.

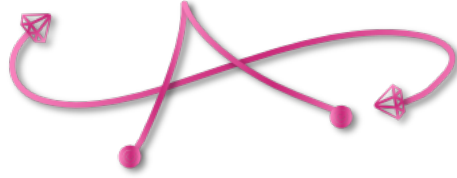
David started crying as he dropped the bottle of 'his' YourEssence onto the bathroom vanity. Diana embraced David to soothe him as best as she could. "Could you...", David started before stopping.

Diana pulled David back and looked him in the eyes. David had a curious look in his eyes. He looked incredibly vulnerable. "What do you need, babe?" Diana asked instinctively. She wanted to help David, and if there were something he wanted from her, she would go out of her way to make it happen.

"Could you... hold me, like I used to hold you, for tonight? I think it would make me feel better," David said as he resigned himself and downed the correct YourEssence pill to stay in Diana's body for another 24 hours.

"Yes, of course. Anything for you, babe," Diana said as she took her pill from the bottle David had discarded, sealing their mutual fate for at least the next day.

"Let's go to bed...", David said as he stuck his hand out to lead Diana. Rather than go to his usual side of the bed, David went to the left-hand side and lay down. Diana noticed this but wasn't going to correct him. She took her place on David's usual side of the bed and then wrapped her hand over David's body. Diana had been tentative in this action, not wanting to agitate David's fragile feelings, but David was swift in nestling himself against Diana's body. The warmth of their bodies next to each other was calming, and within a few moments, David was gently sleeping in Diana's arms. Diana felt a deep sense of protection and care for David as he slept in her arms. She was committed to doing the right thing for David. She would do anything for the 'woman' she loved.



## Chapter 13 - Overexposure

Diana was having the happiest of dreams. She didn't often have sex dreams, but she was deep into one of the sexiest ones she'd ever experienced. Even though it had been weeks since she had started living in David's body, she was still herself in her dreams. That said, her current dream had her in the dominant role, and her sexual partner was the sub. This role reversal entices Diana to take a more aggressive approach to her lovemaking. Looking down, she saw David below her, and she proceeded to touch, kiss, squeeze, and caress David's body. As she continued her ministrations, she started to notice slight differences. David suddenly felt softer to the touch. His smell was sweeter. He started to seem tinier overall. Diana pressed her hands firmly into David's chest and felt David's chest expand into breasts. The experience should have shocked Diana; it should have terrified David, but it seemed natural. This newly feminine David submitted to every advance Diana made. While kissing his neck, David whispered seductively into her ear. "You're making me so wet..."

David's body rustled beneath Diana, and she felt his legs spread. Diana positioned herself between David's legs and instinctively started to press her crotch against David's. Rubbing like this was making Diana hornier, and this compelled her to increase her forcefulness. For Diana, her body was enveloped by a warm feeling, and her body's sensitivity was amping up; her skin felt electric. As she continued to make love to David, her sensations seemed to shift and then become more focused on her crotch. An almost painful straining sensation was radiating from her groin. Diana's rubbing turned to a more rhythmic pumping of her hips as she unconsciously pressed a newly formed penis into David's waiting entrance.

"Mmm," Diana made a small utterance as she woke from her dream. Transitioning from dreaming to waking constantly left Diana in a bit of a fog, and this time was no different. She felt something rubbing against her crotch and still felt that centralized pressure there in her groin. She started to press with her hips against the soft cushioning she felt against her body.

"Ungh," David started to wake as his body felt an odd satisfaction. He felt a firm warmth pressed against his backside, and instinctively, his body pressed and



rubbed back against it. In his morning daze between sleep and wake, David allowed himself to succumb to the pleasure his body was experiencing.

As Diana repositioned slightly, her morning wood pressed out further from her body and gained the angle necessary to press against David's sex as she continued to thrust with her hips. Despite their clothes, the collision could not be mistaken. David's slumber ended immediately as he jumped away from Diana.

This motion was enough of a shock also to bring Diana to a fully awake state. "Oh, David, I'm so sorry! I didn't realize what I was doing. Oh God! Are you ok?"

David sat on the edge of the bed; his face held up in his hands with his elbows on his knees. Diana was worried he'd be upset, but David's reply was clear and unemotional. "Yeah, I'm ok. I just got startled there. Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you."

"That's ok! You didn't do anything wrong. This body has a bit of a mind of its own, as you know! I'm the one who should have been more careful."

"Don't be sorry, I'm the one who asked to spoon last night. It was... it was soothing. Obviously, we were sleeping peacefully to have woken back up in the same positions."

"Still, I... I was the aggressor there. So, you know... I'm sorry I didn't ask for your consent."

"It's ok, Diana. I liked what I was feeling, too. I'm pretty sure I was rubbing against you just as much. I just got surprised when, well... you know."

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Diana was first to get up and get showered. After putting on her tie for the day, she told David she would get coffee brewing for David and Olivia. It was a "no students" work day for David as the university entered spring break. This meant that David could arrive at work later and that it would be less stressful for him.

"Ugh, too bitter," David said as he sipped his coffee. David had always liked his coffee strong, but in Diana's body, he had her tastes. Diana seemed to have brewed coffee in the style that 'David's' body liked without realizing it. David knew this to be the case because the pot was full. David poured out the pot and proceeded to brew a new pot of coffee that wouldn't be so strong. Olivia liked

her coffee like Diana did, so this would ensure things got off to a good start for the day.

A few minutes later, Olivia emerged from the guest bathroom, smelling the coffee. “Chiquita, coffee’s ready?”

“Almost, Mama; the last pot was too strong,” David replied as she sat two cups down on the counter.

“What time do you have to go in today? Doesn’t your work start by now?”

“It’s a professors-only day. Students don’t come in. Robert has us doing some new training that he thinks will improve student feedback scores. So I don’t have to be in until nine.”

“No students, but you still have to work. That doesn’t seem fair. It would be best if you got to rest, too. You work too hard! I can tell you are exhausted. It’s not good for you! You won’t get pregnant if you are so stressed.”

“Not this again already,” David sighed heavily before continuing, “We’re not trying to get pregnant, Mama. I know you want grandkids, but we’re not ready yet.”

“Fine, fine. If I don’t push you, it will be like when you wouldn’t learn to ride a bike. You were almost a teenager before you tried, only because we pushed you into it.”

Olivia’s words pushed new memories to the forefront of David’s mind, and he suddenly remembered learning to ride a bike... twice. Once as himself and once as Diana. Diana’s memories were vivid and easily remembered. In contrast, David’s memory felt distant and ephemeral and took effort. Effort that David was finding more challenging and more complicated to exert. Things were moving so fast, and his ‘mother’s’ presence was not allowing the time to process.

“I don’t think they’re the same thing, Mama. Riding a bike on the streets is unsafe now. I was just a safety-conscious kid. You and Papa just pressed me because you thought I should have been more like you and how you grew up. You don’t realize the world was different when I grew up in the city.”

“Pfft, you remember it differently than I do.”

“I’d imagine so,” David huffed. He paused for a beat while he poured the cups of coffee. He looked up, and his mother-in-law tidied little things at the table. “Are you going to be ok here while I’m at work?” David asked with a twinge of worry as he handed Olivia a cup of coffee. He knew he had prepared the coffee to her tastes as he had accessed the information from Diana’s memories. David was worried about accessing too many memories voluntarily like this. Still, he allowed himself to access this information, hoping it was a small enough intrusion that wouldn’t cause significant damage.

“Yes, Chiquita, I brought my book, and I can help around the apartment for you. When was the last time you cleaned the shower?”

“You do not need to clean the apartment, Mama. It would be best if you weren’t working that hard while you are our guest,” David said, suffering another spontaneous memory. He recalled that his ‘mother’ had worked as a part-time home cleaner for years. David remembered going on weekends to help Olivia at her clients’ houses. The houses were always spectacular in size and quality, but the inhabitants seemed like slobs. They were so messy and made no effort to clean independently. David recalled a vision of Olivia on her hands and knees scrubbing tiles and grout in a shower of a particularly odious man’s home. This client seemed to get scum, dirt, and grime to cover every surface of his bathroom. In the memory, Olivia wiped the sweat from her brow and smiled back at Diana. Diana wanted to be glad that Olivia was happy to see her, but she just felt frustrated that her mother had to work so hard for so little. David remembered Diana’s promise to herself not to end up in the same situation in her life. David then became aware that this was why Diana decided to pursue college and become a professor.

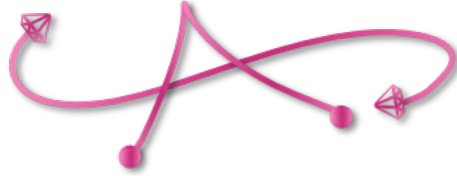
“You know I don’t mind. I like it! It makes me feel like I am useful.”

“You are useful mama. You don’t need to clean the shower, in any case. I did it last week.”

“Well, then, maybe the kitchen. Ovens get dirty so fast they can always use a good scrubbing,” David knew that Olivia wouldn’t relent, and there was nothing he could do to stop her anyway.

“OK, Mama, just be careful. I don’t want you to hurt yourself or have you get overly tired.”

Olivia adopted a bright smile, the smile that Diana's memories associated with love, and wished 'Diana' a good day at her job.



## Chapter 14 - Et tu Diana err, David?

Diana felt good walking from her car to the office's front door. She was supposed to close the deal yesterday, and they had settled all disputes, but the client wanted to sign the agreement after sleeping on it. She hadn't brought it up with David after the whole ordeal with Olivia, but she knew she needed one more day in his body to wrap things up truly. The way David had explained his mental change symptoms, Diana was seriously concerned about her mind. *Was she also experiencing similar symptoms, and was she going to lose herself in David's memories? Was that what was happening to David? He was pretty ok with that whole morning incident. That probably would have freaked him out a lot more, as little as a few days ago.*

Brian ambushed Diana as she walked into the front door. He had been waiting for her to arrive, and from the look on his face, Diana knew that something was wrong. "What's wrong, Brian?"

"It's Tom. He is on the warpath. He made changes to the contract that legal hasn't reviewed. I can't reach counsel, and we are meeting with the client in thirty minutes. They expect to sign the version they agreed to yesterday."

"Fuck, I need the latest contract in my inbox right now."

"I just sent it. You'll have it when you get logged in," Brian responded urgently. Diana rushed to her office and immediately leaned in over the top of her laptop's keyboard. It was a posture that David used when he was feeling rushed or anxious about something. This was both. Diana's hands hovered over the keyboard while waiting for her virtual desktop to boot. The prompt to log in finally appeared, and she got her password typed in faster than ever. As she waited for her email to load, she recalled the last three work passwords that David had used over the previous year. *Shit, that's an example of what David was talking about. I shouldn't be able to remember things like that. I must be careful; I might forget the passwords of my real job.*

Diana scanned the new document for changes from Tom and was shocked at some of the early changes. "Fuck!" She yelled out in her office. The door was

closed, but she could see people through the glass walls of her office stop what they were doing and look at her. Diana rushed out of her office and went to her boss's office.

“What the fuck, Tom? Are you trying to sink this deal?” Diana was incensed. She ‘knew’ that Tom liked to meddle in the small details of things his teams worked on, but this was far from his usual meddling. Memories of David’s interactions with Tom came rushing rapidly into Diana’s mind. He once forced David to put an employee on a performance plan, code for firing them. Another time was when Tom canceled a deal two weeks before the final delivery, right after David had been promoted. Next, a time when Tom refused to fire an employee who everyone knew was not pulling their weight. The memories rushed in and mixed instantly with Diana’s anger, firming them up and putting them at the front of Diana’s mind.

“You missed these things, David. After spending the last six months working on this client’s portfolio, I thought you would know how to dive into these details. I guess I need to double-check your work earlier to make sure you don’t skip these obvious things in the future.”

“If you had feedback, you should have told me about it. Changing the contract this late puts the whole deal at risk,” Diana said as she felt memories popping into her mind. They were moving in rapidly as her anger fueled a seemingly endless stream of memories to occupy her mind.

“You can see we didn’t have time for that, right? Pavan would never close the deal as it was written. I \*saved\* you a world of embarrassment in front of our executives. You should be thanking me rather than coming here as a hotheaded idiot.”

Diana could feel her anger swelling. For the first time, she felt like she wanted to punch someone. It was more substantial than just a feeling. It felt like a compulsion. Like her actions were being preordained. Diana felt as more memories of David’s life flooded her mind. She was fortunate they were because a memory of David’s father counseling him on controlling his anger blinked into his thoughts just in time to prevent him from acting on his impulses.

Instead, Diana swallowed her pride and gritted her teeth as she replied, “I’ll go study the changes more so I can present the contract to our client.”

“Good... I’ll see you in twenty. Conference room C.”

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“I can’t believe you pulled that out. Tom really fucking tried to sabotage that whole deal. When are our VPs going to see he is too big a risk to keep around,” Brian said, raising a glass of whiskey to celebrate your closing the deal.

“Not anytime soon. He’s like best friends with Pavan,” Diana responded while also returning the gesture, raising her glass of whiskey before taking a deep drink from her glass.

“Aren’t you getting close to Pavan now too?”

“Not the same thing; Tom got personally called up by Pavan. They have some history that got him his position.”

“Yeah, it just sucks that he’s such a made person here. You were the one who came up with the key solutions that sealed that deal. You were inspirational.”

“Thanks. I didn’t feel very inspirational earlier when I confronted Tom.”

“It was like having the old David back. Fire and fury on full blast! I wish I had your courage, man,” Brian said again, raising his glass to Diana. Brian raised his glass, seemingly intending to finish the remaining contents there.

Diana recoiled a bit at the comment. *Had she been like that? Was that more like David than she had been acting? Also, why didn’t Diana know that David had a reputation as being a hothead at work?* “Come on, I’m not really like that. Am I?”

Brian set his now empty glass down. He turned to pour some more whiskey into his glass from the bottle on the desk between you both. “David Danger doesn’t think he is full of fire anymore?”

The nickname triggered more of David’s workplace memories to trigger. He had an experience growing up as a Youth Scout, where he was forced into leadership positions, which he resented. Diana became aware of how David felt about his job’s responsibilities as these memories and feelings merged into her mind. David hated being a manager. He hated the politics of the office. He hated his boss. He kept it all up because his parents forced it on him as a kid and then because he needed to advance his career to provide for himself and Diana. His fiery disposition had resulted in his promotion to the level of his incompetence.

Diana stepping into his body, and thus his job meant that these constraints were no longer holding him back. That said, David's reputation would be a huge obstacle to overcome.

"Shit, man, can't a guy grow? You said it yourself. That's the old David."

"Yeah, you have been different. You have to tell me your secret. You're almost like an entirely new person. At least today proved that a body snatcher didn't replace you."

"That's way too old of a reference. You need to watch a movie from this decade."

"What? Invasion of the Body Snatchers is a classic," Brian said, taking another long drink from his glass. Diana did the same and poured herself another glass. She didn't bother to follow convention. Instead, she filled her glass close to the rim. Her ice rattled as the fluid lifted it from the bottom of the glass.

"It's more likely that I'd be abusing YourEssence. You saw that bio-drama about Adam Stevenson, right? The first man to take someone else's YourEssence. Zenée Radcliffe won a Golden Globe for their performance. They were fortunate that the role called for someone gender fluid to play both roles."

"Well, we know you aren't doing that! David Danger to the rescue!" Brian exclaimed with a fair amount of slurring in his delivery.

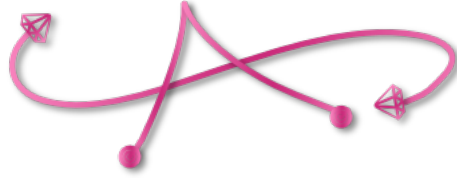
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Diana took a cab home. She was too drunk to drive herself, even with the self-driving support of her vehicle. Diana might have a little "David Danger" in her, but she was a rule follower, and operating a vehicle under the influence was still illegal. Self-driving engaged or not. Diana stumbled into the apartment. At an initial glance, the apartment had been cleaned, as everything was tidy and arranged unusually for the couple. "Hello! I'm home!" Diana called out. It seemed like she was home alone, so she went to the bedroom and changed into her pajamas. She loved her flannel pants and the freedom to wear any old t-shirt as sleepwear. Or even no shirt at all. *That goes in the pro column.* Her thoughts had been toying with a pro/cons list of being a man versus a woman. Things that were better as a man went on the pros list. Things that were better as a woman went in the cons.



Diana had a very long pro list at this point. She stumbled her way into her ensuite and lifted the lid of the toilet. Pulling her penis out of her flannel pajama pants, he proceeded to urinate while humming to herself a silly tune that was stuck in her head. *Hehe, I'm draining the lizard—another item for the pros list. Also, a positive to add to the list is not sitting in pee by accident when you have to go in public.*

“Ugh, I’m still drunk... I’m going to take a nap. Maybe I’ll wake up feeling better,” Diana said aloud to no one. Making her way out of the bathroom, she came crashing down on her bed and rolled over to ‘David’s’ side of the bed. It was the correct place for her to crash, so she ensured David wouldn’t be disrupted if he tried to go to bed himself.



## Chapter 15 - Feeling Powerful in My Power Pose

“Hi, Janet! Good to see you this morning. I feel like it’s been forever since we caught up. Let’s grab coffee sometime soon,” David was chipper as he entered the department lounge. Despite continuing to stay in his wife’s body, he had enjoyed his morning. He shouldn’t have, but it was clear to David that Diana truly loved her mother and that Olivia truly loved Diana.

“That would be great, Diana; we haven’t chatted for almost three weeks now,” Janet replied cheerfully as she acknowledged the gap. Her tone made it clear that there was no blame, just a mutual desire to catch up.

The blending in of Diana’s memories was making David express himself much more freely. Each interaction he engaged in led, at a minimum, to some small memory of Diana’s popping into David’s mind. This included this short interaction with Janet he just had. In this case, the memory was mundane. The exchange had brought to David’s recollection Diana’s and Janet’s last coffee chat. As easy as it was for his mind to discover these small memories, it felt like floodgates opening every time David spoke to Olivia. Much larger portions of Diana’s memory appeared in David’s mind, and he found it more challenging to resist the mental changes.

Further, the strain of trying all was building up, and David thought it would be easier to let his mind collect these foreign memories without resisting any longer. *I still know who I am. So what if I suddenly know how to make arepas? It’s not like I will open a Latin fusion restaurant with my English and Spanish food knowledge. Plus, I’m guessing Diana will be happy living with a husband who can cook. I know I always appreciated her cooking for me. Now, I can return the favor.*

As David poured a cup of coffee for himself, Frank entered the department lounge with a foul look. *He must be miffed about the mandatory training.* “How are you today, Frank?” David asked, maintaining his chipper attitude.

“Mmph,” Frank muttered, then accompanied it with a further grumble as a response. He wasn’t interested in conversing. David continued to stir his coffee

as Carie came over to chat with him. As was their custom, David and Carie both embraced each other in a quick hug. “Girl, you are looking trim! Are you doing something different? Getting some action again, finally?” Carie jumped straight into the deep end with David. He knew to expect this. The number of scandalous things Carie had said to Diana far exceeded the number of ordinary stories. This trend persisted with David as he had lived Diana’s life for her. “Nothing new, unfortunately, just a lucky-to-have metabolism, I guess,” David responded, hoping to leave the last tidbit out. Carie wasn’t going to let it go, however.

“And... David is finally getting things right in the bedroom again?”

David blushed as he thought of his interaction with Diana from this morning. He had been partly asleep, but his mind and body were both receptive to the sensations of Diana’s morning wood being rubbed against his backside. A few more moments of that, and he might not have jumped when Diana’s sex pressed up against his.

“Oh girl, you don’t have to say anything. That look! He’s revving your engine again, and all is right in the world! Yes!”

David didn’t make any effort to correct Carie. She was close enough, and to his surprise, he didn’t mind if Carie knew he was feeling turned on by Diana or, rather, by David’s body. A memory of Diana at a sleepover when she was twelve flashed into his mind. A trio of girls sat in a circle with Diana as they swapped stories. They were sharing who they had crushes on. It felt like a coming-of-age ritual. Diana was embarrassed to admit her crush, but the other girls had revealed theirs. Diana said the name quickly, and the other girls didn’t laugh. Instead, they all chimed in their agreement. Diana felt oddly validated. She didn’t need the other girls to tell her what she already knew and felt for herself, but the camaraderie of sharing so openly about something so personal felt good. It felt like a sisterhood. It was how David was feeling in this interaction with Carie.

Robert entered the department lounge as David and Carie continued to chat and chuckle with one another. “I’m glad you’re feeling good, Diana. Carie,” Robert said as he nodded at you both. Getting the other teacher’s attention, Robert announced that the training would begin in five minutes and that everyone should go to the conference room.

Carie and David continued their conversation as they walked the hallway. Their laughter reminded David of two schoolgirls chatting as they giddily entered the

hallway. Robert had the presentation already projected on the conference screen. Carie motioned to David to sit in the back of the room, but he felt compelled to sit up closer. He wanted to get the most out of this training if he had to be there. So Carie took a seat in the back, and David took a seat in the second row. Taking a seat in the first row felt like it would be overly eager of him.

David took notes as the presentation advanced. Robert had talking points for each slide, but the compelling data points immersed David in the training. By the end of the presentation, David had multiple pages of notes and had already formulated three direct actions he would take in his lectures when the students returned from their break. David felt incredibly energized by the presentation and looked forward to trying these techniques.

“It’s good to see our old Diana back. You’d been sleepwalking these last few weeks. Was there a part of the presentation that stood out to you?” Robert asked as the group of teachers dispersed for the day.

“The whole thing was compelling, and I can see why you wanted to share this with us all. I already made a list of things to add to my repertoire.”

“I’m glad to hear it. I knew you’d find your way out of that funk. My prior pep talks seem to have done the trick.”

David almost laughed at Robert’s response. His ego was inflated as David had found his talks to be as condescending and irrelevant as Diana had suggested they would be. “That’s why you’re the Principal. You know how to get the best out of us,” David leaned in hard to the fantasy his boss was portraying and let him believe he was the one to turn David around.

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Returning home, David heard shuffling and rustling from behind his door. *‘Mom’ must still be rearranging things. I hope I can find what she put away in the wrong places when she’s done.* “Hola mama, estoy de vuelta en casa.” David accessed more of Diana’s memory to respond in a language he did not speak fluently. He secretly hoped that Olivia wouldn’t continue to speak in Spanish indefinitely. He wasn’t sure how quickly he could access that information to respond fluidly.

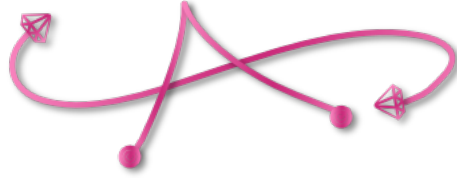
“Ahh, bienvenida, chiquita. ¿Cómo estuvo tu día de trabajo hoy?” Olivia welcomed her daughter and asked how her day of work went.

“Bastante bien, gracias. Tuvimos muchas conversaciones interesantes que resolver,” David answered Olivia’s question about his day while he leaned in to give her a hug. David scanned his apartment and noted the neatness and cleanliness of the living space. His mother-in-law had kept herself busy.

“¡Eso suena emocionante! Pero, no tenemos comida para cenar. Tenemos que ir al supermercado a comprar carnes y verduras para que te haga la cena,” David’s fear of conversing in Spanish was overblown. He was handling the conversation fine. His mother-in-law wanted some meat and vegetables to make dinner for Diana and him, so he needed to take her to the supermarket.

David put his school bag down and pulled out his keys to his car. He grabbed a smaller handbag that Diana used for short trips and flung the strap over his shoulder.

“Vamos, David estará en casa pronto.”



## Chapter 16 - Inspector Olivia

Olivia was swift as Diana (really David) left the apartment. She needed to search the apartment for signs of trouble. She was tremendously worried about her daughter's marriage, given the fact that they were seeing a marriage counselor. Olivia would never have let a stranger into the most intimate details of her marriage. Diana's doing so felt like an obvious sign that her marriage was on the verge of collapse, and Olivia was not about to let that happen.

Olivia knew she couldn't go through David's phone; he would have that with him, but she knew the kinds of places men liked to hide things. So, under the bed, under piles of socks in dresser drawers, and behind or between shirts in closets, Olivia went rummaging through David's things. She had noticed that David didn't linger in the morning before he left for work. He didn't even say hello, good morning, or goodbye. That was not very husbandly behavior. Olivia was chagrined that she had warmly welcomed David into her family, and it seemed that David was ready to throw all of this away.

Olivia was a master of covert searching. She took quick notes of things like object order and placement while working through her son-in-law's possessions. Each failed search was just a new potential challenge to overcome against her adversary. Whatever David was hiding would be uncovered, and Olivia and David would privately address it. She may have it out for David, but Diana's happiness was essential in her mind. David would repent for his sins, and Diana would remain happy and married. Then, once the dust had settled, Diana would have babies, and Olivia would once again have a purpose to serve her grandchildren like she had served her children before. She was destined to be the best and most loving abuela.

Two hours passed, and Olivia found nothing out of order. She didn't find a telling secret scrap of paper with a phone number and the distinctive Xs and Os. No lipstick stain on a shirt collar, no restaurant receipts for a night out wining and dining a secret lover. Olivia was starting to wonder if she had been wrong all this time. It had only been a few weeks since they had started therapy, but Diana had been upset for much longer. Indeed, with that discontent, David would have left some clues about his sins.

Searching her daughter's en-suite, she stumbled on their respective bottles of YourEssence. "Ugh, jóvenes idiotas, putting this filth in their bodies," Olivia said aloud, making her thoughts on the UniGlobal product known to the empty apartment. She inspected the bottles and noticed they were labeled for David and Diana separately. They both looked identical to each other except for their labels. Olivia lingered here momentarily before replacing the bottles in their prior spots. She had a double take as she noticed that David's bottle was currently positioned on the left-hand side of the vanity. She knew that Diana had a predilection for choosing the left-hand side of rooms, beds, dressers, and such. Her bed had always been positioned so she would sleep on her left side. It was 'her' thing.

"All of David's things are on the left side. His comb, his razor, his pills. Qué extraño..."

Ever the master of stealth, Olivia replaced the pills and repositioned the disturbed items expertly to avoid any potential for detection. "Diana had said she cleaned the showers last week. Let's take a look..." Olivia turned her attention to the shower and checked for signs of dirt or degradation.

"Not bad... I guess she remembers how to clean."

Looking at her watch, Olivia felt frustrated that her only clue was a misalignment of bathroom toiletries and pills. This was not enough to go on to fix David. She needed more. She needed to find the cause of her daughter's marital troubles. For a split second, Olivia considered the unthinkable. *Could it be Diana who is being unfaithful?* Olivia started to search her daughter's possessions but stopped herself. "No. She would have told me already. If she had a new amorcito, I would know by now."

"Still, Diana has been a bit off since I arrived. Maybe I should keep my eye out."

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Olivia spent the rest of her day doing as she had informed Diana. She read her novella and cleaned the oven. While taxing, the work was made easier by having the right cleaners. Again, Olivia felt proud that Diana kept these essentials in her home. While it might not have been a glamorous upbringing, Olivia was proud of the practical work skills and ethics she had instilled in her children.

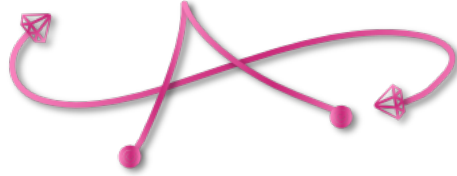
As it turned from noon to mid-afternoon, Olivia took the initiative to reorganize the living space. This set of obvious and brazen changes to the couple's things would cover any mistakes she made in replacing items as she searched. It would be too many things out of place, so David and Diana would not have the mental energy to process tiny discrepancies.

Olivia finished organizing the living space when she heard keys shake at the apartment door. *That should be Diana. I hope she likes what I did with her living area.*

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Diana and Olivia returned from the grocery store with more food than the couple would eat in two weeks, but Olivia had insisted that it all be acquired now. She would certainly keep her family fed, especially if she couldn't solve their marital problems as she had hoped. Olivia had Diana help put the extra food away while preparing a simple fajita dinner. While Olivia did this, Diana (really David) searched for David (really Diana).





## Chapter 17 - Darling, I... Oh, You're Sleeping

Diana was snoring loudly, and her sleep was troubled. Drunken thoughts swirled through her mind, creating robust yet incoherent dreams. Diana was in a fight with a warthog one second, and then the next, she was presenting manufacturing advances to a group of grade school children. There was only one persistent element to Diana's dream: David was there with her through all of them. David went from being concerned to supportive depending on the circumstances, but every time Diana saw David in her dream, she knew she was loved. This would have been fine, except for the drunken nature of her slumber. There in Diana's pajama pants was a raging hard-on. That loving sensation Diana was feeling wasn't just caring love. It was also hot, passionate, romantic love.

Diana's dream shifted as her thoughts became increasingly needy. All of a sudden, Diana was mid-coitus, and she was loving every second as she felt a strange blend of sensations. She simultaneously felt like she was penetrating and being penetrated. Looking down, she saw that someone was riding on top of her body. The body looked feminine, but there was no being certain based on the sensations that she was feeling. Looking up, she saw two perky breasts that looked a lot like her own breasts. They weren't **\*like\*** her breasts, they **\*were\*** her breasts. Diana reached out to grab them, but they were annoyingly just out of reach. Diana's gaze continued up, and she saw she was making love to David. His face was sweaty and contorted by the pleasures he, or maybe she, felt in the moment. Diana felt a pressure building inside. She was about to cum. Quickly, she shouted to David so he could be ready, move, or do whatever he wanted. Diana didn't know what to think. She felt her orgasm come on, and David shouted out in pleasure, "Yes! Fill me, David put a baby in me!!!"

"Oh shit!" Diana woke up in a panic. She grasped down at her groin as she felt the final surge of her wet dream orgasm dwindling. "Oh, I didn't mean to wake you. Sorry about that," David said as he quietly sneaked back towards the door through the bedroom.

"Oh, ungh. Yeah... no worries," Diana slurred out a response. It was abundantly clear now to David that Diana had gotten drunk sometime before landing in bed.

“Had one too many huh?” David asked as his nostrils flared a bit at the odor in the room. He recognized it as a mix of semen and also a heavy amount of whiskey breath.

“Yeah, I just need to go back to sleep...” Dianna wasn’t up for a conversation, and David could understand why. From what he could tell, he expected Diana did not know where she was or even who she was talking to. *Brian must have gotten to her. I should have warned her about his ability to drink unendingly.* After placing a blanket over Diana, David quietly slid out of the bedroom. His thoughts were on Diana as he returned to the living room where Olivia was busily preparing dinner.

“It’s just the two of us tonight. David isn’t feeling good, so he’s getting an early night.”

“Qué triste, we will just have to have a mother-daughter dinner then,” Olivia responded as she continued preparing dinner. David was delighting in the smells coming from the kitchen as his mind continued to betray him by connecting more and more of Diana’s memories in his mind. He became aware of Diana’s traditions of eating dinner together, coming together as a family, sitting together, and eating together over lively conversation. Diana’s father had always been a stalwart defender of ensuring that the dinner table was a sacred place—no devices, no distractions, no delinquencies, and, of course, no deviating from the rules.

“Dinner smells amazing, Mama; what would you like to drink tonight?”

“It’s fajitas chiquita, cervezas, of course!”

“All right, two beers for two ladies tonight,” David said as he felt energized by the idea of spending time with ‘his mother.’ He worked happily to set the dining table, small though it was. David hopped in fluidly with Olivia a few times to help chop bell peppers or onions as she moved from skillet to skillet. One thing David always appreciated about Olivia was that she never missed an opportunity to make a feast. Chicken, steak, and shrimp fajitas were all on deck for tonight’s meal.

Olivia placed the last skillet on the dining table and announced, “¡Ya llegó la comida!”

“Huele muy bien mama, gracias,” David replied, celebrating the fabulous-smelling food. He felt all the joy of Diana’s childhood memories welling in him as

the smells triggered so many memories. David paused before digging into his plate of fajitas. He knew he had to show respect to his mother for making the meal. The custom had been drilled into Diana as a child, and he was not going to add any chance that they would be discovered.

“Buen provecho,” Olivia announced and took the first bite of her meal. This was the sign to respond and then begin his meal.

“Provechito,” David responded with the familiar phrase for dining with his family and then took his first bite. The taste was exquisite. Olivia was a skilled chef who made a delicious meal for them. For a moment, David felt bad for Diana that she was missing the meal, but only for a moment. The meal was too good to linger on any sadness as each bite was another explosion of flavor and joy—the result of Olivia’s love for Diana.

“So, what did you get up to today, Mama?”

“I read my novella. Then I tidied up around the house. I cleaned your oven. The things I said,” Olivia responded with a smile. Her facial expression was familiar and made David think about it. It felt like ‘Diana’ had seen it before.

“Mama, that’s it?” David asked, letting the question hang. He had an intuition, and he was saying the words before he could even realize it. His head hung slightly askew after he finished his question to suggest his doubt.

“Chiquita, what are you suggesting?”

“I’ve seen that smile before, Mama. You got up to something. What did you do?”

“Bah, you know me too well. I was making sure you are okay, Chiquita.”

“What did you do, specifically?”

“Nothing! I just looked through things, but I found nothing. So everything is fine!”

“So you snooped through our things. Mama, that’s an invasion of our privacy.”

“Pfft, privacy. Three generations lived in the same house when you grew up with us. We didn’t have ‘privacy’; we had a family!”

“Yes, but that’s not how ‘David’ and I live. You need to respect our approach, too.”

“Ok, ok. I will do. You have work tomorrow, too?”

“Yes, but it’s only a half day. We are taking the training exam tomorrow morning, and when we’re done, we are free to go. Why do you ask?”

“After ‘cleaning’ today, my nail broke. I thought we could pamper ourselves at the salon. What do you think?” Olivia said, holding up her left hand, which had a chipped nail on her ring finger.

“Sure, why not? It could be fun,” David said. He couldn’t recall Diana ever going to get her nails done with Olivia, but it was a simple invitation. It seemed like it would be rude to turn down the invitation. Unbeknownst to David, this was another peculiarity that Olivia noted. Diana had never wanted to get her nails done together before. Olivia was very particular about where she went for a manicure and pedicure, and Diana had no patience for this peculiarity. Olivia was building a picture of what might be happening with her daughter as she finished her last bites of dinner.

“It’s getting late; you should go to bed. I will clean up here, and you can get some rest.”

“No, mama, let me help you. It won’t take as long...”

“No, no, no, I’ve got this. You work so hard, and your husband is still recovering from drinking too much.”

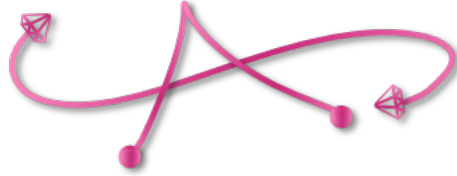
“How did you know that?”

“A mother always knows. Now, off to bed, chiquita. I will see you in the morning.”

David went through the usual bedtime routine that he had become accustomed to these past several weeks. The lotions and other products no longer caused him the grief it once had. He could finally agree that Diana was right to use them as he woke up refreshed and ready to start the following day. Applying makeup to address bags under his eyes or blotches on his skin led to more prep time in

the morning, and he already had enough steps to get through. A few minutes of washing his face and applying some products was worth it.

Lying down next to Diana, he could still smell the scent of whiskey. *God, he really went for it with Brian. I hope he doesn't wake up hungover,* David thought as he got under the covers. Diana was facing toward the center of the bed. Even though she smelled a little sour from the alcohol, David could also recognize the scent of 'his' body. Diana had always been enamored by the way David smelled. David hadn't thought much of it, but at this moment, he was keenly aware of its effect on Diana's body. He wouldn't take advantage of Diana, but a little snuggling close didn't seem like a violation. So, like the prior night, David snuggled in close to Diana in the little soon position and swiftly fell asleep in the comfort of the presence of her partner.



## Chapter 18 - Top 3 Ways to be Awakened

David was last to bed and first to rise. David was a frequent early riser, but not like Diana. She seemed to be preternaturally predisposed to waking before the sun was up. David sat in bed next to Diana and reflected on the past two days. He could see how he was becoming more and more like Diana. It was both conscious and unconscious behaviors. He was fluent in Spanish now. He knew Diana's family history very well, though it was not comprehensive. However, he also knew there was a minimal barrier to it becoming more complete. Now, lying in bed before the sun was up, David was aware that his very nature was adapting to be more like Diana's. He was sure there must be other things he had started doing without consciously being aware of them. In the moment, Diana's waking hour habits were noticeable enough to make him reflect on the subject.

David realized that he had to face facts; he was rapidly feeling more comfortable in Diana's body. Things 'she' wanted were becoming things he wanted. These compulsions no longer possessed the same characteristics that they had. A week ago, David could recognize Diana's desires from his own. They had a particular 'shape' as they entered his mind. It was distinct and different from his desires. This let David recognize the intrusive thought and then actively work to stop himself from following through. Now, there was minimal distinction in the source of desires. This had served David well in these last few days. David needed to be perfect in front of Olivia these previous few days. David was left questioning whether he had already started to gain this comfort before Olivia's visit or if Olivia's visit had caused it.

Further complicating David's thoughts this morning was the impetus for David and Diana to engage in couples therapy. David could now feel the relationship distance that had developed between Diana and himself. Despite Diana's appeals that he uses this time in her body to better understand her perspective, he had avoided 'leaning in' to the body swap's more intimate opportunities for deep consideration. However, how he felt now made David feel much more connected to Diana. David glanced over to Diana next to him.

Diana was sporting morning wood. David could feel an urge that he had never felt before. One that his heterosexual male mind should have rejected. He was

wondering what it would be like to suck on Diana's dick. Even seeing it out of Diana's boxers would entice him. *Fuck, am I going to do this?!* David's urges felt so strong and natural that he started to remember the first time Diana had ever seen a penis up close. The excitement, the sexual awakening, the lust, the pleasure. Without realizing it, David had positioned himself between Diana's legs at the end of the bed. He would just need to pull her boxers down and have the same experience. He remembered the first time Diana had gone down on her then-boyfriend David. David could remember that Diana had been so excited to see his dick. The size and girth weren't porn star sizes, but they were on the higher end of sizes overall. Instead of feeling pride in his dick, he instead felt excitement over the prospect of playing with it.

Diana was sleeping heavily still but seemed to be beginning to wake up. David decided to go through with it. A blowjob to wake Diana up would be a welcome surprise for her and would get this urge satisfied for David too. Pulling Diana's boxers off, David neglected to lift the elastic over her erect penis. This caused it to swing wildly and enticingly as the band pulled her penis forward and then released it quickly. The surprise of this motion woke Diana, who wearily asked what was happening. With conviction, David wrapped his hand around the base of her shaft and responded to lie back; he had everything under control.

Diana's mind was still a bit cloudy, but she soon recognized the sensation of a hand wrapped around her penis. Like David before, she was quickly remembering the first time she had given David a blowjob. It had started similarly with her placing her hand around the base of his penis. Only this time, Diana wasn't remembering the act of giving a blowjob; she was remembering the receiving end. The slightly cool but firm hand wrapping around her dick, the immediate building of pressure deep in her groin, the pleasure, the passion, the desire to reach release.

David gently rubbed Diana's length as he lowered his head. What should have been a line he wouldn't cross was effortlessly surpassed as his mouth enveloped the tip of Diana's penis—a little salty, a little bitter, a lot sexy. David's mouth and tongue got to work quickly as the last remaining objections in his mind were silenced. 'David's' cock was in his mouth, and he was going to show his 'husband' how much he appreciated having her in his life.

Diana moaned in response to David's efforts. "Shh, 'my' mother will hear you!" David scolded Diana. He didn't want to get an earful from Olivia at the salon later today. Diana whispered her acknowledgment as David continued to work on Diana's cock. With each bob of his head, David felt his pleasure and

confidence increasing. It didn't take much longer until David felt Diana's body tense up. He knew what was coming. Diana tried to tap his shoulder to let him know to move away, but the process was too swift. Diana unloaded into David's mouth. It shocked him at first despite having seen the warning signs. After the initial shock, David sat firm in his resolve. He was staying put and taking Diana's load fully into his mouth.

After a few final sputters and releases, David pulled off of Diana's dick, and to his immense surprise, he swallowed. Diana had never done that before, and David knew it. "Holy shit, did you just swallow?" Diana whispered her shock.

"Yeah, it seemed like the right thing," David effortlessly answered.

"You were the one who always wanted me to swallow. I didn't ever want to," Diana said with some shock. "I'm not complaining, but what brought this all on?"

Possibly for the first time, David giggled. This was not a typical laugh; this was a full-on feminine giggle. "I just didn't want that morning wood to go to waste. You've been so good to me and 'my mother' these last few days, and I know how hard work is for you right now. So, it was a present for you... and I got something from it, too."

Diana was reeling still from the afterglow of her orgasm, but the reaction from David had her immediately worried. He sounded like, well, like Diana. Not in how he sounded like her but in how he spoke. In the words of his sentence. In the personalization of the sentence. "My mother? You mean she's my mother, right? You know you aren't actually Diana? You are David."

"Yeah, of course! A slip of the tongue is all that was, **Hot Stuff.**"

Diana noted the adoption of her most intimate pet name for David. David had primarily avoided any such blending before. She knew something was amiss, but she couldn't help but feel this might still be healthy for their relationship. Diana needed David to appreciate how vital their intimacy was to her. She needed David to understand that if she was part of this relationship, she needed to feel love given and reciprocated.

"All right, I mean, I'm not complaining. That was amazing. I'm delighted you took the initiative. We hadn't done anything like that since we got drunk those weeks ago."



“Yeah, and I only did that because I thought it would be my last chance to experience sex for the other side.”

“How are you feeling now?”

“Umm, different...”

“Different, how?” Diana asked, wondering just how far this change in David’s disposition went and just how aware of it David was.

“I get why you wanted us to go to couples therapy now. You deserve to be with someone who appreciates you and shows that through their actions as much as their words.”

“That’s good, but is that all there is to this?”

“Well, I can’t help but feel a bit guilty.”

“Why’s that?”

“You’re my hot hubby; I think \*I\* get the better end of the shaft, hehe,” David giggled again in a hyperfeminine manner.

*Shit! He is losing himself. What happened yesterday? Did he spend too much time with my mother? He was worried about that. I probably shouldn’t have gotten so drunk. I could have intercepted my mother and kept him more at arm’s length. Fuck! What do I do now?* Diana’s thoughts raced.