



## **YourEssence - Quarreling Lovers, Volume 2 - Chapter 7**

*Several Days Later...*

Dr. Simms sat idly at her desk, taking a quick bite of a sandwich she had hidden in her drawer. While doing this, she also reviewed her notes from her last session with Daisy and 'David.' It had surprised the doctor to see Diana show up as David unabashedly at their previous session. Interestingly, by the end of that meeting, Mary was detecting signs of a similar conditioning as what had befallen the original David. An influx of strong masculine behavior-reinforcing stimuli had suddenly overwhelmed Diana and pushed her susceptible mind to accept and blend in more and more of David's memories. When the married couple recounted Diana's mother's visit and its impact on David in Diana's body, Mary noted how certain aspects seemed to trigger more for the original David, now Daisy. For Daisy, the feminine nurturing and bonding of family had created all the impetus necessary for her persistent dosing with Diana's YourEssence prescription to flood and overwhelm the male brain. Seeing the signs that this was happening again, Mary hoped that she would be able to intervene and help guide the couple through this tumultuous period.

Dr. Simms' door handle turned, and she came to attention, ready to greet whichever of her patients was arriving first. She was not prepared for what, or rather who, she saw walk in.

"Diana?! Is that really you?"

"Yes, hi, Mary. It's me."

"Well, I have to say I am surprised to see you. Well, I was expecting you, but not this version of you..."

"Yeah... Daisy asked me, more like pleaded with me, to come like this today. So, I'm as in the dark on what's going on as you are."

"Uh-huh. Well, this is certainly going to be an unconventional session, then. Given how you spoke last time we met, I wasn't sure I'd ever see this version of you again. How are you feeling being like this?"

"Fine."

"I see," Dr. Simms scribbled notes on a pad of paper in response.

"What? I'm fine. Really," Diana tried to feign her shock at Dr. Simms's detection of her lack of acceptance for her current state.

"'Fine' is for describing wine and dining. It's not for describing how we feel. Now, would you—"

The door handle turned again, interrupting Dr. Simms once more. The room's occupants' jaws dropped in shock as 'David' walked in.

"Uhh, hi."

"What the fuck, David?!" Diana didn't mince her words.

"Hang on a sec..."

"David, this is highly irregular and a violation of our working agreement—" Dr. Simms said before being interrupted again by the door opening.

"What now?" Diana scoffed before mellowing. In the door walked Daisy arm in arm with Amber.

"Holy shit!" Diana exclaimed before passing out on the couch she was on.

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"Dianna... Diana... err... 'David' wake up! Come back to us." a familiar voice rang in Diana's ear.

"Huh? Wha?" Diana managed to get out before fully regaining consciousness.

"Phew, you had us worried there," Daisy said to her wife.

"Yeah, I think I must have hallucinated there. I could have sworn you were back to being your old self."

"Oh, well you did see someone that is 'David' right now. But it wasn't me. It was Lyle. He's helping me out with an exercise I want us to go through today."

"Huh?"

"Hi, Diana, I guess. This is confusing. What should I call her? Him? Her... him?" Lyle sheepishly responded.

"Okay, this is messed up, Daisy. What you're doing here could get us in a lot of trouble."

"Well, we ended up there a few days ago anyway. Lyle isn't an idiot, and neither is Amber. Neither one of them bought our made-up story. So, rather than let them run away with the scandal of the decade and implicate us both, I decided to fess up and make an appeal that they with old judgment until they've understood us better," Daisy explained clinically.

"And that worked?" Diana asked.

"Yeah, I mean... they're here, aren't they?"

"You know, it's kind of hard to say who's here generally anymore," Diana sighed.

"I concur," Dr. Simms interjected.

"I'm sorry, Mary. I would have told you, but I didn't have much time to arrange this."

"And what have you arranged, Daisy?" Dr. Simms questioned.

"All right. So, the first thing I need to say is something that Amber asked us to consider whether we would be interested in a polyamorous relationship. I initially rejected this outright as I am married to Diana and love her. Our relationship had always been monogamous."

"Ugh, so boring. Get to the good parts," Amber expressed her thoughts for everyone to hear. Dr. Simms wrote notes feverishly.

"Yes, Amber. I'm getting there. Well, I needed to prove that we had really swapped places between Diana and me so that Amber and Lyle would believe the true story of what had happened between us and thus not turn us into the authorities. That's when it all clicked. Amber's idea could actually work. It could solve two birds with one stone."

"I'm failing to see the connection, Daisy. How does this solve anything? It seems like you've just made things worse," Diana asked critically.

"I'm getting to it, Diana. One more piece, and I think you'll see the puzzle come together."

"Okay, fine. What am I missing?" Diana relented.

"Us. We're the missing piece. You see, our relationship has been challenged since we fell into this routine. I've been coming to accept myself as a woman, but you've gotten caught up in the same whirlwind I had been like when I was overwhelmed by your mother's visit. Diana, you don't want to be me. Nor a man. I know it because I literally have your memories. Your desires. I know you as well as I know 'David.'"

"Daisy, I get to decide what I want and am fine with being a man. I like it. It's been fun."

"See, there it is. You are settling! If you wanted to be a man, you would yell, scream, and get angry! But I've been on the other side of this, too. So, I understand that simple words won't suffice. Thus, I've brought Lyle and Amber into this. We will follow Amber's suggestion and date each other as a single romantic group relationship."

"Why did I need to revert to being Diana to go along with Amber's plan? It seems a little counterproductive since Amber is straight and into me. I mean David."

"That's the part Lyle is helping me out with. For one night only, he is going to date you, as me, so you can remember that you like being a woman. If you go through the night and you decide you'd rather be a man, well, you can keep taking my pills and stay as 'David,' or you can go my route and hope that repeated use masculinizes you enough to be your own new person and we can say you transitioned. What do you think?"

"I think you're crazy, but I also love you. I wouldn't have shown up looking like this if I didn't. So, I'll go through with it. But it's just a one-night thing. I will go on the date, and then tomorrow, I will turn back to David, and Lyle can return to being himself. It makes more sense for our group to be even split between the sexes anyway."

"Don't get hung up on pragmatism regarding your body and gender presentation, Diana. It will lead to unhappiness to be trapped as a male if you still identify as a woman," Dr. Simms added.

"Mary? You think I'd be that short-sighted?"

"No, of course not. But we're moving things along very quickly here. I don't want convenience to be inserted in place of correctness. You need to do the right thing for you, not the right now thing," Dr. Simms counseled her patient.

"Yeah, that's fair," Diana responded.

"So, do we all have a deal?"

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"Oh, no. I see what Daisy is doing. Ungh-Ungh, we are not going here. No way," Diana said to Lyle. She had already acquiesced to wearing a fancier and more formal dress than she wanted; she would not fall into the trap that Daisy had set for her.

"Huh? I don't know what you mean." Lyle cluelessly responded. He genuinely had no idea what Diana was talking about. He only knew that Daisy had instructed him to take Diana to this specific restaurant and to be sure that he and Diana split a bottle of wine over the meal.

Diana looked Lyle in the eye and detected no malice or blatant attempt to deceive her. "You don't, do you?"

"Honestly, no clue. I was just given this address and instructions to share a meal with you. I was told that was enough."

Diana sighed and then said under her breath, "Yeah, it just might be."

"What was that?"

"Nothing, Lyle. Let's have a nice meal. This place has great food and wine."

"Dancing too, I hear."

"Yes... that too."

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Sitting at the restaurant, Diana felt a wave of nostalgia flow over her. This was the same restaurant she had brought David to all those months ago after their first foray into living life as the other. Wearing this extravagant evening gown, Diana felt

oddly uncomfortable. It was strange for her since she was perfectly comfortable in her body, but something was different tonight. She wondered if she had spent too much time as a man. They could be invisible in a room if they wanted to be. Diana couldn't have that luxury with her current attire. Every man in the room wanted to catch a glimpse of her, and every woman wanted to judge her. Lyle sat in the booth beside Diana and placed his hand on her hand. "This place is so cool! Did you see how many people checked us out as we walked in?" Lyle asked in that tone David would use to convey confidence. "Yeah, it's like everyone's staring."

"Yeah, at you. You look out of this world good. I guess that's how Daisy ended up so pretty?"

"Hmm, you know, I never really thought about that. I assumed it was just her own mother she looked more like. And she definitely does, but I think you might be right. There's some of me in there, too."

"That whole situation is a really wild one. You two inadvertently swapped places the first time?"

"Yeah, it was an accident. I had to do David's job because he had a big client deal that needed a lot of work. So I went, and I fucking crushed it. I got him a promotion because I was so good at it."

"Wow, that's amazing! So, you'll probably want to stay a man, then? That's fine by me, by the way; I don't have any issues with it at all. Daisy seemed pretty sure she was right, though."

"Because she is..." Diana sighed before continuing, "She is right. Mostly."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I really like male privilege. It's like a drug for the competent. It makes a little bit of good judgment seem and feel like a superpower. I got to run a department of engineering sales, and frankly, I had no relevant qualifications to do so other than I was smart and a male. I didn't have the kind of recollection of David's memories that I have now. If you asked me an engineering question today, I could probably remember the moment in college when I was taught that. It's kind of freaky having a second-person's memories in your head."

"Yeah, I bet. Being someone else and seeing their face staring back at you in the mirror is its own mindfuck. What you're describing is on a whole other level."

"Gosh, you're so right. I've seen David's face in the mirror so many times now that it has become second nature. Now it's reminding me of how far I've strayed from

myself."

"So you've decided then? You're going to stay living as Diana?"

"Yes... wait, no! I can't do that to Amber. I—"

As the couple continued their conversation, the waiter interrupted them, offering a complimentary glass of wine.

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

"I don't want to drink tonight. I have a lot on my mind now with everything Daisy is doing and how I feel about my situation. I don't need a lubricant to get me behaving in a less inhibited way."

"Why not take the edge off a bit? You said it yourself; the day has been tough enough. So, please, have a couple of glasses of wine with me. I don't want to be the only one drinking, and things have been weird enough the last few days that I know I want a drink. Come on, we'll eat some great food and just get to know each other better."

Diana relented and took a sip of the wine. To her surprise, the pair could easily engage rapidly in delightful conversation. The pair sipped their glasses of wine while they looked over the menus. Lyle was hoping to get something hearty and filling. Diana's nostalgia flared up again, recalling having the same conversation with David when she was in his body. Being in her own body now, she lamented that she couldn't also partake in the calorie-dense meal.

The pair ordered their meals, and Diana's sense of discomfort increased. The night she seemed to be playing out just like it had all those months ago. She had cringed a bit at being called 'ma'am,' just like David had. She was distracted by the eyes of others on her, just like he had been. She had wanted to eat a more substantial meal, just like him. The parallels were alarming. This led Diana to question her earlier assertion. Maybe she did want to stay as David. She was starting to feel very confused as all her feelings clashed against one another.

Nonetheless, the pair continued getting to know one another and found the exercise enjoyable. Lyle seemed like the kind of guy that 'David' could be friends with... and also the type of guy that Diana could be into. As the night wore on, the conversation flowed smoothly, and so was the wine. Lyle and Diana finished their first glasses of wine while chatting and waiting for their meals to arrive. Lyle noted

that Diana finally seemed to be relaxing a bit. It had been like she was constantly looking for some threat that was never coming.

The couple's meals arrived, and Lyle ordered another bottle of wine. As the newly acquainted pair ate their meals, Diana was glad Lyle suggested they share some wine. She could tell it was taking the edge off the stress she had been carrying for weeks, if not months. So, feeling content with her meal and the conversation with Lyle, Diana let herself embrace the calmer vibe the evening was taking. Looking at Lyle sitting in 'his' body, her husband's body, Diana felt a stirring deep inside that she hadn't felt in a long time. She tried to shake herself off this sensation, but then Lyle looked over and smiled at her. The sensations Diana felt only amplified at this sight.

Surprisingly, her mind was restoring connections that she was not expecting. Diana felt a need to snuggle with her husband. She questioned these thoughts, knowing it was really Lyle in that body, but found her mind moderately clouded by the effects of the wine she had consumed. As these thoughts lingered, Diana felt it increasingly necessary to act on them. So, as casually as she could manage, she moved closer and closer to Lyle in the booth.

Lyle noticed that Diana was moving closer to him and that Diana seemed to be roaming her eyes over his body. Lyle was excited to see a woman as beautiful as Diana finally giving him some attention. So, with Diana sitting beside him, he placed a hand down on Diana's upper thigh. Lyle gave a gentle but firm squeeze with his hand, which sent a burst of pleasure through Diana's body. She was startled momentarily but collected herself and then leaned against Lyle, having missed her husband's touch and relishing the restored connection she was feeling with this man; whether it was the original David or Lyle didn't matter at the moment. Lyle moved her hand around Diana's back, holding her close to his body. Diana responded by burying her face against David's shoulder. Her feelings were jumbled up, a mixture of concern and also contentment. Diana's confusion didn't abate when Lyle suggested they enjoy some dancing to round out the evening.

Diana felt the effects of the alcohol acutely when she stood up. Her body was slightly stumbling as Diana felt her balance fluctuate unexpectedly. Lyle caught Diana helping her to stand up. Once settled, they went to the dance floor, and Lyle took the lead. The songs were slow, so Diana could mostly lean against Lyle's larger body. Diana felt like a fish being thrown back into the water after being caught. Lyle's hand was placed behind her back, just above her ass. It made Diana aware of 'her' curves again, restoring the sense of pride she had in her body. The sensation of distance from her body's feelings only lasted a few moments, though, as Diana found the swaying motion of the dancing comforting. She soon had placed her face against Lyle's chest, and the two were dancing like any other couple would.



Lyle's inhibitions had lessened by the third song, and he moved her hand lower. It was now resting on the upper curve of Diana's backside rather than the square of her lower back. Diana had noticed. Her mind lit up as foreign, yet familiar, sensations flowed through her. "Is he trying to feel me up? What should I do about it?" Diana's thoughts raced. As she was about to reach back and move Lyle's hand, the song concluded, and Lyle held Diana firmly as he dipped her down. The rush of being dipped down redirected all of Diana's attention. Being stood back up, Lyle leaned in and placed a kiss squarely on Diana's lips.

"Whoa! Hey! What was that?!" Diana criticized Lyle's overly bold behavior.

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry; I don't know what came over me. I just felt so natural there dancing with you. Please, I'm so sorry. I would never. I..."

Diana pushed back away from Lyle and straightened her dress. "Hmph, well, I guess if there's anyone who would understand that, it would be me. I've been on both sides of this situation."

"Huh?"

"Daisy, she set this up so that we would end up here. I took her on a date when she was Diana. The night went similarly then as it did tonight. It's like in our body's muscle memory or something. Our nights here always go the same way. We eat, get a little too drunk, dance, and then..."

"What?"

"Well, it's a bit indelicate for public discussion, but we usually go the full distance, if you catch my drift."

"Oh! Oh, right. Yeah, that's not happening. I'm not here to do that with you."

"I didn't think you were. Daisy just wanted me to remember all this. Trust me, you and I are good."

"Phew, I didn't want you to think I was some horrible person."

"No, not at all. You've been great to spend the evening with, Lyle."

"Yeah, you too, Diana. Or should I say, 'David?'"

"Hmm, I think Daisy hoped this would resolve my conflict. But to be honest, I'm not sure it has."

"Well, her plan did seem to be a pretty big long shot if you ask me."

"Yeah, I guess we will just have to see..."