



YourEssence

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.

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."