

## YourEssence

### 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."