



## YourEssence

### 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."