

YourEssence

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."



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 slob. 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.