

YourEssence

## Chapter 18 - Top 3 Ways to be Awakened



David was last to bed and first to rise. David was a frequent early riser, but not like Diana. She seemed to be preternaturally predisposed to waking before the sun was up. David sat in bed next to Diana and reflected on the past two days. He could see how he was becoming more and more like Diana. It was both conscious and unconscious behaviors. He was fluent in Spanish now. He knew Diana's family history very well, though it was not comprehensive. However, he also knew that there was a minimal barrier to it becoming more complete. Now, lying in bed before the sun was up, David was aware that his very nature was adapting to be more like Diana's. He was sure there must be other things he had started doing without consciously being aware of them. In the moment, Diana's waking hour habits were noticeable enough to make him reflect on the subject.

David realized that he had to face facts; he was rapidly feeling more comfortable in Diana's body. Things 'she' wanted were becoming things he wanted. These compulsions no longer possessed the same characteristics that they had. A week ago, David could recognize Diana's desires from his own. They had a particular 'shape' as they entered his mind. It was distinct and different from his desires. This let David recognize the intrusive thought and then actively work to stop himself from following through. Now, there was minimal distinction in the source of desires. This had served David well in these last few days. David needed to be perfect in front of Olivia these previous few days. David was left questioning whether he had already started to gain this comfort before Olivia's visit or if Olivia's visit had caused it.

Further complicating David's thoughts this morning was the impetus for David and Diana to engage in couples therapy. David could now feel the relationship distance that had developed between Diana and himself. Despite Diana's appeals that he uses this time in her body to better understand her perspective, he had avoided 'leaning in' to the body swap's more intimate opportunities for deep consideration. However, how he felt now made David feel much more connected to Diana. David glanced over to Diana next to him.

Diana was sporting morning wood. David could feel an urge that he had never felt before. One that his heterosexual male mind should have rejected. He was wondering what it would be like to suck on Diana's dick. Even seeing it out of Diana's boxers would entice him. *Fuck, am I going to do this?!* David's urges felt so strong and natural that he started to remember the first time Diana had ever seen a penis up close. The excitement, the sexual awakening, the lust, the pleasure. Without realizing it, David had positioned himself between Diana's legs at the end of the bed. He would just need to pull her boxers down and have the same experience. He remembered the first time Diana had gone down on her then-boyfriend David. David could remember that Diana had been so excited to see his dick. The size and girth weren't porn star sizes, but they were on the higher end of sizes overall. Instead of feeling pride in his dick, he instead felt excitement over the prospect of playing with it.

Diana was sleeping heavily still but seemed to be beginning to wake up. David decided to go through with it. A blowjob to wake Diana up would be a welcome surprise for her and would get this urge satisfied for David too. Pulling Diana's boxers off, David neglected to lift the elastic over her erect penis. This caused it to swing wildly and enticingly as the band pulled her penis forward and then released it quickly. The surprise of this motion woke Diana, who wearily asked what was happening. With conviction, David wrapped his hand around the base of her shaft and responded to lie back; he had everything under control.

Diana's mind was still a bit cloudy, but she soon recognized the sensation of a hand wrapped around her penis. Like David before, she was quickly remembering the first time she had given David a blowjob. It had started similarly with her placing her hand around the base of his penis. Only this time, Diana wasn't remembering the act of giving a blowjob; she was remembering the receiving end. The slightly cool but firm hand wrapping around her dick, the immediate building of pressure deep in her groin, the pleasure, the passion, the desire to reach release.

David gently rubbed Diana's length as he lowered his head. What should have been a line he wouldn't cross was effortlessly surpassed as his mouth enveloped the tip of Diana's penis—a little salty, a little bitter, a lot sexy. David's mouth and tongue got to work quickly as the last remaining objections in his mind were silenced. 'David's' cock was in his mouth, and he was going to show his 'husband' how much he appreciated having her in his life.

Diana moaned in response to David's efforts. "Shh, 'my' mother will hear you!" David scolded Diana. He didn't want to get an earful from Olivia at the salon later today. Diana whispered her acknowledgment as David continued to work on Diana's cock. With each bob of his head, David felt his pleasure and confidence increasing. It didn't take much longer until David felt Diana's body tense up. He knew what was coming. Diana tried to tap his shoulder to let him know to move away, but the process was too swift. Diana unloaded into David's mouth. It shocked him at first despite having seen the warning signs. After the initial shock, David sat firm in his resolve. He was staying put and taking Diana's load fully into his mouth.

After a few final sputters and releases, David pulled off of Diana's dick, and to his immense surprise, he swallowed. Diana had never done that before, and David knew it. "Holy shit, did you just swallow?" Diana whispered her shock.

"Yeah, it seemed like the right thing," David effortlessly answered.

"You were the one who always wanted me to swallow. I didn't ever want to," Diana said with some shock. "I'm not complaining, but what brought this all on?"

Possibly for the first time, David giggled. This was not a typical laugh; this was a full-on feminine giggle. "I just didn't want that morning wood to go to waste. You've been so good to me and 'my mother' these last few days, and I know how hard work is for you right now. So, it was a present for you... and I got something from it, too."



Diana was reeling still from the afterglow of her orgasm, but the reaction from David had her immediately worried. He sounded like, well, like Diana. Not in how he sounded like her but in how he spoke. In the words of his sentence. In the personalization of the sentence. "My mother? You mean she's my mother, right? You know you aren't actually Diana? You are David."

"Yeah, of course! A slip of the tongue is all that was, **Hot Stuff!**"

Diana noted the adoption of her most intimate pet name for David. David had primarily avoided any such blending before. She knew something was amiss, but she couldn't help but feel this might still be healthy for their relationship. Diana needed David to appreciate how vital their intimacy was to her. She needed David to understand that if she was part of this relationship, she needed to feel love given and reciprocated.

"All right, I mean, I'm not complaining. That was amazing. I'm delighted you took

the initiative. We hadn't done anything like that since we got drunk those weeks ago."

"Yeah, and I only did that because I thought it would be my last chance to experience sex for the other side."

"How are you feeling now?"

"Umm, different..."

"Different, how?" Diana asked, wondering just how far this change in David's disposition went and just how aware of it David was.

"I get why you wanted us to go to couples therapy now. You deserve to be with someone who appreciates you and shows that through their actions as much as their words."

"That's good, but is that all there is to this?"

"Well, I can't help but feel a bit guilty."

"Why's that?"

"You're my hot hubby; I think *\*I\** get the better end of the shaft, hehe," David giggled again in a hyperfeminine manner.

*Shit! He is losing himself. What happened yesterday? Did he spend too much time with my mother? He was worried about that. I probably shouldn't have gotten so drunk. I could have intercepted my mother and kept him more at arm's length. Fuck! What do I do now?* Diana's thoughts raced.