

BODY THEFT ◊ BODY POSSESSION ◊ AGE REGRESSION



*Fixing Tara's*  
**MARRIAGE**

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# **Fixing Tara's Marriage: Body Theft**

By Jimmy Zappa

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## **Dedication**

This book is dedicated to the following people:

Bailey, Alex, Lewis, Patrick, Zach, Danny, Coleman, Greg, and Blake.

Thank you all so much for your years of support and friendship! You guys are the best!

## **About the Author**

Jimmy Zappa is a Canadian author living in Vancouver, British Columbia. After working for private companies in a variety of different fields for years, he pursued his passion for writing short stories and books during the global coronavirus pandemic. His interests and hobbies eventually led him to writing full time. His desire to entertain his audiences with erotica is what drives him forward.

He currently operates Zappa & Company with a group of past coworkers and current students. His company is a small but growing small business specializing in ghostwriting, technical writing, and marketing.

For access to his mailing list, free captions, and announcements, check out his website at [www.jimmyzappa.com](http://www.jimmyzappa.com)!

## Tara Senos

Tara couldn't believe how tired she looked when she investigated her reflection through the window's freshly cleaned surface. She'd been looking at the children playing across the street as she scrubbed her plates and bowls. She loved watching the neighbors play at the nearby park. While she promised herself that it would be a few years before she would have children, the thought of doing it so soon actually scared her. I can barely keep myself together, she thought. When she saw the faint linings beneath her eyes in her reflection, she immediately felt a sense of dread. She didn't even realize how tired she looked until she began yawning.

She had been experiencing sleeping problems for the past month. She tried melatonin and other sleeping remedies, but nothing was working. It was like the stress of her relationship was finally getting to her. It didn't help that she was an overworked retail worker at a convenience store, but she could remember when she could slip into bed and doze off immediately not too long ago. But her nights were restless from the stress of both her work and marriage, and there was so little that she could do about that. In a way, Tara felt trapped.

She'd just finished washing the dishes when she let out a pitiful sigh. Looking across the kitchen to a portrait of her and Kale, she remembered how perfect life used to be for her. It was almost like a fairy tale, and she was the main princess, lost in her own fantasy whenever she was with her husband.

He was a handsome, tall man with short black hair and crystal blue eyes. His wide jaw and mischievous smile always put her at ease. He was a fit ex-military guy in his earlier years, so she was used to having him away from home, but she wasn't expecting him to become so distant with her after getting married a year ago. She assumed that it was because she didn't want to have children yet, but she also knew that Kale was still going through his party phase.

She always felt responsible for him whenever he would come back home after a long night out with his friends. She rarely knew where he went, but she knew that he was always surrounded by pretty women. He always played it off and told her that he never messed around with them, but she stopped believing him around a week ago after finding red kiss marks on the collar of one of his white dress shirts. Tara never brought it up with him. She loathed confronting him about anything. She bit her tongue and kept it all to herself. She just gave him the cold shoulder and avoided talking to him. He didn't seem to notice, because he never cared to ask what was wrong.

Suddenly, the doorbell to her apartment's front door rang, and she let out another pitiful sigh. She's finally here, she thought. Tara walked to the front door and slowly opened it. Standing at the doorway was Donna, her next-door neighbor and coworker. She was a light brown woman in her forties with a wide, white smile. She was carrying a tin bowl of something that smelled wonderful. She was the closest thing to a best friend that Tara had, and when Donna heard about her friend's marriage problems, she didn't hesitate to offer a helping hand. Unlike her husband, her friend had some emotional intelligence.

"Sorry I'm late," Donna said with her Filipino accent while she stepped into the apartment. "I had a refund problem at the store. You know how slow the new girl is. Say, I brought some spring rolls!"

The woman's sudden change in energy always took her by surprise. Tara fought the urge to complain at that point, though. She loved whatever food Donna would make for the store they worked at. "You didn't have to," she said happily. "Thanks so much, Donna." She closed and locked the door before walking back to the kitchen, where a rectangular, wooden table sat at the center of the room.

Donna set the spring rolls down and gazed around the room. "Wow, did you just

clean the place up? I haven't been here in ages." She pulled the nearest chair from beside the table and sat down. Her face suddenly looked worried as Tara took her own seat. The shift in her facial expression immediately changed the mood. "How've you been with all of this?"

Tara tried not to look too overly sad, but her face abruptly betrayed her. She looked away. "Not so good."

"I'm really sorry to hear that," Donna said while she took her friend's hand. Her warm hand was the closest thing to comfort she'd had in a long time. She fought the urge to cry. "Tara ... Tara, dear, it's okay."

That was when her eyes began to well up. She pulled her hand away and wiped away a tear that managed to roll down her cheek. "I just don't know what to do."

"Men like him are always like this," Donna assured her. "They're saints until you marry them. Then their real personalities start to show up."

"That's the thing. I thought I avoided that by living with him for four years. When he proposed, I was the happiest I'd ever been. And then I started noticing things that I should've noticed before."

"His party animal side?"

"I always knew he was like that, but I didn't think he'd have that wandering eye, you know? It's like he was waiting to lock me in with a diamond ring. Once that

happened, he decided to look at other people to mess around with. I don't know. I thought we were perfect. I thought we were loyal."

"You're loyal. He's not."

Tara sniffled and wiped her eyes again. "It's almost like he's a different person."

"Well, there isn't much you can do about that. Have you spoken to him about it?"

"About what?"

"You know what I'm talking about," her coworker insisted. "Have you actually told him that you're not happy with the fact that he's out partying, getting attention, and not pampering you?"

"Well ... no."

Donna laughed and inched the spring rolls closer to Tara. "There's your problem. You're not communicating with him. You have to put your foot down and actually talk to him. Men don't notice these things, so you have to be more direct. That's what I did with mine ... with a few extra steps. Why don't you and I talk to him about it?"

Tara looked at the tin container. A small, cute blue bowl of sauce was surrounded by spring rolls. She took one, dipped it into the bowl, and took a bite. She stayed silent and chewed for what felt like an eternity before finally swallowing the first bite. The meat tasted wonderful. “This is really good...”

“Tara, I asked you a question.”

“Sorry, what?”

Donna laughed again. “You’re trying to distract yourself. I know how it is. You’re young. You’re pretty. You’re also timid. Is he your first?”

“Of course not.”

“Maybe you haven’t been in too many relationships,” Donna began to say. “I have a friend who owns a little gift shop down the road. There’s a really good friend of mine ... her name’s Alexa. Really great woman. She was the one who helped me when I was going through my own marriage. If you’re too afraid to talk to your husband, she can do it for you.”

Donna didn’t talk much about her husband. Everybody at work complained about their husbands, but the Filipino woman never liked to gossip about her own marriage. He was a Caucasian man who helped her immigrate to Canada. They didn’t have children together, but Tara had seen Donna with her husband on multiple occasions. He was a quiet, bald, and skinny man who rarely spoke at the staff parties. Donna was the talkative one who did more than her fair share of the socializing.

“How’d she help you?”

“He was a lot like your husband ten years ago,” she began to say. “Always going out. Always drinking with his female coworkers. I was a lot like you too, actually. I assumed that he was keeping his hands to himself. Imagine my surprise when I caught him in our bed with another woman.”

“Your bed?” She asked in disbelief.

Donna nodded. “She was very beautiful. Long, curly black hair. Fake breasts. A body curvier than mine. I was devastated, especially since he had all the money. He controlled every aspect of my life. When I wanted to talk to him, he would brush me off and tell me that I was overthinking things. But when I finally caught him in the act, he finally realized what was most important.”