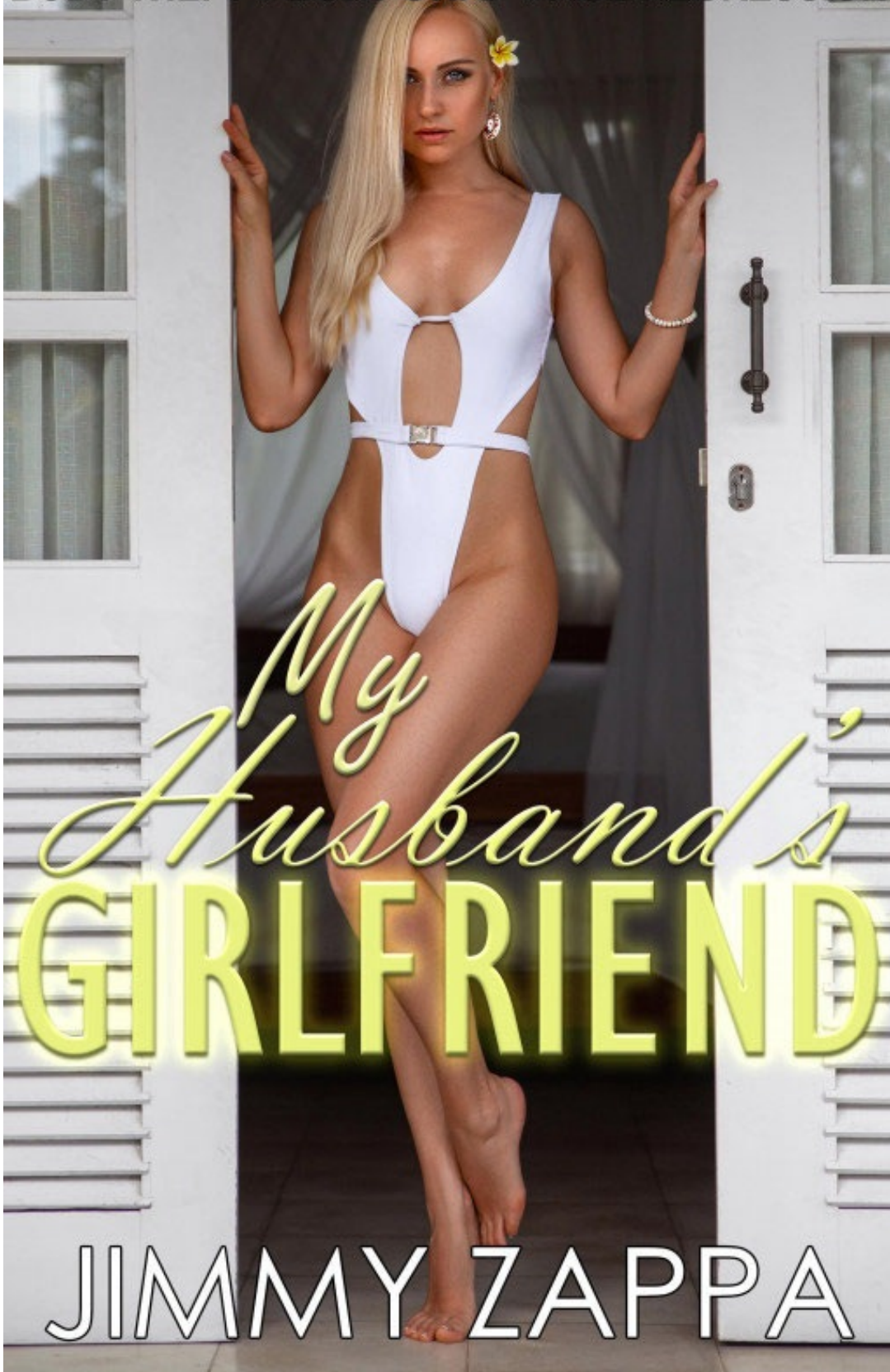


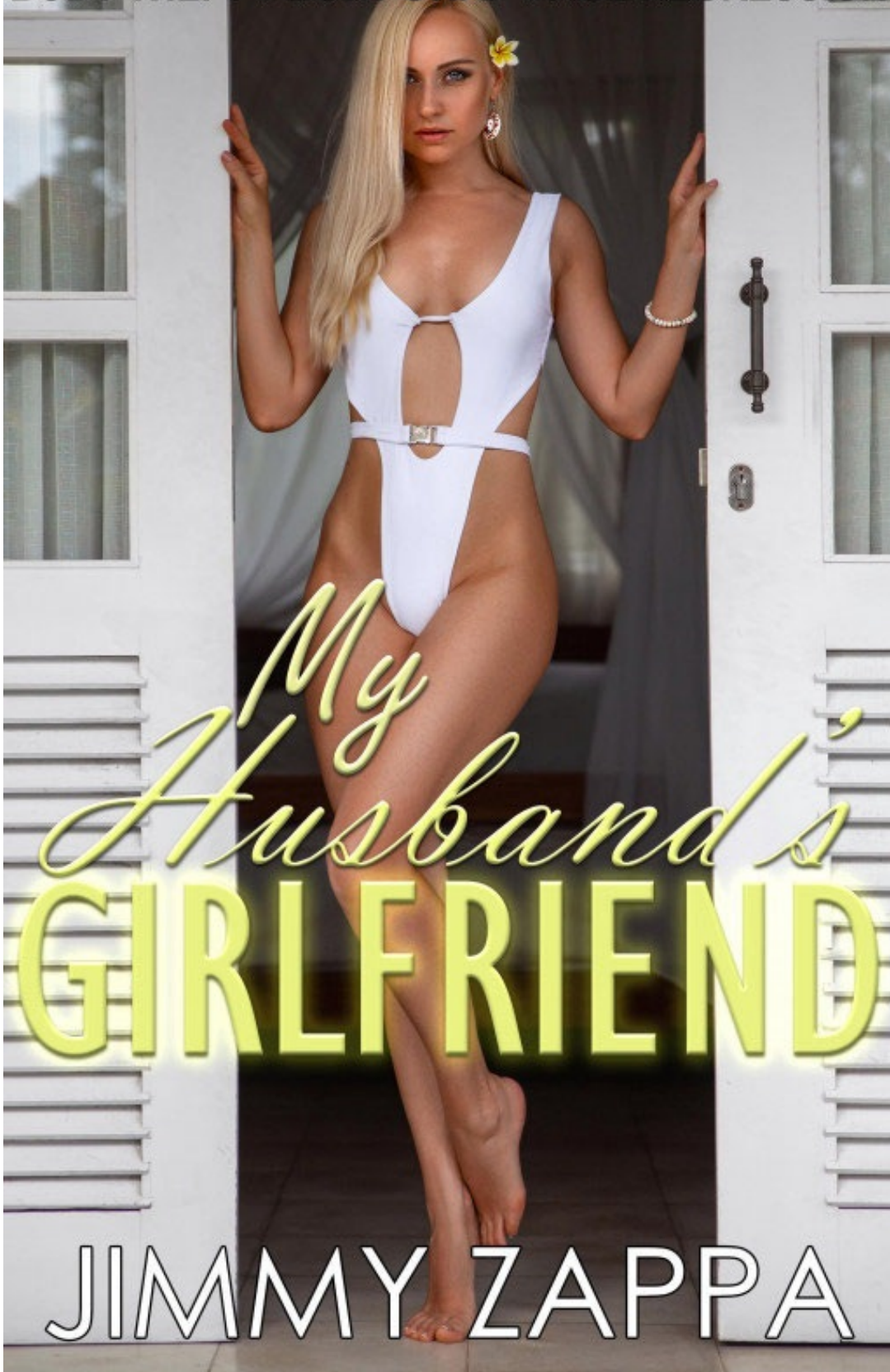
BODY THEFT ♦ BODY SWAP ♦ AGE REGRESSION



*My
Husband's*
GIRLFRIEND

JIMMY ZAPPA

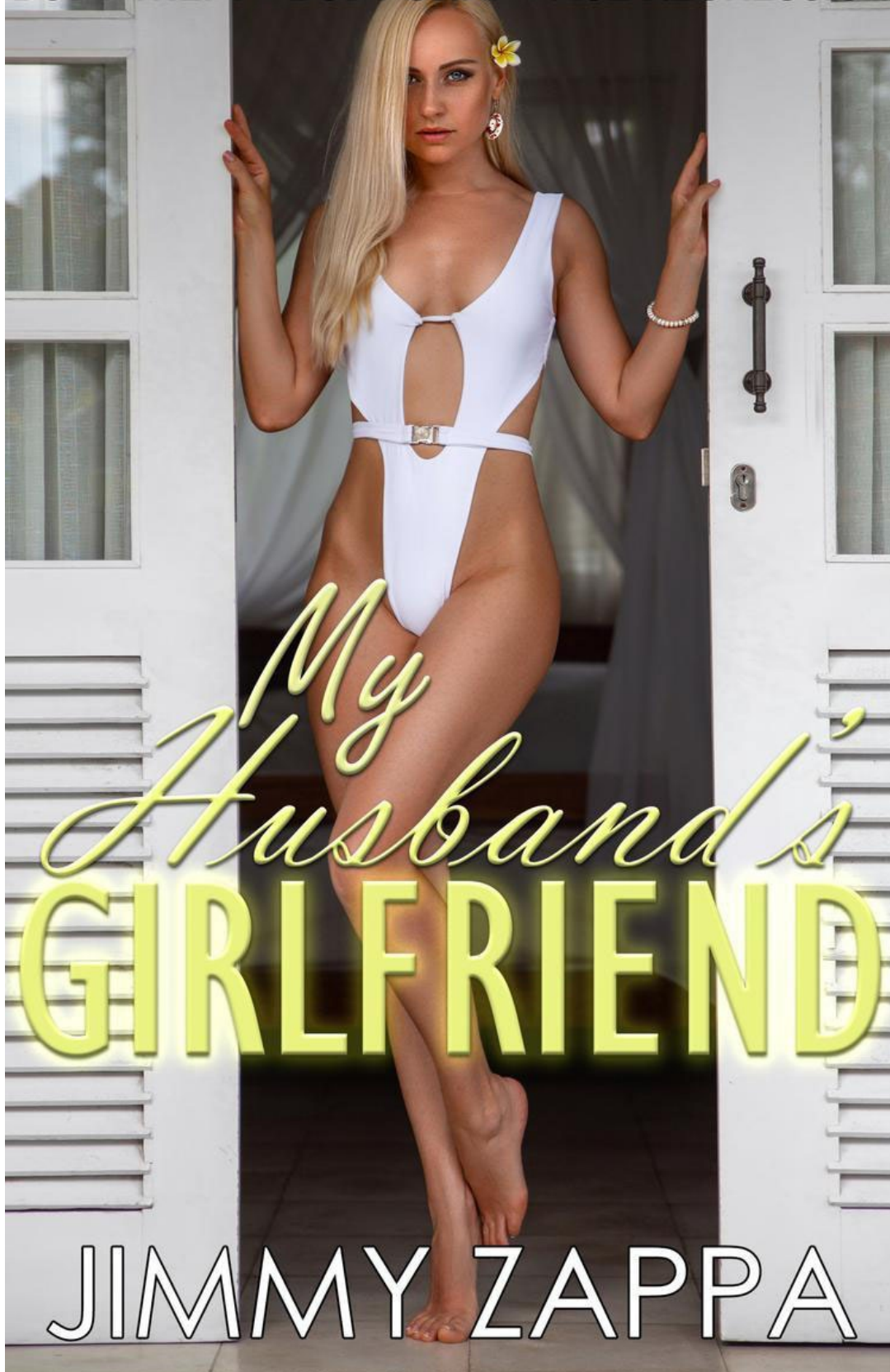
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My Husband's Girlfriend: Body Theft

By Jimmy Zappa

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The characters in this fictional short story are based on the author's making. Resemblance to the appearance or character of real people is purely coincidental. Any characters sexually involved with the story are over the age of 18. Because this work contains sexual acts and material that people may find offensive, this short story is intended for adult audiences only.

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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.

Maggie Durée

All she could remember was the naughtiness of what she was doing. It was so wrong, yet Maggie didn't care. The heat of their bodies, the strength between their fingertips, and the sounds they made were all things that ran through her head while she sat at the mall's food court. She was never this sexual before she met him, but after spending so much time with him, it was like she'd steadily become a different person.

She craved his voice and the way he stroked the back of her neck and shoulders between kisses. The tingles and the pleasure that overwhelmed her body constantly made her think about his smile. She loved his thickness against her, and she especially loved the thought of his wife overseeing their every move.

Maggie had never been in a relationship this passionate before. She had the occasional boyfriend, but nothing was as serious as this. Joshua wasn't just some guy she slept with on the side when she was bored. The two of them were in love, and his wife could plainly see that. She listened in on them whenever they were together, and she was always happy when she knew her husband was about to take Maggie out to dinner. She'd compliment the young woman on what she wore, and she always provided Joshua with permission to do whatever he pleased.

But Maggie knew she couldn't tell her religious best friend everything. It didn't matter if this was all consensual or if the wife was okay with this. She knew Karen all too well, and Maggie knew that she'd made the right choice when she decided to only share certain parts of her forbidden relationship. She could already see the anger brewing within Karen's eyes. I can't tell her everything. She's already judging me.

"Are you mad?" Maggie hesitantly asked. She was glad that she hadn't told Karen that she was going to see him again in a few hours at his house.

Remaining silent, Karen sipped from her bottle of water and stared at Maggie with a look of disbelief. The two girls held their stare for what felt like an eternity at the center of the crowded food court. People were talking so loudly around them that it was hard to hear most of their conversations, but at that moment, Maggie could've sworn that she could hear her best friend's stressed

breathing.

“Does his wife know?” She finally asked after what felt like an eternity.

Maggie shook her head and lied. “She doesn’t know.”

“If he’s actually from a gang, don’t you think that’s a little risky? What if she has ties to the cartel or something?”

Maggie looked down at her tray of fries and tried to fight back her tears. Joshua was a financial analyst and not a gangster, but she felt like that was the safest and most exciting way to introduce him to Karen. Deep down, Maggie still felt terrible for what she’d done by integrating herself into another couple’s marriage, but she couldn’t stop. I love him. Whenever she thought about breaking off their secretive relationship, Maggie felt a familiar fear that she hadn’t felt since she had her last job.

“I don’t think she’s like that,” Maggie insisted. “She’s a really sweet lady. Her husband’s the Hispanic person. She’s just as white as I am.” Karen sighed. “I can’t undo it, Karen...”

“You can stop now, can’t you? If his wife’s really sweet, then you can stop. You know how bad it’d be if she found out, right?”

Maggie bit her lower lip and fought the urge to let out the full truth. The wife, Tatiana, was an extremely nice lady who knew exactly what her husband was doing. It’s okay, the married woman’s words echoed ominously in her mind. I’m happy if he’s happy. You can come by as often as you’d like.

“I can’t,” she finally said with a defeated tone in her voice.

“Why not?” Karen asked. Maggie’s fingers dug into her black yoga pants. She didn’t want to tell Karen more than she needed to know, but the blonde girl’s piercing blue eyes were glaring directly into her soul. As her best friend, she knew when Maggie was lying. “Why not?” Her voice asked more sternly.

“It’s not that simple,” Maggie insisted. “There’s a lot more going on. You don’t realize it. I can’t just drop him.”

“There’s a lot more going on, huh?” Karen sipped the last of her water and

slammed her pink water bottle against the table. Maggie jumped fearfully, and so did a few others near them. “Then explain.”

“Karen, you’re being really loud.”

“Well, yeah, if I was the one fucking a millionaire drug dealer, you’d be loud too. What were you thinking, Maggie? If you learned what he did for a living before your first time with him, don’t you think you should’ve pulled out before you sucked him off?”

Maggie started blushing. “Please...”

Karen sighed. “Where did you even meet this guy? You’re a first-year finance student. You never go out. You never party. You don’t even hang out with anybody but me. I know you’re like three years older than me, but I didn’t think you were this wild.”

“I’m not.”

“Then how did this even start?”

Before she met Karen in their first introductory finance class, Maggie had been working at an airline for international flights. When she quit her job to go to school, it was a breath of fresh air, but there were a lot of things that led her down her rabbit hole of infidelity.

It was just a job she’d taken to help save up for school. Maggie knew that she wanted to see the world, and becoming a flight attendant was almost like a dream come true. She could board flights throughout her career seeing so many beautiful places. She’d been to South America, Europe, Africa, and most of Asia during her international flights, and for three years, she thought that this was it. She thought that she’d found the perfect career.

But nothing was perfect.

The hours definitely put a toll on her mental health. Her pay only started from the moment the flight door closed until it opened again at the end of a flight. Boarding and delays never got her paid. She had a base schedule of ninety hours a month, but it felt like she was taking more than she could chew when other flight attendants would trade off their hours.

It wasn't like a traditional nine to five job like the ones her friends had. Her shifts varied so much on international flights that it was hard to line up her down time with her friends, so life was pretty lonely. Her days away from home on a full-time schedule were about fourteen to sixteen, and her days were long for international flights. When she actually had time off, her friends were doing something else. The only thing she could do was keep in contact with them through Instagram and Facebook, but even that was hard.

Everybody seemed to be going somewhere at the time. There were a lot of times when Maggie wondered what she'd be doing in the next couple of years. She felt like she was stuck. The money was great now that everybody knew her as the "hour slut," but it wasn't like she necessarily wanted the extra hours. Maggie just happened to be one of the few people who could speak more than ten languages, so that made her extremely valuable to her airline.

But that didn't make her feel any better. The money was great in the long-run, yet it wasn't what she wanted to do for the rest of her life. She loathed imagining herself as an elderly woman still serving assholes on flights. Thankfully, she'd made enough by the end of her third year that she could go straight into school without going into debt. Maggie just had zero idea of what she'd do for school, but she knew she had to do something with her life.

In a desperate attempt to get something useful for her education, she went and applied for a four-year finance degree program. She knew she had to pick another career that would keep her out of stiff and uncomfortable high heels and overly tight dress clothing for over ten hours a day. Finance seemed like the perfect fit. Maggie felt like she was suffocating under the pressure, so by the time her final six months of working as a flight attendant rolled around, she was at her most vulnerable.

That was when she met him.

Six months before she quit her job, she saw him in first class. It was supposed to be a routine flight back home from South America for her day off. She did everything she normally did. She served extra drinks and helped deal with any disruptions between customers. It'd been a standard flight with little to no issues, so she had more time to chat with some of the people in first class.

At the time, Maggie didn't think much about the handsome middle-aged man

with light brown skin and a sparkling silver suit. He was just a normal passenger that she'd seen a few times that year. His slender face, black stubble, and leathery cologne and aftershave were crystal clear in her mind, but she never got his name until that very flight when he asked her to join him for some wine.

"Is that even allowed?" Karen asked.

"I wasn't drinking anything," Maggie answered truthfully. "We were just talking. It was pretty empty. And it was nice to be able to sit down."

"Aren't your international flights usually busy, though? How'd you get the space to sit down?"

"He buys two seats for himself. And it's first class."