



I only wanted her for her body

by  
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## I only wanted her for her body

Graeme watched the photocopier clunk out his work. He took a copy out of the tray and started to read it, hoping he wouldn't find errors on the sharp smelling pages. He looked up to see Chelsea enter with a smile and a wave.

Graeme made room for her as Chelsea squeezed her buxom body past him in the confined space. 'I'm nearly finished.'

Chelsea put her work down on the sorting table and turned to him with an eager smile. 'I'm chill. Don't hurry.'

Graeme turned back to the machine. 'Are you enjoying working here?'

'The people here are bliss, yeah!'

Graeme liked the energy of her words. 'Great!'

Chelsea stood next to him, what must have been her breast grazed his arm. 'What's the name of your cat? The one in the picture on your desk?'

'That's very much my wife's cat. Octavia calls him Loki.'

'How do you spell that?'

'L-O-K-I, like the Norse god. Nearly done.' This reminded him of a dream he'd had of Octavia dancing with Loki on a moonbeam.

She looked out a window as she picked up her papers. 'Oh look, that's just like your cat.'

Graeme looked but saw nothing. When he turned back she had put her hand to her chest and was shivering. She started fanning her face with her other hand. 'It's just got hot for me in here.' Her face had reddened.

Graeme was concerned. He put his papers down and made her sit. ‘Do you want me to get you some water?’

Her face looked normal again. ‘No, no, It’s fine.’ She looked out the window. It’s better here than out there. What do you think about this weather?’

He turned to her. ‘Freezing – it would be a good day to be cuddled up in bed.’

Chelsea paused and tilted her head towards him, her mane of red hair framing her big eyes and full lips. ‘Okay.’ She stood up and pressed her body against him.

Graeme felt electricity from her body flow through him. He wanted to say no. It would risk everything. He’d been married for over fifteen years and he wanted to start having children. Octavia was not keen to have children and this could make it worse. Chelsea’s passionate look melted Graeme’s resistance. He hadn’t excited interest like this for such a long time.

When he met with Chelsea at the Parmelia, in the city, he thought there would still be time to get home as normal.

Chelsea was every bit as energetic with her gorgeous body as he had imagined. He felt such passion for her. Nothing else seemed to matter or even exist. Spent, he tried to catch his breath, lying on bedraggled sheets. She looked at him with admiration as their bodies wrapped back together. ‘You are the best lover!’

He smiled. Octavia had been a keen and innovative lover. When he asked how she knew about all this, she’d told him she was thousands of years old.

The scent of Chelsea's youth, vigour and desire intoxicated Graeme again. He explored the pleasure in her curves and crevices. She loved his stories about Loki. How he sat between him and his wife to keep them apart and how he could lean his body against him to edge him out of bed. She laughed. 'I think cats rule this world.'

Graeme rubbed her nose with his. 'You might be right. Loki hasn't used his claws on me, but they make a *schwing* sound as they come out.'

She ran her fingernails over his bum. 'Like a sword from a scabbard! I think you are lying to me.'

Graeme shook his head. 'Scouts honour.'

How old is Loki?'

Graeme blinked. 'That's a good question. He was an adult cat when I met Octavia fifteen years ago and I thought he'd been with her for years.'

'That's an old cat!'

'You're right, but I hadn't thought of that before. He doesn't seem old.'

After another love-making session, Chelsea put her hand on his shoulder as he caught his breath. 'Do you want to get something to eat?'

The rest of Graeme's world flooded back. He picked up his watch from the bedside table. It was after eight. Graeme desperately tried to think of how he could explain his lateness to Octavia. He was never late, well not since he and his friends had lost their keenness for drugs and alcohol. He tried to think of who he could be with – other than Chelsea. All he could think about was Octavia dancing with her cat.

'Come on,' Chelsea insisted, 'I'm famished.'

Graeme needed an excuse for why he was late. He'd think of one during dinner. He looked at his watch. Another half-hour wouldn't make much difference.

At dinner, Chelsea squeezed his hand when he told her how Octavia wasn't interested in kids and how much he wanted them. Chelsea told him how much she was looking forward to having children.

When they finished their meal, they exchanged longing looks over the table and went back to their hotel room. In the chaos of their passion, Chelsea fist-pumped the air. 'It would be bliss to be your wife.'

This shocked Graeme – he'd been thinking the same thing. He just wanted to be with Chelsea. 'You'd be a wonderful wife, but I couldn't leave Octavia.' In the tattered remains of his conjugal duties, he had forgotten to think of excuses.

Graeme woke up with the sun shining through the window of their room. He sat bolt upright.

Chelsea stirred and looked at the bedside table. 'Oh my God, look at the time. You'll be late for work.'

Work was the least of his worries. He hurried to the bathroom, trying to think of who could give him an alibi. Octavia knew the wives of his friends. He couldn't use them. Ian would have been perfect, but he was in Europe with one of his new girlfriends.

Chelsea knocked on the door and said she'd have to go and would see him at home.'

'At home!' He called out, but she didn't answer. It must have been a slip. She must have meant work.

When Graeme got to work everyone seemed to be looking for him. Urgent problems abounded. He was just getting on top of them when Chelsea walked into his office.

When Graeme looked up. ‘Chelsea!’

‘Oh, Sorry Graeme, I didn’t mean to startle you. I know you’re busy.’

‘Chelsea, I...’

She waved her hands to stop him. ‘OMG, are you worried about what I said in the photocopy room?’

‘What?’

‘I’m sorry Graeme – I don’t know what came over me. I know you love Octavia. I’d never come between you.’

Graeme felt giddy. He put one hand on his forehead and the other behind his head to try and stabilise it. He looked at the photo of Octavia on his desk. He picked it up to have a closer look.

Chelsea came close and leaned over his desk. ‘Can you forgive me? I just found out that you two have been trying to have children. Can we pretend what I said, never happened? I’d be so embarrassed if anyone knew.’

Graeme looked up from the photo of his wife. There was no cat. ‘What? Oh, okay.’

‘Bliss, you’re a sweetie. Oh, sorry, Mum says I use that word too much.’ Octavia looked at the picture he was holding.

‘That is such a lovely picture of Octavia. She looks so happy.’

‘Chelsea?’

Chelsea ignored him. 'Graeme, do you think it's better to be married or young?'

Graeme couldn't say anything.

She winked at him.

'Yeah, that's what I think. Can I have a private word with you?'

He threw his hands up.

Chelsea closed the door and sat down. Oh, and Loki says goodbye.' Her hand clawed the air.

Graeme felt anger. 'Who the hell are you?'

That's a good question. My mind used to be your wife's. My lovely new body is now your girlfriend's.'

'You changed into Chelsea!'

'No, I can't shape-shift. Loki can though.'

'Are you a witch?'

'If you like. I told you I was over a thousand years old. This is how I do it. I body hop.'

'Why bother telling me?'

'Another good question. I love you, Graeme. That's why I married you. I have to leave you now, but I want to say goodbye.'

'You love me.'

'You know I do. Loki wouldn't hate you so much if I didn't.'

'Is Loki your lover?'

‘No, he is my companion. An immortal shape-shifting cat.’

‘If you love me, how could you want me to have an affair with Chelsea!’

She indicated her curves. ‘We both wanted her body. You had so much fun with it I still have to have tissues in my knickers.’

‘Didn’t it hurt you to know I was with someone else?’

She tilted her head. ‘A bit, but I’m a thousand years old. I’ve been raped, tortured and even escaped being burnt at the stake. I’ve had much worse traumas. Anyway, jealousy is for the powerless. I have great power.’

‘Was me having an affair necessary?’

‘Well, she had to wish it and this way we all get what we want. I get a new body and you and your wife get to have children.’

‘She had to wish it?’

‘Yes, when she said “It would be bliss to be your wife” I body hopped. When you were asleep, Loki exchanged our bodies on a moonbeam.’

‘How does he do that?’

‘Loki? You saw it in your dreams.’

‘But it doesn't make any sense when I’m awake.’

‘Exactly, and I can’t explain it to your rational mind.’

Graeme turned away.’

‘Swapping bodies is like changing SIM-cards. Some memory goes and some stays in the body. She’ll have all the memories of the things we did together. She loves you, as I do. You can talk to her as if she is me.’

Although she isn't as good a cook she does have something you'll like better.'

'What's that?'

'She doesn't know yet of course, but she's pregnant. It's my parting gift. Now, hug me and say goodbye.'