

GOOD NIGHT



Not the police. Not her doctor. Not any of the numbers I had already blacklisted. Just him.

Maybe she was smart enough to realize how insane it would sound – reporting that she had apparently become a cheap escort out of her own free will.

Or maybe some part of her still wanted to be rescued by the man who had once had her before I took everything.

He picked up. Her voice cracked as she tried to explain everything – that she hadn't really been herself when she broke up with him, that something impossible had happened. Another man was controlling her body, her actions, every single movement. She sounded desperate, almost hysterical. For a while I was afraid her call for help would rekindle the old spark and convince him to help her out of her miserable situation.

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Luckily for me, he didn't believe a word of it.

He thought she was talking about some new, controlling boyfriend. Or maybe that she had finally lost it and fallen down some new-age karma rabbit hole. Either way, he cut her off mid-sentence with a tired, irritated sigh.

"Ruth... I'm not doing this with you again," he said, and hung up.

She stared at the phone in her hand, stunned. The one person she thought might actually listen had dismissed her as crazy or manipulative.

I watched the whole thing with quiet satisfaction. She had reached out for help, and the world had already decided she was just another dramatic ex. Perfect.

Ruth rushed out of her motel trying to find someone, maybe him, I could not guess, when I took control again.

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I could feel her scream trapped inside, hammering against the walls of my mind. I forced a calm smile onto her face as I straightened up and continued walking, slower now, more controlled.

That experience just seemed to have left a mark on poor Ruth. Before I retook full control of her body, or my body as I had gotten used to see it, she managed to send me a simple, yet clear message: I hate him too now. Let's work together and play a little trick.

So I took control of her and started stalking him. Like, really. I had lots of free time and little to do before evening, so I began taking the bus from his place around the time he went to work and made sure he'd notice me. I wore my sluttiest outfit, even got a supplementary minor boob job and begged him to see him once more to pick up some stuff from his place. I didn't go unnoticed.

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A new plan had been brewing in my head – dark, elegant, and terrifying in its simplicity. A new hope for both me and her. Perhaps it was influenced by Ruth's own desperate hunger to break free. Or maybe some hidden part of her had already started to accept this body and had quietly begun looking for a way out of it on her own terms. Maybe it all came from myself, as soon as I felt we were on the same page again I realized we could have done something...

Either way, the idea was perfect.

I could give this body back to her. Let her have it completely. Let her live in the skin I had so thoroughly ruined – the bigger tits, the tattoos, the loosened pussy, the cheap-whore reputation. I would inhabit her ex boyfriend's body instead. She would finally get someone who truly loved her in a body she had always fancied. And I... Hell, I could marry her.

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I played the sluttiest version of Ruth I could imagine and managed to seduce him. The poor idiot didn't even seem to have feelings for her anymore, but the perspective of being friends with benefits appealed to him. He missed the sex, he told me. What a loser.

I placed the same device I had used to possess Ruth's body and erased his identity instead, replacing it with mine.

Leaving Ruth's body was a painful experience. It had been the greatest joy of my life to live as her and I knew now she could run away from me at any time.

Living as my arch-nemesis was a small price to pay to marry the love of my life, who seemed to have gotten over her grudge for what I had done to her perfect body. It was the perfect murder, with no evidence.

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We got married in a church with few friends. She had managed to convince everybody she was in love with me. People couldn't believe us but our bodies couldn't lie, so soon people accepted it. She found a job as a barista and enjoyed it more than sitting behind her laptop.

I sometimes wonder, too: oh, perhaps I'll fall out of love with her, and all of this has been in vain, I will have lost my own body for her, I have killed an innocent man - if I can ignore his lack of passion for her, which is a crime itself. Anyway, having been her is an experience that made me love her even more deeply. I'll never get bored of her.

On the other hand, I can feel her not fully loving me, despite her attraction for me being even stronger than it had been for her ex. I sometimes expect her to stab me in the back, as I lay on our bed. In any case, I'll take this timeline over any other one. Any day. Goodnight, my love.