

I Stole My Neighbor's Body

Chapter 1 Preview

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Adults only (18+). Explicit sexual content, body theft / identity theft themes.

Furry · Transformation · Body Possession

This is a **preview** of a seven-chapter novella.

Chapter 1

The Sentence

The dent in Victoria Langford's white Mercedes was about the size of a dinner plate, and the way she was staring at it, you'd think Marcus and I had keyed a slur into the door.

It was July. Hot enough to cook an egg on the sidewalk and make everyone pissed off about it. The neighborhood smelled like fresh-cut grass and chlorine and money that had its own zip code. Somewhere a pool filter hummed with the lazy confidence of someone else's electric bill.

Marcus stood next to me on her driveway with his paws shoved in the pockets of his shorts, staring at the crumpled chrome like he was waiting for it to apologize. His orange fur was already darkening with sweat at the temples, his feline ears flat against his skull in pure misery. His piece-of-shit Corolla was still running, as if we might make a break for it.

Marcus Reyes. Nineteen. Orange tabby cat, freckles of darker fur across his muzzle that he hated and I never stopped noticing. Roommate since freshman orientation, when he'd offered me half a cold bagel and a seat on the floor because the dorm lounge chairs were full. Best friend by accident and then by choice. The kind of guy who covered for you in class without making a speech about it, who cried at end-credit songs and pretended he had dust in his eyes, who was still paying off this Corolla with a campus dining job and pure spite. He'd only been driving because I'd asked him to pick me up. The dent was half my fault. The look on his face said he already knew Victoria would never see it that way.

"I'm gonna puke," he whispered. His whiskers twitched. Left ear always flicked first when he was scared. I'd learned that over two years of bad decisions and worse pizza.

"She'll make you hose that off too," I said.

"You rear-ended me," Victoria said. Her voice was smooth and cool, the vocal equivalent of a closed door. Under it, the faintest purr, not warmth, just the automatic vibration of a cat who knew exactly how much space she occupied. "In my neighborhood. In front of my house."

"It was an accident-" Marcus started.

"I know what an accident is." She smiled. It was the kind of smile that made you check your fly and your bank account at the same time. "What I don't understand is why my best friend's son thinks 'sorry' is a payment method."

She was looking at me. Not Marcus. Me.

Victoria Langford was thirty-eight years old and looked like a divorce settlement with excellent counsel. Her white fur was snowy and impossible, the kind of coat that had never seen dirt or compromise or anything less than a professional groomer. Blue eyes with the vertical slit pupils of her species. Eyes that could go from warm to frost in the time it took to blink. Blonde hair, the expensive kind, not the box-dye kind. Somewhere between honey and champagne depending on the light, falling in waves past her feline ears and across her shoulders. She wore a cream linen blouse with a deep V that showed the top of her chest fluff and the suggestion of cleavage, and white shorts cut to accommodate the long, swaying line of her tail. That tail moved with the unconscious grace of a predator who'd never had to chase anything in her life. Her legs were long and toned and ended in sandals that showed off perfectly manicured claws painted pale pink.

I'd been noticing Victoria's body since I was about fourteen. That was the year she'd come to my birthday pool party in a white one-piece that had made me spend the entire afternoon underwater up to

my neck, my grey-purple fur blending with the pool shadows, my canine ears pressed flat and hidden. She'd bent over to pick up a pool toy, tail lifting behind her, and the image had burned itself into my brain with the permanence of a cattle brand. I'd jerked off to the memory of it for months. Years, if I'm being honest.

Which was its own special flavor of messed up, because Victoria wasn't just the hot neighbor with the Mercedes and the HOA opinions. She was my mom's childhood best friend.

To Diane Hart, my mom, her *Dee*, Victoria was the girl who'd shared a locker in seventh grade, held her hand through a divorce, still came over for cheap wine on Thursdays and laughed with her bare paw-pads up on our porch railing, their tails twined together like they were still seven years old. Seven. They had matching friendship bracelets from 1991 that Mom still kept in a jewelry box like religious artifacts.

To me, Victoria had always been something between an aunt and a parole officer.

She'd been there my whole life, every birthday party and school play and summer Mom needed a second pair of hands. She knew my middle name. She knew I was allergic to shellfish and had been since I was six, when she'd been the one to drive me to the ER while Mom panicked in the passenger seat. Victoria's tail lashed with stress the whole drive. She bought me Christmas presents every year, always a little too expensive, always a little too practical, always with a note in her perfect cursive about responsibility and growing up and making something of myself.

Strict. Sharp-tongued. Somewhat loving in the way frost is still weather.

She had three versions of herself, and she flipped between them like TV channels. With Mom she was *Vicki*, barefoot on the porch, laughing, warm in a way I sometimes forgot a cat like her could be, her tail curling affectionately around Mom's arm. With strangers she was a white-furred guillotine in designer sunglasses who made waiters apologize for the bread. With me she landed dead center: the raised eyebrow, the clipped correction, the *I expected better from you*, *Widdly* delivered with just enough history behind it to sting, her tail still and sharp behind her like an exclamation point.

She never let me call her Aunt Vicki after I turned twelve.

"You're a young man now," she'd said. "Young men use proper names." Then she'd straightened my collar, her claws just barely grazing my throat, and told me to stand up straight and sent me back outside.

I didn't hate her. You can't hate someone who half-raised you.

But I resented the hell out of her. Nineteen years of being corrected, watched, managed by a white cat who could reduce me to a pup with a single flick of her ear. Nineteen years of being reduced to a child with a single look. Nineteen years of wanting to fuck her and hating myself for it and somehow resenting her for that too, because what kind of dog-wolf wants a cat? And what kind of kid wants the woman who used to be family?

"Your mother and I have already discussed this," she said, pulling out her phone. Her claws were pale pink, perfect, the kind of manicure that cost more than Marcus's textbooks. She tapped the screen with a delicate claw-tip. "Dee agrees with me entirely. You two will be paying for the damage with labor."

"Labor?" Marcus's voice cracked. His orange ears drooped.

"You'll work off the debt." She slid her phone into her back pocket, the motion pulled her shorts tight across her hips for half a second, and I caught myself looking before I could stop. Her tail gave a dismissive flick. "I have plenty of chores. The house is six thousand square feet of opportunity."

"What kind of chores?" I asked.

"Marcus gets the pool." She pointed toward the side gate with one manicured claw. "Skimmer, chemicals, leaves. I want it clear enough to read a newspaper through. I won't be reading a newspaper through it. But that's the standard."

"Yes, ma'am," Marcus muttered. His tail was practically tucked between his legs.

Her eyes slid to me. Something flickered in them, that weird almost-warmth, the ghost of the cat who'd taught me to swim in that same pool, who'd put Band-Aids on my skinned knees before I could spell Band-Aid, whose tail had curled protectively around my pup-self when I was scared of the deep end. It died as fast as it appeared.

"Attic for you, Widdly." She tilted her head. Her blonde hair slid across her shoulder. One feline ear swiveled toward me. "My mother's old trunks. Dust. Organization. The kind of tedious labor an irresponsible nineteen-year-old needs if he's ever going to build some character."

"The attic?" I said. "It's like a hundred degrees up there."

"Then I'd suggest you drink something." She reached into the crook of her arm, I hadn't noticed she'd been carrying anything, and held out two bottles of water. "You always forget when you're sulking."

It was such a small thing. She'd grabbed them from the garage before we'd even finished arguing about the dent. Before she'd decided on the punishment. She'd known she was going to send me up there, and she'd gotten the water first.

She remembered my habits. She remembered which summer I broke my arm and which knee I'd scraped worse and what my favorite cereal was when I was eight. The cat had catalogued my entire life, and sometimes, in ways so quiet you'd miss them if you blinked, she used that catalogue for something other than ammunition.

And she was still going to make me sweat in her attic for a dent that insurance would have covered without blinking.

That was Victoria Langford in a nutshell.

"Shoes off at the door," she said, turning on her heel, tail sweeping behind her like a dismissal. "Both of you. And if anything gets broken, I'm adding it to the sentence."

Marcus shot me a look as she herded him toward the pool gate. Not just *she's going to eat me alive*. Something else under it: *I got you into this car and I'm still here*. That was Marcus. He didn't abandon people mid-disaster. He'd once sat with me in a 24-hour clinic for four hours because I was sure my appendix was exploding and it was gas. Never brought it up again. His orange ears were practically inside-out with anxiety. Victoria's voice floated back across the yard: "Counterclockwise, Marcus. The skimmer net has a direction. Are you allergic to following instructions?"

I went inside.

* * *

The Langford house was one of those places that made you feel poor just by standing in it. Marble floors that reflected my grey-purple muzzle back at me, warped and unworthy. Art on the walls that wasn't from IKEA. A kitchen island the size of my dorm room. Everything smelled like lemon cleaner and fresh flowers and money that had been compounding interest for generations.

There was a framed photo of Victoria on a yacht in the hallway, sunglasses on, champagne in paw, smiling like the ocean had asked for permission to be in the shot. Her white fur practically glowed

against the blue sky. Next to it, half-hidden behind a vase, was an older picture in a dusty frame: two little girls on a porch swing, gap-toothed and sunburned, arms around each other. A wolf pup and a white kitten. Mom and Victoria. Before the money. Before the Mercedes and the manicures and the version of Victoria that the rest of us got.

I climbed the stairs to the second floor, my claws clicking on hardwood, then the narrow staircase to the attic door. It stuck, then gave with a dry cough of dust and heat.

The attic was a sauna with storage. A bare bulb hung from a chain. Boxes were stacked three high against every wall, draped furniture lurked under sheets like ghosts, and a dress form in the corner wore a full fur coat like it was being held hostage. Holiday decorations in labeled bins. A box marked *BOARD MEETINGS* next to a box marked *SHOES - DO NOT TOUCH* in Victoria's aggressive cursive.

Through the open window, her voice floated up from the pool deck.

"No, Marcus. Edge to center. Not whatever freestyle chaos that is. Do you know the difference?"

Marcus said something small and defeated.

"Louder, sweetheart. I can't hear self-pity over the filter."

I snorted. My tail gave an involuntary wag of amusement, then I caught myself. At least I was suffering in private.

Thirty minutes in, my t-shirt was pasted to the fur on my back, grey-purple coat matted with sweat, and my mood had gone from resentful to ready-to-bite-someone. I shifted a heavy wooden trunk toward the wall to make some room, and when I dropped to my knees to shove it, the board under me shifted.

Just a quarter inch. Just enough.

I pressed down. Hollow.

Curiosity is a stupid, beautiful, destructive thing. It's the reason I was in this attic at all, had to know what Marcus's Corolla sounded like revved, and it was the reason I pried up the loose floorboard instead of pretending I hadn't found it.

Inside the cavity was a book wrapped in dark red cloth.

No dust on it. That was the first thing that should have warned me. Everything else in this attic was buried in a decade of dead skin cells and shed fur and neglect, but this book was clean. The cloth felt warm when I touched it, my paw-pads tingling, which was the second thing that should have warned me.

I unwrapped it anyway.

The cover was black leather, butter-soft with age, and stamped with a symbol I didn't recognize, a circle split by a vertical line, almost like a keyhole.

I opened it.

The pages were thick, handwritten in ink that looked black until the light caught it and showed deep purple. Diagrams of bodies. Anthro bodies. Not medical, wrong. Sketched like sewing patterns. Outlines of felines and canines with dotted lines running down their centers, arrows pointing outward, tails marked like afterthoughts, labels in Latin and English.

I turned the page.

To walk in another's pelt.

To wear a life as clothing.

To empty the vessel and fill it with your own soul.

The text underneath was very clear about what it was describing. Possession, but not the ghost-in-your-head kind, not a mental swap where two people traded places. The subject became a

hollow physical shell: a suit, a costume, a second pelt waiting to be worn. You put them on and walked away in their body, species, fur, tail, the whole outside. You *were* them from the outside. That was the possession. Their life, worn like clothes.

The word *skinsuit* appeared in the margins with a small sketch: a feline outline collapsing into a flat, empty shape on the floor, tail limp, ears deflated, eyes blank holes, like a dress that had been stepped out of.

My pulse was doing something weird in my throat. My tail had stopped wagging, gone completely still.

There was an incantation, three lines, short and mean and elegant, and underneath it a condition:

The caster must hold genuine want toward the vessel. Envy shall prime the spell. Lust shall focus it. Spite shall seal it. Possession of all three guarantees a perfect binding.

I read it twice.

From below, Victoria's voice cracked through the afternoon air: "No, Marcus. The shallow end first. Then the deep end. Are you listening to me or are you just nodding?"

Marcus made a sound like a kicked puppy. Which, given that I was the only canine around here, I found vaguely offensive.

Her sandals clicked on the patio stone. A door opened somewhere in the house below. Cupboard. Water running. Then her voice again, carrying up through the walls, clear as day:

"I'm checking on Widdly. If your skimmer leaves that water before it's clear, we are going to have a very long afternoon, Marcus. Very. Long."

Footsteps on the main stairs, slow and measured, the sound of a woman who owned every floorboard she walked on, including the ones I was kneeling on.

I looked at the three lines of the incantation. I thought about the condition.

Envy. I had that. Looking at this house, her car, the way people jumped when she snapped her claws, yeah. I'd been envying Victoria Langford since I was old enough to understand what money meant and why we didn't have it. A white cat with a trust fund and a Mercedes and a life so polished you could see your reflection in it.

Lust. Also covered. Since I was fourteen and that white one-piece, I'd been jerking off to the thought of her with the regularity of a subscription service. Her legs. Her ass in those shorts. The way her cleavage looked in the deep V of that blouse, white fur giving way to that soft pink undercoat near her chest. The way her tail moved when she walked. I was a nineteen-year-old canine with a working internet connection; I'd fantasized about everyone from my biology TA to the barista at the campus coffee shop, but Victoria had been in heavy rotation for years. The guilt made it hotter. The guilt was probably half the point, a dog-wolf lusting after the family cat.

Spite. Oh, I had spite. Nineteen years of it. Every correction. Every clipped *Widdly*. Every Christmas gift with a note about responsibility when all I wanted was a video game like a normal pup. Every time she'd looked at me like I was a problem to be managed instead of a person she'd helped raise. Every time her tail had flicked dismissively at something I'd said. I didn't hate her. But I wanted to *beat* her. Just once. Just for an afternoon.

I had all three. I told myself I was just going to read the words out loud. See how ridiculous they sounded. Just dust and heat and a stupid book in a rich cat's attic and a long afternoon of unpaid bullshit. Nothing was going to happen.

Her sandals hit the narrow attic stair.

I whispered the first line.

The bulb above me flickered. I barely noticed.

Second line. My voice was shaking. I was grinning like an idiot, my tail giving a nervous twitch, because of course nothing was going to happen. The attic door was already half open from when I'd come through.

Hall light cut a rectangle across the dusty boards. Victoria's shadow filled it first, tall, perfect posture, the silhouette of someone who had never slouched in her life, feline ears sharp against the light, tail held high and regal.

"Widdly?" She appeared at the threshold, one paw on the doorframe, a fresh bottle of water in her other hand, of course she'd brought another one, blue eyes already scanning the room for whatever mess she assumed I'd made. Her whiskers tilted forward, scenting the dust. "If you're hiding up here instead of working, young man, so help me-"

The third line left my mouth.

The air snapped.

Not a sound, exactly. More like the pressure before a storm hits, that heavy wrongness that makes your ears pop and your stomach drop. Except this wrongness had a direction, and it was pointing straight at Victoria.

Victoria's mouth was still open around the next word. Her eyes went wide, not angry, for once. Actually surprised. The cat who always had a comeback finally didn't. Her ears swiveled forward, then stilled.

I watched it happen.

It started at her claws. The pale pink polish stayed perfect while the flesh behind them lost its structure, not melting, not dissolving, more like someone had found a hidden zipper inside her and pulled. The change raced up her paws in a visible wave, muscle and bone softening, flattening.

Her cream blouse crumpled inward. Those full breasts I'd spent five years not-staring-at went hollow under the fabric, still shaped like her, still heavy-looking, still wrong as hell. The white chest fluff and the soft pink undercoat were still there. She just wasn't inside them anymore.

"Widd-" she tried, and the sound stretched thin, a sigh with nothing behind it.

Her tail went last, or almost last. That white tail that had corrected me and dismissed me and, when I was little, used to curl around me sometimes. It lashed once more, then just... died. Hung limp behind her like wet laundry.

Her face went next.

I'd remember that part more than anything. Same strict mouth. Same high cheeks under the white fur. Same whiskers, same pink nose that had wrinkled at my life choices a thousand times. Blonde hair still framed it like nothing was wrong. She still looked like Victoria. She just stopped being *in* there.

And her eyes. That was the worst of it. The blue drained out like someone pulled a plug until there was nothing left but hollow dark sockets with white fur around them and nobody home. Not closed, not sleepy. Empty. A mask with holes.

Her ears went soft and folded in, useless, and then she hit the attic floor.

It didn't sound like a body. Clothes and fur and sandals and nothing with bones, just a loose sprawl at the top of the stairs.

I didn't move.

"Aunt Vicki-?" My voice cracked. Twelve years old. Calling for the cat who'd bandaged my knees and driven me to the ER and never let me use her first name after I hit puberty. "Victoria?"

No breath. No scolding. She didn't even say *young man*.

The book had gone cold in my paws. Downstairs through the open window the pool filter kept humming like nothing had happened. Marcus, orange idiot that he was, was still outside. He hadn't heard a damn thing.

I shut the attic door. My claws were shaking so hard the latch clicked twice before it caught.

* * *

Victoria Langford lay in a heap of cream linen and white shorts, cut for her tail, which now lay empty and boneless behind her, blonde hair fanned across dusty floorboards. Same gold bracelet she'd been wearing when she'd pointed at my face and told me to drink water. Same rings on the same clawed fingers that had corrected my posture at twelve Thanksgivings.

But there was nothing inside her.

She wasn't breathing. No tension, no posture, nobody steering the face. The snowy white coat still caught the light like always, which made it worse because nothing was moving it, like a cat drawn on silk and peeled off and dropped. Flat ears, slack whiskers, tail just lying there, hollow eyes black where the blue used to be.

"Holy shit," I whispered. Then, louder, unable to stop myself: "Holy fucking *shit*."

I made myself crouch. Made myself get closer.

Up close it was all still her. White fur, the darker shading on her chest, pink ear-insides frozen mid-swivel, that little hollow of throat fluff I'd stared at a hundred times when she was talking to Mom and I was pretending not to listen.

I hovered my paw over her mouth. Nothing.

I touched her shoulder.

The surface gave under my paw-pads. Not fur over muscle. More like expensive silicone that had been sitting in the sun. Warm, but the wrong kind of warm. Body heat with no body making it. Soft as ever, and nothing underneath.

I pinched a fold at her upper arm and lifted. Real fur, real weight, and when I let go it just lay there flat. No bounce-back. I pressed her collarbone and watched it dent in and hold the shape for a second like memory foam.

"Jesus Christ," I breathed. "You're a costume. I turned you into a fucking costume."

The book had said *suit. Costume. Wear*.

My heart was slamming against my ribs. I could feel it in my teeth. My tail was rigid behind me, every instinct screaming *wrong wrong wrong* while curiosity was already crawling up my spine with dirty fingernails.

I rolled her onto her stomach. Her empty tail flopped to the side.

The blouse rode up between her shoulder blades, white fur parting. I pushed it higher, and there it was: a seam. Almost invisible until the bare bulb caught it. Fine line from the nape of her neck, between her empty ears, down her spine, under the waistband, faintly along the tail. Like a zipper someone had drawn on her with a very careful pen.

My stomach did something stupid and interested.

"This isn't real," I said. "This can't- this isn't-"

I found the top of the seam at the base of her skull with both thumbs, my grey-purple paws trembling against her white fur, and it opened.

The sound was wet silk, the mouth of a wetsuit parting, if wetsuits were custom-made out of a person. Out of a cat. The seam spread down her back in a smooth, almost eager run, and the inside of Victoria Langford bloomed open under the attic light.

I stared until the seam was the only thing in the world.

The interior was darker than her white coat, flushed pink, smooth and a little glossy, like polished silicone. Warm in a way that felt active, not leftover, like the suit still had a battery on low. Hollow torso molded in exact negative of her: breasts, waist, hips. Tail was a narrow tunnel already curved the way she held it. Legs were twin sleeves all the way down to pretty feline paws and pale pink claws. Even the ears were empty little cups shaped like her triangles.

The smell was pure Victoria. Expensive floral perfume, pool chlorine, clean sweat, and under that something sharp and weird, plus the faint unmistakable scent of cat. Not bad. Just... her.

I touched the inside with two claws.

Warm. Slightly tacky, less like glue and more like fur that missed being fur. When I pulled my claws away, a faint sheen stayed on them.

A sound came out of me that was half laugh and half panic and all adrenaline.

I should have looked for a reverse spell. I should have put the board back and the book back and figured out how to explain why Victoria Langford was a hollow skinsuit on her own attic floor. I should have done a lot of things.

Instead I stood up and started stripping.

Shirt off. It was soaked with sweat anyway, my grey-purple chest fur matted and dark. Shorts off. My tail, free now, gave an anxious lash. Socks. Down to my boxers in the attic heat, bare paw-pads on old boards, the open suit of Victoria Langford waiting on the floor. My own fur suddenly felt wrong. Coarse where hers was fine. Grey where hers was white. Canine where hers was feline. A costume someone else had picked for someone I didn't want to be anymore.

"Just see what it's like," I told myself. My voice was shaking. "Just put it on once and then figure out how to reverse it."

I sat on the floor and lifted her right leg.

It was shockingly light. The whole limb, thigh, knee, sculpted calf, feline paw with pale pink claws, draped over my hands like the most detailed piece of clothing I'd ever touched. I turned it, studying the way the empty knee bent too far, the way I could curl and uncurl her claws with a fingertip. Her white fur was impossibly soft, groomed to perfection, and I could see the individual strands, the way they lay flat and sleek, the faint pink of her skin visible at the thinner parts. A small beauty mark, a dark spot in the white, sat near her knee. I'd never been close enough to notice it when she was alive and scolding me.

My dick was hard. I don't know when that had happened. Sometime between opening the seam and touching the inside. It was pressing against my boxers, and I was about to put on my mom's best friend like a wetsuit, and my body had decided this was the hottest thing that had ever happened to me.

I hated myself a little for that. Not enough to stop.

I slid my right paw into her right leg.

The fit was immediate and intimate and wrong in every possible way. My claws found the hollows of her claws. My paw-pads sealed into her paw-pads with a soft wet *schlick*, living material accepting a

guest. Heat crawled up around my ankle as I worked my calf into hers. The suit's interior dragged, then clung, then sealed, climbing me in slow inches. My grey-purple fur disappeared into her snowy white coat. My thicker canine calf vanished into her slender feline one. My knee popped into the empty cup of her knee with a sensation so tight and perfect I sucked air through my teeth.

"Fuck-" I was breathing hard now. "Okay. Okay. Okay."

Left leg. Same process. I watched my male legs vanish into her feminine ones, my grey paws becoming her white paws, my blunt claws disappearing under her elegant pink manicure. When I straightened both legs in front of me, I was looking at Victoria Langford's bare thighs and knees like they belonged to me.

I flexed. Her claws extended, that dainty feline stretch, and retracted. The wrongness of that single motion sent a jolt through my entire nervous system.

I stood, wobbling, and worked the hips up.

The material resisted at the thickest part of my canine frame. Then it gave with a slick, sealing pull that stole my breath and made my knees buckle. Her hips locked over my hips. Wider than mine. Softer. A feline weight and shape that shoved my center of gravity backward and down into a posture I'd never stood in before. My thick wolf tail was compressed now, folded against the base of my spine inside the suit.

The curve of her ass settled against me from the outside. The inside cinched tight around my pelvis. And something in the suit's anatomy, some internal contour of the feline molding, pressed against my trapped, hard dick in a way that made stars pop behind my eyes.

"Oh, God," I gasped, looking down. "Oh, Jesus, that's your- I'm inside your-"

I couldn't finish the sentence. My paws, still my grey-purple paws with my own blunt claws, were braced on her waist, thumbs in the hollows above her hipbones, and the view was pure pornography. Cream linen blouse hanging open along the unsealed torso. The empty soft molds of her breasts waiting below my grey-furred chest, white feline fur framing hollow pink interiors. The flat, unoccupied plane of a stomach that had survived Pilates and kale and thirty-eight years of being the best-looking cat in every room.

I shoved my arms in.

Left first. Her sleeve swallowed my forearm. Her wrist sealed over mine. Then her paw, claw by claw, each knuckle finding a home, each nail seating itself like it had been waiting for me. Her thin gold rings were already on the fingers. My coarse grey fur vanished under her fine white coat. And when I looked down, Victoria's left paw was opening and closing at the end of my arm, her pink claws extending and retracting at my command.

I made a sound that wasn't quite sentient.

Right arm. Same climb, same intimacy, same dizzy holy-shit jolt when I watched her right paw obey me. Bracelet cool against a pulse that was still mine underneath.

Only the torso and head hung open now, down my front and down my back, blonde hair dragging on the floorboards behind me. Her empty ears dangled near my shoulders. Her face hung against my stomach: white fur, pink nose, slack whiskers, those hollow dark eyes. Empty and beautiful and waiting, and I hated that last word for how true it felt.

I gathered the edges of the seam with her paws and pulled the suit up over my chest.

Her breasts came with it. And her fur.

The sudden, heavy, living weight of another species' body settled onto my ribcage and sealed there. The undersides filled first, a soft pressure that spread upward as the hollow molds accepted my flesh. Then the whole heavy shape locked against my chest, and they *moved*. Swinging slightly when I jerked in shock. Bouncing when I took a panicked breath. I could feel them from the inside as warmth and weight and a completely alien center of gravity. But more than that: I could feel her *fur*. The soft white coat that covered her chest, that I'd stared at for years, was now *my* coat. My grey-purple chest fur was buried underneath it, compressed, gone.

The blouse's deep V framed cleavage I could feel in high definition. Her nipples tightened in the attic air, and the sensation translated through the suit so cleanly, a bright, sharp point of contact beneath that white fur, that I gasped and nearly dropped the open collar.

I was shaking and laughing once, high and unhinged, shock and horniness and guilt all fighting for the same air, and I couldn't tell if I was terrified or the most turned on I'd ever been in my life. Probably both.

I lifted her head with both paws, her paws, and looked at what remained.

Victoria's face looked up at me from between my palms. Hollow eyes. Empty sockets where the blue should have been, dark all the way through, nothing glossy, nothing living. Pink nose still. Whiskers slack, fanning out like delicate fishing line. Lips slightly parted, soft pink, the same lips that had said *I expected better from you*, *Widdly* about four hundred times in my life. Her ears, those sharp white triangles, hung empty and limp at the sides. The strict, knowing expression erased into blank, perfect readiness.

Guilt hit me then, clean and hard and for real.

My mom's best friend. The cat who'd held her hand through the divorce. The cat who'd driven me to the hospital when my throat closed up from shellfish, her tail lashing with worry the whole way. She'd bought me Christmas presents and straightened my collar and told me to stand up straight, and I'd turned her into a mask I was about to put on my face so I could walk around in her body. Her fur. Her ears. Her tail. Her whole species.

I was a piece of shit.

I brought her face to mine anyway.

The interior of the suit kissed my cheeks, my forehead, my muzzle. Warmth sealed in a wave from chin to hairline as her features settled over mine: her pink nose aligning with my grey one, her eye-holes finding my eyes, the soft inside of her lips pressing against my lips before becoming them. Her whiskers. I could feel them now, sprouting from *my* cheeks, new sensory inputs I didn't know how to process. Blonde hair fell into my peripheral vision like golden curtains. Her feline ears, hollow seconds ago, enveloped my canine ones, folding them down, replacing them with sharp triangles that I could feel *swiveling*.

I was blind for one long heartbeat, buried in her, drowning in perfume and heat and the last unsealed inches of seam along my spine.

I reached back with her paws, found the edges, and pulled.

The seam zipped shut from tailbone to nape in one long, intimate, wet-silk kiss of magic. And all the way down, into the empty tunnel of her tail, which sealed around my compressed wolf tail with a sensation so strange I couldn't even name it.

For a heartbeat, nothing. Two. I was sealed inside Victoria Langford, dog-wolf buried in cat, and felt only the muffled panic of a body locked inside another body, a closed door with no handle.

Then the suit *lived*.

Everything hit at once and I almost blacked out from it, attic heat on thighs the suit swore were mine, breasts swinging when I breathed, blonde hair on my shoulders, white fur under the blouse, painted claws, ears on my skull twitching at a floorboard creak like they had opinions, and behind me her tail, *my* tail, lashing once without asking. Pure shock. I felt the whip of air and the weight yanking at the base of my spine where my wolf tail had been squished into nothing.

"Holy-" I started, and the tail lashed again.

Underneath all of it, I could still feel *me*, Widdly, nineteen, packed inside the costume, but the suit had stopped feeling like a layer and started being a fact. A dog in a cat suit. And the cat suit was *alive*.

I opened my mouth.

"What the fuck," said Victoria Langford's voice, low, smooth, a little husky with my shock. And underneath the words: a purr. Not intentional. Just there. The vibration of a feline throat that my canine vocal cords had never been capable of producing.

I flinched so hard her tits bounced, her tail, *my* tail, lashed in panic, her ears swiveled back flat against her skull, and every single one of those sensations fed back into my nervous system like fire. I clapped a paw over my mouth and felt her manicured claws against her soft feline lips and her rings cool on her white-furred cheeks and her whiskers, *her* whiskers, brushing against my palm, sending new data I couldn't interpret.

"What the *fuck*," I said again. Her voice again. The purr again. Coming out of me because I was wearing the instrument that made it.

I looked down.

Cream linen. Deep V. Two breasts rising and falling with my panicked breathing, white fur gleaming in the attic light, nipples visibly tight against the thin fabric. I lifted my paws, manicured claws, rings, bracelet, the faint tremor of someone barely holding it together, and turned them over in front of my face. White fur. Pink paw-pads where my grey ones used to be. Life lines that weren't mine. When I touched my own cheek, I felt it from both directions: paw-pad on fur, fur under paw-pad. And the whiskers, I could feel the air moving around them.

I took a step.

Her hips moved. Feline weight rolled through a pelvis built wider than mine. Another step. Bare paw-pads silent on old boards. The whole walking engine of her, thighs, ass, the slight sway of her chest, and behind it all her tail, *my* tail, counterbalancing with an automatic grace I had done absolutely nothing to earn, responded like it had been waiting its whole life for a pilot and I was the first one to show up.

I found a dusty mirror propped behind a draped chair in the corner and aimed the bare bulb at it.

I blinked.

In the dusty glass, my own eyes stared back at me from Victoria Langford's face, my amber-brown canine irises, warm and slightly panicked, set in her elegant white-furred features. The mismatch was surreal and strangely intimate. My eyes in her face. The dog looking out through the cat.

Then the suit finished its work.

I blinked again.

The eyes in the mirror flashed icy blue. Victoria's eyes. Sharp. Expensive. Vertical feline pupils that contracted slightly in the attic light. And now carrying an almost manic glint of shock, awe, and something darker that felt entirely mine. My expression. Her face. Our eyes.

Victoria Langford stared back.

Not a mask. Not a Halloween thing. *Her*, white fur still clean under attic grime, blonde hair a mess from putting her on, ears pointed forward advertising every stupid feeling I was having, blue eyes stunned and hungry and horny and way too curious. Mouth a little open. My breathing in her chest. Tail flicking like it had somewhere better to be.

I watched her, me, raise a white-furred paw and slowly, deliberately cup the side of one breast through the linen blouse. Watched the pink claws dimple the fabric. Watched the expression in the mirror shift into something hungrier.

Soft weight filled my palm from the outside while the inside of the suit translated the pressure back as a bloom of warmth and contact that shot straight down to the tight, sealed crotch of the costume, where my real dick was trapped and throbbing and had been since I'd started putting her on. And her tail, that traitor, curled upward in a question mark of feline pleasure.

"Fuck," I whispered in her voice. The mirror's lips shaped the word. The purr rumbled under it. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

I let go. My paw was trembling.

I stood there for what felt like a long time, wearing my mom's best friend, the white cat who'd half-raised me and corrected my posture and bought me Christmas presents with notes about responsibility. I was inside her body. I was piloting her face and her voice and her fur and her ears and her tail and her breasts and her legs and everything they contained. Possession with a zipper. A dog-wolf, wearing a cat, and the cat was *working*.

Below, far away and from another world, Marcus's voice drifted up from the yard: "Mrs. Langford? The shallow end is clear. Do you want me to- Mrs. Langford?"

He didn't know. The house didn't know. Mom didn't know. No one in the world knew that Victoria Langford was currently being worn like a forbidden Halloween costume by the nineteen-year-old canine she'd sentenced to attic duty.

I took one more look in the mirror at white fur and blue eyes and a blonde mess and that impossible tail curling behind me, the body I'd been jerking off to since puberty looking back like I lived here. It worked. She was on me. All of her, and Jesus Christ I needed a minute, just one fucking minute, before I opened that door and tried to walk downstairs with a tail I did not know how to drive.

* * *

End of Chapter 1

End of Preview

Chapter 1

This is a **preview** of *I Stole My Neighbor's Body*.

The full novella is **seven chapters**. More is still being written and edited.

Thank you for reading.

Back cover

Victoria Langford has always been too much for Widdly Hart. Too rich. Too sharp. Too close to the family that raised him. At nineteen he's broke, restless, years deep in her corrections. Longer than that, he's wanting things he has no business wanting from his mother's best friend.

When a stupid crash leaves a dent in her Mercedes, she skips insurance and hands out a sentence: labor. His best friend gets the pool. Widdly gets the attic. Heat and dust. A long afternoon alone in a house that was never his.

What he finds there is not meant for him.

What he does with it, he can't take back.

By the end of the weekend, Widdly will know how it feels to wear another person's life. Her voice, her power, her hunger. How hard it is to want any of it off.

Adult · Furry · Explicit · 18+