

Mini-Story - Becoming My Billionaire Boss's Wife

By FoxFaceStories

My friends and co-workers all think I'm crazy, I know. Especially since I've now got this growing round bump for a stomach, and spend half my days lounging on the beach in a bikini. And maybe they're a little correct. After all, when my boss Richard came to me with the suggestion that I undergo an experimental mind swap to inhabit his beautiful wife's body, and live as his wife, I thought he was crazy too. But he was dead serious. His wife had cheated on him, and he wanted her out of his life, but he was desperately attracted to her body and wanted 'a better fitting personality' to inhabit that body instead. And so, he had all his employees' brain patterns secretly scanned to determine who could match into his wife's body. And you guessed it; the best fitting was me.

I was horrified by the proposal at first. Me? Joel Newart? A low-ranking, mid-30s male with no prospects? But it was that last bit that made me think. Richard was very specific that he wasn't looking for love – at least not at first – but instead for a *partner*. Someone who would be 'amenable' to his approaches, sure, but also able to enjoy an obscenely wealthy lifestyle with him, in exchange for simply looking beautiful, playing the part of the dutiful wife, and – importantly – providing him with heirs. And for an overworked man, that seemed tempting indeed.

So here I am, a year later. No longer a man, now Tracy Haversham, wife to Richard Haversham and pregnant with his first child. And the truth is, life couldn't be better. Sure, it was a journey getting used to being a woman, particularly having such wonderfully full breasts, but this body – thankfully – is *deeply* attracted to men, Richard particularly. Which is good, because he can't keep his hands off me, which is how I ended up in my present state, seven months along with his child. Those co-workers and friends who know of my state are perplexed at my decision, and my brother just can't understand it, but I get to live in the lap of luxury in this new life. Who cares if I'm boardshorts or a nice bikini, so long as I get to spend careless days at the beach? Who cares that I'm a woman now, so long as I get the family I want? And who cares if I wear revealing dresses and sport a swelling bump, so long as I get to be the centre of attention on Richard's arm?

Hell, my husband has told me many times that I'm a better Tracy than the real Tracy ever was, especially now that she's stuck in my old body. I half-suspect even Richard is astounded at how quickly I've adjusted, but the truth is, my life is a dream. Soon I'll be giving birth, and I can't wait to be one of those rich stylish mothers with no cares in the world. Richard is already talking about when we'll have number two, and so long as we stay rich, I'm happy to oblige!

The End