

## Bully Turned Wife

*"Do you like my new dress, Rick? Doesn't it just show off these huge tits of mine?"*

Tara's voice dripped with sex appeal as she entered the room, and her body screamed it. Her heavy breasts bobbed with each heeled step, and her perfect hips sashayed from side-to-side to accompany them. She had the perfect face, with makeup applied to emphasise her sensual beauty. More than anything she reminded me of the days of the Sultans, when the most gorgeous and fertile women served in a ruler's harem, devoted to his pleasure.

*"I like it very much Leila, especially the way your perfect tits are almost spilling out of it. Why don't you come over here and suck my cock while wearing it?"*

She rolled her eyes, but couldn't help but bite her lip in anticipation as she approached.

*"I hate you so much Rick, but I can't get enough of your amazing cock!"*

Leila reached down to unbutton my pants, pulling my already semi-erect penis out, I couldn't help but reflect on the person she used to be. It was college, and Brad was the star jock, while I was the pitiful nerd. He bullied me extensively, until a power-hungry witch caught us alone while he was harassing me for trying to date his little sister Natalie. We were shocked as the witch transformed him into my dream girl; a big-titted beauty with olive skin and perfect dick-sucking lips. Brad was horrified, but even more so when the witch placed a number of permanent conditions on his new self. Her name was now Leila, and she could only answer to that name; she retained her personality but became helplessly submissive to me and totally addicted to my cock; she could never tell anyone the truth of who she actually was; she orgasms easily – particularly in response to anything touching her big tits; she couldn't help but be attracted to men and being objectified and groped by them turns her on; and she always had to dress like my dream girl and use dirty talk in the bedroom.

The witch was on a power trip, so I had no choice in the matter but to go along, as the first few times my body was on autopilot having sex with her with a dick that is now magically twice as big as my old one. Initially, I was devastated by the situation. I thought I was in love with Brad's sister, and she couldn't believe I was 'having sex with that new transfer harlot', but over time I came to enjoy, then love my new status quo. It's been a few years and Leila is my submissive, buxom wife now, and not a day goes by where she doesn't lick, suck, ride, titty-fuck, or take in my cock.

Brad-now-Leila claims she still hates me, and maybe that's true, but I don't think she could give me up for the world at this stage. Which is good, because she's stuck for life as my submissive wife. And after she swallows my cum, I think I'm going to get my former bully knocked up as well.

*"Mmmhmm," Leila moaned, "look at all those boys enjoying me showing off all this skin."*

I gazed at the goddess beside me as we relaxed at our holiday resort. Her enormous rack was barely contained by her thing swimsuit. She sat forward, posing as a couple of men across the pool stared open-mouthed at her beauty. At her body. She noticed me noticing when I smiled.

*"Come on Rick, you know that witch made it so I get turned on . . . what was that word again?"*

*"Objectified,"* I said, gazing over her luscious form. I loved the way her tits were always jiggling.

*"Yeah, that one. God, I'm feeling so fucking hot from all these guys staring at my big tits in this tight outfit. I can't help but give them a show. This is my life now."*

*"Enjoy it while it lasts, Leila. Soon that belly of yours will be getting more attention than your tits."*

The once-male one-bully rolled her eyes behind her sun glasses, but couldn't help but run a delicate finger across her currently-smooth stomach, halting at her demure little belly button.

*"Me, Leila Kenegan. I mean Leila. You know who I mean."* She was clearly trying to say Brad. *"Former football star, now your preggo wife. What a fate, stuck having Rick Kenegan's baby. So, when I'm all massive with your baby, am I going to be able to wear some actually sensible clothing for once, or am I still going to be showing off these massive boobs and this perfect ass?"*

I chuckled and fondled that 'perfect ass'. She moaned softly in pleasure. She loved being groped, the witch's curse saw to that. *"No, I think you'll still show of your body. Wear lots of tight things so I can see that growing belly of yours and when your tits get even bigger."*

She squeezed her large breasts together at that comment. I smirked. Leila had complained more than once that they were getting sore, ever since that first bout of morning sickness. I had caught her realisation that she was pregnant on video, and it never ceased to amuse me.

*"God, I bet it turns you on so much to know that in 8 months I'll be on my back and spreading my legs as I push out your big baby, isn't that right? I bet you think that's some nice karma, don't you?"*

The words were spoken so sensually, but I know it's the only way Brad can show displeasure. He was once going to be a football star. He never imagined in his wildest dreams he'd be where he is now; my bimbo wife who's been knocked up with her first child. He'd always made fun of 'little Ricky Dicky' for never being able to get a girl, and now he'll live the rest of *her* life as *my* girl, taking *my* big dick.

*"You know Leila,"* I said, drawing her in close and lifting her tits in my palms in a way that can't help but drive her wild, *"it absolutely does turn me on. I love the karma of you having to waddle around, all big and pregnant with our baby, your tits full of milk."* She moaned in pleasure despite trying not to.

*"I fucking hate you Rick,"* she breathed, *"but this stupid curse makes me really want to have your baby."*