

## Victim of the Wish (Man to Trophy Wife TG)

By FoxFaceStories

*Daphne reflects on her well meaning but ill-worded wishes that accidentally transformed her from a successful older man to his best friend's lusty, busty trophy wife. Stuck in her new submissive state for good, can she ever accept her new circumstances?*

### Victim of the Wish

I made my husband an elaborate breakfast this morning. I always do, after all. That's the problem with being a dutiful trophy wife: despite all the luxurious hours you can be resting, relaxing, and generally engaging in all manner of leisure, at the end of the day, you serve *him*.

In my case, *him* is Geoffrey, my husband. The man I can't help but crave everyday, and do my best to look absolutely beautiful, dutiful, and elegant on his arm. How can I not? Just look at me! Look at my dark, blemish-free skin. Look at my gorgeous long curls, tied into perfect black braids. Look at my bust - God knows everyone else does. Yes, they are Double-D's, and yes, they are entirely natural. At least, as natural as this body can get, with its hourglass figure, with its sexy black booty, with its long, supple legs. And with its arousals too, like when my Geoff enters the house after a long day at work and sweeps me off my feet and carries me to our bedroom. Fuck, I can barely keep myself from swooning as he takes me. Hell, sometimes I even *look forward* to getting down on my knees and sucking him off. I swallow, of course. A trophy wife wouldn't spit.

But of course, I didn't always used to be a trophy wife. Nor was Geoffrey my husband up until recently. You see, my name wasn't even Daphne at all, it was Donald! And I certainly wasn't a hot young thing on an older man's arm, I was even older than Geoff, in fact! My black curls had already started going grey, what with me being in my mid-forties compared to Geoff's thirty-nine. But we'd met at work and hit it off, and our shared interest in engineering, in fishing, in swimming and running, and, of course, in *nice steak burgers* was more than enough to start a close friendship. It didn't take long for him to become my best friend, and even after I moved to a different company which gave me a better employment offer, we still caught up every damn week. When his wife split from him, I was there to comfort the man who would become my future husband, patting him on the shoulder and offering to take him fishing. Hell, his hair was almost starting to turn prematurely white just from the stress of the divorce, and while my friend was already a white guy, he was starting to look real pale from moping indoors. So I dragged him out of that house and we went fishing, damn it! Best damn fishing trip we ever had!

And the worst.

After a prize haul of river fish, after jokes back and forth, after chatting about the kind of gal Geoff truly deserves, including his fantasy girlfriend (he liked black girls, it turned out. Lucky for him he'd get one. Unlucky for me, I suppose), I eventually made one last cast.

Only to drag up a bottle. A strange looking antique thing that I held up and pulled the hook from its cork. Naturally, I uncorked it, Geoff right beside me on the river bank.

And suddenly, out of nowhere, came a fucking *genie*.

Nah, I ain't kidding. It was a real goddamn genie. Not a girl genie like one would hope, but a powerful looking dude with huge muscles, olive skin, and thick eyebrows and a goatee. A real Arabian or Persian looking guy, one who could seriously throw down.

*"You have disturbed my rest! Name your three wishes, and I shall make them true!"*

We were both astonished, but Geoff urged me to think up some wishes to aid us. The genie was impatient, and constantly looming, so I made my wishes as quickly as possible.

"I wish that I was rich!"

"I wish that I could have an amazing partner!"

"I wish that my friend Geoff here had the wife of his dreams as well!"

I knew he was lonely, and figured we could split the riches and catch up with our new partners, but the genie just laughed in my face.

*"Foolish mortal, a wise man would word his wishes well! You shall have an amazing partner, and your friend here shall have the woman of his dreams as well. Enjoy your fate!"*

With the click of his fingers, I was changed instantly. No long transformation, no moment to grapple with it, just *poof* and I was suddenly a deeply beautiful woman on the riverbank with Geoff, who suddenly had a new wedding band on his finger, while I had a matching one and an engagement ring on mine.

We were confused at first, and I was shocked to be a woman, one in a bikini top and denim shorts no less, my fine self on display, big booty and all. And then I felt this urge, this arousal, this *heat* for my friend. A need to please him. I need to be the woman of his dreams.

Suffice to say, I resisted only a few minutes before I was all over him, and then he was inside of me. I came so damn hard that day, let me tell you, and I haven't been the same since.

Eventually, we worked it out. The genie had twisted the intent of my wishes due to my bad wording. I didn't have a great bank account, *Geoff* did. This was because I wished I 'was' rich, past tense. So in this new reality, I'd been rich and gifted it to him in our marriage, letting him have the finances while I played the submissive trophy wife. And because I'd only wished for an amazing 'partner', that meant I could have a husband, while I wished for him to have the woman of his dreams . . . which I now was.

A busty, lusty, and ever-so-trusty trophy wife who always dolls herself up beautiful and shows off her amazing curves, and who pleases her husband in bed nightly.

And, as I'm doing right now, making my hubby breakfast. It's a strange new life, that's for sure. I certainly never expected to be the one crying out in pleasure as a man penetrated me, or to be married to someone so much older, let alone male. Nor did I expect to have someone sucking on my tits, or to wear cute cocktail dresses or put on tight bikinis and lingerie, or to be on Geoff's arm while he parades me at work events, looking like his gorgeous black girlfriend, the envy of every man.

But hey, it's not all bad. The sex is frequent, and holy damn are multiple orgasms good. And I can't deny I look like a damn smokeshow, way hotter than I used to be. And I don't have to work. I mean, I always keep the house going, but we're rich enough that housemaids take care of most of it. But the food? His dream woman would do that herself, and so his eggs benedict is perfectly crafted by moi, and I'm heading up the stairs to deliver it to him now. Wearing a very naughty nightie, of course. That's another part he likes.

Some might say it's a bad existence. It's certainly embarrassing, man, and there are times I wish I was a man again. Not while he's fucking out my brains, of course. Those moments are *divine*. But certainly when I'm acting all dutiful and loving, or when he squeezes my ass or looks down my cleavage. It's flattering, but also kinda weird, you know?

But at the same time, I get to enjoy a life of leisure. I get to be hot, and I'm only in my early twenties now. I've gained a whole twenty years of my life, not to mention I can play with a nice pair of tittie whenever I want. And my husband really is great. He's still my best friend, we still go fishing, we still watch sports together and discuss his work, and I help him on his projects, though we are often fairly naked when discussing his designs, you know what I'm saying?

So, I'm a victim of my own wishes, but I don't exactly feel like a victim. Sure, I got new responsibilities, and one of them is this breakfast. But I guarantee you, when he sees me in this little thing, he won't be hungry for anything but his gorgeous trophy wife.

And if I can wrap my Geoff around my little finger so easily, who's *really* the submissive one?

**The End**