

# **My Best Friend is my Genie Wife! (Genie TFTG Preg)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Sequel to *My Best Friend is a Genie***

It's been several years since Frank was turned into Farah, the beautiful and submissive genie who is compelled to serve her best friend James as her master. Farah has fallen further into her role, and is now James' wife. And other developments lay on the horizon . . .

## **My Best Friend is my Genie Wife!**

The best part about having your own private jet is that you can do practically everything you want on it, and that includes turning up the music and letting your bombshell Arabian wife do a belly dance just for you. Her moves were enticing and perfect, and wearing her tight harem outfit with its incredibly short pink skirt and tight pink bra did wonders to contrast her perfect mid-tone olive skin. Her hair shifted and swayed, black curls dancing with the rest of her, and her anklets and bracelets jingled and jangled with the music.

"You've still got the moves, honey!" I said from my chair, watching the show with more than a little arousal.

Farah threw me a bright grin and twirled again, gripping the pole I'd had installed in the centre of the plan so she could slide around it. To my surprise, she lifted one leg far in the air, demonstrating the flexibility I'd really come to enjoy these past few years.

"You haven't seen anything yet, *Master!*" she declared. She held the pole and climbed it, gripping it with her luscious thighs, and then turned herself upside down, posing in a goddamn sexual manner that I simply *had* to take a photo of.

"I wish I had an entire album of this dance!" I shouted.

She bit her lip. "Your wish is my command, James. My *Master!*"

She clicked her fingers, and suddenly an album was on the other chair in the cabin. I had little doubt she'd also provided a digital copy to my online files, perfectly protected against any hacker. My wife took all the proper precautions, mostly for to protect her own embarrassed ego at times.

With careful movements Farah lowered herself off the pole, getting her feet back on the ground again, and then moved towards me, her hands together above her head, her hips shaking with each step. Her large, G-cup breasts jostled gloriously on her chest. They were huge and yet somehow not too big on her figure: large and proud and full and pert, large enough to wow any passerby and yet fitting her image perfectly. She placed her hands on her wide, baby-making hips and sashayed them from side to side, still smiling until she was right before me. The swell of her belly was right in my face, and she danced on the spot,

thrusting out her stomach and moving in such a way that I could appreciate every curve of her impressive dome.

“Kiss it, *Master*,” she purred as the music slowed. “I know you want to.”

I gripped her hips even as she swayed them, and did as she said, planting kiss after kiss upon her pregnant belly. She was a full seven months along with two more still together, and she appeared to me like a divine figure: a goddess pregnant with my demigod child.

Well, *children*. She was having twins, something that had come as quite a shock to us, despite the fact that we had her magic and wishing powers at hand.

“I wish for them to develop safely and healthily,” I said, stroking her belly and marvelling at the little shifting movements inside.

“Mmhm,” she purred, rubbing her stomach where they had begun moving, but still not swapping the sway of her hips. “Your wish is my command, Master, but you have already wished that one before.”

“I know, but I won’t stop wishing it.”

She clicked her fingers, and pink magic swirled in the air. “Then it’s done. Our babies will be safe and healthy, and I will deliver them safely too.”

“And all the babies to come. And that you’ll heal right up afterwards! I wish that too!”

She clicked her fingers a second time, and more pink magic followed. “Good call, my sexy husband Master,” she said, placing her hands on my shoulders and rubbing them, her massive cleavage right near my face. I mean, if I’ve got to give birth as an actual freaking woman, I’d rather it not be too horrible. Wait, did you say all the babies to come?”

I gave Farah, my lustful and voluptuous Arabian wife, a sheepish grin.

“Well, I figure we’ve got all the time in the world, right? We’re probably gonna have at least a *few* more kids . . .”

The swaying stopped, and with the click of one hand she stopped the music dead, the mood lighting as well. I was instantly reminded that we were on a private jet flight to Sydney, Australia for a philanthropic gala and architecture conference. Farah had a modelling job as well, of course, which we had organised prior to leaving.

“I didn’t even plan to have this one, *Master!*” she said. She placed her hands on her hips, thrusting her large, twin pregnant stomach in my face. “The plan was at least a few more years before kids, only you had to knock me up *with your glorious, virile seed, husband Master.*”

Even when she tried to sound annoyed, it sounded sensual. “Well, mistakes happen, Farah! I mean, I thought you were excited to have these twins.”

“I am but . . . ugh. Sorry, James. I’m all hormonal again. Even genies get it, I guess. And all that high from dancing, I feel the weight of this belly and our little babies moving and I

get fucking scared, James. I mean, I'm your genie wife now, so I'm all in at this point, but man - more babies? That's some scary shit . . . *Master*."

I got out of my chair and moved behind her, cradling her bump from behind and stroking it. It had the intended effect, because she calmed down a bit, particularly as I kissed her soft neck, which elicited some delighted moans from her.

"Hey, hey, it's okay, Farah. I get it. I do."

"I mean, you can't *really* get it. You don't occasionally sleep in a bottle or recite rules or feel super duper horny for the man who used to be your best friend, the man who's your husband all of a sudden and now put *two* babies in you."

"Okay, so I don't *quite* get it, but this is all very new for both of us, still. The pregnancy, I mean. And you've only been Farah for three years, so there's still stuff to work through. But you know I love you, Farah. I really do. I loved you as Frank, and now that you're a beautiful Arabian genie, I love you even more."

She made an amused sound. "Yeah, I bet you do. You love my *big teardrop tits and my childbearing curves, don't you? You even love my ass.*"

She rubbed it against me, and I stiffened again in my pants.

"You know I do," I said, raising my hands from her belly to her breasts and fondling her nipples. She let loose a long moan. "I love all of you."

*"Heads up, we'll be starting our descent in five minutes."*

That was our pilot, Jano. He was good, and discreet. I kissed my lovely genie wife on the cheek.

"If you're feeling a little high strung, what so we skip the dance and get straight to the fucking? I'll lick your pussy clean, darling."

She shivered against me. Genies, we had discovered, were naturally incredibly lustful towards their masters, and after three years, Farah had long stopped fighting her endless libido and desire for me, and instead took the pleasure joyfully. Hence, of course, the twins in her belly.

"Mhmm, we don't have much time though."

"Then I wish you could stop time for us until we're done, and give us a big, comfortable bed here for you to rest on."

She licked her lips and kissed mine.

"Your wish is my command, *Master*."

Farah clicked her fingers, and suddenly we were upon a comfortable bed that took up a large section of the cabin. She looked so beautiful with her swollen form, so full with my babies, and she spread her legs immediately after I removed her underwear and lowered my head down to between her thighs.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned. “You m-make me love being your g-genie wife so much! I’m so glad my husband is my best f-fucking friend! Mmhmh!”

Suffice to say, we left things frozen for a fair amount of ‘time.’

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When we landed at our private strip in Sydney, Farah used her magic to change into something more appropriate for public life. She wasn’t exactly covering up, however. Instead of the genie harem wear she wore around the house, she changed into a stylish pink dress with gold trim that hugged her curves expertly and pushed her breasts up into a veritable shelf of cleavage. It pulled tight around her large stomach, showing the entire world that she was expecting child, and I couldn’t help but smile at her as she stepped down the ramp carefully, one hand on the rail and the other on her stomach. Despite knowing categorically that my wishes would keep the babies safe, she’d already developed a maternal side. This, despite her fighting such instincts earlier on when she first had her morning sickness and knew what was up.

“Darling, you look exquisite,” I told her.

“Better than the male me, no doubt,” she replied, pulling a brief, stylish pose with one hand on her hip and the other behind her head.

“No doubt whatsoever. The old you wouldn’t have pulled off a maternity dress, I don’t imagine.”

“You underestimate the old me. If it meant getting out of doing a job, I’d do it.”

I laughed, taking her arm as we walked straight to our limo. “I’ve got no doubt. But the paparazzi would not be so impressed.”

She groaned as she saw them. They were near the fences, taking zoom shots through the chain links and getting every angle of her.

“Ugh. I swear, one part I miss about being a guy and not a girl genie is not having everyone taking fucking photos of my ass, tits, and now belly!”

I squeezed her hand sympathetically. Of course the paparazzi were here. After all, she was Farah Donovere, husband to James Donovere, the billionaire architect, investor, and beloved philanthropist. And because of the unlimited wishes she was able to grant me as my genie girlfriend, fiancée, she was able to donate a lot of money to good causes as well. Her astonishing looks and ultra-desirable body was known the world over ever since she began her modelling job, and while she hadn’t initially hoped for it, I’d encouraged her to finally get a job outside of being my sexy genie wife. It was driving her up the wall at times, going from a headstrong (if lazy) man to my submissive, sexual girlfriend.

Turns out, she had an incredible talent for modelling, one that was wasted on her back when she'd just been my male best friend. Agencies wanted her to wear their clothing and dazzled their viewers, and others simply wanted her to grace their pages and websites to draw the male eye. And my, did she draw it. With her perfect G-cup breasts and her hourglass figure, not to mention her beautiful Arabian looks (grey-green eyes and all), she was quickly famous in her own right. Men online continually cursed me for being so lucky, but only I knew the truth that the woman splashing the cover of *Maxim* in a tight white bikini, her breasts pendulous in the way they hung, threatening to spill out, had in fact been a man once. And no one else would ever know, thanks to my wishing, and Farah certainly didn't want them to know. She was at least happy to have a job that gave her meaning, and I had suspected for a long time now that she had a strong, secret, and very smug pride at being considered the sexiest woman alive, able to capture attention with a simply flutter of her eyelashes or deep breath that elevated her bosom.

But . . . there was the paparazzi. Always the damn paparazzi. And wishes could only go so far - they couldn't keep them away forever. Still . . .

"I wish that none of their photos develop and their equipment fails," I said as I helped her into the limo.

"You are seriously the best, honey," she said. She clicked her fingers. "Your wish is my command, Master."

She clicked her fingers at the very moment I shut the door, and we both had a giggle as we looked at the window and saw the horde of parasites struggling with their suddenly failing equipment.

"Fuck yeah, that's hot!" she announced. "Ooh! This limo has a minibar! Shall we?"

"Um, Farah?"

I gestured to her large, twin pregnant stomach jutting out against her pink maternity dress. She sighed, groaning in an exaggerated manner.

"Ughh, how do I keep forgetting this! Stupid, stupid."

"Well, it's not exactly like you imagined you'd ever get pregnant, right?"

She rested up against me, and I hugged her gorgeous form as our limo exited onto the highway.

"I bet you're glad I did though, right, *Master*?"

I kissed her lips. I'd never stopped loving the taste of my friend-turned-genie wife.

"Definitely not."

"Then I guess it's not too bad. Plus, it'll be a killer maternity shoot tomorrow."

I knew it would be. I'd already pre-wished for the album. I never got sick of seeing photoshoots of my hot wife.

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I had just gotten into my well-fitted tux, and then suddenly there she was, one leg slinking into the bedroom to show off its generousness, a bit of belly as well, and then finally the rest of her coming in. I almost dropped the bowtie I was fiddling with, I was so taken back by her beauty. Farah was wearing a tight dress that seemed to be a natural mix of her regular sexy genie outfit and a more formal dinner wear. It cupped the underside of her belly with its pink material, but left the upper half bare for the world to see, and her breasts were similarly pushed up into magnificent orbs, the fabric crisscrossed to form a window of cleavage. It laced around her neck, leaving her shoulders tantalisingly bare, and the dress section had a slit on either side to reveal her legs almost up to the hip. With her jewellery sparkling and the semi-transparent material along back of the dress, she really did look like a modern genie.

“Holy fuck,” I said.

She grinned, clearly proud of herself. “You *did* wish for me to look drop dead gorgeous, right?”

“Y-yeah. But . . . wow.”

Farah giggled. “By the way, maybe don’t use the words ‘drop dead gorgeous’; I seriously could have killed you with a look. Literally.”

I blinked, realising the implication of her words. “Oh, damn. Shit, did you have to act fast or something?”

She swept over to me, bosom jiggling from her faster movements, and she locked me in a passionate kiss.

“Not at all, dude. I’d never kill my *sexy, hunky Master. I love to serve you, after all*. Besides, I’m kinda keen for this party. Some of my international girlfriends will be there, and I’m looking forward to having some women fuss over my pregnancy.”

“Wait, really?”

She slapped me playfully on the shoulder. “Of course, Master! I mean, it’s embarrassing to be such a totally pregnant sexy genie wife, but if I’m gonna be one, I might as well enjoy having girlfriends fuss over me! It’s one of the best parts, right?”

I couldn’t disagree with her. My phone buzzed, and while it was hard to look away from my entrancing partner, I had to check it. Sure enough, our car was ready and waiting outside the hotel. I held out my arm for my other half.

“Ready to go?”

She made one last fuss over her hair - God, she’d gotten vain about her looks the more she’d gotten used to being a genie - and then took it.

“Definitely. Thanks for letting me prepare in the bottle, by the way. I just still get jitters about all the modelling sometimes. I’ve never done a big maternity photoshoot like that. I was in bikinis and everything.”

I smirked. She already knew I’d seen the pictures arriving magically in my room. I’d loved them, especially the one with her rubbing her stomach while wearing sexy red lingerie.

“Are you sure you can’t grant a wish from me asking for the pregnancy to be a bit easier or something?”

She frowned, and then immediately went into her automatic mode that occurred whenever her genie rules were explained through her.

*“Unfortunately, as much as I would love to have a drama free pregnancy for my sexy Master, so I can please him with as many babies as he could possibly desire, genie reproduction comes with considerations connected to the mortal world. A genie who falls pregnant cannot accelerate the pregnancy to be over with it, nor slow its development, nor pause it. A genie’s body cannot disguise the pregnancy, and their ability to transform is limited to preserve the child, which shall be born mortal and by the regular means of birth. This process will be identical to mortal childbirth, and while pain medication may be administered, no magical means of removing the pain can be instigated. The same is true for other rigours of pregnancy - a genie has perfect health, but will still experience morning sickness and cravings and sore feet, for instance. Recovery from pregnancy, thankfully, can be magically accelerated . . . which you have wished for, my virile babydaddy Master.”*

She took a deep breath as she finished.

“Ugh, I hate going into ‘automatic mode.’”

“Sorry,” I said, wincing a little. “I just wish that, well, you know . . .”

“Birth won’t be me spreading my legs and screaming? Too late for that, dude *Master*. You knocked me up with that *hard, sexy cock of yours*, so I guess this is just another part of my life. Besides, you know I forgive you.”

“Because you love me.”

She kissed me again, placing my hands on her belly. “Yeah, I really do. Took me a while to get there, but damn I do. And besides, this body is totally mad about you and the feelings you give me. And you’re hot. Now, let’s get to the party. I want to make some waves.”

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Make waves she did. We were announced as we entered the glittering skyscraper event, me looking handsome and tall, and she looking like the kind of woman that men only imagined existed, and yet was here in the flesh and (magical) blood. I could tell that Farah was putting

a bit of extra sway into her hips and letting her boobs jiggle just a little more than usual. She'd told me once, before she even got pregnant, that if she couldn't be the dominant alpha-male type at these galas, then she could definitely make *me* the dominant alpha-male, and be my absolute bombshell of a hype woman. Indeed, she looked every bit the hot, pregnant trophy wife as she stayed close to me, giggling on my arm and showing displays of affection, but never so much that it became too much. To all appearances, I was a powerful and rich man here to donate millions of dollars to Australian arts programs, including some marvellous Indigenous performing arts workshops, and my wife served to enhance my prestige. She also gave us some great conversation starters: when the baby was coming, was it really twins, how excited we were, boy-boy or girl-girl or fraternal, etc. I enjoyed seeing that even Farah, who got quite nervous and self-aware about her pregnancy body occasionally, started getting quite eager with this attention.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, rubbing her belly affectionately. "But it's actually still two months away! Twins, would you believe it or not? I keep cursing my husband for being just so *virile*."

"Yes!" she said. "It's our first. Well, *they* are our first. Twins on the first go around! I won't lie, I'm very nervous . . . but proud."

"Aww, Sabrina, how lovely of you to say! I'm so lucky, I haven't gotten any stretch marks yet. I use an Arabian belly oil that's to die for, and I've been getting in the water as much as I can. You look absolutely beautiful too!"

"Yes, I'll be breastfeeding! I don't think my girls will give me much choice in the matter! If you have any advice, Tatiana, I'd love to hear it. I never expected this, that's for sure!"

And so on. They flitted from familiar couples and friends to business leaders and acquaintances, and even some rivals. Of course, said rivals could have no idea that Farah was a powerful genie, and that therefore 'the great James Donovere and his wife' would never be overcome, but it still was fun to have a pair of antagonists in the wings. At last, that's what I thought.

"Ah, James Donovere," Malcolm Calder said. "I didn't know you'd be here. How . . . joyful."

He was a young man who'd inherited a fortune from his late father, and become quite the ruthless investor. He'd been angry when we'd acquired a Van Gogh piece before him and given it freely back to the museum in Amsterdam. Then we'd done the same again with some Rembrandts. Being an architect, I also was a big lobbyist for safer building regulations, and him being a major landlord, he hated that I'd been successful in tightening laws around such matters. The fact that I was here to receive an award for my work in sustainable architecture design probably just made him saltier.

I gave Malcolm my most sickly sweet smile. "Ah, Mal," I said, knowing he hated the nickname. "I thought the same about you. Funny how we always end up at these same parties! You remember my wife, Farah?"

She placed a hand to the small of her back for balance, the other rubbing her stomach almost protectively. Malcolm eyed her body, his gaze lingering on her full breasts and their impressive cleavage. I felt my wife shiver a little - since becoming a woman, even a powerful genie, she often felt uncomfortable when men acted so predatorial around her. She even thanked me once for being her 'handsome protector.'

"I do indeed," he said, nodding in her direction. "My congratulations on the quadruplets."

"Twins," she said emphatically.

"Ah, my apologies. I had just assumed from your *bulk*."

She tensed against me. Farah loved her babies, and I even got the sense she liked her pregnant form most of the time . . . until someone made comments like that.

"I would think a civilised man like you would know to keep your manners about a woman's appearance," I replied.

He narrowed his eyes. "And what would a Donovere know about civilisation?"

"Ah, you two!"

A blonde woman with a slim figure came over. She had a rather too-full glass of wine, and if I knew anything about Sasha Calder, it was that this was not her first of the night.

"Don't tell me our two loving hubbies are having a debate again, Farah?" she asked.

Farah smirked. "I think they are. Men and their dick-measuring contests. Don't you agree, Master?"

I blushed a little. Sometimes the M-word came out of her mouth without a second thought.

"Did you just call him your master?" Sasha asked. "Um, that's a bit weird, isn't it?"

"Very weird," Malcolm said.

"It's just a term of, uh, affection," I said. "Now if you'll excuse me. I have to head over and accept an award soon. A rather big one."

I took Farah by the arm and we marched off, perhaps bit too quickly, since her belly kept knocking against me.

"Fuck, I called you my Master, *Master*. I didn't mean to!"

"Oh, I don't care. I just hate them."

"James, just wish for me to turn them into geese. No, kookaburras! We're in Australia - they've got them here!"

I was tempted, but that was a bad road to go down. “No, living well is the best revenge. Besides, we’ll be up on that stage, looking good and winning awards. You can enjoy Malcolm’s grimace from there.”

She pouted cutely, crossing her arms beneath her breasts and over her belly. “At least let me grant a wish to make him really uncomfortable?”

“Fine. I wish that Malcolm Calder was very uncomfortable in some way - just for the night.”

My wife beamed. “One butt itch, coming up! Your wish is my command, oh sexy Master.”

With that, she clicked her fingers while no one was looking, and the deed was done. I have to say, it was a stroke of genius, because twenty minutes later when speeches began and I was called up to give mine, I could barely thank my wife for her support, because I was trying not to laugh at Malcolm shuffling from one foot to the other, maddened to hell and back with an embarrassing itch he could not in good sense scratch in public. Farah threw me a thumbs up.

My genie wife was the best.

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Did I say my genie wife was the best?

Because she was, and remains, the best, best, *best*.

Most men have wives who cook them a great meal and make them briefly feel like they could fly. *My* genie wife had summoned a three-star Michelin banquet course and then served it out *in* the sky. And when I say sky, I mean that literally.

Yes, we were beneath the moon, reclining on literal clouds that were rendered fluffy by her magic. The moon and the stars were upon us, and we were totally undisturbed by any weather events or temperature: it was warm and inviting thanks to the wish we’d formulated together and then I had asked of her. As usual, she’d gone the extra mile for me.

“This is incredible,” I said, drawing over a pillow of cloud to serve as just that; a pillow. I lay back upon it, hands behind my head as I took in the brilliant starry sky.

“We should do wild shit like this more often, Master,” she whispered, pressing her form against me. She had returned to her regular genie outfit, which she always felt most comfortable in. I was pretty glad it was a two-piece; it left her perfect pregnant mound free for me to feel. I did so now, enjoying the movement of our babies as she talked.

“They’re moving,” I said.

“Trust me, I’m away. Oof. They’re so big already! I swear you’ve got me preggo with two sons, *Master*. *I love being so fertile with your babies. I hope to always be fertile for you.*”

"I like that idea."

"And the idea of doing more wild shit like this?"

"Definitely. Damn, how did we wait three years to live out the fantasy of lying on the clouds? This is just . . . I can't even describe it. And the clouds are so comfy!"

She laughed, taking my hand and moving it to the new spot where the babies were kicking. Damn, I loved feeling them kick. It was such a magical sensation that I couldn't wait for her to go into labour, even if she wouldn't exactly love the birthing part.

"Well, I must congratulate myself, dude. I did a perfect job granting this wish. *Just remember that the existence of genie kind must be kept a secret, and therefore I can never grant wishes that make my powers known.*"

"I know, I know. It's why we're invisible to everyone right now. It's even better that way. And we've got wine!"

"*Non-alcoholic* for me," she mused, though she still drank some, sitting up a little and rubbing her stomach as she downed it.

"You were amazing at the party. I swear, everyone was looking at you."

"They were. Can't blame them; I'm a goddamn smokeshow, even preggo."

"Especially preggo."

"You're such a dog, *Master*," she purred. She leaned against me more affectionately. "Not that I mind. I love the way you make me feel. You know, I thought becoming a genie was the worst thing to ever happen to me, but even as it gets a bit embarrassing at times - see the big boobs and belly - I really have come to love it. Hell, I'm not even a massive slacker anymore! I do modelling! We got to new places! And we fuck all the time."

"All the time," I said. "Probably too much."

She shook her head. "Uh-uh. Not enough, as far as my crazy libido is concerned. could never go back to girls. I'm too addicted to your *big, hard dick, Master. It drives my genie body wild having you in my pussy*. In fact . . . feel up for joining the mile-high club?"

I caressed her form, moving my hand up to start pulling her top down and release her large, brown-nippled breasts. She let out a slight gasp as I rubbed her erogenous zones.

"I thought you'd never ask, honey," I replied.

We kissed, and the passion elevated from there quickly. I fondled her large, sumptuous breasts, sinking my fingers into the flesh of her perfect ass. She rubbed my crotch, pulling down my pants to release my cock. We were in the clouds, on top of all creation, and we were both determined to make one another feel *heavenly pleasure*.

Like I said, I loved my genie wife, and despite the craziness of what made her my wife in the first place, I knew she loved me. And that night, the whole sky knew it.

**The End**