

Mini-Story: Thief to Trophy Wife

By FoxFaceStories

I am the pregnant partner of one of the richest men in the world, living each day in the lap of luxury as a gorgeous, busty trophy wife who is waited on by house staff and a devoted husband. I have sex - good sex - quite often. Any woman would be envious of my position, and most men *wish* they had a woman like me on their arm. So why am I terrified?

Well, because I'm meant to be the best damn thief in the business, not some coddled supermodel. And even more, I'm meant to be a *man*.

It was the job of a lifetime, worth hundreds of millions; all I had to do was break into the vault of Mr van Garten's private island estate, and make out with the Adriana; the most valuable ruby in existence. My partner Gabriel aided me every step of the way. Together, we executed the infiltration perfectly, until I cracked the vault and reached out my hand to pluck the Adriana from its resting place. I was suddenly overcome by bright red rays reflecting from its brilliance, and fell to the ground writhing as my form changed. My body slimmed, except for my hips which flared outward, and my hair grew in long and dark. My face softened, my ass bubbled out, and my muscles melted away as my chest blossomed into perfect E-cups. I was left as a gorgeous-looking South American woman, accent and all, but before I could flee there was a tall man in his 30s I recognised as Mr van Garten standing in the room. As soon as our eyes met, I felt something mystical pass between us, something I now understand was a permanent bond that ensured I would remain submissive and perfect for him.

You see, it turns out the Adriana was a real woman who infused her womanly essence into the gem, and Richard van Garten had discovered this fact. But he didn't just want anyone to receive that essence; he wanted a partner who would be keenly intelligent and capable, the perfect wife. And after much searching, he had decided that as the most capable thief on the planet, I would be that future wife. Of course, he needed help, and it was then that I learned that Gabriel, my long-time partner, had double-crossed me. Turns out being the second-best thief is a drag, and he wanted me out of the way, along with a suitably humiliating punishment. I'd say he succeeded, given that since then I've become married to Richard, pleased him daily as his buxom wife, sunbathed in revealing bikinis on our private island, worn gorgeous gowns and dresses at rich parties, and become pregnant with his son; his little heir. And I know this won't

be the last little heir he wants from me either; I think he actually got turned on by the idea of pumping me full of kids, especially because I used to be a man. Some retirement.

My husband knows I want to be a man again. But that doesn't stop him from treating me like his gorgeous, beloved trophy wife. I guess I just have to accept that I'm now his Adriana for the foreseeable future. As Richard loves to remind me; I did get those hundreds of millions after all, just in an altogether more life-altering way than I'd imagined. I just wish I didn't have to occasionally see Gabriel when he visits, and experience that flush of embarrassment as he smirks at my pregnant form, especially when I wear my bikini or hang off Richard's arm in revealing dress. I guess the sight of me as a gorgeous preggo is just too good for my traitor partner, but there's nothing I can do about it.

I'm Richard's submissive sexy trophy wife, Adriana.

The End