

Mini-Story: What Did You Do To Me? (Man to Trophy Wife TG)

By FoxFaceStores

Selina is a gorgeous trophy wife. Everything in her life is perfect . . . until she starts to occasionally regain memories that she used to be her husband's bully, and more than that, was a man as well!

What Did You Do To Me?

The first time Selina realised something was wrong was upon her wedding night. She had been courted by the man of her dreams; a cute, nerdy tech genius who was already going places. Timothy was smart, spectacled, and had darling freckles that she just adored. A number of people commented on how strange it was for a woman with her utterly delectable figure to be so into a man like him, but they just didn't understand: she *worshipped* him, *obsessed* after him. Pleasing him in every way felt like her life's purpose, and such was the case for their wedding where her dress pushed her impressive breasts up, and the fabric clung to her hourglass figure and wide, womanly hips.

Naturally, she fucked his brains out that night, overjoyed to be his.

Except at the very moment of orgasm, as his seed flooded into her tunnel and she cried out in release, her eyes also widened with a horrible epiphany.

This isn't me. I'm meant to be a man. My name is Sonny, isn't it? I'm not meant to be a woman. Why do I have ripe tits and a wet pussy? Why does it feel so go-

The memory disappeared.

"Anything wrong, darling?" Tim asked her.

She just beamed with a smile. "Nothing at all, my love. Except that I can't wait to do it all over again."

It was on their honeymoon that another brief flash occurred. Selina was posing on the beach, walking out of the water and letting her husband see her large breasts wobble in her small bikini top. Her sumptuous figure was on full display, and she felt like the perfect woman for him to possess.

My breasts are so large and heavy . . . did I always have breasts? Wait . . . didn't I used to have a penis? Oh God, I did! My name was Sonny, and I wasn't in love with Tim at all. I hated him and-

And then she saw how sexy her hot nerdy husband was as he lay back on his beach chair. They were all alone, and she began to shimmy out of her clothing. This was a private island resort area booked just for them. What better way to seal a honeymoon than to have sex on the beach?

More times followed, but always briefly. When she was paraded around in a professional yet sexy dress at her husband's work dinners, there were moments of horror where she had to excuse herself to the ladies room, overcome by the fact that she was wearing such a tight dress, or a dress at all. At other times she would wake with her husband spooning her, his hand upon her large boob, and she would feel an innate sense of wrongness. One time, it was as she sucked Tim off, giving him the best blowjob yet. Right before he orgasmed she took him in deeper than ever before, and it was at that moment the epiphany hit.

He did this to me. Tim did this to me! He made me his trophy wife and - MHMHH!!

Cum flooded into her mouth and then down her throat as he blew a load through her lips. It was enticing and wrong and lovely and terrible and . . . enough to make her forget. It was like her previous existence was at the very edge of her memory. She could grip it for a time, but never truly hold onto it. Always she slipped back into the ditzy, loyal, nymphomaniac wife of an increasingly wealthy inventor husband who she was utterly submissive to.

But soon life events began to change . . .

It was when she started getting morning sickness after just two years of marriage when her fragmented memories began to truly coalesce. Tim suggested she take a pregnancy test, and she was truly excited; it was a trophy wife's job to provide him with as many children as he desired, after all! But when the test came out positive, the tears that flowed were not just happy but tinged with horror.

"No, no," she said aloud in the bathroom. "This isn't right. I shouldn't even be able to get pregnant at all. I was born a man."

The memory stuck around a lot longer this time: nearly a full day. Selina did all she could to avoid Timothy, even as the news broke. He just assumed she was hormonal already, but the woman was trying to figure out what was going on.

These tits, they aren't what I'm meant to have! Why do I have a freakin' pussy? I feel like I've got a previous life or something!

She was the cusp of a breakthrough, but the memories slowly faded, and soon she was back in her husband's bed, riding him eagerly and letting him suck on her breasts.

"We're having a b-baby!" she cried.

"Yes we are, my sweet," he said. There was something almost amused in his voice.

The next memory recall came with the first kicks. It was a beautiful moment, had in privacy at first. Selina was hosting a party wearing a lovely tight blue maternity dress to show off her growing bump, but she had retreated upstairs to change her earrings for some shallow reason. She touched her belly as something squirmed within her growing womb, and her face alighted with wonder . . . for a moment.

A baby. Men can't grow babies. Especially men like me! I'm Sonny, I'm a goddamn alpha male. I should be knocking chicks up, not getting knocked up myself! I was literally the damn head of the football team.

She had to pause, holding her stomach. She was Sonny. That was her name. And she was the head of a football team once. She knew she was meant to be the pinnacle of masculinity, and one who certainly fucked a lot of hot women. But she was a hot woman. A hot, pregnant woman at that. Something was so very wrong.

Selina returned to the party, trying to make nice with the guests and keeping her smile plastered to her face. Timothy was suddenly at her side, his arm around her waist.

"Honey, you look positively gorgeous," he said, before whispering in his ear. "I want to take you from behind when the party is done, right against that table over there. I want to feel that swollen belly while you make those lovely sounds."

His voice made her whimper, it turned her on so much. When she giggled and agreed, she tried to get some distance, but he still quickly squeezed her ass out of view of anyone else. It made her weak at the knees, and something about that reaction filled her with fury. She tried to talk about her husband's brilliance with other guests, play along until she could once again uncover this mystery.

But when the party was over, Timothy approached her, his hands roaming over her form. "I want you," he said. "Now. Right now."

She was helpless to resist. She wasn't meant to be a man, but she needed *her* man. The feeling of his hard member sliding deep inside her was simply too *right*. Unnaturally natural. And when he climaxed inside her, the memories faded away.

But only for a few months. Selina continued to be Timothy's perfect trophy wife. She continued to do her hair and makeup, wear tantalising things, even as she became fully swollen at nine months along with his child. She pleased him with her mouth, let him rub and kiss her stomach, and generally couldn't wait to become a mother. When her water finally broke and the contractions started, she still felt that base excitement.

Until she was nearly fully dilated.

Selina was in a private clinic, one for incredibly wealthy pregnant women. Her husband was at her side, holding her hand as terrible contractions swept through her.

"Nearly ready to push," one doctor said.

The pain hit, and it blasted away any barrier to her mind. In an instant, it all came back to her; *all of it*. She had never been Selina at all. *Sonny* was indeed her real name, and she wasn't Timothy's wife, she was his *bully*. All throughout high school and then into college, she had picked on the nerd, mocking his looks and his glasses and his inability to get women. Sonny had been endless in his parade of miseries visited upon Tim, often breaking his glasses, humiliating him in front of others, or using his strength to intimidate the

smaller man at every turn. When they had graduated, Sonny had simply moved on, but Tim hadn't. Two years later, Sonny received a strange invitation to a premiere event offering access to a national football team as a future player. He'd been ecstatic, but upon arrival he had been knocked unconscious by a strange gas in the air, and the last thing he'd seen had been Tim standing over him, grinning.

How she'd been changed, Selina had no idea, just like she had no idea why her mind still insisted on identifying as Selina *and* a woman, despite knowing she wasn't both. She grimaced, wailing as another terrible contraction ripped through her.

"You!" she cried, squeezing Timothy's hand. "You d-did this to meeee! You m-made me your t-trophy wife! What did you do to me? Nghhh!!"

She expected disappointment from Tim, but the man just grinned, taking in the sight of his former bully-turned-wife giving birth.

"Finally, you remember. I was wondering when those memory changes would finally revert."

The doctor didn't even seem to be surprised by this; clearly Timothy was selective about the clinic.

Did this man help change me as well? Ohhhh, God, my p-pussy! It hurts! So much p-pressure!

"You wanted me to remember?" she gasped, feeling the urge to push her baby into the world. The baby of her former victim.

"Of course," Tim replied, still grinning. "It'd be a poor revenge if I didn't get to enjoy the sight of you trying to fight your new role. Of course, your memories will finally stick around, I'm sure, but it's much too late."

"Try to push now," the doctor said.

"NGGHHH!!!" Selina cried out, spreading her legs wide and pushing. All of this was wrong, so very wrong. The contraction ended and she sagged. "Wh-what do you mean?"

He shrugged. "I mean that you've had nearly three years for the regular hypnotic commands to sink in, and those *are* permanent now. You'll remember you used to be Sonny, and your entire life before this, but no matter what, you'll still feel an overwhelming urge to please me as my wife, to have sex with me, dress up beautifully for me, and ultimately be my perfect trophy. You won't be able to lay a finger on me that's not intended to make me happy. And now, you're going to give birth to the child we made together. The first, by the way, of quite a few to come. I rather liked getting my former bully all big and knocked up, and it'll be even better next time when you *know*."

Oh God, she thought. He really means it. I'm stuck like this. I'm stick giving - AAGHH!

"Big push this time, it's time to give birth."

Selina strained, fighting against it. But it was a fight she simply couldn't win. It was far, far too late now. She was a massively pregnant woman in labor with her husband's child, and it was now pushing against her lower lips, ready to be born into the world. She gave a heavy cry, her milk-filled chest heaving with the strain. All the while, her husband held her hand, savouring every moment. She could feel his gaze upon her, drinking in his ultimate revenge. This was her fate now, and it would be for life.

"Another push! I can see the head."

"Did you hear that, honey? You're about to *give birth*."

She squirmed, spreading her legs again and bearing down with all her might. She was giving birth, actual birth. And it wouldn't be the last time, either. Not by a country mile.

She screamed, feeling the baby begin to pass through. "OH GOD! OHHHHH!!!"

I really, really wish I could forget who I am right now!

But from that day forward, she never would. She would know she was actually Sonny during every blissful act of sex, every dress up for a party, every submissive chore, and it would only add to the humiliation of what she had become.

Tim, what did you do to me?

The End