

# THE TROPHY WIFE

BY BEWCI

My name is Daniel Whitman, reporting officer at Abbot imports and exports. I flew to Bangkok, Thailand to meet our business associates in Asia. There were some discrepancies in their audit, and the revision was just as bad. So, the company sent me to redo it. I visited the branch and came across the negligence and corruption among the officials. There were unlogged shipments to countries all over the world. I almost panicked as I calculated the estimates of loss that went into millions. These people were straight up leeching the company. I assumed they were shipping illegal drugs, but it was much worse. They were trafficking girls, young girls. I was furious. But I didn't react as I knew they would kill me if I flinched. But they knew this was coming. They were ready.

I had a stinging pain at the back of my neck. And then I woke up like this, leaning back against a golden wall on a golden pillow. "Ugh," I sighed as I came back to my senses. "Huh!" I gasped, looking down at extremely long black locks flowing down a female body that moved to my will. It took me a while to realize that it was me. I was a girl, and I was naked! I blushed red as the thick strands of hair brushed against my puffy nipples atop my petite breasts. "What the... Where am I?" I muttered, looking around at the magnificent room. My head swirled, and a tingling sensation coursed through my crotch. I looked down again in anticipation and saw a wet throbbing pussy sitting in the place of my manhood. The sticky fluids were smeared around with finger marks down my thighs.

"Ah, you're alive! I was just checking if it works well. After all, you're a five-million-dollar product now. We don't make refunds," the stranger said, "By the way, my name is Richard.

But you can call me Rick. And your name will be Mona. As in, Monalisa? You're my masterpiece!"

"Wha-What have you done to me?" I whispered.

"Oh, I guess the experiment was quite taxing on your body. But it was worth it. I'll tell you what I did to you. You see, my employer Mr. Kun exports girls, specifically Asian girls. I don't judge. Some people buy, and some people sell. It's a win-win! Unfortunately, the governments are getting more stringent, and there is a short supply of beautiful Asian girls. We can't send them all overseas, can we?! That's why I've developed a machine that will turn any person, male or female, into a beautiful girl of any race the client wants, with specific personality traits!"

He continued his speech, "You're a rare specimen, Mona. You're a loyal slut, a submissive whore who owns every dick in its pussy. You won't open your mouth against your man, yet you can't stop moaning when agitated with pleasure! I'm going to be a billionaire!"

I was dumbstruck, looking at Richard with my intoxicated eyes. There was no hope of turning back or escaping. Daniel Whitman was dead. I was now a Thai girl who was in the hands of these bad men. I whimpered in agony and broke down into tears. My hands instinctively wrapped around my modest curves in a futile attempt to conceal my defiled chastity. "I'm not a girl! I have a family!" I wailed in an accent unfamiliar to me.

“Yeah, that ship’s sailed. You should accept your new life as soon as possible. Resisting it would only make your life hell.” Richard said gesturing to two men, “Take her. She’s ready.”

“No! No!” I could hardly fight the two men. They pricked a needle into my arm and made me unconscious. When I opened my eyes, I found myself on a similar golden bed in a room with two mirrored walls. I was naked as before and alone. I could sense something eerie about this place. I stared at the mirrors and realized there must be the clients on the other side. I brought my knees close and wrapped my hands around them to cover my body in protest. Then I heard a voice coming from a speaker in the room, “Show yourself.”

I sighed and flinched. My body disobeyed me, spreading its limbs and posing in the most seductive ways. I didn’t feel any shame for my actions. “You enjoy this,” the voice said, “You love to be naked around men.” It echoed in my ears as I struggled to abate a smile. “Mmph.. mmm... yes.” I whimpered. I kept posing on the bed like a doll for sale until I was interrupted by men taking me to my bidder. He was a man in his 30s, muscular with a beard and mustache. I couldn’t believe I was turned on and relieved that it was not some old creep in his 70s.

“Alright, put this on, and let’s go.” He said in a deep voice as he handed me a pink dress. I slipped it onto me like a good girl without any questions. “You don’t always have to be naked around me. Just whenever I want,” he said, “follow me.”

He took me to a car outside in a parking lot and drove me to the airport. He had a private jet waiting for both of us. We

flew to Cape Town, South Africa, as I heard. I contemplated the mistakes that led to this bizarre outcome in my life while staring outside my window the entire journey.

As we landed, he had another car waiting for him to take us to his house. He was ultra-rich, yet he wore the most average clothes and lived in a 2BHK bungalow. He ushered me to the kitchen and asked me if I could cook. I nodded and asked, "What do you want to eat?" I darted away for a moment in disbelief. "Don't worry, I'll cook for today." He smiled. "Go sit at the dining table. I'll be done soon." I did as he said.

While he cooked food in the kitchen, I wondered, "Why is he being so nice to me? Did he spend millions of dollars to buy a wife?"

"Food's here!" he served me a plate of rice and grilled vegetables. It was good. I was on the verge of tears as I missed my wife, but I didn't break. Soon after supper, we went to sleep on the same bed. I was spooked sharing a bed with a strange man, even more so as I bore this feminine body. I gazed at the ceiling in the dark, unable to sleep. I glanced at the man and anticipated his intentions. My heart fluttered as mixed emotions engulfed my mind. I knew what I had to do, but I didn't know if I should. What would my wife think if she saw me like this? As I pondered, I noticed I didn't feel the same about her. I still cared for her, but I had no sexual connection with her. Yet, I felt butterflies in my stomach at the slightest consideration of the man sleeping beside me. "Shit." I didn't even know his name, yet my body was willing to surrender itself to his will.

I woke up tired and late the next day. “Good morning.” He came in with a cup of coffee in his hand. “We didn’t talk much last night. My name is Mark Chase. In layman’s terms, I’m the developer of a cryptocoin, which explains the money I have. I’m, however, bad at socializing and don’t have time to build relationships. I needed someone to take care of me and my home. And no, I don’t want maids because I don’t trust them. I think I can trust you.”

I was speechless. I should’ve screamed at the top of my lungs. I should’ve been infuriated. But I was just shocked about his last statement. He trusted me. And I knew I could trust him. He could’ve devoured my body anytime yesterday, but he didn’t. I felt a sense of respect brewing inside me for him. Yet, I was still a man inside. It conflicted me to think of myself as his wife, let alone a woman.

Months passed, and he barely touched me. Meanwhile, I only grew restless around him. My carnal instincts rocked my soul as my fertility cycles peaked every month. I was stuck both in my mind and body. I was like a drug addict who couldn’t stop. His mysterious seduction made me obsess over him. I couldn’t stop myself from fantasizing about us having sex. I couldn’t cut my hair short because I knew he liked my long locks. I couldn’t stop myself from brandishing my curves as I walked past him. My erratic behavior made me question myself. After countless nights, I decided to take the first step.

One night, he found me sitting naked on the bed, waiting for him. That’s all the cue he needed. He stripped then and there and approached me. Now, it was time for me to get my answers. A kiss would be enough, I thought. I stood up and

walked up to him. And we kissed. I gasped and moaned as electrical jolts fired in my brain like firecrackers. Shivers ran down my spine as our lips folded on each other. His hands caressed my nipples, making me crave more. To my utter shock, I was enjoying it. It didn't feel wrong, or gay. It felt natural and good. My heart pounded in my chest as I was enlightened to the fact that I was indeed a woman. His woman.

We climbed up the bed and started stroking each other's bodies. I grabbed his warm cock while his fingers traced around my clit. "Ooh," I hissed to his movements. He turned me around and pulled me to sit on top of his face. Something wet and rough slurped into my vagina. "Ahhh... Fuck!" I couldn't stop moaning. I leaned forward and found his cock a few inches under me. The waft of cum made my head swirl in pleasure. I pushed the hard member into my mouth and sucked on it, returning the favor.

After a while, I laid down on the bed and let him take control. I was petrified to let his cock enter me even if I wanted it. I looked away as I said, "Fuck me." He brushed the tip of his penis against the entrance and pushed it in. I squealed a bit as my inner walls had never been stretched before. "Ah!" a jolt of pain made me cry. "Oh, I'll stop if you want," he said.

"No, don't stop." I murmured. I squinted my eyes and gritted my teeth as the pain pulsed inside my womb. I knew it was the hymen tearing as he fucked me. I gripped tightly onto the bedsheet as he thrust carefully, not to make things too bad for me. I passionately screamed, "Fuck me hard, Mark! Make me your woman!" He pumped faster into me as he fondled

my breasts, making me wince in ecstasy. The pain subsided, making my cries turn into moans of pleasure.

Once I was comfortable in my sexuality, I let him take some rest as I rode his cock. I knelt down between his legs, pointing the cock at my hole and impaled myself with it. "Ah," I gasped and pulled away only to reel back in. "Oh, Oh God, yes, fuck!" I wailed in excitement as the thick cock hit a pleasure button inside me. My soul titillated with pleasure, making me cry with happiness. My long hair swayed in the air as I bobbed my head like a crazy lady. My knees went numb and weak as the pleasure pushed me over the crescendo. "Ohhh!" I shook violently over him while my womb contracted hard against his penis. It sent him over the edge too, making him squirt thick loads of fertile cum deep inside me. "Let's not stop," I muttered with a sly smile on my face.

We fucked each other for the rest of the night. If someone had told me a year ago that I would be an Asian girl who loves to ride thick cocks, I would've probably laughed it off or punched the guy in the face. It's true that I wasn't willing to be one, but now I can't think of anything better. I've moved on from my past life as a man and wouldn't wish to turn back, ever.

THE END